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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.,

WITH

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,

COMPOSED BY HIMSELF:

ILLUSTRATED FROM HIS LETTERS, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES AND NARRATIVE,

BY JOHN, LORD SHEFFIELD.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

LONDON:

B. BLAKE, 13, BELL YARD, TEMPLE BAR.

MDCCCXXXVII.

1.2.14 18

STEVENS AND PARDON, PRINTERS,
BELL YARD, TEMPLE BAR.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE melancholy duty of examining the papers of my deceased friend devolved upon me at a time when I was depressed by severe afflictions.

In that state of mind, I hesitated to undertake the task of selecting and preparing his manuscripts for the press. The warmth of my early and long attachment to Mr. Gibbon made me conscious of a partiality, which it was not proper to indulge, especially in revising many of his juvenile and unfinished compositions. I had to guard, not only against a sentiment like my own, which I found extensively diffused, but also against the eagerness occasioned by a very general curiosity to see in print every literary relic, however imperfect, of so distinguished a writer.

Being aware how disgracefully authors of eminence have been often treated, by an indiscreet posthumous publication of fragments and careless effusions; when I had selected those papers which to myself appeared the fittest for the public eye, I consulted some of our common friends, whom I knew to be equally anxious with myself for Mr. Gibbon's fame, and fully competent, from their judgment, to protect it.

Under such a sanction it is, that, no longer suspecting myself to view through too favourable a medium the compositions of my friend, I now venture to publish them; and it may here be proper to give some information to the reader, respecting the contents of this volume.

The most important part consists of Memoirs of Mr. Gibbon's life and writings, a work which he seems to have projected with peculiar solicitude and attention, and of which he left six different sketches, all in his own hand-writing. One of these sketches, the most diffuse and circumstantial, so far as it proceeds, ends at the time when he quitted Oxford. Another at the year 1764, when he travelled to Italy. A third, at his father's death, in 1770. A fourth, which he continued to a short time after his return to Lausanne in 1788, appears in the form of Annals, much less detailed than the others. The two remaining sketches are still more imperfect. It is difficult to discover the order in which these several pieces were written,

but there is reason to believe that the most copious was the las From all these the following Memoirs have been carefully selecte and put together.

My hesitation in giving these Memoirs to the world, arose pri cipally from the circumstance of Mr. Gibbon's appearing, in som respect, not to have been satisfied with them, as he had so frequentl varied their form: yet, notwithstanding this diffidence, the comp sitions, though unfinished, are so excellent, that they may justl entitle my friend to appear as his own biographer, rather than t have that task undertaken by any other person less qualified for it.

This opinion has rendered me anxious to publish the presen Memoirs, without any unnecessary delay; for I am persuaded tha the author of them cannot be made to appear in a truer light tha he does in the following pages. In them, and in his different Le ters, which I have added, will be found a complete picture of hi talents, his disposition, his studies, and his attainments.

Those slight variations of character, which naturally arose in th progress of his life, will be unfolded in a series of Letters, selecte from a correspondence between him and myself, which continue full thirty years, and ended with his death.

It is to be lamented, that all the sketches of the Memoirs, exce that composed in the form of Annals, and which seems rather d signed as heads for a future work, cease about twenty years befo Mr. Gibbon's death; and consequently, that we have the least d tailed account of the most interesting part of his life. His corre pondence during that period, will, in great measure, supply the d ficiency. It will be separated from the Memoirs and placed in a Appendix, that those who are not disposed to be pleased with th repetitions, familiarities, and trivial circumstances of epistola writing, may not be embarrassed by it. By many, the Letters wi be found a very interesting part of the present publication. The will prove how pleasant, friendly, and amiable Mr. Gibbon was i private life; and if, in publishing letters so flattering to myself, incur the imputation of vanity, I shall meet the charge with a fran confession that I am indeed highly vain of having enjoyed, for s many years, the esteem, the confidence, and the affection of a ma whose social qualities endeared him to the most accomplished s ciety, and whose talents, great as they were, must be acknowledge to have been fully equalled by the sincerity of his friendship.

Whatever censure may be pointed against the editor, the publi will set a due value on the Letters for their intrinsic merit. I mus indeed, be blinded, either by vanity or affection, if they do not di play the heart and mind of their author, in such a manner as justl to increase the number of his admirers.

I have not been solicitous to garble or expunge passages whic to some, may appear trifling. Such passages will often, in th opinion of the observing reader, mark the character of the write *and the omission of* them would materially take from the ease an *familiarity of authentic* letters.

Few men, I believe, have ever so fully unveiled their own charact

by a minute narrative of their sentiments and pursuits, as Mr. Gibbon will here be found to have done; not with study and labour—not with an affected frankness—but with a genuine confession of his little foibles and peculiarities, and a good-humoured and natural display of his own conduct and opinions.

Mr. Gibbon began a Journal, a work distinct from the sketches already mentioned, in the early part of his Life, with the following declaration:

"I propose from this day, August 24th, 1761, to keep an exact Journal of my actions and studies, both to assist my memory, and to accustom me to set a due value on my time. I shall begin by setting down some few events of my past life, the dates of which I can remember."

This industrious project he pursued occasionally in French, under various titles, and with the minuteness, fidelity, and liberality of a mind resolved to watch over and improve itself.

The Journal is continued under different titles, and is sometimes very concise, and sometimes singularly detailed. One part of it is entitled "My Journal," another, "Ephemerides, or Journal of my Actions, Studies, and Opinions." The other parts are entitled, "Ephemerides, ou Journal de ma Vie, de mes Études, et de mes Sentimens." In this Journal, among the most trivial circumstances, are mixed very interesting observations and dissertations on a satire of Juvenal, a passage of Homer, or of Longinus, or of any other author whose works he happened to read in the course of the day: and he often passes from a remark on the most common event, to a critical disquisition of considerable learning, or an enquiry into some abstruse point of philosophy.

It certainly was not his intention that this private and motley Diary should be presented to the public; nor have I thought myself at liberty to present it, in the shape in which he left it. But by reducing it to an account of *his literary occupations*, it formed so singular and so interesting a portrait of an indefatigable student, that I persuade myself it will be regarded as a valuable acquisition by the literary world, and as an accession of fame to the memory of my friend. With the Extracts from Mr. Gibbon's Journal will be printed his Dissertations, entitled "Extraits raisonnés de mes Lectures;" and "Recueil de mes Observations, et Pieces détachées sur différens Sujets." A few other passages from other parts of the Journals, introduced in Notes, will make a curious addition to the Memoirs.

His first publication, "Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature," with corrections and additions from an interleaved copy which my friend gave to me several years ago, is reprinted as part of these volumes.

Three more of his smaller publications are also reprinted. 1. His masterly Criticism on the Sixth Book of Virgil, in answer to Bishop Warburton. 2. His own Vindication of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters of his History, in answer to Mr. Davis and others. And 3. His "Réponse à l'Exposé de la Cour de France,"—an occasional composition, which obtained the highest applause in foreign

courts, and of which he spoke to me with some pleasure, observing that it had been translated even into the Turkish language.

Of these various writings the Author has spoken himself, in describing his own Life. I have yet to notice some articles not mentioned in his Memoirs, and which will be found in this publication. 1. A juvenile sketch, entitled, "Outlines of the History of the World." 2. A Dissertation, which he had shown to a few friends, on that curious subject, "L'Homme au Masque de Fer." 3. A more considerable work, "The Antiquities of the House of Brunswick;" an historical discourse, composed about the year 1790. In this work he intended to appropriate separate books: 1. To the Italian descent; 2. To the Germanic reign: and, 3. To the British Succession of the House of Brunswick. The manuscript closes in completing the Italian branch of his subject.

Among the most splendid passages of that unfinished work may be enumerated the characters of Leibnitz and Muratori; a sketch of Albert-Azo the Second, a prince who retained his faculties and reputation beyond the age of one hundred years; an account of Padua and its university; and remarks on the epic glory of Ferrara.

The last paper of this volume has the mournful attraction of being a sketch interrupted by death, and affords an honourable proof that my friend's ardour for the promotion of historical knowledge attended him to the last. It is entitled merely "An Address;" and expresses a wish that our Latin memorials of the middle ages, the "Scriptores Rerum Anglicarum," may be published in England, in a manner worthy of the subject, and of the country. He mentions Mr. John Pinkerton as a person well qualified for the conduct of such a national undertaking.

In the collection of writings which I am now sending to the press there is no article that will so much engage the public attention as the Memoirs. I will therefore close all I mean to say as the editor, by assuring the reader, that, although I have in some measure newly arranged those interesting papers, by forming one regular narrative from the six different sketches, I have nevertheless adhered with scrupulous fidelity to the very words of their author; and I use the letter S. to mark such notes of my own, as it seemed necessary to add.

It remains only to express a wish, that in discharging this last office of affection, my regard to the memory of my friend may appear, as I trust it will do, proportioned to the high satisfaction which I enjoyed for many years in possessing his entire confidence and very partial attachment.

SHEFFIELD

Sheffield Place, 6th Aug. 1795.

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MEMOIRS

OF

MY LIFE AND WRITINGS.

In the fifty-second year of my age, after the completion of an arduous and successful work, I now propose to employ some moments of my leisure in reviewing the simple transactions of a private and literary life. Truth, naked, unblushing truth, the first virtue of more serious history, must be the sole recommendation of this personal narrative. The style shall be simple and familiar; but style is the image of character; and the habits of correct writing may produce, without labour or design, the appearance of art and study. My own amusement is my motive, and will be my reward: and if these sheets are communicated to some discreet and indulgent friends, they will be secreted from the public eye till the author shall be removed beyond the reach of criticism or ridicule.*

A lively desire of knowing and of recording our ancestors so generally prevails, that it must depend on the influence of some common principle in the minds of men. We seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers; it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which nature has confined us. Fifty or an hundred years may be allotted to an individual, but we step forwards beyond death with such hopes as religion and philosophy will suggest; and we fill up the silent vacancy that precedes our birth, by associating ourselves to the authors of our existence. Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate, than to suppress, the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The satirist may laugh, the philosopher may preach; but Reason herself will respect the preju-

* This passage is found in one only of the six sketches, and in that which seems to have been the first written, and which was laid aside among loose papers. Mr. Gibbon, in his communications with me on the subject of his Memoirs, a subject which he had never mentioned to any other person, expressed a determination of publishing them in his lifetime; and never appears to have departed from that resolution, excepting in one of his letters annexed, in which he intimates a doubt, though rather carelessly, whether in his time, or at any time, they would meet the eye of the public. In a conversation, however, not long before his death, it was suggested to him, that, if he should make them a full image of his mind, he would *not have nerves to* publish them in his lifetime, and therefore *that they should be posthumous.* He answered, rather eagerly, that he *was determined to publish them in his lifetime.*—S.

dices and habits, which have been consecrated by the experience (mankind.

Wherever the distinction of birth is allowed to form a superio order in the state, education and example should always, and wi often, produce among them a dignity of sentiment and propriety (conduct, which is guarded from dishonour by their own and the publi esteem. If we read of some illustrious line so ancient that it has n beginning, so worthy that it ought to have no end, we sympathise i its various fortunes; nor can we blame the generous enthusiasm, o even the harmless vanity, of those who are allied to the honours of it name. For my own part, could I draw my pedigree from a genera a statesman, or a celebrated author, I should study their lives wit the diligence of filial love. In the investigation of past events, ou curiosity is stimulated by the immediate or indirect reference to ou selves; but in the estimate of honour we should learn to value th gifts of Nature above those of Fortune; to esteem in our ancestor the qualities that best promote the interests of society; and to pr nounce the descendant of a king less truly noble than the offsprin of a man of genius, whose writings will instruct or delight the late posterity. The family of Confucius is, in my opinion, the most illu trious in the world. After a painful ascent of eight or ten centurie our barons and princes of Europe are lost in the darkness of th middle ages; but, in the vast equality of the empire of China, th posterity of Confucius have maintained, above two thousand tw hundred years, their peaceful honours and perpetual succession. Th chief of the family is still revered, by the sovereign and the people, a the lively image of the wisest of mankind. The nobility of th Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Mar borough; but I exhort them to consider the Fairy Queen as th most precious jewel of their coronet. I have exposed my priva feelings, as I shall always do, without scruple or reserve. That the sentiments are just, or at least natural, I am inclined to believe, sin I do not feel myself interested in the cause; for I can derive fro my ancestors neither glory nor shame.

Yet a sincere and simple narrative of my own life may amuse so of my leisure hours; but it will subject me, and perhaps with justic to the imputation of vanity. I may judge, however, from the e perience both of past and of the present times, that the public a always curious to know the men, who have left behind them a image of their minds: the most scanty accounts of such men a compiled with diligence, and perused with eagerness; and the st ent of every class may derive a lesson, or an example, from t lives most similar to his own. My name may hereafter be plac among the thousand articles of a Biographia Britannica; and must be conscious, that no one is so well qualified, as myself, describe the series of my thoughts and actions. The authority my masters, of the grave Thuanus, and the philosophic Hume, mig be sufficient to justify my design; but it would not be difficult produce a long list of ancients and moderns, who, in various for have exhibited their own portraits. Such portraits are often

t interesting, and sometimes the only interesting parts of their ings; and, if they be sincere, we seldom complain of the mi- nes or prolixity of these personal memorials. The lives of younger Pliny, of Petrarch, and of Erasmus, are expressed in epistles, which they themselves have given to the world. The ys of Montaigne and Sir William Temple bring us home to the se and bosoms of the authors: we smile without contempt at headstrong passions of Benevenuto Cellini, and the gay follies olley Cibber. The confessions of St. Austin and Rousseau dis- the secrets of the human heart: the commentaries of the ed Huet have survived his evangelical demonstration; and the oirs of Goldoni are more truly dramatic than his Italian come- . The heretic and the churchman are strongly marked in the acters and fortunes of Whiston and Bishop Newton; and even dulness of Michael de Marolles and Anthony Wood acquires e value from the faithful representation of men and manners. t I am equal or superior to some of these, the effects of modesty fectation cannot force me to dissemble.

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ly family is originally derived from the county of Kent. The hern district, which borders on Sussex and the sea, was for- ly overspread with the great forest Anderida, and even now ins the denomination of the *Weald*, or Woodland. In this district, in the hundred and parish of Rolvenden, the Gibbons were pos- ed of lands in the year one thousand three hundred and twenty- ; and the elder branch of the family, without much increase or inution of property, still adheres to its native soil. Fourteen rs after the first appearance of his name, John Gibbon is recorded he Marmorarius or architect of King Edward the Third: the ng and stately castle of Queensborough, which guarded the en- ce of the Medway, was a monument of his skill; and the grant n hereditary toll on the passage from Sandwich to Stonar, in the of Thanet, is the reward of no vulgar artist. In the visitations he heralds, the Gibbons are frequently mentioned: they held the k of esquire in an age, when that title was less promiscuously as- ed: one of them, under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was cap- n of the militia of Kent; and a free school, in the neighbouring n of Benenden, proclaims the charity and opulence of its founder. time, or their own obscurity, has cast a veil of oblivion over the es and vices of my Kentish ancestors: their character or sta- n confined them to the labours and pleasures of a rural life: nor t in my power to follow the advice of the poet, in an enquiry after me—

> "Go! search it there, where to be born, and die,
> Of rich and poor makes all the history."

recent is the institution of our parish registers. In the begin- g of the seventeenth century, a younger branch of the Gibbons, Rolvenden, migrated *from the country* to the city; and from branch *I do not blush to descend.* The law requires some abi- *; the church imposes some restraints*; and before our army

and navy, our civil establishments, and Indian empire, had opene so many paths to fortune, the mercantile profession was more fr quently chosen by youths of a liberal race and education, who a pired to create their own independence. Our most respectabl families have not disdained the counting-house, or even the shop their names are enrolled in the livery and companies of London and in England, as well as in the Italian commonwealths, herald have been compelled to declare, that gentility is not degraded by th exercise of trade.

The armorial ensigns which, in the times of chivalry, adorned th crest and shield of the soldier, are now become an empty decoration which every man, who has money to build a carriage, may pain according to his fancy on the panels. My family arms are the sam which were borne by the Gibbons of Kent in an age, when the Col lege of Heralds religiously guarded the distinctions of blood an name: a lion rampant gardant, between three scallop-shells argent on a field azure.* I should not however have been tempted t blazon my coat of arms, were it not connected with a whimsica anecdote.—About the reign of James the First, the three harmles scallop-shells were changed by Edmund Gibbon, Esq. into thre *ogresses*, or female cannibals, with a design of stigmatising thre ladies, his kinswomen, who had provoked him by an unjust lawsuit But this singular mode of revenge, for which he obtained the sanc tion of Sir William Seagar, king at arms, soon expired with it author; and, on his own monument in the Temple Church, th monsters vanish, and the three scallop-shells resume their prope and hereditary place.

Our alliances by marriage it is not disgraceful to mention. Th chief honour of my ancestry is James Fiens, Baron Say and Seal and Lord High Treasurer of England, in the reign of Henry th Sixth; from whom by the Phelips, the Whetnalls, and the Cromes I am lineally descended in the eleventh degree. His dismission an imprisonment in the Tower were insufficient to appease the popul clamour; and the treasurer, with his son-in-law Cromer, was b headed (1450), after a mock trial by the Kentish insurgents. Th black list of his offences, as it is exhibited in Shakespeare, displa the ignorance and envy of a plebeian tyrant. Besides the vague r proaches of selling Maine and Normandy to the Dauphin, the tr surer is specially accused of luxury, for riding on a foot-cloth; a of treason, for speaking French, the language of our enemies: "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm says Jack Cade to the unfortunate lord, "in erecting a gramm school; and whereas before our forefathers had no other books th the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; a contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a pap mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about t who usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable wor

* *The father of* Lord Chancellor Hardwicke married an heiress of this famil *Gibbon. The chancellor's* escutcheon in the Temple Hall quarters the arms of Gib *as does also that* in Lincoln's Inn Hall, of Charles York, Chancellor in 1770.—S.

as no christian ear can endure to hear." Our dramatic poet is generally more attentive to character than to history; and I much fear that the art of printing was not introduced into England till several years after Lord Say's death: but of some of these meritorious crimes I should hope to find my ancestor guilty; and a man of letters may be proud of his descent from a patron and martyr of learning.

In the beginning of the last century Robert Gibbon, Esq., of Rolvenden, in Kent, (who died in 1618,) had a son of the same name of Robert, who settled in London, and became a member of the Cloth-workers' Company. His wife was a daughter of the Edgars, who flourished about four hundred years in the county of Suffolk, and produced an eminent and wealthy serjeant at law, Sir Gregory Edgar, in the reign of Henry the Seventh. Of the sons of Robert Gibbon, (who died in 1643,) Matthew did not aspire above the station of a linen-draper in Leadenhall-street; but John has given to the public some curious memorials of his existence, his character, and his family. He was born on the 3d of November in the year 1629; his education was liberal, at a grammar school, and afterwards in Jesus College at Cambridge; and he celebrates the retired content which he enjoyed at Allesborough in Worcestershire, in the house of Thomas Lord Coventry, where John Gibbon was employed as a domestic tutor, the same office which Mr. Hobbes exercised in the Devonshire family. But the spirit of my kinsman soon immerged into more active life: he visited foreign countries as a soldier and a traveller, acquired the knowledge of the French and Spanish languages, passed some time in the Isle of Jersey, crossed the Atlantic, and resided upwards of a twelvemonth (1659) in the rising colony of Virginia. In this remote province, his taste, or rather passion, for heraldry found a singular gratification at a war-dance of the native Indians. As they moved in measured steps, brandishing their tomahawks, his curious eye contemplated their little shields of bark, and their naked bodies, which were painted with the colours and symbols of his favourite science. "At which I exceedingly wondered; and concluded that heraldry was ingrafted *naturally* into the sense of human race. If so, it deserves a greater esteem than now-a-days is put upon it." His return to England after the Restoration was soon followed by his marriage—his settlement in a house in St. Catherine's Cloister, near the Tower, which devolved to my grandfather—and his introduction into the Heralds' College (in 1671) by the style and title of Blue-mantle Pursuivant at Arms. In this office he enjoyed near fifty years the rare felicity of uniting, in the same pursuit, his duty and inclination: his name is remembered in the College, and many of his letters are still preserved. Several of the most respectable characters of the age, Sir William Dugdale, Mr. Ashmole, Dr. John Betts, and Dr. Nehemiah Grew, were his friends; and in the society of such men, John Gibbon may be recorded without disgrace as the member of an astrological club. The study of hereditary *honours is favourable* to the royal prerogative; *and my kinsman, like most of his family*, was a high Tory both

in church and state. In the latter end of the reign of Charles th Second, his pen was exercised in the cause of the Duke of York the Republican faction he most cordially detested; and as each an mal is conscious of its proper arms, the heralds' revenge was em blazoned on a most diabolical escutcheon. But the triumph of th Whig government checked the preferment of Blue-mantle; and h was even suspended from his office, till his tongue could learn t pronounce the oath of abjuration. His life was prolonged to the ag of ninety; and, in the expectation of the inevitable though uncertai hour, he wished to preserve the blessings of health, competence, an virtue. In the year 1682 he published at London his Introducti ad Latinam Blasoniam, an original attempt, which Camden had de siderated, to define, in a Roman idiom, the terms and attributes o a Gothic institution. It is not two years since I acquired in foreign land, some domestic intelligence of my own family; and thi intelligence was conveyed to Switzerland from the heart of Germany I had formed an acquaintance with Mr. Langer, a lively and inge nious scholar, while he resided at Lausanne as preceptor to th hereditary Prince of Brunswick. On his return to his proper statio of librarian to the ducal library of Wolfenbuttel, he accidentall found among some literary rubbish a small old English volume o heraldry, inscribed with the name of John Gibbon. From the titl only Mr. Langer judged that it might be an acceptable present t his friend; and he judged rightly. His manner is quaint and affected his order is confused: but he displays some wit, more reading, an still more enthusiasm; and if an enthusiast be often absurd, he i never languid. An English text is perpetually interspersed wit Latin sentences in prose and verse; but in his own poetry he claim an exemption from the laws of prosody. Amidst a profusion of ge nealogical knowledge, my kinsman could not be forgetful of his ow name; and to him I am indebted for almost the whole of my informa tion concerning the Gibbon family. From this small work (a du decimo of one hundred and sixty-five pages) the author expected im mortal fame: and at the conclusion of his labour he sings, in a stra of self-exultation;

> "Usque huc corrigitur Romana Blasonia per me;
> Verborumque dehinc barbara forma cadat.
> Hic liber, in meritum si forsitan incidet usum,
> Testis rite meæ sedulitatis erit.
> Quicquid agat Zoilus, ventura fatebitur ætas
> Artis quod fueram non Clypearis inops."

Such are the hopes of authors! In the failure of those hopes Jo Gibbon has not been the first of his profession, and very possil may not be the last of his name. His brother Matthew Gibbon, t draper, had one daughter and two sons—my grandfather Edwa who was born in the year 1666, and Thomas, afterwards Dean Carlisle. According to the mercantile creed, that the best book i profitable ledger, the writings of John the herald would be mu *less* precious than those of his nephew Edward: but an author p *fesses at least to write* for the public benefit; and the slow bala *of trade can be pleasing* to those persons only, to whom it is adv

tageous. The successful industry of my grandfather raised him above the level of his immediate ancestors; he appears to have launched into various and extensive dealings: even his opinions were subordinate to his interest; and I find him in Flanders clothing King William's troops, while he would have contracted with more pleasure, though not perhaps at a cheaper rate, for the service of King James. During his residence abroad, his concerns at home were managed by his mother Hester, an active and notable woman. Her second husband was a widower, of the name of Acton: they united the children of their first nuptials. After his marriage with the daughter of Richard Acton, goldsmith in Leadenhall-street, he gave his own sister to Sir Whitmore Acton, of Aldenham; and I am thus connected, by a triple alliance, with that ancient and loyal family of Shropshire baronets. It consisted about that time of seven brothers, all of gigantic stature; one of whom, a pigmy of six feet two inches, confessed himself the last and least of the seven; adding, in the true spirit of party, that such men were not born since the Revolution. Under the Tory administration of the four last years of Queen Anne (1710—1714), Mr. Edward Gibbon was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Customs; he sat at that board with Prior: but the merchant was better qualified for his station than the poet; since Lord Bolingbroke has been heard to declare, that he had never conversed with a man, who more clearly understood the commerce and finances of England. In the year 1716 he was elected one of the directors of the South Sea Company; and his books exhibited the proof that, before his acceptance of this fatal office, he had acquired an independent fortune of sixty thousand pounds.

But his fortune was overwhelmed in the shipwreck of the year twenty, and the labours of thirty years were blasted in a single day. Of the use or abuse of the South Sea scheme, of the guilt or innocence of my grandfather and his brother directors, I am neither a competent nor a disinterested judge. Yet the equity of modern times must condemn the violent and arbitrary proceedings, which would have disgraced the cause of justice, and would render injustice still more odious. No sooner had the nation awakened from its golden dream, than a popular and even a parliamentary clamour demanded their victims: but it was acknowledged on all sides that the South Sea directors, however guilty, could not be touched by any known laws of the land. The speech of Lord Molesworth, the author of the State of Denmark, may show the temper, or rather the intemperance, of the House of Commons. "Extraordinary crimes," exclaimed that ardent Whig, "call aloud for extraordinary remedies. The Roman lawgivers had not foreseen the possible existence of a parricide: but as soon as the first monster appeared, he was sewn in a sack, and thrown headlong into the river; and I shall be content to inflict the same treatment on the authors of our present ruin." His motion was not literally adopted; but a bill of pains and penalties was introduced, a retroactive statute, to punish the offences, which did not exist *at the time they were committed*. Such a pernicious violation of liberty and law can be excused only by the most

imperious necessity; nor could it be defended on this occasion by the plea of impending danger or useful example. The legislature restrained the persons of the directors, imposed an exorbitant security for their appearance, and marked their characters with a previous note of ignominy: they were compelled to deliver, upon oath, the strict value of their estates; and were disabled from making any transfer or alienation of any part of their property. Against a bill of pains and penalties it is the common right of every subject to be heard by his counsel at the bar: they prayed to be heard; their prayer was refused; and their oppressors, who required no evidence, would listen to no defence. It had been at first proposed that one-eighth of their respective estates should be allowed for the future support of the directors; but it was speciously urged, that in the various shades of opulence and guilt such an unequal proportion would be too light for many, and for some might possibly be too heavy. The character and conduct of each man were separately weighed; but instead of the calm solemnity of a judicial inquiry, the fortune and honour of three and thirty Englishmen were made the topic of hasty conversation, the sport of a lawless majority; and the basest member of the committee, by a malicious word or a silent vote, might indulge his general spleen or personal animosity. Injury was aggravated by insult, and insult was embittered by pleasantry. Allowances of twenty pounds, or one shilling, were facetiously moved. A vague report that a director had formerly been concerned in *another* project, by which some unknown persons had lost their money, was admitted as a proof of his actual guilt. One man was ruined because he had dropped a foolish speech, that his horses should feed upon gold; another because he was grown so proud, that, one day at the Treasury, he had refused a civil answer to persons much above him. All were condemned, absent and unheard, in arbitrary fines and forfeitures, which swept away the greatest part of their substance. Such bold oppression can scarcely be shielded by the omnipotence of parliament: and yet it may be seriously questioned, whether the judges of the South Sea directors were the true and legal representatives of their country. The first parliament of George the First had been chosen (1715) for three years: the term had elapsed, their trust was expired; and the four additional years (1718—1722), during which they continued to sit, were derived not from the people, but from themselves; from the strong measure of the septennial bill, which can only be paralleled by *il serar di consiglio* of the Venetian history. Yet candour will own that to the same parliament every Englishman is deeply indebted: the septennial act, so vicious in its origin, has been sanctioned by time, experience, and the national consent. Its first operation secured the House of Hanover on the throne, and its permanent influence maintains the peace and stability of government. As often as a repeal has been moved in the House of Commons, I have given in its defence a clear and conscientious vote.

My grandfather could not expect to be treated with more lenity *than his companions*. His Tory principles and connexions rendered *him obnoxious to* the ruling powers: his name is reported in a list

picious secret; and his well-known abilities could not plead the excuse of ignorance or error. In the first proceedings against the South Sea directors, Mr. Gibbon is one of the few who were taken into custody; and, in the final sentence, the measure of his fine proclaims him eminently guilty. The total estimate which he delivered on oath to the House of Commons amounted to one hundred and six thousand five hundred and forty-three pounds five shillings and sixpence, exclusive of antecedent settlements. Two different allowances of fifteen and of ten thousand pounds were moved for Mr. Gibbon; but, on the question being put, it was carried without a division for the smaller sum. On these ruins, with the skill and credit of which parliament had not been able to despoil him, my grandfather at a mature age erected the edifice of a new fortune: the labours of sixteen years were amply rewarded; and I have reason to believe that the second structure was not much inferior to the first. He had realized a very considerable property in Sussex, Hampshire, Buckinghamshire, and the New River Company; and had acquired a spacious house*, with gardens and lands, at Putney, in Surrey, where he resided in decent hospitality. He died in December, 1736, at the age of seventy; and by his last will, at the expense of Edward, his only son, (with whose marriage he was not perfectly reconciled,) enriched his two daughters, Catherine and Hester. The former became the wife of Mr. Edward Elliston, an East India captain: their daughter and heiress Catherine was married in the year 1756 to Edward Eliot, esq. (now Lord Eliot), of Port Eliot, in the county of Cornwall; and their three sons are my nearest male relations on the father's side. A life of devotion and celibacy was the choice of my aunt, Mrs. Hester Gibbon, who, at the age of eighty-five, still resides at a hermitage at Cliffe, in Northamptonshire; having long survived her spiritual guide and faithful companion, Mr. William Law, who at an advanced age, about the year 1761, died in her house. In our family he had left the reputation of a worthy and pious man, who believed all that he professed, and practised all that he enjoined. The character of a nonjuror, which he maintained to the last, is a sufficient evidence of his principles in church and state; and the sacrifice of interest to conscience will be always respectable. His theological writings, which our domestic connexion has tempted me to peruse, preserve an imperfect sort of life, and I can pronounce with more confidence and knowledge on the merits of the author. His last compositions are darkly tinctured by the incomprehensible visions of Jacob Behmen; and his discourse on the absolute unlawfulness of stage-entertainments is sometimes quoted for a ridiculous intemperance of sentiment and language.—"The actors and spectators must all be damned: the playhouse is the porch of Hell, the place of the Devil's abode, where he holds his filthy court of evil spirits; a play is the Devil's triumph, a sacrifice performed to his glory, as much as in the heathen temples of Bacchus or Venus, &c. &c." But these sallies of religious frenzy must not extinguish the *praise which is due to* Mr. William Law as a wit

* *Since inhabited by Mr. Wood, Sir John* Shelly, Duke of Norfolk, &c.

and a scholar. His argument on topics of less absurdity is specious and acute, his manner is lively, his style forcible and clear; and, had not his vigorous mind been clouded by enthusiasm, he might be ranked with the most agreeable and ingenious writers of the times. While the Bangorian controversy was a fashionable theme, he entered the lists on the subject of Christ's kingdom, and the authority of the priesthood: against the plain account of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper he resumed the combat with Bishop Hoadley, the object of Whig idolatry, and Tory abhorrence; and at every weapon of attack and defence the nonjuror, on the ground which is common to both, approves himself at least equal to the prelate. On the appearance of the Fable of the Bees, he drew his pen against the licentious doctrine that private vices are public benefits; and morality as well as religion must join in his applause. Mr. Law's master-work, the "Serious Call," is still read as a popular and powerful book of devotion. His precepts are rigid, but they are founded on the gospel: his satire is sharp, but it is drawn from the knowledge of human life; and many of his portraits are not unworthy of the pen of La Bruyere. If he finds a spark of piety in his reader's mind, he will soon kindle it to a flame; and a philosopher must allow that he exposes, with equal severity and truth, the strange contradiction between the faith and practice of the Christian world. Under the names of Flavia and Miranda he has admirably described my two aunts—the heathen and the christian sister.

My father, Edward Gibbon, was born in October, 1707: at the age of thirteen he could scarcely feel that he was disinherited by act of parliament; and, as he advanced towards manhood, new prospects of fortune opened to his view. A parent is most attentive to supply in his children the deficiencies of which he is conscious in himself: my grandfather's knowledge was derived from strong understanding, and the experience of the ways of men; but my father enjoyed the benefits of a liberal education as a scholar and a gentleman. At Westminster School, and afterwards at Emanuel College in Cambridge, he passed through a regular course of academical discipline; and the care of his learning and morals was entrusted to his private tutor, the same Mr. William Law. But the mind of a saint is above or below the present world; and while the pupil proceeded on his travels, the tutor remained at Putney, the much-honoured friend and spiritual director of the whole family. My father resided some time at Paris, to acquire the fashionable exercises; and as his temper was warm and social, he indulged in those pleasures, for which the strictness of his former education had given him a keener relish. He afterwards visited several provinces of France; but his excursions were neither long nor remote; and the slender knowledge which he had gained of the French language, was gradually obliterated. His passage through Besançon is marked by a singular consequence in the chain of human events. In a dangerous illness Mr. Gibbon was attended, *at his own request, by* one of his kinsmen of the name of Acton, the *younger brother of* a younger brother, who had applied himself

ıdy of physic. During the slow recovery of his patient, the
an himself was attacked by the malady of love: he married
tress, renounced his country and religion, settled at Besançon,
came the father of three sons; the eldest of whom, General
, is conspicuous in Europe as the principal minister of the King
Two Sicilies. By an uncle whom another stroke of fortune
ansplanted to Leghorn, he was educated in the naval service
Emperor; and his valour and conduct in the command of the
ı frigates protected the retreat of the Spaniards from Algiers.
y father's return to England he was chosen, in the general
n of 1734, to serve in parliament for the borough of Peters-
a burgage tenure, of which my grandfather possessed a
y share, till he alienated (I know not why) such important
ty. In the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole and the Pel-
prejudice and society connected his son with the Tories,—
say Jacobites? or, as they were pleased to style themselves,
untry gentlemen? With them he gave many a vote; with them
nk many a bottle. Without acquiring the fame of an orator
atesman, he eagerly joined in the great opposition which, after
n years' chase, hunted down Sir Robert Walpole: and in the
t of an unpopular minister, he gratified a private revenge
t the oppressor of his family in the South Sea persecution.

as born at Putney, in the county of Surrey, the 27th of April,
in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven; the
hild of the marriage of Edward Gibbon, Esq. and of Judith
ı.* My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a
t; nor can I reflect without pleasure on the bounty of Nature,
cast my birth in a free and civilised country, in an age of
e and philosophy, in a family of honourable rank, and decently
ed with the gifts of fortune. From my birth I have enjoyed
ght of primogeniture; but I was succeeded by five brothers and
ster, all of whom were snatched away in their infancy. My
others, whose names may be found in the parish register of
y, I shall not pretend to lament: but from my childhood to the
t hour I have deeply and sincerely regretted my sister, whose
as somewhat prolonged, and whom I remember to have seen
iable infant. The relation of a brother and a sister, especially
' do not marry, appears to me of a very singular nature. It is
iliar and tender friendship with a female, much about our own
an affection perhaps softened by the secret influence of sex,
ire from any mixture of sensual desire, the sole species of Pla-
love that can be indulged with truth and without danger.

the general election of 1741, Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Delme
an expensive and successful contest at Southampton, against

* union to which I owe my birth was a marriage of inclination and esteem. Mr. Porten, a merchant of London, resided with his family at Putney, in a house ad- to the bridge and churchyard, where I have passed many happy hours of my od. He left one son (the late Sir Stanier Porten) and three daughters: Catherine, eserved her maiden name, and of whom I shall hereafter speak; another daugh- rried Mr. Darell *of Richmond, and left two sons*, Edward and Robert: the *t of the three sisters was Judith, my mother.*

Mr. Dummer and Mr. Henly, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Ear of Northington. The Whig candidates had a majority of the resident voters; but the corporation was firm in the Tory interest: a sudden creation of one hundred and seventy new freemen turned the scale; and a supply was readily obtained of respectable volunteers, who flocked from all parts of England to support the cause of their political friends. The new parliament opened with the victory of an opposition, which was fortified by strong clamour and strange coalitions. From the event of the first divisions, Sir Robert Walpole perceived that he could no longer lead a majority in the House of Commons, and prudently resigned (after a dominion of one and twenty years) the guidance of the state (1742). But the fall of an unpopular minister was not succeeded, according to general expectation, by a millenium of happiness and virtue: some courtiers lost their places, some patriots lost their characters, Lord Orford's offences vanished with his power; and after a short vibration, the Pelham government was fixed on the old basis of the Whig aristocracy. In the year 1745, the throne and the constitution were attacked by a rebellion, which does not reflect much honour on the national spirit since the English friends of the Pretender wanted courage to join his standard, and his enemies (the bulk of the people) allowed him to advance into the heart of the kingdom. Without daring, perhaps without desiring, to aid the rebels, my father invariably adhered to the Tory opposition. In the most critical season he accepted, for the service of the party, the office of alderman in the city of London but the duties were so repugnant to his inclination and habits, that he resigned his gown at the end of a few months. The second parliament in which he sat was prematurely dissolved (1747): and as he was unable or unwilling to maintain a second contest for Southampton, the life of the senator expired in that dissolution.

The death of a new-born child before that of its parents may seem an unnatural, but it is strictly a probable, event: since of any given number the greater part are extinguished before their ninth year before they possess the faculties of the mind or body. Without accusing the profuse waste or imperfect workmanship of Nature, I shall only observe, that this unfavourable chance was multiplied against my infant existence. So feeble was my constitution, so precarious my life, that, in the baptism of each of my brothers, my father's prudence successively repeated my christian name of Edward that, in case of the departure of the eldest son, this patronymic appellation might be still perpetuated in the family.

——Uno avulso non deficit alter.

To preserve and to rear so frail a being, the most tender assiduity was scarcely sufficient; and my mother's attention was somewhat diverted by her frequent pregnancies, by an exclusive passion for her husband, and by the dissipation of the world, in which his taste and authority obliged her to mingle. But the maternal office was supplied by my aunt, Mrs. Catherine Porten; at whose name I feel a *tear of gratitude trickling* down my cheek. A life of celibacy transferred *her vacant affection* to her sister's first child: my weakness

excited her pity; her attachment was fortified by labour and success: and if there be any, as I trust there are some, who rejoice that I live, to that dear and excellent woman they must hold themselves indebted. Many anxious and solitary days did she consume in the patient trial of every mode of relief and amusement. Many wakeful nights did she sit by my bed-side in trembling expectation that each hour would be my last. Of the various and frequent disorders of my childhood my own recollection is dark; nor do I wish to expatiate on so disgusting a topic. Suffice it to say, that while every practitioner, from Sloane and Ward to the Chevalier Taylor, was successively summoned to torture or relieve me, the care of my mind was too frequently neglected for that of my health: compassion always suggested an excuse for the indulgence of the master, or the idleness of the pupil; and the chain of my education was broken, as often as I was recalled from the school of learning to the bed of sickness.

As soon as the use of speech had prepared my infant reason for the admission of knowledge, I was taught the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. So remote is the date, so vague is the memory of their origin in myself, that, were not the error corrected by analogy, I should be tempted to conceive them as innate. In my childhood I was praised for the readiness with which I could multiply and divide, by memory alone, two sums of several figures: such praise encouraged my growing talent; and had I persevered in this line of application, I might have acquired some fame in mathematical studies.

After this previous institution at home, or at a day-school at Putney, I was delivered at the age of seven into the hands of Mr. John Kirkby, who exercised about eighteen months the office of my domestic tutor. His own words, which I shall here transcribe, inspire in his favour a sentiment of pity and esteem.—"During my abode in my native county of Cumberland, in quality of an indigent curate, I used now and then in a summer, when the pleasantness of the season invited, to take a solitary walk to the sea-shore, which lies about two miles from the town where I lived. Here I would amuse myself, one while in viewing at large the agreeable prospect which surrounded me, and another while (confining my sight to nearer objects) in admiring the vast variety of beautiful shells, thrown upon the beach; some of the choicest of which I always picked up, to divert my little ones upon my return. One time among the rest, taking such a journey in my head, I sat down upon the declivity of the beach with my face to the sea, which was now come up within a few yards of my feet; when immediately the sad thoughts of the wretched condition of my family, and the unsuccessfulness of all endeavours to amend it, came crowding into my mind, which drove me into a deep melancholy, and ever and anon forced tears from my eyes." Distress at last forced him to leave the country. His learning and virtue introduced him to my father; and at Putney he might have found at least a temporary shelter, had not an act of indiscretion again driven him into the world. One day reading

prayers in the parish church, he most unluckily forgot the name o King George: his patron, a loyal subject, dismissed him with som reluctance, and a decent reward; and *how* the poor man ended hi days I have never been able to learn. Mr. John Kirkby is the au thor of two small volumes; the Life of Automathes (London, 1745), and an English and Latin Grammar (London, 1746); which, as a testimony of gratitude, he dedicated (November 5th, 1745) to my father. The books are before me: from them the pupil may judge the preceptor; and, upon the whole, his judgment will not be unfa vourable. The grammar is executed with accuracy and skill, and I know not whether any better existed at the time in our language: but the life of Automathes aspires to the honours of a philosophical fiction. It is the story of a youth, the son of a shipwrecked exile, who lives alone on a desert island from infancy to the age of man hood. A hind is his nurse; he inherits a cottage, with many useful and curious instruments; some ideas remain of the education of his two first years; some arts are borrowed from the beavers of a neigh bouring lake; some truths are revealed in supernatural visions With these helps, and his own industry, Automathes becomes a self taught though speechless philosopher, who had investigated with success his own mind, the natural world, the abstract sciences, and the great principles of morality and religion. The author is no entitled to the merit of invention, since he has blended the English story of Robinson Crusoe with the Arabian romance of Hai Eb Yokhdan, which he might have read in the Latin version of Pococh In the Automathes I cannot praise either the depth of thought o elegance of style; but the book is not devoid of entertainment or in struction; and among several interesting passages, I would select th discovery of fire, which produces by accidental mischief the discover of conscience. A man who had thought so much on the subjects o language and education was surely no ordinary preceptor: my childis years, and his hasty departure, prevented me from enjoying the fu benefit of his lessons; but they enlarged my knowledge of arith metic, and left me a clear impression of the English and Lati rudiments.

In my ninth year (January, 1746), in a lucid interval of compar tive health, my father adopted the convenient and customary mo of English education; and I was sent to Kingston upon Thame to a school of about seventy boys, which was kept by Dr. Wooddes and his assistants. Every time I have since passed over Putn Common, I have always noticed the spot where my mother, as w drove along in the coach, admonished me that I was now going in the world, and must learn to think and act for myself. The expre sion may appear ludicrous; yet there is not, in the course of life more remarkable change than the removal of a child from the luxu and freedom of a wealthy house, to the frugal diet and strict or ordination of a school; from the tenderness of parents, and t *obsequiousness* of servants, to the rude familiarity of his equals, t *insolent tyranny of his* seniors, and the rod, perhaps, of a cruel a *capricious pedagogue*. Such hardships may steel the mind and ha

the injuries of fortune; but my timid reserve was astonished crowd and tumult of the school; the want of strength and disqualified me for the sports of the play-field; nor have I en how often in the year forty-six I was reviled and buffeted sins of my Tory ancestors. By the common methods of dis- at the expense of many tears and some blood, I purchased owledge of the Latin syntax; and not long since I was pos- of the dirty volumes of Phædrus and Cornelius Nepos, which ully construed and darkly understood. The choice of these is not injudicious. The *lives* of Cornelius Nepos, the friend cus and Cicero, are composed in the style of the purest age: plicity is elegant, his brevity copious: he exhibits a series and manners; and with such illustrations, as every pedant ndeed qualified to give, this classic biographer may initiate a student in the history of Greece and Rome. The use of or apologues has been approved in every age from ancient o modern Europe. They convey in familiar images the truths lity and prudence; and the most childish understanding (I to the scruples of Rousseau) will not suppose either that *do* speak, or that men *may* lie. A fable represents the e characters of animals; and a skilful master might extract liny and Buffon some pleasing lessons of natural history, a well adapted to the taste and capacity of children. The y of Phædrus is not exempt from an alloy of the silver age; manner is concise, terse, and sententious: the Thracian slave tly breathes the spirit of a freeman; and when the text is the style is perspicuous. But his fables, after a long oblivion, irst published by Peter Pithou, from a corrupt manuscript. bours of fifty editors confess the defects of the copy as well as ne of the original; and the school-boy may have been whipped apprehending a passage, which Bentley could not restore, and Burman could not explain.

studies were too frequently interrupted by sickness; and after or nominal residence at Kingston school of near two years, I ally recalled (December 1747) by my mother's death, which casioned, in her thirty-eighth year, by the consequences of her bour. I was too young to feel the importance of my loss; e image of her person and conversation is faintly imprinted in mory. The affectionate heart of my aunt, Catherine Porten, ed a sister and a friend; but my poor father was inconsolable, e transport of grief seemed to threaten his life or his reason. never forget the scene of our first interview, some weeks after al event; the awful silence, the room hung with black, the y tapers, his sighs and tears; his praises of my mother, a in heaven; his solemn adjuration that I would cherish her ry and imitate her virtues; and the fervour with which he and blessed me as the sole surviving pledge of their loves. torm of passion insensibly subsided into calmer melancholy. convivial meeting of his friends, Mr. Gibbon might affect or a gleam of cheerfulness; but his plan of happiness was for

ever destroyed: and after the loss of his companion he was left alone in a world, of which the business and pleasures were to him irksome or insipid. After some unsuccessful trials he renounced the tumult of London and the hospitality of Putney, and buried himself in the rural or rather rustic solitude of Buriton; from which, during several years, he seldom emerged.

As far back as I can remember, the house, near Putney-bridge and churchyard, of my maternal grandfather, appears in the light of my proper and native home. It was there that I was allowed to spend the greatest part of my time, in sickness or in health, during my school vacations and my parents' residence in London, and finally after my mother's death. Three months after that event, in the spring of 1748, the commercial ruin of her father, Mr. James Porten, was accomplished and declared. He suddenly absconded: but as his effects were not sold, nor the house evacuated, till the Christmas following, I enjoyed during the whole year the society of my aunt, without much consciousness of her impending fate. I feel a melancholy pleasure in repeating my obligations to that excellent woman, Mrs. Catherine Porten, the true mother of my mind as well as of my health. Her natural good sense was improved by the perusal of the best books in the English language; and if her reason was sometimes clouded by prejudice, her sentiments were never disguised by hypocrisy or affectation. Her indulgent tenderness, the frankness of her temper, and my innate rising curiosity, soon removed all distance between us: like friends of an equal age, we freely conversed on every topic, familiar or abstruse; and it was her delight and reward to observe the first shoots of my young ideas. Pain and languor were often soothed by the voice of instruction and amusement; and to her kind lessons I ascribe my early and invincible love of reading, which I would not exchange for the treasures of India. I should perhaps be astonished, were it possible to ascertain the date, at which a favourite tale was engraved, by frequent repetition, in my memory: the Cavern of the Winds; the Palace of Felicity; and the fatal moment, at the end of three months or centuries, when Prince Adolphus is overtaken by Time, who had worn out so many pair of wings in the pursuit. Before I left Kingston school I was well acquainted with Pope's Homer and the Arabian Nights Entertainments, two books which will always please by the moving picture of human manners and specious miracles: nor was I then capable of discerning that Pope's translation is a portrait endowed with every merit, excepting that of likeness to the original. The verses of Pope accustomed my ear to the sound of poetic harmony: in the death of Hector, and the shipwreck of Ulysses, I tasted the new emotions of terror and pity; and seriously disputed with my aunt on the vices and virtues of the heroes of the Trojan war. From Pope's Homer to Dryden's Virgil was an easy transition; but I know not how, from some fault in the author, the translator, or the *reader, the pious Æneas did not so forcibly seize on my imagination; and I derived more* pleasure from Ovid's Metamorphoses, especially *in the fall of Phaeton* and the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses. My

andfather's flight unlocked the door of a tolerable library; and I med over many English pages of poetry and romance, of history d travels. Where a title attracted my eye, without fear or awe I atched the volume from the shelf; and Mrs. Porten, who indulged erself in moral and religious speculations, was more prone to encourage than to check a curiosity above the strength of a boy. This ear (1748), the twelfth of my age, I shall note as the most propitious to the growth of my intellectual stature.

The relics of my grandfather's fortune afforded a bare annuity for his own maintenance; and his daughter, my worthy aunt, who had already passed her fortieth year, was left destitute. Her noble spirit scorned a life of obligation and dependence; and after revolving several schemes, she preferred the humble industry of keeping a boarding-house for Westminster School,* where she laboriously earned a competence for her old age. This singular opportunity of blending the advantages of private and public education, decided my father. After the Christmas holidays in January, 1749, I accompanied Mrs. Porten to her new house in College-street; and was immediately entered in the school, of which Dr. John Nicoll was at that time head master. At first I was alone: but my aunt's resolution was praised; her character was esteemed; her friends were numerous and active: in the course of some years she became the mother of forty or fifty boys, for the most part of family and fortune; and as her primitive habitation was too narrow, she built and occupied a spacious mansion in Dean's Yard. I shall always be ready to join in the common opinion, that our public schools, which have produced so many eminent characters, are the best adapted to the genius and constitution of the English people. A boy of spirit may acquire a previous and practical experience of the world; and his playfellows may be the future friends of his heart or his interest. In a free intercourse with his equals, the habits of truth, fortitude, and prudence will insensibly be matured. Birth and riches are measured by the standard of personal merit; and the mimic scene of a rebellion has displayed, in their true colours, the ministers and patriots of the rising generation. Our seminaries of learning do not exactly correspond with the precept of a Spartan king, "that the child should be instructed in the arts, which will be useful to the man:" since a finished scholar may emerge from the head of Westminster or Eton, in total ignorance of the business and conversation of English gentlemen in the latter end of the eighteenth century. But these schools may assume the merit of teaching all that they pretend to teach, the Latin and Greek languages: they deposit in the hands of a disciple the keys of two valuable chests; nor can he complain, if they are afterwards lost or neglected by his own fault. The necessity of leading in equal ranks so many unequal powers of capacity and application, will prolong to eight or ten years the juvenile studies, which might be dispatched in half that time by the skil-

* It is said in the family, that she was principally induced to this undertaking by her affection for her nephew, whose *weak constitution required* her constant and unremitted *attention.—S.*

ful master of a single pupil. Yet even the repetition of exercise discipline contributes to fix in a vacant mind the verbal science grammar and prosody: and the private or voluntary student, w possesses the sense and spirit of the classics, may offend, by a fa quantity, the scrupulous ear of a well-flogged critic. For myself must be content with a very small share of the civil and liter fruits of a public school. In the space of two years (1749, 175 interrupted by danger and debility, I painfully climbed into the th form; and my riper age was left to acquire the beauties of the La and the rudiments of the Greek tongue. Instead of audacious mingling in the sports, the quarrels, and the connexions of our lit world, I was still cherished at home under the maternal wing of aunt; and my removal from Westminster long preceded the appro of manhood.

The violence and variety of my complaints, which had excused frequent absence from Westminster School, at length engaged M Porten, with the advice of physicians, to conduct me to Bath: the end of the Michaelmas vacation (1750) she quitted me with reli ance, and I remained several months under the care of a tru maid-servant. A strange nervous affection, which alternately c tracted my legs, and produced, without any visible symptoms, most excruciating pain, was ineffectually opposed by the vari methods of bathing and pumping. From Bath I was transpo to Winchester, to the house of a physician; and after the fail of his medical skill, we had again recourse to the virtues of the B waters. During the intervals of these fits, I moved with my fat to Buriton and Putney; and a short unsuccessful trial was attem to renew my attendance at Westminster School. But my infir ties could not be reconciled with the hours and discipline of a pu seminary; and instead of a domestic tutor, who might have wate the favourable moments, and gently advanced the progress of learning, my father was too easily content with such occasi teachers as the different places of my residence could supply. was never forced, and seldom was I persuaded, to admit these sons: yet I read with a clergyman at Bath some odes of Hor and several episodes of Virgil, which gave me an imperfect and t sient enjoyment of the Latin poets. It might now be apprehe that I should continue for life an illiterate cripple: but, as I proached my sixteenth year, nature displayed in my favour her terious energies; my constitution was fortified and fixed; and disorders, instead of growing with my growth and strengthe with my strength, most wonderfully vanished. I have never sessed or abused the insolence of health: but since that time persons have been more exempt from real or imaginary ills; till I am admonished by the gout, the reader will no more be bled with the history of my bodily complaints. My unexp recovery again encouraged the hope of my education; and I placed at Esher, in Surrey, in the house of the Reverend Mr. F *Francis, in* a pleasant spot, which promised to unite the va *benefits of air,* exercise, and study (January, 1752). The trans

[redacted] might have taught me to relish the Latin poets, had not Wheeler discovered in a few weeks, that he preferred the pleasures of London to the instruction of his pupils. My father's partiality at this time, rather than his prudence, was urged to embrace a violent and desperate measure. Without preparation or delay I was hurried to Oxford; and I was matriculated in the university as a gentleman commoner of Magdalen College, before I had accomplished the fifteenth year of my age (April 3, 1752).

The curiosity, which had been implanted in my infant mind, was quick and active; but my reason was not sufficiently informed to understand the value, or to lament the loss, of three precious years from my entrance at Westminster to my admission at Oxford. Instead of repining at my long and frequent confinement to the master or the couch, I secretly rejoiced in those infirmities, which saved me from the exercises of the school, and the society of my equals. As often as I was tolerably exempt from danger and pain, reading, free desultory reading, was the employment and comfort of my solitary hours. At Westminster, my aunt sought only to amuse and indulge me; in my stations at Bath and Winchester, at Buriton and Putney, a false companion respected my sufferings; and I was allowed, without control or advice, to gratify the wanderings of an unripe taste. My indiscriminate appetite subsided by degrees in a *historic* line: and since philosophy has exploded all innate ideas and natural propensities, I must ascribe this choice to the assiduous perusal of the Universal History, as the octavo volumes successively appeared. This unequal work, and a treatise of Hearne, the *Ductor historicus*, referred and introduced me to the Greek and Roman historians, to as many at least as were accessible to an English reader. All that I could find were greedily devoured, from Littlebury's lame Herodotus, and Spelman's valuable Xenophon, to the pompous folios of Gordon's Tacitus, and a ragged Procopius of the beginning of the last century. The cheap acquisition of so much knowledge confirmed my dislike to the study of languages; and I argued with Mrs. Porten, that, were I master of Greek and Latin, I must interpret to myself in English the thoughts of the original, and that such extemporary versions must be inferior to the elaborate translations of professed scholars; a silly sophism, which could not easily be confuted by a person ignorant of any other language than her own. From the ancient I leaped to the modern world: many crude lumps of Mezeray, Rapin, Mezeray, Davila, Machiavel, Father Paul, Bower, etc. I devoured like so many novels; and I swallowed with the same voracious appetite the descriptions of India and China, of Mexico and Peru.

My first introduction to the historic scenes, which have since engaged so many years of my life, must be ascribed to an accident. In the summer of 1751, I accompanied my father on a visit to Mr. Deane's, in Wiltshire; but I was less delighted with the beauties of Stourhead, than with discovering in the library a common book, the Continuation of Echard's Roman History, which is indeed executed *with more skill and taste than the previous work*. To me the

reigns of the successors of Constantine were absolutely new; and was immersed in the passage of the Goths over the Danube, whe the summons of the dinner-bell reluctantly dragged me from m intellectual feast. This transient glance served rather to irritat than to appease my curiosity; and as soon as I returned to Bath procured the second and third volumes of Howell's History of th World, which exhibit the Byzantine period on a larger scal Mahomet and his Saracens soon fixed my attention; and some i stinct of criticism directed me to the genuine sources. Simon Ock ley, an original in every sense, first opened my eyes; and I was le from one book to another, till I had ranged round the circle o oriental history. Before I was sixteen, I had exhausted all tha could be learned in English of the Arabs and Persians, the Tartar and Turks; and the same ardour urged me to guess at the Frenc of D'Herbelot, and to construe the barbarous Latin of Pococki Abulfaragius. Such vague and multifarious reading could not teac me to think, to write, or to act; and the only principle that darte a ray of light into the indigested chaos, was an early and rationa application to the order of time and place. The maps of Cellarius and Wells imprinted in my mind the picture of ancient geography from Stranchius I imbibed the elements of chronology: the Table of Helvicus and Anderson, the Annals of Usher and Prideaux, dis tinguished the connexion of events, and engraved the multitud of names and dates in a clear and indelible series. But in the dis cussion of the first ages I overleaped the bounds of modesty and use In my childish balance I presumed to weigh the systems of Scaliger and Petavius, of Marsham and Newton, which I could seldom stud in the originals; and my sleep has been disturbed by the difficult of reconciling the Septuagint with the Hebrew computation. I arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition that might have puzzle a doctor, and a degree of ignorance, of which a school-boy woul have been ashamed.

At the conclusion of this first period of my life, I am tempted t enter a protest against the trite and lavish praise of the happine of our boyish years, which is echoed with so much affectation in th world. That happiness I have never known, that time I have neve regretted; and were my poor aunt still alive, she would bear te timony to the early and constant uniformity of my sentiments. It will indeed be replied, that *I* am not a competent judge; that pl sure is incompatible with pain; that joy is excluded from sickness and that the felicity of a school-boy consists in the perpetual moti of thoughtless and playful agility, in which I was never qualified t excel. My name, it is most true, could never be enrolled among th sprightly race, the idle progeny of Eton or Westminster,

> "Who foremost may delight to cleave,
> With pliant arm, the glassy wave,
> Or urge the flying ball."

The poet may gaily describe the short hours of recreation; but *he forgets the daily* tedious labours of the school, which is approach *each morning* with anxious and reluctant steps.

A traveller, who visits Oxford or Cambridge, is surprised and lified by the apparent order and tranquillity that prevail in the eats of the English muses. In the most celebrated universities of Iolland, Germany, and Italy, the students, who swarm from different countries, are loosely dispersed in private lodgings at the houses of the burghers: they dress according to their fancy and fortune; and in the intemperate quarrels of youth and wine, their *swords*, though less frequently than of old, are sometimes stained with each other's blood. The use of arms is banished from our English universities; the uniform habit of the academics, the square cap and black gown, is adapted to the civil and even clerical profession; and from the doctor in divinity to the under-graduate, the degrees of learning and age are externally distinguished. Instead of being scattered in a town, the students of Oxford and Cambridge are united in colleges; their maintenance is provided at their own expense, or that of the founders; and the stated hours of the hall and chapel represent the discipline of a regular, and, as it were, a religious community. The eyes of the traveller are attracted by the size or beauty of the public edifices; and the principal colleges appear to be so many palaces, which a liberal nation has erected and endowed for the habitation of science. My own introduction to the university of Oxford forms a new æra in my life; and at the distance of forty years I still remember my first emotions of surprise and satisfaction. In my fifteenth year I felt myself suddenly raised from a boy to a man: the persons, whom I respected as my superiors in age and academical rank, entertained me with every mark of attention and civility; and my vanity was flattered by the velvet cap and silk gown, which distinguish a gentleman commoner from a plebeian student. A decent allowance, more money than a schoolboy had ever seen, was at my own disposal; and I might command, among the tradesmen of Oxford, an indefinite and dangerous latitude of credit. A key was delivered into my hands, which gave me the free use of a numerous and learned library; my apartment consisted of three elegant and well-furnished rooms in the new building, a stately pile, of Magdalen College; and the adjacent walks, had they been frequented by Plato's disciples, might have been compared to the Attic shade on the banks of the Ilissus. Such was the fair prospect of my entrance (April 3, 1752), into the university of Oxford.

A venerable prelate, whose taste and erudition must reflect honour on the society in which they were formed, has drawn a very interesting picture of his academical life.—"I was educated (says Bishop Lowth) in the University of Oxford. I enjoyed all the advantages, both public and private, which that famous seat of learning so largely affords. I spent many years in that illustrious society, in a well-regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving commerce of gentlemen and of scholars; in a society where emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, *incited industry*, and awakened genius; where a *liberal pursuit of knowledge, and a* genuine freedom of thought, was

raised, encouraged, and pushed forward by example, by commendation, and by authority. I breathed the same atmosphere that the Hookers, the Chillingworths, and the Lockes had breathed before; whose benevolence and humanity were as extensive as their vast genius and comprehensive knowledge; who always treated their adversaries with civility and respect; who made candour, moderation, and liberal judgment as much the rule and law as the subject of their discourse. And do you reproach me with my education in this place, and with my relation to this most respectable body, which I shall always esteem my greatest advantage and my highest honour? I transcribe with pleasure this eloquent passage, without examining what benefits or what rewards were derived by Hooker, or Chillingworth, or Locke, from their academical institution; without inquiring, whether in this angry controversy the spirit of Lowth himself is purified from the intolerant zeal, which Warburton had ascribed to the genius of the place. It may indeed be observed, that the atmosphere of Oxford did not agree with Mr. Locke's constitution, and that the philosopher justly despised the academical bigots, who expelled his person and condemned his principles. The expression of gratitude is a virtue and a pleasure: a liberal mind will delight to cherish and celebrate the memory of its parents, and the teachers of science are the parents of the mind. I applaud the filial piety, which it is impossible for me to imitate; since I must not confess an imaginary debt, to assume the merit of a just or generous retribution. To the university of Oxford *I* acknowledge no obligation; and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the fourteen months the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life: the reader will pronounce between the school and the scholar; but I cannot affect to believe that Nature had disqualified me for all literary pursuits. The specious and ready excuse of my tender age, imperfect preparation, and hasty departure, may doubtless be alleged; nor do I wish to defraud such excuses of their proper weight. Yet in my sixteenth year I was not devoid of capacity or application; even my childish reading had displayed an early though blind propensity for books; and the shallow flood might have been taught to flow in a deep channel and a single stream. In the discipline of a well-constituted academy, and the guidance of skilful and vigilant professors, I should gradually have risen from translations to originals, from the Latin to the Greek classics, from dead languages to living science: my hours would have been occupied by useful and agreeable studies, the wanderings of fancy would have been restrained, and I should have escaped the temptations of idleness, which finally precipitated my departure from Oxford.

Perhaps in a separate annotation I may coolly examine the fabulous and real antiquities of our sister universities, a question which has kindled such fierce and foolish disputes among their fanatic sons. *In the mean* while, it will be acknowledged that these venerable *bodies are sufficiently* old to partake of all the prejudices and

infirmities of age. The schools of Oxford and Cambridge were founded in a dark age of false and barbarous science; and they are still tainted with the vices of their origin. Their primitive discipline was adapted to the education of priests and monks; and the government still remains in the hands of the clergy, an order of men whose manners are remote from the present world, and whose eyes are dazzled by the light of philosophy. The legal incorporation of these societies by the charters of popes and kings had given them a monopoly of the public instruction; and the spirit of monopolists is narrow, lazy, and oppressive: their work is more costly and less productive than that of independent artists; and the new improvements so eagerly grasped by the competition of freedom, are admitted with slow and sullen reluctance in those proud corporations, above the fear of a rival, and below the confession of an error. We may scarcely hope that any reformation will be a voluntary act; and so deeply are they rooted in law and prejudice, that even the omnipotence of parliament would shrink from an inquiry into the state and abuses of the two universities.

The use of academical degrees, as old as the thirteenth century, is visibly borrowed from the mechanic corporations; in which an apprentice, after serving his time, obtains a testimonial of his skill, and a license to practise his trade and mystery. It is not my design to depreciate those honours, which could never gratify or disappoint my ambition; and I should applaud the institution, if the degrees of bachelor or licentiate were bestowed as the reward of manly and successful study: if the name and rank of doctor or master were strictly reserved for the professors of science, who have approved their title to the public esteem.

In all the universities of Europe, excepting our own, the languages and sciences are distributed among a numerous list of effective professors: the students, according to their taste, their calling, and their diligence, apply themselves to the proper masters; and in the annual repetition of public and private lectures, these masters are assiduously employed. Our curiosity may inquire what number of professors has been instituted at Oxford? (for I shall now confine myself to my own university;) by whom are they appointed, and what may be the probable chances of merit or incapacity? how many are stationed to the three faculties, and how many are left for the liberal arts? what is the form, and what the substance of their lessons? But all these questions ar silenced by one short and singular answer, "That in the University of Oxford, the greater part of the public professors have for these many years given up altogether even the pretence of teaching." Incredible as the fact may appear, I must rest my belief on the positive and impartial evidence of a master of moral and political wisdom, who had himself resided at Oxford. Dr. Adam Smith assigns as the cause of their indolence, that, instead of being paid by voluntary contributions, which would urge them to increase the number, and to deserve the gratitude of their pupils, the Oxford professors are secure in the enjoyment of a fixed *stipend, without the necessity of* labour, or the apprehension

of control. It has indeed been observed, nor is the observation absurd, that excepting in experimental sciences, which demand a costly apparatus and a dexterous hand, the many valuable treatises, that have been published on every subject of learning, may now supersede the ancient mode of oral instruction. Were this principle true in its utmost latitude, I should only infer that the offices and salaries, which are become useless, ought without delay to be abolished. But there still remains a material difference between a book and a professor; the hour of the lecturer enforces attendance; attention is fixed by the presence, the voice, and the occasional questions of the teacher; the most idle will carry something away; and the more diligent will compare the instructions, which they have heard in the school, with the volumes, which they peruse in their chamber. The advice of a skilful professor will adapt a course of reading to every mind and every situation; his authority will discover, admonish, and at last chastise the negligence of his disciples; and his vigilant inquiries will ascertain the steps of their literary progress. Whatever science he professes he may illustrate in a series of discourses, composed in the leisure of his closet, pronounced on public occasions, and finally delivered to the press. I observe with pleasure, that, in the University of Oxford, Dr. Lowth, with equal eloquence and erudition, has executed this task in his incomparable *Prælections* on the Poetry of the Hebrews.

The college of St. Mary Magdalen was founded in the fifteenth century by Wainfleet, Bishop of Winchester; and now consists of a president, forty fellows, and a number of inferior students. It is esteemed one of the largest and most wealthy of our academical corporations, which may be compared to the Benedictine abbeys of catholic countries; and I have loosely heard that the estates belonging to Magdalen College, which are leased by those indulgent landlords at small quit-rents and occasional fines, might be raised in the hands of private avarice to an annual revenue of nearly thirty thousand pounds. Our colleges are supposed to be schools of science as well as of education; nor is it unreasonable to expect that a body of literary men, devoted to a life of celibacy, exempt from the care of their own subsistence, and amply provided with books, should devote their leisure to the prosecution of study, and that some effects of their studies should be manifested to the world. The shelves of their library groan under the weight of the Benedictine folios, of the editions of the fathers, and the collections of the middle ages, which have issued from the single abbey of St. Germain des Prés at Paris. A composition of genius must be the offspring of one mind; but such works of industry as may be divided among many hands, and must be continued during many years, are the peculiar province of a laborious community. If I inquire into the manufactures of the monks of Magdalen, if I extend the inquiry to the other colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, a silent blush, or a scornful frown, will be the only reply. The fellows or monks of my *time were decent* easy men, who supinely enjoyed the gifts of the *founder: their days* were filled by a series of uniform employment

apel and the hall, the coffee-house and the common room, till stired, weary and well satisfied, to a long slumber. From the reading, or thinking, or writing, they had absolved their con-e; and the first shoots of learning and ingenuity withered on ound, without yielding any fruits to the owners or the public. gentleman commoner, I was admitted to the society of the , and fondly expected that some questions of literature would e amusing and instructive topics of their discourse. Their nation stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, al anecdotes, and private scandal: their dull and deep pota-excused the brisk intemperance of youth; and their consti-al toasts were not expressive of the most lively loyalty for the of Hanover. A general election was now approaching: the Oxfordshire contest already blazed with all the malevolence of zeal. Magdalen College was devoutly attached to the old in-; and the names of Wenman and Dashwood were more fre-y pronounced than those of Cicero and Chrysostom. The le of the senior fellows could not inspire the under-graduates liberal spirit or studious emulation; and I cannot describe, ever knew, the discipline of college. Some duties may possibly een imposed on the poor scholars, whose ambition aspired to aceful honours of a fellowship (*ascribi quietis ordinibus*——— s); but no independent members were admitted below the of a gentleman commoner, and our velvet cap was the cap of r. A tradition prevailed that some of our predecessors had n Latin declamations in the hall; but of this ancient custom tige remained: the obvious methods of public exercises and nations were totally unknown; and I have never heard that the president or the society interfered in the private economy tutors and their pupils.

e silence of the Oxford professors, which deprives the youth of instruction, is imperfectly supplied by the tutors, as they are , of the several colleges. Instead of confining themselves to a science, which had satisfied the ambition of Burman or Ber-, they teach, or promise to teach, either history or mathematics, ient literature, or moral philosophy; and as it is possible that may be defective in all, it is highly probable that of some they e ignorant. They are paid, indeed, by private contributions; eir appointment depends on the head of the house: their dili-is voluntary, and will consequently be languid, while the pupils elves, or their parents, are not indulged in the liberty of choice ange. The first tutor into whose hands I was resigned, appears ve been one of the best of the tribe: Dr. Waldegrave was a ed and pious man, of a mild disposition, strict morals, and ab-ous life, who seldom mingled in the politics or the jollity of the e. But his knowledge of the world was confined to the uni-y; his learning was of the last, rather than of the present age; mper was indolent; his faculties, which were not of the first had been relaxed by the climate, and he was satisfied, like his n, *with the slight and superficial* discharge of an important

trust. As soon as my tutor had sounded the insufficiency of his disciple in school learning, he proposed that we should read every morning from ten to eleven the comedies of Terence. The sum of my improvement in the university of Oxford is confined to three or four Latin plays; and even the study of an elegant classic, which might have been illustrated by a comparison of ancient and modern theatres, was reduced to a dry and literal interpretation of the author's text. During the first weeks I constantly attended these lessons in my tutor's room; but as they appeared equally devoid of profit and pleasure, I was once tempted to try the experiment of a formal apology. The apology was accepted with a smile. I repeated the offence with less ceremony; the excuse was admitted with the same indulgence: the slightest motive of laziness or indisposition, the most trifling avocation at home or abroad, was allowed as a worthy impediment; nor did my tutor appear conscious of my absence or neglect. Had the hour of lecture been constantly filled, a single hour was a small portion of my academic leisure. No plan of study was recommended for my use; no exercises were prescribed for his inspection; and, at the most precious season of youth, whole days and weeks were suffered to elapse without labour or amusement, without advice or account. I should have listened to the voice of reason and of my tutor; his mild behaviour had gained my confidence. I preferred his society to that of the younger students; and in our evening walks to the top of Heddington Hill, we freely conversed on a variety of subjects. Since the days of Pocock and Hyde, oriental learning has always been the pride of Oxford, and I once expressed an inclination to study Arabic. His prudence discouraged this childish fancy; but he neglected the fair occasion of directing the ardour of a curious mind. During my absence in the summer vacation, Dr. Waldegrave accepted a college living at Washington in Sussex, and on my return I no longer found him at Oxford. From that time I have lost sight of my first tutor; but at the end of thirty years (1781) he was still alive; and the practice of exercise and temperance had entitled him to a healthy old age.

The long recess between the Trinity and Michaelmas terms empties the colleges of Oxford, as well as the courts of Westminster. I spent, at my father's house at Buriton in Hampshire, the two months of August and September. It is whimsical enough, that as soon as I left Magdalen College, my taste for books began to revive; but it was the same blind and boyish taste for the pursuit of exotic history. Unprovided with original learning, unformed in the habits of thinking, unskilled in the arts of composition, I resolved—to write a book. The title of this first essay, the Age of Sesostris, was perhaps suggested by Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV. which was new and popular; but my sole object was to investigate the probable date of the life and reign of the conqueror of Asia. I was then enamoured of Sir John Marsham's Canon Chronicus; an elaborate work, of whose merits and defects I was not yet qualified to judge. According to his specious, though narrow plan, I settled my hero *about the time of* Solomon, in the tenth century before the Christian

[redacted] to these illusions incumbent on me, unless I would adopt [redacted] Newton's shorter chronology, to remove a formidable objection; my solution, for a youth of fifteen, is not devoid of ingenuity. His version of the Sacred Books, Manetho, the high priest, has called Sothosis, or Sesostris, with the elder brother of Danaus, banished in Greece, according to the Parian Marble, 1510 years before Christ. But in any supposition the high priest is guilty of a strange error; flattery is the prolific parent of falsehood. Manetho's history of Egypt is dedicated to Ptolemy Philadelphus, who derived a spurious or illegitimate pedigree from the Macedonian kings of the line of Hercules. Danaus is the ancestor of Hercules; and after the loss of the elder branch, his descendants, the Ptolemies, are the sole representatives of the royal family, and may claim by inheritance the throne which they hold by conquest. Such were my juvenile discoveries; at a riper age, I no longer presume to connect the Greek, the Jew, and the Egyptian antiquities, which are lost in a distant cloud. Is this the only instance, in which the belief and knowledge of a child are superseded by the more rational ignorance of the man.

During my stay at Buriton, my infant labour was diligently prosecuted, without much interruption from company or country diversions; and I already heard the music of public applause. The discovery of my own weakness was the first symptom of taste. On my return to Oxford, the Age of Sesostris was wisely relinquished; but the imperfect sheets remained twenty years at the bottom of a drawer, till, in a general clearance of papers, (November, 1772,) they were committed to the flames.

After the departure of Dr. Waldegrave, I was transferred, with his other pupils, to his academical heir, whose literary character did not command the respect of the college. Dr. **** well remembered that he had a salary to receive, and only forgot that he had a duty to perform. Instead of guiding the studies, and watching over the behaviour of his disciple, I was never summoned to attend even the ceremony of a lecture; and, excepting one voluntary visit to his rooms, during the eight months of his titular office, the tutor and pupil lived in the same college as strangers to each other. The want of experience, of advice, and of occupation, soon betrayed me into some improprieties of conduct, ill-chosen company, late hours, and inconsiderate expense. My growing debts might be secret; but my frequent absence was visible and scandalous; and a tour to Bath, a visit into Buckinghamshire, and four excursions to London in the same winter, were costly and dangerous frolics. They were, indeed, without a meaning, as without an excuse. The irksomeness of a cloistered life repeatedly tempted me to wander; but my chief pleasure was that of travelling; and I was too young and bashful to enjoy, like a manly Oxonian in town, the pleasures of London. In all these excursions I eloped from Oxford; I returned to college; in a few days I eloped again, as if I had been an independent stranger in a hired lodging, without once hearing the voice of admonition, without once feeling the hand of control. Yet my time was lost, my expenses *were multiplied, my behaviour* abroad was unknown;

folly as well as vice should have awakened the attention of my superiors, and my tender years would have justified a more than ordinary degree of restraint and discipline.

It might, at least, be expected that an ecclesiastical school should inculcate the orthodox principles of religion. But our venerable mother had contrived to unite the opposite extremes of bigotry and indifference; a heretic, or unbeliever, was a monster in her eyes; but she was always, or often, or sometimes, remiss in the spiritual education of her own children. According to the statutes of the university, every student, before he is matriculated, must subscribe his assent to the thirty-nine articles of the church of England, which are signed by more than read, and read by more than believe them. My insufficient age excused me, however, from the immediate performance of this legal ceremony; and the vice-chancellor directed me to return, as soon as I should have accomplished my fifteenth year; recommending me, in the mean while, to the instruction of my college. My college forgot to instruct: I forgot to return, and was myself forgotten by the first magistrate of the university. Without a single lecture, either public or private, either christian or protestant, without any academical subscription, without any episcopal confirmation, I was left by the dim light of my catechism to grope my way to the chapel and communion table, where I was admitted, without a question how far, or by what means, I might be qualified to receive the sacrament. Such almost incredible neglect was productive of the worst mischiefs. From my childhood I had been fond of religious disputation: my poor aunt has been often puzzled by the mysteries which she strove to believe; nor had the elastic spring been totally broken by the weight of the atmosphere of Oxford. The blind activity of idleness urged me to advance without armour into the dangerous mazes of controversy; and, at the age of sixteen, I bewildered myself in the errors of the church of Rome. The progress of my conversion may tend to illustrate, at least, the history of my own mind. It was not long since Dr. Middleton's Free Inquiry had sounded an alarm in the theological world: much ink and much gall had been spilled in the defence of the primitive miracles; and the two dullest of their champions were crowned with academic honours by the university of Oxford. The name of Middleton was unpopular; and his proscription very naturally led me to peruse his writings, and those of his antagonists. His bold criticism, which approaches the precipice of infidelity, produced on my mind a singular effect; and had I persevered in the communion of Rome, I should now apply to my own fortune the prediction of the Sybil,

——Via prima salutis,
Quod minimè reris, Graiâ, pandetur ab urbe.

The elegance of style and freedom of argument were repelled by a shield of prejudice. I still revered the character, or rather the names, of the saints and fathers whom Dr. Middleton exposes; nor could he destroy my implicit belief, that the gift of miraculous powers was continued in the church, during the first four or five *centuries of Christianity*. But I was unable to resist the weight of

cal evidence, that within the same period most of the leading
ces of popery were already introduced in theory and practice:
s my conclusion absurd, that miracles are the test of truth,
at the church must be orthodox and pure, which was so often
ed by the visible interposition of the Deity. The marvellous
which are so boldly attested by the Basils and Chrysostoms,
ustins and Jeromes, compelled me to embrace the superior
s of celibacy, the institution of the monastic life, the use of the
of the cross, of holy oil, and even of images, the invocation of
, the worship of relics, the rudiments of purgatory in prayers
e dead, and the tremendous mystery of the sacrifice of the
and blood of Christ, which insensibly swelled into the prodigy
transubstantiation. In these dispositions, and already more than
convert, I formed an unlucky intimacy with a young gentle-
of our college, whose name I shall spare. With a character
solute, Mr. **** had imbibed the same religious opinions; and
popish books, I know not through what channel, were con-
into his possession. I read, I applauded, I believed; the
sh translations of two famous works of Bossuet Bishop of
x, the Exposition of the Catholic Doctrine, and the History of
Protestant Variations, achieved my conversion, and I surely fell
noble hand.* I have since examined the originals with a more
ining eye, and shall not hesitate to pronounce, that Bossuet is
d a master of all the weapons of controversy. In the Exposi-
a specious apology, the orator assumes, with consummate art,
one of candour and simplicity: and the ten-horned monster is
formed, at his magic touch, into the milk-white hind, who must
ved as soon as she is seen. In the History, a bold and well-
d attack, he displays, with a happy mixture of narrative and ar-
nt, the faults and follies, the changes and contradictions of our
reformers; whose variations (as he dexterously contends) are
mark of historical error, while the perpetual unity of the catholic
ch is the sign and test of infallible truth. To my present feel-
it seems incredible that I should ever believe that I believed in
nbstantiation. But my conqueror oppressed me with the sa-
ental words, "Hoc est corpus meum," and dashed against each
r the figurative half-meanings of the protestant sects: every ob-
on was resolved into omnipotence; and after repeating at St.
y's the Athanasian creed, I humbly acquiesced in the mystery
e real presence.

> "To take up half on trust, and half to try,
> Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
> Both knave and fool, the merchant we may call,
> To pay great sums, and to compound the small.
> For who would break with Heaven, and would not break for all?"

sooner had I settled my new religion than I resolved to profess
elf a Catholic. Youth is sincere and impetuous; and a mo-

* Mr. Gibbon never talked with me on the subject of his conversion to popery but
; and then he imputed his change to the works of Parsons the jesuit, who lived in
eign of Elizabeth, and *who, he said, had urged all the* best arguments in favour of
Roman *Catholic religion.—S.*

mentary glow of enthusiasm had raised me above all temporal considerations.*

By the keen Protestants, who would gladly retaliate the example of persecution, a clamour is raised of the increase of popery: and they are always loud to declaim against the toleration of priests and jesuits, who pervert so many of his Majesty's subjects from their religion and allegiance. On the present occasion, the fall of one or more of her sons directed this clamour against the university; and it was confidently affirmed that popish missionaries were suffered, under various disguises, to introduce themselves into the colleges of Oxford. But justice obliges me to declare, that, as far as relates to myself, this assertion is false; and that I never conversed with a priest, or even with a papist, till my resolution from books was absolutely fixed. In my last excursion to London, I addressed myself to Mr. Lewis, a Roman Catholic bookseller in Russell-street, Covent-garden, who recommended me to a priest, of whose name and order I am at present ignorant. In our first interview he soon discovered that persuasion was needless. After sounding the motives and merits of my conversion, he consented to admit me into the pale of the church; and at his feet, on the eighth of June, 1753, I solemnly, though privately, abjured the errors of heresy. The seduction of an English youth of family and fortune was an act of as much danger as glory; but he bravely overlooked the danger, of which I was not then sufficiently informed. "Where a person is reconciled to the see of Rome, or procures others to be reconciled, the offence (says Blackstone) amounts to high treason." And if the humanity of the age would prevent the execution of this sanguinary statute, there were other laws of a less odious cast, which condemned the priest to perpetual imprisonment, and transferred the proselyte's estate to his nearest relation. An elaborate controversial epistle, approved by my director and addressed to my father, announced and justified the step which I had taken. My father was neither a bigot nor a philosopher; but his affection deplored the loss of an only son; and his good sense was astonished at my strange departure from the religion of my country. In the first sally of passion he divulged a secret which prudence might have suppressed, and the gates of Magdalen College were for ever shut against my return. Many years afterwards, when the name of Gibbon was become as notorious as that of Middleton, it was industriously whispered at Oxford, that the historian had formerly "turned papist:" my character stood exposed to the reproach of inconstancy; and this invidious topic would have been handled without mercy by my opponents, could they have separated my cause from that of the university. For my own part, I am proud of an honest sacrifice of interest to conscience. I can never blush, if my tender mind was entangled in the sophistry that seduced the acute and manly understandings of Chillingworth and Bayle, who afterwards emerged from superstition to scepticism.

While Charles the First governed England, and was himself go-

* *He described the letter* to his father, announcing his conversion, as written with all *the pomp, the dignity,* and self-satisfaction of a martyr.—S.

rned by a catholic queen, it cannot be denied that the missionaries f Rome laboured with impunity and success in the court, the coun-ry, and even the universities. One of the sheep,

> ———Whom the grim wolf with privy paw
> Daily devours apace, and nothing said,

s Mr. William Chillingworth, Master of Arts, and Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; who, at the ripe age of twenty-eight years, was persuaded to elope from Oxford to the English seminary at Douay in Flanders. Some disputes with Fisher, a subtle jesuit, might first awaken him from the prejudices of education; but he yielded to his own victorious argument, "that there must be somewhere an infallible judge; and that the church of Rome is the only christian society which either does or can pretend to that character." After a short trial of a few months, Mr. Chillingworth was again tormented by religious scruples: he returned home, resumed his studies, unravelled his mistakes, and delivered his mind from the yoke of authority and superstition. His new creed was built on the principle, that the Bible is our sole judge, and private reason our sole interpreter: and he ably maintains this principle in the Religion of a Protestant, a book which, after startling the doctors of Oxford, is still esteemed the most solid defence of the Reformation. The learning, the virtue, the recent merits of the author, entitled him to fair preferment: but the slave had now broken his fetters; and the more he weighed, the less was he disposed to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles of the church of England. In a private letter he declares, with all the energy of language, that he could not subscribe to them without subscribing to his own damnation; and that if ever he should depart from this immovable resolution, he would allow his friends to think him a madman or an atheist. As the letter is without a date, we cannot ascertain the number of weeks or months that elapsed between this passionate abhorrence and the Salisbury Register, which is still extant. "Ego Gulielmus Chillingworth, . . . omnibus hisce articulis, ... et singulis in iisdem contentis volens, et ex animo subscribo, et consensum meum iisdem præbeo. 20 die Julii 1638." But, alas! the chancellor and prebendary of Sarum soon deviated from his own subscription: as he more deeply scrutinized the article of the Trinity, neither scripture nor the primitive fathers could long uphold his orthodox belief; and he could not but confess, "that the doctrine of Arius is either a truth, or at least no damnable heresy." From this middle region of the air, the descent of his reason would naturally rest on the firmer ground of the Socinians: and if we may credit a doubtful story, and the popular opinion, his anxious inquiries at last subsided in philosophic indifference. So conspicuous, however, were the candour of his nature and the innocence of his heart, that this apparent levity did not affect the reputation of Chillingworth. His frequent changes proceeded from too nice an inquisition into truth. His doubts grew out of himself; he assisted them with all the strength of his reason: he was then too hard for himself: *but finding* as little quiet and repose in *those victories, he quickly recovered,* by a new appeal to his own

judgment: so that in all his sallies and retreats, he was in fact his own convert.

Bayle was the son of a calvinist minister in a remote province of France, at the foot of the Pyrenees. For the benefit of education, the Protestants were tempted to risk their children in the catholic universities; and in the twenty-second year of his age, young Bayle was seduced by the arts and arguments of the jesuits of Toulouse. He remained about seventeen months (9th March, 1669—19th August, 1670,) in their hands, a voluntary captive; and a letter to his parents, which the new convert composed or subscribed (15th April, 1670), is darkly tinged with the spirit of popery. But nature had designed him to think as he pleased, and to speak as he thought: his piety was offended by the excessive worship of creatures; and the study of physics convinced him of the impossibility of transubstantiation, which is abundantly refuted by the testimony of our senses. His return to the communion of a falling sect was a bold and disinterested step, that exposed him to the rigour of the laws; and a speedy flight to Geneva protected him from the resentment of his spiritual tyrants, unconscious as they were of the full value of the prize which they had lost. Had Bayle adhered to the catholic church, had he embraced the ecclesiastical profession, the genius and favour of such a proselyte might have aspired to wealth and honours in his native country; but the hypocrite would have found less happiness in the comforts of a benefice, or the dignity of a mitre, than he enjoyed at Rotterdam in a private state of exile, indigence, and freedom. Without a country, or a patron, or a prejudice, he claimed the liberty, and subsisted by the labours, of his pen: the inequality of his voluminous works is explained and excused by his alternately writing for himself, for the booksellers, and for posterity; and if a severe critic would reduce him to a single folio, that relic, like the books of the Sybil, would become still more valuable. A calm and lofty spectator of the religious tempest, the philosopher of Rotterdam condemned with equal firmness the persecution of Louis the Fourteenth, and the republican maxims of the Calvinists; their vain prophecies, and the intolerant bigotry which sometimes vexed his solitary retreat. In reviewing the controversies of the times, he turned against each other the arguments of the disputants; successively wielding the arms of the Catholics and Protestants, he proves that neither the way of authority nor the way of examination can afford the multitude any test of religious truth; and dexterously concludes that custom and education must be the sole grounds of popular belief. The ancient paradox of Plutarch, that atheism is less pernicious than superstition, acquires a tenfold vigour, when it is adorned with the colours of his wit, and pointed with the acuteness of his logic. His Critical Dictionary is a vast repository of facts and opinions; and he balances the *false* religions in his sceptical scales, till the opposite quantities (if I may use the language of algebra) annihilate each other. The wonderful power which he so boldly exercised, of assembling doubts and objections, had tempted him jocosely to assume the title of the νεφεληγερετα Ζευς, the cloud-compelling

ove; and in a conversation with the ingenious Abbé (afterwards Cardinal) de Polignac, he freely disclosed his universal Pyrrhonism. "I am most truly (said Bayle) a Protestant; for I protest indifferently against all systems and all sects."

The academical resentment, which I may possibly have provoked, will prudently spare this plain narrative of my studies, or rather of my idleness, and of the unfortunate event which shortened the term of my residence at Oxford. But it may be suggested, that my father was unlucky in the choice of a society, and the chance of a tutor. It will perhaps be asserted, that, in the lapse of forty years, many improvements have taken place in the college and in the university. I am not unwilling to believe, that some tutors might have been found more active than Dr. Waldegrave, and less contemptible than Dr. ****. About the same time, and in the same walk, a Bentham was still treading in the footsteps of a Burton, whose maxims he had adopted, and whose life he had published. The biographer indeed preferred the school logic to the new philosophy, Burgursdicius to Locke; and the hero appears, in his own writings, a stiff and conceited pedant. Yet even these men, according to the measure of their capacity, might be diligent and useful; and it is recorded of Burton, that he taught his pupils what he knew; some Latin, some Greek, some ethics and metaphysics; referring them to proper masters for the languages and sciences of which he was ignorant. At a more recent period, many students have been attracted by the merit and reputation of Sir William Scott, then a tutor in University College, and now conspicuous in the profession of the civil law: my personal acquaintance with that gentleman has inspired me with a just esteem for his abilities and knowledge; and I am assured that his lectures on history would compose, were they given to the public, a most valuable treatise. Under the auspices of the present Archbishop of York, Dr. Markham, himself an eminent scholar, a more regular discipline has been introduced, as I am told, at Christ Church;* a course of classical and philosophical stu-

* This was written on the information Mr. Gibbon had received, and the observation he had made, previous to his late residence at Lausanne. During his last visit to England, he had an opportunity of seeing at Sheffield Place some young men of the college above alluded to: he had great satisfaction in conversing with them, made many enquiries respecting their course of study, applauded the discipline of Christ Church, and the liberal attention shown by the Dean, to those whose only recommendation was their merit. Had Mr. Gibbon lived to revise this work, I am sure he would have mentioned the name of Dr. Jackson with the highest commendation, and also that of Dr. Bagot, Bishop of St. Asaph, whose attention to the duties of his office while he was Dean of Christ Church College were unremitted. There are other colleges at Oxford, with whose discipline my friend was unacquainted, to which, without doubt, he would willingly have allowed their due praise, particularly Brazen Nose and Oriel Colleges; the former under the care of Dr. Cleaver, Bishop of Chester, the latter under that of Dr. Eveleigh. It is still greatly to be wished that the general expense, or rather extravagance, of young men at our English universities, may be more effectually restrained. The expense, in which they are permitted to indulge, is inconsistent not only with a necessary degree of study, but with those habits of morality which should be promoted, by all means possible, at an early period of life. An academical education in England is at present an object of alarm and terror to every thinking parent of moderate fortune. It is the apprehension of the *expense, of the dissipation, and other* evil consequences, which arise *from the want of proper restraint at our own universities*, that forces a number of our

dies is proposed, and even pursued, in that numerous seminary: learning has been made a duty, a pleasure, and even a fashion; and several young gentlemen do honour to the college in which they have been educated. According to the will of the donor, the profit of the second part of Lord Clarendon's History has been applied to the establishment of a riding-school, that the polite exercises might be taught, I know not with what success, in the university. The Vinerian professorship is of far more serious importance; the laws of his country are the first science of an Englishman of rank and fortune, who is called to be a magistrate, and may hope to be a legislator. This judicious institution was coldly entertained by the graver doctors, who complained (I have heard the complaint) that it would take the young people from their books: but Mr. Viner's benefaction is not unprofitable, since it has at least produced the excellent Commentaries of Sir William Blackstone.

After carrying me to Putney, to the house of his friend, Mr. Mallet,* by whose philosophy I was rather scandalized than reclaimed, it was necessary for my father to form a new plan of education, and to devise some method which, if possible, might effect the cure of my spiritual malady. After much debate it was determined, from the advice and personal experience of Mr. Eliot (now Lord Eliot), to fix me, during some years, at Lausanne, in Switzerland. Mr. Frey, a Swiss gentleman of Basle, undertook the conduct of the journey: we left London the 19th of June, crossed the sea from Dover to Calais, travelled post through several provinces of France, by the direct road of St. Quentin, Rheims, Langres, and Besançon, and arrived the 30th of June at Lausanne, where I was immediately settled under the roof and tuition of Mr. Pavilliard, a calvinist minister.

The first marks of my father's displeasure rather astonished than afflicted me: when he threatened to banish, and disown, and disinherit a rebellious son, I cherished a secret hope that he would not be able or willing to effect his menaces; and the pride of conscience encouraged me to sustain the honourable and important part which I was now acting. My spirits were raised and kept alive by the rapid motion of my journey, the new and various scenes of the Continent, and the civility of Mr. Frey, a man of sense, who was not ignorant of books or the world. But after he had resigned me into Pavilliard's hands, and I was fixed in my new habitation, I had leisure to contemplate the strange and melancholy prospect before me. My first complaint arose from my ignorance of the language. In my childhood I had once studied the French grammar, and I could

English youths to those of Scotland, and utterly excludes many from any sort of academical instruction. If a charge be true, which I have heard insisted on, that the heads of our colleges in Oxford and Cambridge are vain of having under their care chiefly men of opulence, who may be supposed exempt from the necessity of economical control, they are indeed highly censurable; since the mischief of allowing early habits of expense and dissipation is great, in various respects, even to those possessed of large property; and the most serious evil from this indulgence must happen to youths of humbler fortune, who certainly form the majority of students both at Oxford and Cambridge.—S.

* *The author of a life of Bacon*, which has been rated above its value; of some forgotten *poems and plays*; and of the pathetic ballad of William and Margaret.—S.

erfectly understand the easy prose of a familiar subject. But
n I was thus suddenly cast on a foreign land, I found myself deprived
he use of speech and of hearing; and, during some weeks, inca-
le not only of enjoying the pleasures of conversation, but even of
ing or answering a question in the common intercourse of life.
a home-bred Englishman every object, every custom was offensive;
t the native of any country might have been disgusted with the
neral aspect of his lodging and entertainment. I had now ex-
anged my elegant apartment in Magdalen College for a narrow,
oomy street, the most unfrequented of an unhandsome town, for
old inconvenient house, and for a small chamber ill-contrived and
-furnished, which, on the approach of winter, instead of a com-
anionable fire, must be warmed by the dull and invisible heat of a
ove. From a man I was again degraded to the dependence of a
chool-boy. Mr. Pavilliard managed my expenses, which had been
educed to a diminutive state: I received a small monthly allowance
or my pocket-money; and, helpless and awkward as I have ever been,
no longer enjoyed the indispensable comfort of a servant. My
ondition seemed as destitute of hope, as it was devoid of pleasure:
was separated for an indefinite, which appeared an infinite, term
om my native country; and I had lost all connexion with my
atholic friends. I have since reflected with surprise, that as the
oman clergy of every part of Europe maintain a close correspon-
ence with each other, they never attempted, by letters or messages,
o rescue me from the hands of the heretics, or at least to confirm
y zeal and constancy in the profession of the faith. Such was my first
introduction to Lausanne; a place where I spent nearly five years with
leasure and profit, which I afterwards revisited without compulsion,
nd which I have finally selected as the most grateful retreat for
he decline of my life.

But it is the peculiar felicity of youth that the most unpleasing objects and events seldom make a deep or lasting impression; it forgets the past, enjoys the present, and anticipates the future. At the flexible age of sixteen I soon learned to endure, and gradually to adopt, the new forms of arbitrary manners: the real hardships of my situation were alienated by time. Had I been sent abroad in a more splendid style, such as the fortune and bounty of my father might have supplied, I might have returned home with the same stock of language and science, which our countrymen usually import from the Continent. An exile and a prisoner as I was, their example betrayed me into some irregularities of wine, of play, and of idle excursions: but I soon felt the impossibility of associating with them on equal terms; and after the departure of my last acquaintance, I held a cold and civil correspondence with their successors. This seclusion from English society was attended with the most solid benefits. In the Pays de Vaud, the French language is used with less imperfection than in most of the distant provinces of France: in Pavilliard's family, necessity compelled me to listen and to speak; and if I was at first disheartened by the apparent slowness, *in a few months I was astonished* by the rapidity of my

progress. My pronunciation was formed by the constant repetition of the same sounds; the variety of words and idioms, the rules of grammar, and distinctions of genders, were impressed in my memory; ease and freedom were obtained by practice; correctness and elegance by labour; and before I was recalled home, French, in which I spontaneously thought, was more familiar than English to my ear, my tongue, and my pen. The first effect of this opening knowledge was the revival of my love of reading, which had been chilled at Oxford; and I soon turned over, without much choice, almost all the French books in my tutor's library. Even these amusements were productive of real advantage: my taste and judgment were now somewhat riper. I was introduced to a new mode of style and literature: by the comparison of manners and opinions, my views were enlarged, my prejudices were corrected, and a copious voluntary abstract of the Histoire de l'Eglise et de l'Empire, by Le Sueur, may be placed in a middle line between my childish and my manly studies. As soon as I was able to converse with the natives, I began to feel some satisfaction in their company: my awkward timidity was polished and emboldened; and I frequented, for the first time, assemblies of men and women. The acquaintance of the Pavilliard prepared me by degrees for more elegant society. I was received with kindness and indulgence in the best families of Lausanne; and it was in one of these that I formed an intimate and lasting connexion with Mr. Deyverdun, a young man of an amiable temper and excellent understanding. In the arts of fencing and dancing small indeed was my proficiency; and some months were idly wasted in the riding-school. My unfitness to bodily exercise reconciled me to a sedentary life, and the horse, the favourite of my countrymen, never contributed to the pleasures of my youth.

My obligations to the lessons of Mr. Pavilliard, gratitude will not suffer me to forget: he was endowed with a clear head and a warm heart; his innate benevolence had assuaged the spirit of the church: he was rational, because he was moderate: in the course of his studies he had acquired a just though superficial knowledge of most branches of literature; by long practice, he was skilled in the art of teaching; and he laboured with assiduous patience to know the character, gain the affection, and open the mind of his English pupil.* As soon as we began to understand each other, he gently led me, from a blind and undistinguishing love of reading, into the path of instruction. I consented with pleasure that a portion of the morning hours should be consecrated to a plan of modern history and geography, and to the critical perusal of the French and Latin classics; and at each step I felt myself invigorated by the habits

**Translated Extract of a Letter from Mr. Pavilliard to Edward Gibbon, Esq.*

"Lausanne, July 25, 1758

"Mr. Gibbon is, thank God, very well; and appears to me to be very comfortable in our house; I have even reason to think that he feels some attachment to myself, which I am very glad, and which I shall strenuously endeavour to increase; because then he will have more confidence in me, and in what I intend to say to him.

"*I have not yet ventured* to speak to him upon religious topics, for I am not sufficiently *acquainted with* the English language to support a long conversation in

cation and method. His prudence repressed and dissembled youthful sallies; and as soon as I was confirmed in the habits dustry and temperance, he gave the reins into my own hands. favourable report of my behaviour and progress gradually ob- d some latitude of action and expense; and he wished to iate the hardships of my lodging and entertainment. The prin- s of philosophy were associated with the examples of taste; and singular chance, the book, as well as the man, which con- ted the most effectually to my education, has a stronger claim y gratitude than on my admiration. Mr. De Crousaz, the ad- ary of Bayle and Pope, is not distinguished by lively fancy or ound reflection; and even in his own country, at the end of a years, his name and writings are almost obliterated. But his sophy had been formed in the school of Locke, his divinity in of Limborch and Le Clerc; in a long and laborious life, several rations of pupils were taught to think, and even to write; his ns rescued the academy of Lausanne from calvinistic prejudice; he had the rare merit of diffusing a more liberal spirit among clergy and people of the Pays de Vaud. His system of logic, h in the last editions has swelled to six tedious and prolix mes, may be praised as a clear and methodical abridgment of art of reasoning, from our simple ideas to the most complex ations of the human understanding. This system I studied, meditated, and abstracted, till I have obtained the free command a universal instrument, which I soon presumed to exercise on atholic opinions. Pavilliard was not unmindful that his first ; his most important duty, was to reclaim me from the errors of ry. The intermixture of sects has rendered the Swiss clergy e and learned on the topics of controversy; and I have some of letters in which he celebrates the dexterity of his attack, and my final concessions, after a firm and well-managed defence.* I was ing, and I am now willing, to allow him a handsome share of the our of my conversion: yet I must observe, that it was principally ted by my private reflections; and I still remember my solitary mport at the discovery of a philosophical argument against the

gh I can read English authors with considerable facility; and Mr. Gibbon does not ntend enough French, though he is making rapid progress in it.
I am much pleased with the politeness and suavity of your son's disposition, and I r myself I shall always be able to speak favourably of him to you. He applies dy to reading."

From the Same to the Same.

"Lausanne, August 13, 1753.

Mr. Gibbon is, thank God, in good health; I feel an affection for him, and am ndingly attached to him, because he is mild and quiet. Respecting his religious ments, though I have not yet said anything to him on the subject, I have reason to he will open his eyes to the truth. I think so, because, when he was in my study, ade choice of two controversial books, and took them to peruse in his chamber. has enjoined me to present you his most humble respects, and to ask you to allow to learn riding; which exercise will, he thinks, contribute to his bodily strength."
Mr. Pavilliard has described to me the astonishment with which he gazed on Mr. bon standing before him: a thin little figure, with a large head, disputing and ng with the greatest ability, *all the best arguments* that had ever been used in st of popery. *Mr. Gibbon many years ago became very* fat and corpulent, but he *uncommonly small bones, and was very slightly made.*—S.

doctrine of transubstantiation; that the text of scripture whi seems to inculcate the real presence, is attested only by a sing sense—our sight; while the real presence itself is disproved by thr of our senses—the sight, the touch, and the taste. The varie articles of the Romish creed disappeared like a dream; and after full conviction, on Christmas-day, 1754, I received the sacrament the church of Lausanne. It was here that I suspended my religio inquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and my teries, which are adopted by the general consent of Catholics a Protestants.*

**Letter from Mr. Pavilliard to Edward Gibbon, Esq.*

"Sir, "June 26th, 1754.

"I hope you will pardon my long silence, on account of the news which I now ha to communicate to you. My delay has been owing neither to forgetfulness nor to neg gence, but I have, from week to week, been expecting to be able to announce to y that your son had entirely renounced the false ideas that he had embraced; but it w necessary to dispute every inch of ground; and I have not found in him a man of fal disposition, or one who passes rapidly from one opinion to another. Often when I h confuted all his reasonings upon any particular point, in such a manner as to leave hi nothing to reply (which he has frankly acknowledged), he has told me that he did n believe there was no answer that might be made to me. Whereupon I did not deem right to push it too far, and to extort an acknowledgment from him that his he would disavow; I therefore gave him time for reflection; all my books were at h service; I returned to the charge when he had informed me that he had studied t matter as well as he possibly could; and thus at last I established a truth.

"I felt persuaded that, when I had overthrown the principal errors of the Roma church, I should only have to show him that the remainder are consequences from the and that they are no longer tenable when the fundamental doctrines are overturne but, as I have already said, I was deceived in this, and it was necessary to treat of ea tenet in all its extent. By the grace of God, my time has not been lost, and now, if h may, perhaps, still retain some remains of his pernicious errors, yet he is no longer member of the Romish church. This, then, is how we stand.

"I have overthrown the infallibility of the church; I have proved that St. Peter w never the prince of the apostles, and that, even if he was, the pope is not his successor that it is doubtful whether St. Peter ever was at Rome, and, supposing that he was, h never was bishop of that city; that transubstantiation is a human invention, and recent introduction into the church; that the adoration of the host and the denial the cup are contrary to the word of God; that there are saints, but we know not w they are, and therefore we cannot pray to them; that the respect and worship paid relics is improper; that there is no purgatory, and that the doctrine of indulgences erroneous; that Lent and the Friday and Saturday fasts are ridiculous at the pres day, and in the manner in which they are prescribed by the Romish church; and t the charges brought against us of diversity in our doctrine, and of having for reform only persons of scandalous conduct and immoral life, are entirely false.

"You will easily perceive, sir, that these subjects require a long discussion, a that some time was necessary for your son to think over my arguments and to seek answers. I have asked him several times whether my arguments and proofs appeared him to be convincing; and he has always assured me that they were, in such a manne that, as I told him himself a little while ago, I dare myself aver that he is no long a Roman Catholic. I flatter myself that, after having obtained the victory on these point I shall, with the help of God, be sure of him on the rest; so that I expect to tell y in a little time that the work is accomplished. I ought, however, to inform you th though I have found your son very firm in his opinions, yet I have found him reas able and open to conviction, and not what is called a quibbler. With respect to t subject of the Friday and Saturday fasts; a long time after I wrote you word that had not mentioned that he wished to observe it, about the beginning of March, I o served one Friday that he did not eat any meat; I spoke to him privately to know reason of it, fearing it might be through indisposition. He answered that he had do it purposely, and that he thought it incumbent upon him to conform to a practice the church of which he was a member. We conversed some time upon the subject he told me he merely looked upon it as a good custom indeed, and worthy of obse vance, though not holy in itself nor of divine institution. I did not think proper

Such, from my arrival at Lausanne, during the first eighteen or twenty months (July, 1753—March, 1755), were my useful studies, the foundation of all my future improvements. But every man who rises above the common level has received two educations: the first from his teachers; the second, more personal and more important, from himself. He will not, like the fanatics of the last age, define the moment of grace; but he cannot forget the æra of his life, in which his mind has expanded to its proper form and dimensions. My worthy tutor had the good sense and modesty to discern how far he could be useful: as soon as he felt that I advanced beyond his speed and measure, he wisely left me to my genius; and the hours of lesson were soon lost in the voluntary labour of the whole morning, and sometimes of the whole day. The desire of prolonging my time, gradually confirmed the salutary habit of early rising; to which I have always adhered, with some regard to seasons and situations: but it is happy for my eyes and my health, that my temperate ardour has never been seduced to trespass on the hours of the night. During the last three years of my residence at Lausanne, I may assume the merit of serious and solid application; but I am tempted to distinguish the last eight months of the year 1755, as the period of the most extraordinary diligence and rapid progress.* In my French and Latin translations I adopted an excellent method, which, from my own success, I would recommend to the imitation of students. I chose some classic writer, such as Cicero and Vertot, the most approved for purity and elegance of style. I translated, for instance, an epistle of Cicero into French; and after throwing it aside, till the words and phrases were obliterated from my memory, I re-translated my French into such Latin as I could find; and then compared each sentence of my imperfect version, with the ease, the

insist upon it at that time, or to force him to act against his conscience; I have since treated upon this point, which is certainly one of the least important and fundamental; and yet I have found a considerable time necessary to undeceive him, and to make him understand that he was wrong to subject himself to the practice of a church that he did not account to be infallible; that even if this custom had some utility at its institution, yet now it had none of any sort, since it did not in any way contribute to purity of morals; that thus there was no reason either in the institution of the practice or in the practice itself, that made it incumbent on him to observe it; that at the present time it was merely a matter of interest, since dispensations were to be bought with money for eating flesh, &c.; so that I have brought him back to christian liberty with great difficulty, and only within a few weeks since.

"I have requested him to write to you, to apprize you of his sentiments and of his state of health; and I believe he has done so."

* JOURNAL, December, 1755.]—In finishing this year, I must remark how favourable it was to my studies. In the space of eight months, from the beginning of April, I learned the principles of drawing; made myself complete master of the French and Latin languages, with which I was very superficially acquainted before, and wrote and translated a great deal in both; read Cicero's Epistles ad Familiares, his Brutus, all his Orations, his Dialogues de Amicitiâ and de Senectute; Terence, twice; and Pliny's Epistles. In French, Giannone's History of Naples, and the Abbé Banier's Mythology, and M. de Boehat's Mémoires sur la Suisse, and wrote a very ample relation of my tour. I likewise began to study Greek, and went through the grammar. I began to make very large collections of what I read. But what I esteem most of all, from the perusal and meditation of De Crousaz's Logic, I not only understood the principles of that science, *but formed my mind to a habit of* thinking and reasoning I had no idea *of before.*

grace, the propriety of the Roman orator. A similar experiment was made on several pages of the Revolutions of Vertot; I turned them into Latin, re-turned them after a sufficient interval into my own French, and again scrutinized the resemblance or dissimilitude of the copy and the original. By degrees I was less ashamed, by degrees I was more satisfied with myself: and I persevered in the practice of these double translations, which filled several books, till I had acquired the knowledge of both idioms, and the command at least of a correct style. This useful exercise of writing was accompanied and succeeded by the more pleasing occupation of reading the best authors. The perusal of the Roman classics was at once my exercise and reward. Dr. Middleton's History, which I then appreciated above its true value, naturally directed me to the writings of Cicero. The most perfect editions, that of Olivet, which may adorn the shelves of the rich, that of Ernesti, which should lie on the table of the learned, were not in my power. For the Familiar Epistles I used the text and English commentary of Bishop Ross; but my general edition was that of Verburgius, published at Amsterdam in two large volumes in folio, with an indifferent choice of various notes. I read, with application and pleasure, *all* the epistles, *all* the orations, and the most important treatises of rhetoric and philosophy; and as I read, I applauded the observation of Quintilian that every student may judge of his own proficiency, by the satisfaction which he receives from the Roman orator. I tasted the beauties of language, I breathed the spirit of freedom, and I imbibed from his precepts and examples the public and private sense of a man. Cicero in Latin, and Xenophon in Greek, are indeed the two ancients whom I would first propose to a liberal scholar; not only for the merit of their style and sentiments, but for the admirable lessons, which may be applied almost to every situation of public and private life. Cicero's Epistles may in particular afford the model of every form of correspondence, from the careless effusions of tenderness and friendship, to the well-guarded declaration of discreet and dignified resentment. After finishing this great author, a library of eloquence and reason, I formed a more extensive plan of reviewing the Latin classics,* under the four divisions of, 1. Historians, 2. Poets, 3. Orators, and 4. Philosophers, in a chronological series, from the days of Plautus and Sallust, to the decline of the language and empire of Rome: and this plan, in the last twenty-seven months of my residence at Lausanne (January, 1756—April, 1758), I *nearly* accomplished. Nor was this review, however rapid, either hasty or superficial. I indulged myself in a second, and even a third perusal of Terence, Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, &c., and studied to imbibe the sense and spirit most congenial to my own. I never suffered a difficult or corrupt passage to escape, till I had viewed it in every light of which it was susceptible: though often disappointed, I always

* JOURNAL, January, 1756.]—I determined to read over the Latin authors in order and read this year, Virgil, Sallust, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Valerius Maximus, *Tacitus, Suetonius, Quintus* Curtius, Justin, Florus, Plautus, Terence, and Lucretius. *I also read and meditated* Locke upon the Understanding.

consulted the most learned or ingenious commentators, Torrentius and Dacier on Horace, Catrou and Servius on Virgil, Lipsius on Tacitus, Mezeriac on Ovid, &c.; and in the ardour of my inquiries, I embraced a large circle of historical and critical erudition. My abstracts of each book were made in the French language: my observations often branched into particular essays; and I can still read, without contempt, a dissertation of eight folio pages on eight lines (287—294) of the fourth Georgic of Virgil. Mr. Deyverdun, my friend, whose name will be frequently repeated, had joined with equal zeal, though not with equal perseverance, in the same undertaking. To him every thought, every composition, was instantly communicated: with him I enjoyed the benefits of a free conversation on the topics of our common studies.

But it is scarcely possible for a mind endowed with any active curiosity to be long conversant with the Latin classics, without aspiring to know the Greek originals, whom they celebrate as their masters, and of whom they so warmly recommend the study and imitation;

> ——— Vos exemplaria Græca
> Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

It was now that I regretted the early years which had been wasted in sickness or idleness, or mere idle reading; that I condemned the perverse method of our schoolmasters, who, by first teaching the mother-language, might descend with so much ease and perspicuity to the origin and etymology of a derivative idiom. In the nineteenth year of my age I determined to supply this defect; and the lessons of Pavilliard again contributed to smooth the entrance of the way, the Greek alphabet, the grammar, and the pronunciation according to the French accent. At my earnest request we presumed to open the Iliad; and I had the pleasure of beholding, though darkly and through a glass, the true image of Homer, whom I had long since admired in an English dress. After my tutor had left me to myself, I worked my way through about half the Iliad, and afterwards interpreted alone a large portion of Xenophon and Herodotus. But my ardour, destitute of aid and emulation, was gradually cooled, and, from the barren task of searching words in a lexicon, I withdrew to the free and familiar conversation of Virgil and Tacitus. Yet in my residence at Lausanne I had laid a solid foundation, which enabled me, in a more propitious season, to prosecute the study of Grecian literature.

From a blind idea of the usefulness of such abstract science, my father had been desirous, and even pressing, that I should devote some time to the mathematics;* nor could I refuse to comply with

* *Extract of a Letter from Mr. Pavilliard to Edward Gibbon, Esq.*

"Sir, "January 12, 1757.

"You wished that your son should apply himself to Algebra; his taste for literature made him fearful lest it should injure his favourite studies; I have persuaded him that he formed a wrong idea of that province of mathematics; and the obedience he owes you, added to my arguments, has determined him to go through a course of it. I did not think that, *with this repugnance, he would* have made any great progress in it; I *was deceived: all that he does, he does well*; he is punctual at his lessons, applies

so reasonable a wish. During two winters I attended the private lectures of Monsieur de Traytorrens, who explained the elements of algebra and geometry, as far as the conic sections of the Marquis de l'Hôpital, and appeared satisfied with my diligence and improvement.* But as my childish propensity for numbers and calculations was totally extinct, I was content to receive the passive impression of my professor's lectures, without any active exercise of my own powers. As soon as I understood the principles, I relinquished for ever the pursuit of the mathematics; nor can I lament that I desisted, before my mind was hardened by the habit of rigid demonstration, so destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence, which must, however, determine the actions and opinions of our lives. I listened with more pleasure to the proposal of studying the Law of Nature and Nations, which was taught in the academy of Lausanne by Mr. Vicat, a professor of some learning and reputation. But, instead of attending his public or private course, I preferred in my closet the lessons of his masters, and my own reason. Without being disgusted by Grotius or Puffendorf, I studied in their writings the duties of a

himself to reading before them, and goes over them again carefully, so that he advances rapidly, and more than I should, myself, have expected. He is delighted at having begun, and I think he will go through a short course of geometry, which will not altogether occupy him above seven or eight months. While he is proceeding with these lessons, he has not at all remitted his other studies; he has made great progress in the Greek, and has read almost half the Iliad of Homer; I give him lessons regularly in that author. He has also finished the Latin historians, and is at present engaged upon the poets; he has read the whole of Plautus and Terence, and will soon have finished Lucretius. Moreover, he does not skim these authors over lightly, but wishes to make himself clear upon every thing; so that with the genius he possesses, and his excellent memory and application, he will go deep into the sciences.

"I have already had the honour to inform you that, notwithstanding his studies, he was in the habit of seeing company, and I may at the present time repeat what I then said."

From the Same to the Same.

"Sir, "January 14, 1758.

"I had the honour of writing to you on the 27th of July and the 26th of October last, and of giving you an account of the health, studies, and conduct of your son. I have nothing to add to what I have already said to you about him; he is, thank God, perfectly well, and continues to study with close application; and I can assure you he makes considerable progress in different branches, makes himself highly esteemed by all who are acquainted with him, and I hope that, when he shows you in detail the extent of his acquirements, you will be very much pleased with him. Literature, which is his favourite study, does not occupy him entirely; he is proceeding with the mathematics, and his professor assures me that he never saw any one make so rapid a progress as he does, or have more ardour and application than he possesses. His happy and penetrating genius is assisted by one of the best of memories, so that he scarcely ever forgets anything he learns. I have not myself any less reason than before to be pleased with his conduct; though he studies a great deal, yet he sees company, but only those persons whose intercourse may be profitable to him."

* JOURNAL, January, 1757.]—I began to study algebra under M. de Traytorrens, went through the elements of algebra and geometry, and the three first books of the Marquis de l'Hôpital's Conic Sections. I also read Tibullus, Catullus, Propertius, Horace (with Dacier's and Torrentius's notes), Virgil, Ovid's Epistles with Mezeriac's Commentary, the Ars Amandi, and the Elegies; likewise the Augustus and Tiberius of Suetonius, and a Latin translation of Dion Cassius, from the death of Julius Cæsar to the death of Augustus. I also continued my correspondence begun last year with Mr. Allemand of Bex, and the Professor Breitinger of Zurich; and opened a new one with the Professor Gesner of Gottingen.

N. B. Last year and this, I read St. John's Gospel, with part of Xenophon's Cyropædia; *the Iliad, and Herodotus*: but, upon the whole, I rather neglected my Greek.

man, the rights of a citizen, the theory of justice (it is, alas! a theory), and the laws of peace and war, which have had some influence on the practice of modern Europe. My fatigues were alleviated by the good sense of their commentator Barbeyrac. Locke's Treatise of Government instructed me in the knowledge of Whig principles, which are rather founded in reason than experience; but my delight was in the frequent perusal of Montesquieu, whose energy of style and boldness of hypothesis were powerful to awaken and stimulate the genius of the age. The logic of De Crousaz had prepared me to engage with his master Locke, and his antagonist Bayle; of whom the former may be used as a bridle, and the latter applied as a spur, to the curiosity of a young philosopher. According to the nature of their respective works, the schools of argument and objection, I carefully went through the Essay on Human Understanding, and occasionally consulted the most interesting articles of the Philosophic Dictionary. In the infancy of my reason I turned over, as an idle amusement, the most serious and important treatise: in its maturity, the most trifling performance could exercise my taste or judgment; and more than once I have been led by a novel into a deep and instructive train of thinking. But I cannot forbear to mention three particular books, since they may have remotely contributed to form the historian of the Roman empire. 1. From the Provincial Letters of Pascal, which almost every year I have perused with new pleasure, I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate irony, even on subjects of ecclesiastical solemnity. 2. The Life of Julian, by the Abbé de la Bleterie, first introduced me to the man and the times; and I should be glad to recover my first essay on the truth of the miracle which stopped the rebuilding of the Temple of Jerusalem. 3. In Giannone's Civil History of Naples, I observed with a critical eye the progress and abuse of sacerdotal power, and the revolutions of Italy in the darker ages. This various reading, which I now conducted with discretion, was digested according to the precept and model of Mr. Locke, into a large commonplace book; a practice, however, which I do not strenuously recommend. The action of the pen will doubtless imprint an idea on the mind as well as on the paper: but I much question whether the benefits of this laborious method are adequate to the waste of time; and I must agree with Dr. Johnson, (Idler, No. 74,) "that what is twice read, is commonly better remembered, than what is transcribed."

During two years, if I forget some boyish excursions of a day or a week, I was fixed at Lausanne; but at the end of the third summer, my father consented that I should make the tour of Switzerland with Pavilliard: and our short absence of one month (September 21st—October 20th, 1755,) was a reward and relaxation of my assiduous studies.* The fashion of climbing the mountains and reviewing the

* *From Edward Gibbon to Mrs. Porten.*

* * * * * * * * * * * * * "Now for myself. As my father has given me leave to make a journey round Switzerland, we set out to-morrow. Buy a map of Switzerland, *it will cost you but a shilling*, and follow me. I go by Iverdun, Neufchâtel, Bienne or Biel, Soleure or Solothurn, Bâle or Basle, Baden, Zurich, Lucerne,

glaciers, had not yet been introduced by foreign travellers, who seek the sublime beauties of nature. But the political face of the country is not less diversified by the forms and spirit of so many various republics, from the jealous government of the *few* to the licentious freedom of the *many*. I contemplated with pleasure the new prospects of men and manners; though my conversation with the natives would have been more free and instructive, had I possessed the German, as well as the French, language. We passed through most of the principal towns of Switzerland; Neufchâtel, Bienne, Soleure, Arau, Baden, Zurich, Basle, and Berne. In every place we visited the churches, arsenals, libraries, and all the most eminent persons; and, after my return, I digested my notes in fourteen or fifteen sheets of a French journal, which I despatched to my father, as a proof that my time and his money had not been mis-spent. Had I found this journal among his papers, I might be tempted to select some passages: but I will not transcribe the printed accounts, and it may be sufficient to notice a remarkable spot, which left a deep and lasting impression on my memory. From Zurich we proceeded to the Benedictine Abbey of Einfidlen, more commonly styled Our Lady of the Hermits. I was astonished by the profuse ostentation of riches in the poorest corner of Europe; amidst a savage scene of woods and mountains, a palace appears to have been erected by magic; and it was erected by the potent magic of religion. A crowd of palmers and votaries was prostrate before the altar. The title and worship of the Mother of God provoked my indignation; and the lively naked image of superstition suggested to me, as in the same place it had done to Zuinglius, the most pressing argument for the reformation of the church. About two years after this tour, I passed at Geneva a useful and agreeable month; but this excursion, and some short visits in the Pays de Vaud, did not materially interrupt my studious and sedentary life at Lausanne.

and Berne. The voyage will be of about four weeks; so that *I hope to find a letter from you waiting for me.* As my father had given me leave to learn what I had a mind, I have learned to ride, and learn actually to dance and draw. Besides that, I often give ten or twelve hours a day to my studies. I find a great many agreeable people here, see them sometimes, and can say upon the whole, without vanity, that though I am the Englishman here who spends the least money, I am he who is the most generally liked. I told you that my father had promised to send me into France and Italy. I have thanked him for it; but if he would follow my plan, he won't do it yet a while. I never liked young travellers; they go too raw to make any great remarks, and they lose a time which is (in my opinion) the most precious part of a man's life. My scheme would be, to spend this winter at Lausanne (for though it is a very good place to acquire the air of good company and the French tongue, we have no good professors); to spend, I say, the winter at Lausanne; go into England to see my friends a couple of months, and after that, finish my studies, either at Cambridge (for after what has passed one cannot think of Oxford), or at an university in Holland. If you liked the scheme, *could you not propose it to my father by Metcalf, or somebody* who has *a certain credit over him?* I forgot to ask you whether, in case my father writes to tell me of his marriage, would you advise me to compliment my mother-in-law? I think so. My health is so very regular that I have nothing to say about it.

"I have been the whole day writing you this letter; the preparations for our voyage gave me a thousand interruptions. Besides that, I was obliged to write in English. The *last reason* will seem a paradox, but I assure you the French is much more familiar to me. *I am, &c.*

"*Lausanne, Sept. 20, 1755.* "E. GIBBON."

[redacted] of improvement, and the languid state of science at home, soon prompted me to solicit a literary correspondence with several men of learning, whom I had not an opportunity of personally consulting. 1. In the perusal of Livy, (xxx. 44.) I had been stopped by a sentence in a speech of Hannibal, which cannot be reconciled by any torture with his character or argument. The commentators dissemble, or confess their perplexity. It occurred to me, that the change of a single letter, by substituting *otio* instead of *odio*, might restore a clear and consistent sense; but I wished to weigh my emendation in scales less partial than my own. I addressed myself to M. Crevier,* the successor of Rollin, and a professor in the university of Paris, who had published a large and valuable edition of Livy. His answer was speedy and polite; he praised my ingenuity, and adopted my conjecture. 2. I maintained a Latin correspondence, at first anonymous, and afterwards in my own name, with Professor Breitinger† of Zurich, the learned editor of a Septuagint bible. In our frequent letters we discussed many questions of antiquity, many passages of the Latin classics. I proposed my interpretations and amendments. His censures (for he did not spare my boldness of conjecture) were sharp and strong; and I was encouraged by the consciousness of my strength, when I could stand in free battle against a critic of such eminence and erudition. 3. I corresponded on similar topics with the celebrated Professor Matthew Gesner,‡ of the university of Gottingen; and he accepted, as courteously as the two former, the invitation of an unknown youth. But his abilities might possibly be decayed; his elaborate letters were verbose and prolix; and when I asked his proper direction, the vain German covered half a sheet of paper with the foolish enumeration of his titles and offices. 4. These professors of Paris, Zurich, and Gottingen, were strangers, whom I presumed to address on the credit of their name; but Mr. Allemand,§ minister at Bex, was my personal friend, with whom I maintained a more free and interesting correspondence. He was a master of language, of science, and above all, of dispute; and his acute and flexible logic could support, with equal address, and perhaps with equal indifference, the adverse sides of every possible question. His spirit was active, but his pen had been indolent. Mr. Allemand had exposed himself to much scandal and reproach, by an anonymous letter (1745) to the Protestants of France; in which he labours to persuade them that *public* worship is the exclusive right and duty of the state, and that their numerous assemblies of dissenters and rebels were not authorised by the law or the gospel. His style is animated, his arguments specious; and if the papist may seem to lurk under the mask of a protestant, the philosopher is concealed under the disguise of a papist. After some trials in France and Holland, which were defeated by his fortune or his character, a genius that might have enlightened or deluded the world, was buried in a country living, unknown to fame, and discontented with mankind. *Est sacrificulus in pago, et rusticos*

* See Letters, No. I.
† See Letters, Nos. IV. and V.
‡ See Letters, Nos. VI. VII. and VIII.
§ See Letters, Nos. II. and III.

decipit. As often as private or ecclesiastical business called him to Lausanne, I enjoyed the pleasure and benefit of his conversation, and we were mutually flattered by our attention to each other. Our correspondence, in his absence, chiefly turned on Locke's metaphysics, which he attacked, and I defended; the origin of ideas, the principles of evidence, and the doctrine of liberty;

And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

By fencing with so skilful a master I acquired some dexterity in the use of my philosophic weapons; but I was still the slave of education and prejudice. He had some measures to keep; and I much suspect that he never showed me the true colours of his secret scepticism.

Before I was recalled from Switzerland, I had the satisfaction of seeing the most extraordinary man of the age; a poet, an historian, a philosopher, who has filled thirty quartos, of prose and verse, with his various productions, often excellent, and always entertaining. Need I add the name of Voltaire? After forfeiting, by his own misconduct, the friendship of the first of kings, he retired, at the age of sixty, with a plentiful fortune, to a free and beautiful country, and resided two winters (1757 and 1758) in the town or neighbourhood of Lausanne. My desire of beholding Voltaire, whom I then rated above his real magnitude, was easily gratified. He received me with civility as an English youth; but I cannot boast of any peculiar notice or distinction; *Virgilium vidi tantùm*.

The ode which he composed on his first arrival on the banks of the Leman Lake, "O maison d'Aristippe! O jardin d'Epicure," &c., had been imparted as a secret to the gentleman by whom I was introduced. He allowed me to read it twice; I knew it by heart; and as my discretion was not equal to my memory, the author was soon displeased by the circulation of a copy. In writing this trivial anecdote, I wished to observe whether my memory was impaired, and I have the comfort of finding that every line of the poem is still engraved in fresh and indelible characters. The highest gratification which I derived from Voltaire's residence at Lausanne, was the uncommon circumstance of hearing a great poet declaim his own productions on the stage. He had formed a company of gentlemen and ladies, some of whom were not destitute of talents. A decent theatre was framed at Monrepos, a country-house at the end of a suburb; dresses and scenes were provided at the expense of the actors; and the author directed the rehearsals with the zeal and attention of paternal love. In two successive winters his tragedies of Zaïre, Alzire, Zulime, and his sentimental comedy of the Enfant Prodigue, were played at the theatre of Monrepos. Voltaire represented the characters best adapted to his years, Lusignan, Alvarez, Benassar, Euphemon. His declamation was fashioned to the pomp and cadence of the old stage; and he expressed the enthusiasm of poetry, rather than the feelings of nature. My ardour, which soon became conspicuous, seldom failed of procuring me a ticket. The *habits of pleasure* fortified my taste for the French theatre, and that *taste has perhaps* abated my idolatry for the gigantic genius of

eare, which is inculcated from our infancy as the first duty nglishman. The wit and philosophy of Voltaire, his table atre, refined, in a visible degree, the manners of Lausanne; never addicted to study, I enjoyed my share of the amuse- f society. After the representation of Monrepos I sometimes with the actors. I was now familiar in some, and acquainted r, houses; and my evenings were generally devoted to cards versation, either in private parties or numerous assemblies. itate, from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the subject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the ttention, the gallantry, without hope or design, which has ed in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the tex- French manners. I understand by this passion the union of friendship, and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her on as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need sh at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my s disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal ons of Mademoiselle Susan Curchod were embellished by the and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her was respectable. Her mother, a native of France, had pre- ner religion to her country. The profession of her father did inguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he ontent with a small salary and laborious duty, in the obscure inister of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de rom the county of Burgundy.* In the solitude of a seques- illage he bestowed a liberal, and even learned, education on y daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in ences and languages; and in her short visits to some relations sanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition of Mademoiselle d were the theme of universal applause. The report of such gy awakened my curiosity; I saw and loved. I found her without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, gant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She

* *Extracts from the Journal.*

1757. I wrote some critical observations upon Plautus.
th. I wrote a long dissertation on some lines of Virgil.
I saw Mademoiselle Curchod—*Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.*
I went to Crassy, and staid two days.
th. I went to Geneva.
h. I came back to Lausanne, having passed through Crassy.
I went to visit M. de Watteville at Loin, and saw Mademoiselle Curchod in my way through Rolle.
th. I went to Crassy, and staid there six days.
8. In the three first months of this year I read Ovid's Metamorphoses, finished the conic sections with M. de Traytorrens, and went as far as the infinite series; I likewise read Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology, and wrote my critical observations upon it.
d. I saw Alzire acted by the society at Monrepos. Voltaire acted Alvarez; D'Hermanches, *Zamore; De St. Cierge*, Guzman; M. de Gentil, *Montese; and Madame Denys, Alzire.*

permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's hou
I passed some happy days there, in the mountains of Burgundy, a
her parents honourably encouraged the connexion. In a calm
tirement the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosoı
she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presu
to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart.
Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity: but on
return to England, I soon discovered that my father would not he
of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was mys
destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fat
I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son;* my wound was insensil
healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure w
accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulne
of the lady herself, and my love subsided in friendship and estee
The minister of Crassy soon afterwards died; his stipend died wi
him: his daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching you
ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mothe
but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation, a
a dignified behaviour. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Gene
had the good fortune and good sense to discover and possess th
inestimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury s
resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the har
ships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him
the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of pro
perity and disgrace he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful frien
and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of M. Necker, th
minister, and perhaps the legislator, of the French monarchy.

Whatsoever have been the fruits of my education, they must
ascribed to the fortunate banishment which placed me at Lausann
I have sometimes applied to my own fate the verses of Pindar, whi
remind an Olympic champion that his victory was the consequen
of his exile; and that at home, like a domestic fowl, his days mig
have rolled away inactive or inglorious.

. . . ἠτοι και τεα κεν,'
'Ενδομαχας ἀν' ἀλεκτωρ,
Συγγονῳ παρ' ἑστιᾳ
'Ακλεης τιμα κατεφυλλοροησε ποδων.
Εἰ μη στασις ἀντιανειρα
Κνωσιας ἀμερσε πατρας.† *Olymp.* XII.

If my childish revolt against the religion of my country had
stripped me in time of my academic gown, the five important ye

* See Œuvres de Rousseau, tom. xxxiii. p. 88, 89, octavo edition. As an auth
shall not appeal from the judgment, or taste, or caprice of Jean Jacques: but that
traordinary man, whom I admire and pity, should have been less precipitate in c
demning the moral character and conduct of a stranger.

† Thus like the crested bird of Mars, at home
Engaged in foul domestic jars,
And wasted with intestine wars,
Inglorious hadst thou spent thy vig'rous bloom:
Had not sedition's civil broils
Expell'd thee from thy native Crete,
And driv'n thee with more glorious toils
Th' Olympic crown in Pisa's plain to meet. West's Pindar.

iberally improved in the studies and conversation of Lausanne, ld have been steeped in port and prejudice among the monks of ford. Had the fatigue of idleness compelled me to read, the path learning would not have been enlightened by a ray of philosophic edom. I should have grown to manhood ignorant of the life and iguage of Europe, and my knowledge of the world would have en confined to an English cloister. But my religious error fixed e at Lausanne, in a state of banishment and disgrace. The rigid urse of discipline and abstinence, to which I was condemned, invigorated the constitution of my mind and body; poverty and pride stranged me from my countrymen. One mischief, however, and in heir eyes a serious and irreparable mischief, was derived from the uccess of my Swiss education: I had ceased to be an Englishman. t the flexible period of youth, from the age of sixteen to twenty-ne, my opinions, habits, and sentiments were cast in a foreign nould; the faint and distant remembrance of England was almost bliterated; my native language was grown less familiar; and I hould have cheerfully accepted the offer of a moderate independence n the terms of perpetual exile. By the good sense and temper of Pavilliard my yoke was insensibly lightened: he left me master of ny time and actions; but he could neither change my situation, nor increase my allowance; and with the progress of my years nd reason I impatiently sighed for the moment of my deliverance. At length, in the spring of the year 1758, my father signified his permission and his pleasure that I should immediately return home. We were then in the midst of a war: the resentment of the French at our taking their ships without a declaration, had rendered that polite nation somewhat peevish and difficult. They denied a passage to English travellers, and the road hrough Germany was circuitous, toilsome, and perhaps, in the neighbourhood of the armies, exposed to some danger. In this perplexity, two Swiss officers of my acquaintance, in the Dutch ervice, who were returning to their garrisons, offered to conduct me through France as one of their companions; nor did we sufficiently reflect that my borrowed name and regimentals might have been considered, in case of discovery, in a very serious light. I took my leave of Lausanne on the 11th of April, 1758, with a mixture of joy and regret, in the firm resolution of revisiting, as a man, the persons and places which had been so dear to my youth. We travelled slowly, but pleasantly, in a hired coach, over the hills of Franche-Compté and the fertile province of Lorraine; and passed, without accident or inquiry, through several fortified towns of the French frontier: from thence we entered the wild Ardennes of the Austrian duchy of Luxembourg; and after crossing the Meuse at Liege, we traversed the heaths of Brabant, and reached, on the fifteenth day, our Dutch garrison of Bois le Duc. In our passage through Nance, my eye was gratified by the aspect of a regular and beautiful city, the work of Stanislaus, who, after the storms of Polish royalty, reposed in the love and gratitude of his new subjects of Lorraine. *In our halt at Maestricht* I visited Mr. de Beaufort, a

learned critic, who was known to me by his specious arguments against the five first centuries of the Roman history. After dropping my regimental companions, I stepped aside to visit Rotterdam and the Hague. I wished to have observed a country, the monument of freedom and industry; but my days were numbered, and a longer delay would have been ungraceful. I hastened to embark at the Brill, landed the next day at Harwich, and proceeded to London, where my father awaited my arrival. The whole term of my first absence from England was four years, ten months, and fifteen days.

In the prayers of the church our personal concerns are judiciously reduced to the threefold distinction of *mind*, *body*, and *estate*. The sentiments of the mind excite and exercise our social sympathy. The review of my moral and literary character is the most interesting to myself and to the public; and I may expatiate without reproach on my private studies; since they have produced the public writings, which can alone entitle me to the esteem and friendship of my readers. The experience of the world inculcates a discreet reserve on the subject of our person and estate, and we soon learn that a free disclosure of our riches or poverty would provoke the malice of envy, or encourage the insolence of contempt.

The only person in England whom I was impatient to see, was my aunt Porten, the affectionate guardian of my tender years. I hastened to her house in College-street, Westminster; and the evening was spent in the effusions of joy and confidence. It was not without some awe and apprehension that I approached the presence of my father. My infancy, to speak the truth, had been neglected at home; the severity of his look and language at our last parting still dwelt on my memory; nor could I form any notion of his character, or my probable reception. They were both more agreeable than I could expect. The domestic discipline of our ancestors has been relaxed by the philosophy and softness of the age; and if my father remembered that he had trembled before a stern parent, it was only to adopt with his own son an opposite mode of behaviour. He received me as a man and a friend; all constraint was banished at our first interview, and we ever afterwards continued on the same terms of easy and equal politeness. He applauded the success of my education; every word and action was expressive of the most cordial affection; and our lives would have passed without a cloud, if his economy had been equal to his fortune, or if his fortune had been equal to his desires. During my absence he had married his second wife, Miss Dorothea Patton, who was introduced to me with the most unfavourable prejudice. I considered his second marriage as an act of displeasure, and I was disposed to hate the rival of my mother. But the injustice was in my own fancy, and the imaginary monster was an amiable and deserving woman. I could not be mistaken in the first view of her understanding, her knowledge, and the elegant spirit of her conversation: *her polite welcome*, and her assiduous care to study and gratify my *wishes announced* at least that the surface would be smooth; and

[illegible] of art and falsehood were gradually dispelled by the discovery of her warm and exquisite sensibility. After some [illegible] on my side, our minds associated in confidence and friendship; and as Mrs. Gibbon had neither children nor the hopes of [illegible], we more easily adopted the tender names and genuine tastes of mother and of son. By the indulgence of these parents, I was left at liberty to consult my taste or reason in the choice of [illegible], of company, and of amusements; and my excursions were [illegible] only by the limits of the island, and the measure of my income. Some faint efforts were made to procure me the employment of secretary to a foreign embassy; and I listened to a scheme which would again have transported me to the Continent. Mrs. Gibbon, assuming wisdom, exhorted me to take chambers in the Temple, and devote my leisure to the study of the law. I cannot repent having neglected her advice. Few men, without the spur of [illegible]nity, have resolution to force their way through the thorns and [illegible]nts of that gloomy labyrinth. Nature had not endowed me with the bold and ready eloquence which makes itself heard amidst the tumult of the bar; and I should probably have been diverted from the labours of literature, without acquiring the fame or fortune of a successful pleader. I had no need to call to my aid the regular [illegible]s of a profession; every day, every hour was agreeably filled; nor have I known, like so many of my countrymen, the tediousness of idle life.

From the two years (May, 1758—May, 1760,) between my return to Lausanne, and the embodying of the Hampshire militia, I passed about nine months in London, and the remainder in the country. The metropolis affords many amusements which are open to all. It is itself an astonishing and perpetual spectacle to the curious mind; and each taste, each sense may be gratified by the variety of objects which will occur in the long circuit of a morning walk. I assiduously frequented the theatres at a very propitious æra of the stage, when a constellation of excellent actors, both in tragedy and comedy, was eclipsed by the meridian brightness of Garrick, in the [illegible]rity of his judgment and vigour of his performance. The pleasures of a town life are within the reach of every man who is regardless of his health, his money, and his company. By the contagion of example I was sometimes seduced; but the better habits which I had formed at Lausanne, induced me to seek a more elegant and rational society; and if my search was less easy and successful than I might have hoped, I shall at present impute the failure to the disadvantages of my situation and character. Had the rank and fortune of my parents given them an annual establishment in London, their own house would have introduced me to a numerous and polite circle of acquaintance But my father's taste had always preferred the highest and the lowest company, for which he was equally qualified; and after a twelve years' retirement, he was no longer in the memory of the great with whom he had associated. I found myself a stranger in the midst of a vast and unknown city; and at my entrance *into life I was reduced to* some dull family parties, and

some scattered connexions, which were not such as I should ha chosen for myself. The most useful friends of my father were t Mallets: they received me with civility and kindness, at first on h account, and afterwards on my own; and (if I may use Lord Che terfield's words) I was soon *domesticated* in their house. Mr. M let, a name among the English poets, is praised, by an unforgivi enemy, for the ease and elegance of his conversation, and his wi was not destitute of wit or learning. By his assistance I was intr duced to Lady Hervey, the mother of the present Earl of Brist Her age and infirmities confined her at home: her dinners we select; in the evening her house was open to the best compa of both sexes and all nations; nor was I displeased at her preferen and affectation of the manners, the language, and the literature France. But my progress in the English world was in general l to my own efforts, and those efforts were languid and slow. I h not been endowed by art or nature with those happy gifts of con dence and address, which unlock every door and every bosom; n would it be reasonable to complain of the just consequences of n sickly childhood, foreign education, and reserved temper. Wh coaches were rattling through Bond-street, I have passed many solitary evening in my lodging with my books. My studies we sometimes interrupted by a sigh, which I breathed towards La sanne; and on the approach of spring, I withdrew without relu ance from the noisy and extensive scene of crowds without compa and dissipation without pleasure. In each of the twenty-five ye of my acquaintance with London (1758—1783) the prospect gr dually brightened; and this unfavourable picture most prope belongs to the first period after my return from Switzerland.

My father's residence in Hampshire, where I have passed ma light, and some heavy, hours, was at Buriton, near Petersfield, o mile from the Portsmouth road, and at the easy distance of fift eight miles from London.* An old mansion, in a state of dec had been converted into the fashion and convenience of a mod house: and if strangers had nothing to see, the inhabitants h little to desire. The spot was not happily chosen, at the end of t village and the bottom of the hill: but the aspect of the adjac grounds was various and cheerful; the downs commanded a no prospect, and the long hanging woods in sight of the house co not perhaps have been improved by art or expense. My father k in his own hands the whole of the estate, and even rented some ditional land; and whatsoever might be the balance of profit and l the farm supplied him with amusement and plenty. The prod maintained a number of men and horses, which were multiplied the intermixture of domestic and rural servants; and in the inter of labour the favourite team, a handsome set of bays or greys, harnessed to the coach. The economy of the house was regul by the taste and prudence of Mrs. Gibbon. She prided herse the elegance of her occasional dinners; and from the uncle

* *The estate and manor* of Beriton, otherwise Buriton, were considerable, and *sold a few years ago to* Lord Stowell.—S.

avarice of Madame Pavilliard, I was suddenly transported to the daily neatness and luxury of an English table. Our immediate neighbourhood was rare and rustic; but from the verge of our hills, as far as Chichester and Goodwood, the western district of Sussex was interspersed with noble seats and hospitable families, with whom we cultivated a friendly, and might have enjoyed a very frequent, intercourse. As my stay at Buriton was always voluntary, I was received and dismissed with smiles; but the comforts of my retirement did not depend on the ordinary pleasures of the country. My father could never inspire me with his love and knowledge of farming. I never handled a gun, I seldom mounted a horse; and my philosophic walks were soon terminated by a shady bench, where I was long detained by the sedentary amusement of reading or meditation. At home I occupied a pleasant and spacious apartment; the library on the same floor was soon considered as my peculiar domain; and I might say with truth, that I was never less alone than when by myself. My sole complaint, which I piously suppressed, arose from the kind restraint imposed on the freedom of my time. By the habit of early rising I always secured a sacred portion of the day, and many scattered moments were stolen and employed by my studious industry. But the family hours of breakfast, of dinner, of tea, and of supper, were regular and long: after breakfast Mrs. Gibbon expected my company in her dressing-room; after tea, my father claimed my conversation and the perusal of the newspapers; and in the midst of an interesting work I was often called down to receive the visit of some idle neighbours. Their dinners and visits required, in due season, a similar return; and I dreaded the period of the full moon, which was usually reserved for our more distant excursions. I could not refuse attending my father, in the summer of 1759, to the races at Stockbridge, Reading, and Odiham, where he had entered a horse for the hunter's plate; and I was not displeased with the sight of our Olympic games, the beauty of the spot, the fleetness of the horses, and the gay tumult of the numerous spectators. As soon as the militia business was agitated, many days were tediously consumed in meetings of deputy-lieutenants at Petersfield, Alton, and Winchester. In the close of the same year, 1759, Sir Simeon (then Mr.) Stewart attempted an unsuccessful contest for the county of Southampton, against Mr. Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer: a well known contest, in which Lord Bute's influence was first exerted and censured. Our canvass at Portsmouth and Gosport lasted several days; but the interruption of my studies was compensated in some degree by the spectacle of English manners, and the acquisition of some practical knowledge.

If in a more domestic or more dissipated scene my application was somewhat relaxed, the love of knowledge was inflamed and gratified by the command of books; and I compared the poverty of Lausanne with the plenty of London. My father's study at Buriton was stuffed with much trash of the last age, with much high church divinity and politics, which have long since gone to their proper place; yet it

contained some valuable editions of the classics and the fathers, the choice, as it should seem, of Mr. Law; and many English publications of the times had been occasionally added. From this slender beginning I have gradually formed a numerous and select library, the foundation of my works, and the best comfort of my life, both at home and abroad. On the receipt of the first quarter, a large share of my allowance was appropriated to my literary wants. I cannot forget the joy with which I exchanged a bank-note of twenty pounds for the twenty volumes of the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions; nor would it have been easy, by any other expenditure of the same sum, to have procured so large and lasting a fund of rational amusement. At a time when I most assiduously frequented this school of ancient literature, I thus expressed my opinion of a learned and various collection, which since the year 1759 has been doubled in magnitude, though not in merit—"Une de ces sociétés, qui ont mieux immortalisé Louis XIV. qu'une ambition souvent pernicieuse aux hommes, commençait dejà ces recherches qui réunissent la justesse de l'esprit, l'aménité et l'erudition: où l'on voit tant des decouvertes, et quelquefois, ce qui ne cede qu'à peine aux decouvertes, une *ignorance* modeste et *savante*." The review of my library must be reserved for the period of its maturity; but in this place I may allow myself to observe, that I am not conscious of having ever bought a book from a motive of ostentation, that every volume, before it was deposited on the shelf, was either read or sufficiently examined, and that I soon adopted the tolerating maxim of the elder Pliny, "nullum esse librum tam malum ut non ex aliquâ parte prodesset." I could not yet find leisure or courage to renew the pursuit of the Greek language, excepting by reading the lessons of the Old and New Testament every Sunday, when I attended the family to church. The series of my Latin authors was less strenuously completed; but the acquisition, by inheritance or purchase, of the best editions of Cicero, Quintilian, Livy, Tacitus, Ovid, &c. afforded a fair prospect, which I seldom neglected. I persevered in the useful method of abstracts and observations; and a single example may suffice, of a note which had almost swelled into a work. The solution of a passage of Livy (xxxviii. 38.) involved me in the dry and dark treatises of Greaves, Arbuthnot, Hooper, Bernard, Eisenschmidt, Gronovius, La Barré, Freret, &c.; and in my French essay (chap. 20.) I ridiculously send the reader to my own *manuscript* remarks on the weights, coins, and measures of the ancients, which were abruptly terminated by the militia drum.

As I am now entering on a more ample field of society and study, I can only hope to avoid a vain and prolix garrulity, by overlooking the vulgar crowd of my acquaintance, and confining myself to such intimate friends among books and men, as are best entitled to my notice by their own merit and reputation, or by the deep impression which they have left on my mind. Yet I will embrace this occasion of recommending to the young student a practice, which about this time I myself adopted. After glancing my eye over the design and order of a new book, I suspended the perusal till I had finished

k of self-examination, till I had revolved, in a solitary walk, t I knew or believed, or had thought on the subject of the work, or of some particular chapter: I was then qualified to n how much the author added to my original stock; and I metimes satisfied by the agreement, I was sometimes armed opposition of our ideas. The favourite companions of my were our English writers since the Revolution: they breathe rit of reason and liberty; and they most seasonably contri- to restore the purity of my own language, which had been ted by the long use of a foreign idiom. By the judicious of Mr. Mallet, I was directed to the writings of Swift and n; wit and simplicity are their common attributes; but the of Swift is supported by manly original vigour; that of n is adorned by the female graces of elegance and mildness. d reproach, that no British altars had been raised to the muse tory, was recently disproved by the first performances of tson and Hume, the histories of Scotland and of the Stuarts assume the presumption of saying, that I was not unworthy l them: nor will I disguise my different feelings in the repeated ls. The perfect composition, the nervous language, the well- periods of Dr. Robertson, inflamed me to the ambitious hope might one day tread in his footsteps: the calm philosophy, reless inimitable beauties of his friend and rival, often forced close the volume with a mixed sensation of delight and r.

design of my first work, the Essay on the Study of Litera- was suggested by a refinement of vanity, the desire of justify- d praising the object of a favourite pursuit. In France, to my ideas were confined, the learning and language of Greece ome were neglected by a philosophic age. The guardian of studies, the Academy of Inscriptions, was degraded to the rank among the three royal societies of Paris: the new appel- of Erudits was contemptuously applied to the successors sius and Casaubon; and I was provoked to hear (see M. bert, Discours préliminaire à l'Encyclopédie) that the exer- the memory, their sole merit, had been superseded by the faculties of the imagination and the judgment. I was ambi- f proving by my own example, as well as by my precepts, that faculties of the mind may be exercised and displayed by the of ancient literature: I began to select and adorn the various and illustrations which had offered themselves in reading the s; and the first pages or chapters of my essay were composed my departure from Lausanne. The hurry of the journey, the first weeks of my English life, suspended all thoughts of s application: but my object was ever before my eyes; and no than ten days, from the first to the eleventh of July, were ed to elapse after my summer establishment at Buriton. My was finished in about six weeks; and as soon as a fair copy een transcribed by one of the French prisoners at Petersfield, ted *round for a critic and judge of* my first performance. A

writer can seldom be content with the doubtful recompense of solitary approbation; but a youth, ignorant of the world and of himself, must desire to weigh his talents in some scales less partial than his own: my conduct was natural, my motive laudable, my choice of Dr. Maty judicious and fortunate. By descent and education Dr. Maty, though born in Holland, might be considered as a Frenchman; but he was fixed in London by the practice of physic, and an office in the British Museum. His reputation was justly founded on the eighteen volumes of the Journal Britannique, which he had supported, almost alone, with perseverance and success. This humble though useful labour, which had once been dignified by the genius of Bayle and the learning of Le Clerc, was not disgraced by the taste, the knowledge, and the judgment of Maty: he exhibits a candid and pleasing view of the state of literature in England during a period of six years (January, 1750—December, 1755); and, far different from his angry son, he handles the rod of criticism with the tenderness and reluctance of a parent. The author of the Journal Britannique sometimes aspires to the character of a poet and philosopher: his style is pure and elegant; and in his virtues or even in his defects, he may be ranked as one of the last disciples of the school of Fontenelle. His answer to my first letter was prompt and polite: after a careful examination he returned my manuscript, with some animadversion and much applause; and when I visited London in the ensuing winter, we discussed the design and execution in several free and familiar conversations. In a short excursion to Buriton I reviewed my essay, according to his friendly advice; and after suppressing a third, adding a third, and altering a third, I consummated my first labour by a short preface, which is dated February 3rd, 1759. Yet I still shrunk from the press with the terrors of virgin modesty: the manuscript was safely deposited in my desk; and as my attention was engaged by new objects, the delay might have been prolonged till I had fulfilled the precept of Horace. "nonumque prematur in annum." Father Sirmond, a learned jesuit, was still more rigid, since he advised a young friend to expect the mature age of fifty, before he gave himself or his writings to the public. (Olivet, Histoire de l'Académie Française, tom. ii. p. 143.) The counsel was singular; but it is still more singular that it should have been approved by the example of the author. Sirmond was himself fifty-five years of age when he published (in 1614) his first work, an edition of Sidonius Apollinaris with many valuable annotations. (See his life, before the great edition of his works in five volumes folio, Paris, 1696, e Typographiâ Regiâ).

Two years elapsed in silence: but in the spring of 1761 I yielded to the authority of a parent, and complied, like a pious son, with the wish of my own heart.* My private resolves were influenced

* JOURNAL., March 8th, 1758.]—I began my Essay on the Study of Literature, and wrote the first twenty-three chapters (excepting the following ones, 11, 12, 13, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22) *before I left Switzerland.*

July 11th.]—*I again took* in hand my Essay; and in about six weeks finished it, from

by the state of Europe. About this time the belligerent powers had made and accepted overtures of peace; our English plenipotentiaries were named to assist at the Congress of Augsburg, which never met: I wished to attend them as a gentleman or a secretary; and my father fondly believed that the proof of some literary talents might introduce me to public notice, and second the recommendations of my friends. After a last revisal, I consulted with Mr. Mallet and Dr. Maty, who approved the design, and promoted the execution. Mr. Mallet, after hearing me read my manuscript, received it from my hands, and delivered it into those of Becket, with whom he made an agreement in my name; an easy agreement: I required only a certain number of copies; and, without transferring my property, I devolved on the bookseller the charges and profits of the edition. Dr. Maty undertook, in my absence, to correct the sheets: he inserted, without my knowledge, an elegant and flattering epistle to the author; which is composed, however, with so much art, that, in case of a defeat, his favourable report might have been ascribed to the indulgence of a friend for the rash attempt of a *young English* gentleman. The work was printed and published, under the title of Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature, à Londres, chez T. Becket et P. A. de Hondt, 1761, in a small volume in duodecimo: my dedication to my father, a proper and pious address, was composed the twenty-eighth of May: Dr. Maty's letter is dated the 16th of June; and I received the first copy (June 23) at Alresford, two days before I marched with the Hampshire militia. Some weeks afterwards, on the same ground, I presented my book to the late Duke of York, who breakfasted in Colonel Pitt's tent. By my father's direction, and Mallet's advice, many literary gifts were distributed to several eminent characters in England and France; two books were sent to the Comte de Caylus, and the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, at Paris; I had reserved twenty copies for my friends at Lausanne, as the first fruits of my education, and a grateful token of my remembrance: and on all these persons I levied an unavoidable tax of civility and compliment. It is not surprising that a work, of which the style and sentiments were so totally foreign, should have been more successful abroad than at home. I was delighted by the copious extracts, the warm commendations, and the flattering predictions of the journals of

C. 22—55 (excepting 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, and note to C. 38) besides a number of chapters from C. 55 to the end, which are now struck out.

Feb. 11, 1759.]—I wrote the chapters of my Essay, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, the note to C. 38, and the first part of the preface.

April 23, 1761.]—Being at length, by my father's advice, determined to publish my essay, I revised it with great care, made many alterations, struck out a considerable part, and wrote the chapters from 57—78, which I was obliged myself to copy out fair.

June 10th, 1761.]—Finding the printing of my book proceeded but slowly, I went up to town, where I found the whole was finished. I gave Becket orders for the presents; twenty for Lausanne; copies for the Duke of Richmond, Marquis of Carnarvon, Lords Walsingrave, Litchfield, Bath, Granville, Bute, Shelburne, Chesterfield, Hardwicke, Lady Hervey, Sir Joseph Yorke, Sir Matthew Featherstone, Messieurs Mallet, Maty, Scott, Wray, Lord Egremont, M. de Bussy, *Mademoiselle* la Duchesse d'Aiguillon, and M. le Comte *de Caylus:—great part of these were only* my father's or Mallet's acquaintance.

France and Holland: and the next year (1762) a new edition (I believe at Geneva) extended the fame, or at least the circulation of the work. In England it was received with cold indifference, little read, and speedily forgotten: a small impression was slowly dispersed; the bookseller murmured, and the author, had his feelings been more exquisite, might have wept over the blunders and baldness of the English translation. The publication of my history fifteen years afterwards revived the memory of my first performance, and the essay was eagerly sought in the shops. But I refused the permission which Becket solicited of reprinting it: the public curiosity was imperfectly satisfied by a pirated copy of the booksellers of Dublin; and when a copy of the original edition has been discovered in a sale, the primitive value of half a crown has risen to the fanciful price of a guinea or thirty shillings.

I have expatiated on the petty circumstances and period of my first publication, a memorable æra in the life of a student, when he ventures to reveal the measure of his mind: his hopes and fears are multiplied by the idea of self-importance, and he believes for a while that the eyes of mankind are fixed on his person and performance. Whatever may be my present reputation, it no longer rests on the merit of this first essay; and at the end of twenty-eight years I may appreciate my juvenile work with the impartiality, and almost with the indifference, of a stranger. In his answer to Lady Hervey, the Comte de Caylus admires, or affects to admire, "les livres sans nombre que Mr. Gibbon a lus et très bien lus*." But, alas! my stock of erudition at that time was scanty and superficial; and, if I allow myself the liberty of naming the Greek masters, my genuine and personal acquaintance was confined to the Latin classics. The most serious defect of my Essay is a kind of obscurity and abruptness which always fatigues, and may often elude, the attention of the reader. Instead of a precise and proper definition of the title itself, the sense of the word *Littérature* is loosely and variously applied: a number of remarks and examples, historical, critical, philosophical, are heaped on each other without method or connection: and if we except some introductory pages, all the remaining chapters might indifferently be reversed or transposed. The obscurity of many passages is often affected, "brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio;" the desire of expressing perhaps a common idea with sententious and oracular brevity: alas! how fatal has been the imitation of Montesquieu! But this obscurity sometimes proceeds from a mixture of light and darkness in the author's mind; from a partial ray which strikes upon an angle, instead of spreading itself over the surface of an object. After this fair confession I shall presume to say, that the Essay does credit to a young writer of two and twenty years of age, who had read with taste, who thinks with freedom, and who writes in a foreign language with spirit and elegance. The defence of the early History of Rome and the New Chronology of Sir Isaac Newton form a specious argument. The patriotic and *political design* of the Georgics is happily conceived; and any pre-

* See Letter, No. X.

ble conjecture, which tends to raise the dignity of the poet and e poem, deserves to be adopted, without a rigid scrutiny. Some mings of a philosophic spirit enlighten the general remarks on the dy of history and of man. I am not displeased with the inquiry o the origin and nature of the gods of polytheism, which might erve the illustration of a riper judgment. Upon the whole, I y apply to the first labour of my pen the speech of a far superior st, when he surveyed the first productions of his pencil. After ving some portraits which he had painted in his youth, my friend Joshua Reynolds acknowledged to me, that he was rather nbled than flattered by the comparison with his present works; l that after so much time and study, he had conceived his improve- nt to be much greater than he found it to have been.

At Lausanne I composed the first chapters of my Essay in French, familiar language of my conversation and studies, in which it was ier for me to write than in my mother-tongue. After my return England I continued the same practice, without any affectation, design of repudiating (as Dr. Bentley would say) my vernacular ue. But I should have escaped some antigallican clamour, had een content with the more natural character of an English author. hould have been more consistent had I rejected Mallet's advice, of fixing an English dedication to a French book; a confusion of ngues that seemed to accuse the ignorance of my patron. The e of a foreign dialect might be excused by the hope of being ployed as a negotiator, by the desire of being generally understood the Continent; but my true motive was doubtless the ambition new and singular fame, an Englishman claiming a place among e writers of France. The Latin tongue had been consecrated by e service of the church, it was refined by the imitation of the cients; and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the scholars of rope enjoyed the advantage, which they have gradually resigned, conversing and writing in a common and learned idiom. As that iom was no longer in any country the vulgar speech, they all stood a level with each other; yet a citizen of old Rome might have miled at the best Latinity of the Germans and Britons: and we ay learn from the Ciceronianus of Erasmus, how difficult it was und to steer a middle course between pedantry and barbarism. he Romans themselves had sometimes attempted a more perilous sk, of writing in a living language, and appealing to the taste and dgment of the natives. The vanity of Tully was doubly interested the Greek memoirs of his own consulship; and if he modestly pposes that some Latinisms might be detected in his style, he is nfident of his own skill in the art of Isocrates and Aristotle; and e requests his friend Atticus to disperse the copies of his work at thens, and in the other cities of Greece. (Ad Atticum, i. 19, ii. 1.) But it must not be forgotten, that from infancy to manhood Cicero nd his contemporaries had read, and declaimed, and composed with qual diligence in both languages; and that he was not allowed to frequent a Latin school till he had imbibed the lessons of the Greek grammarians and rhetoricians. In modern times, the language of

France has been diffused by the merit of her writers, the social manners of the natives, the influence of the monarchy, and the exile of the Protestants. Several foreigners have seized the opportunity of speaking to Europe in this common dialect, and Germany may plead the authority of Leibnitz and Frederick, of the first of her philosophers and the greatest of her kings. The just pride and laudable prejudice of England has restrained this communication of idioms; and of all the nations on this side of the Alps, my countrymen are the least practised and least perfect in the exercise of the French tongue. By Sir William Temple and Lord Chesterfield it was only used on occasions of civility and business, and their printed letters will not be quoted as models of composition. Lord Bolingbroke may have published in French a sketch of his Reflections on Exile: but his reputation now reposes on the address of Voltaire, "Docte sermones utriusque linguæ;" and by his English dedication to Queen Caroline, and his Essay on Epic Poetry, it should seem that Voltaire himself wished to deserve a return of the same compliment. The exception of Count Hamilton cannot fairly be urged; though an Irishman by birth, he was educated in France from his childhood. Yet I am surprised that a long residence in England, and the habits of domestic conversation, did not affect the ease and purity of his inimitable style; and I regret the omission of his English verses, which might have afforded an amusing object of comparison. I might therefore assume the *primus ego in patriam, &c.;* but with what success I have explored this untrodden path must be left to the decision of my French readers. Dr. Maty, who might himself be questioned as a foreigner, has secured his retreat at my expense. "Je ne crois pas que vous vous piquiez d'être moins facile à reconnaitre pour un Anglais que Lucullus pour un Romain." My friends at Paris have been more indulgent, they received me as a countryman, or at least as a provincial; but they were friends and Parisians.* The defects which Maty insinuates, "Ces traits saillans, ces figures hardies, ce sacrifice de la règle au sentiment, et de la cadence à la force," are the faults of the youth, rather than of the stranger: and after the long and laborious exercise of my own language, I am conscious that my French style has been ripened and improved.

I have already hinted, that the publication of my Essay was delayed till I had embraced the military profession. I shall not amuse myself with the recollection of an active scene, which bears no affinity to any other period of my studious and social life.

In the outset of a glorious war, the English people had been defended by the aid of German mercenaries. A national militia has been the cry of every patriot since the Revolution; and this measure, both in parliament and in the field, was supported by the country gentlemen or Tories, who insensibly transferred their loyalty to the

* The copious extracts which were given in the Journal Etranger, by Mr. Suard, a judicious critic, must satisfy both the author and the public. I may here observe, that *I have never seen in* any literary review a tolerable account of my History. The manufacture *of journals*, at least on the Continent, is miserably debased.

lanover: in the language of Mr. Burke, they have
ut they have preserved the idolatry. In the act of
and receiving our commissions, as major a[illegible] an. ...
shire regiment, (June 12th, 1759,) we had [illegible]pposed
hould be dragged away, my father from his [illegible]n, I [illegible]f
ooks, and condemned during two years and [illegible]y
-December 23, 1762,) to a wandering life of [illegible]er-
But a weekly or monthly exercise of thirty tho[illegible] vin-
l have left them useless and ridiculous; and [illegible] the
f an invasion had vanished, the popularity of [illegible]ve
to the illegal step of keeping them till the end of the war
s, in constant pay and d[illegible] and at a distance from their
homes. When the Kin[illegible]rder for our embodying came
as too late to retreat, and too soon to repent. The South
f the Hampshire militia was a small independent corps of
red and seventy-six, officers and men, commanded by
-colonel Sir Thomas Worsley, who, after a prolix and
contest, delivered us from the tyranny of the lord lieute-
Duke of Bolton. My proper station, as first captain, was
d of my own, and afterwards of the grenadier company;
absence, or even in the presence, of the two field officers,
usted by my friend and my father with the effective labour
ng the orders, and exercising the battalion. With the
original journal, I could write the history of my bloodless
rious campaigns; but as these events have lost much of
rtance in my own eyes, they shall be dispatched in a few
From Winchester, the first place of assembly, (June 4,
were removed, at our own request, for the benefit of a
ucation. By the arbitrary, and often capricious, orders of
office, the battalion successively marched to the pleasant
table Blandford (June 17); to Hilsea barracks, a seat of
d discord (September 1); to Cranbrook in the Weald of
cember 11); to the sea-coast of Dover (December 27);
ester camp (June 25, 1761); to the populous and disor-
n of Devizes (October 23); to Salisbury (February 28,
o our beloved Blandford a second time (March 9); and
the fashionable resort of Southampton (June 2); where
s were fixed till our final dissolution (December 23). On
at Dover we had exercised in sight of the Gallic shores.
nost splendid and useful scene of our life was a four months
ent on Winchester Down, under the command of the Earl
am. Our army consisted of the thirty-fourth regiment of
six militia corps. The consciousness of our defects was
d by friendly emulation. We improved our time and
ties in morning and evening field-days: and in the general
ne South Hampshire were rather a credit than a disgrace
e. In our subsequent quarters of the Devizes and Bland-
advanced with a quick step in our military studies; the
the ensuing summer renewed our vigour and youth; and
nilitia *subsisted another year*, we might have contested the
the most perfect of our brethren.

The loss of so many busy and idle hours was not compensated by any elegant pleasure; and my temper was insensibly soured by the society of our rustic officers. In every state there exists, however, a balance of good and evil. The habits of a sedentary life were usefully broken by the duties of an active profession: in the healthful exercise of the field I hunted with a battalion, instead of a pack; and at that time I was ready at any hour of the day or night, to fly from quarters to London, from London to quarters, on the slightest call of private or regimental business. But my principal obligation to the militia, was the making me an Englishman and a soldier. After my foreign education, with my reserved temper, I should long have continued a stranger in my native country, had I not been shaken in this various scene of new faces and new friends: had not experience forced me to feel the characters of our leading men, the state of parties, the forms of office, and the operation of our civil and military system. In this peaceful service, I imbibed the rudiments of the language and science of tactics, which opened a new field of study and observation. I diligently read, and meditated the Mémoires Militaires of Quintus Icilius, (Mr. Guichardt), the only writer who has united the merits of a professor and a veteran. The discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion; and the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman empire.

A youth of any spirit is fired even by the play of arms, and in the first sallies of my enthusiasm I had seriously attempted to embrace the regular profession of a soldier. But this military fever was cooled by the enjoyment of our mimic Bellona, who soon unveiled to my eyes her naked deformity. How often did I sigh for my proper station in society and letters. How often (a proud comparison) did I repeat the complaint of Cicero in the command of a provincial army: "Clitellæ bovi sunt impositæ. Est incredibile quam me negotii tædeat. Non habet satis magnum campum ille tibi non ignotus cursus animi; et industriæ meæ præclara opera cessat. Lucem *libros*, urbem, domum, vos desidero. Sed feram, ut potero; si modo annuum. Si prorogatur, actum est*." From a service without danger, I might indeed have retired without disgrace; but as often as I hinted a wish of resigning, my fetters were riveted by the friendly entreaties of the colonel, the parental authority of the major, and my own regard for the honour and welfare of the battalion. When I felt that my personal escape was impracticable, I bowed my neck to the yoke: my servitude was protracted far beyond the annual patience of Cicero; and it was not till after the preliminaries of peace that I received my discharge, from the act of government which disembodied the militia.†

* Epist. ad Atticum, lib. v. 15.

† JOURNAL, January 11th, 1761.]—In these seven or eight months of a most disagreeably active life, I have had no studies to set down; indeed, I hardly took a book in my hand the whole time. The first two months at Blandford, I might have done something; *but the novelty* of the thing, of which for some time I was so fond as to tell *of going into the army*, our field days, our dinners abroad, and the drinking and

a I complain of the loss of time, justice to myself and to the
nust throw the greatest part of that reproach on the first

got into, prevented any serious reflections. From the day we marched from
I had hardly a moment I could call my own, almost continually in motion;
xed for a day, it was in the guard room, a barrack, or an inn. Our disputes
the little time I had left. Every letter, every memorial relative to them fell
ire; and our evening conferences were used to hear all the morning hours
At last I got to Dover, and Sir Thomas left us for two months. The charm
I was sick of so hateful a service; I was settled in a comparatively quiet situ-
nce more I began to taste the pleasure of thinking.
cting some thoughts I had formerly had in relation to the system of Paganism,
ntended to make use of in my Essay, I resolved to read Tully de Naturâ
and finished it in about a month. I lost some time before I could recover my
pplication.
ird.]—Our first design was to march through Marlborough; but finding on in-
: it was a bad road and a great way about, we resolved to push for the Devizes
y, though nearly thirty miles. We accordingly arrived there about three
the afternoon.
ad.]—I have very little to say for this and the following month. Nothing
more uniform than the life I led there. The little civility of the neighbouring
a gave us no opportunity of dining out; the time of year did not tempt us to
sions round the country; and at first my indolence, and afterwards a violent
rented my going over to Bath. I believe in the two months I never dined
m quarters. I can therefore only set down what I did in the literary way.
; to recover my Greek, which I had somewhat neglected, I set myself to read
nd finished the four first books of the Iliad, with Pope's translation and notes;
ne time, to understand the geography of the Iliad, and particularly the cata-
read the 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 13th, and 14th books of Strabo, in Casaubon's
nslation: I likewise read Hume's History of England to the reign of Henry
th, just published, *ingenious but superficial;* and the Journals des Savans, for
September, and October, 1761, with the Bibliothèque des Sciences, &c. from
October: both these Journals speak very handsomely of my book.
ber 25th, 1761.]—When, upon finishing the year, I take a review of what I
e, I am not dissatisfied with what I did in it, upon making proper allowances.
one hand, I could begin nothing before the middle of January. The Deal
: me part of February; although I was at home part of March, and all April,
ioneering is no friend to the Muses. May, indeed, though dissipated by our
es, was pretty quiet, but June was absolutely lost, upon the march, at Alton,
ing ourselves in camp. The four succeeding months in camp allowed me little
nd little quiet. November and December were indeed as much my own as any
be whilst I remain in the militia; but still it is, at best, not a life for a man of
However, in this tumultuous year, (besides smaller things which I have set
: read four books of Homer in Greek, six of Strabo in Latin, Cicero de Naturâ
, and the great philosophical and theological work of M. de Beausobre: I wrote
me time a long dissertation on the succession of Naples; reviewed, fitted for
s, and augmented above a fourth, my Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature.
e six weeks I passed at Beriton, as I never stirred from it, every day was like
er. I had neither visits, hunting, nor walking. My only resources were my-
books, and family conversations.—But to me these were great resources.
24th, 1762.]—I waited upon Colonel Harvey in the morning, to get him to
r me to be brigade-major to Lord Effingham, as a post I should be very fond of,
which I am not unfit. Harvey received me with great good-nature and candour,
he was both willing and able to serve me; that indeed he had already applied
Effingham for *****, one of his own officers, and though there would be more
e brigade-major, he did not think he could properly recommend two; but that
ld get some other person to break the ice, he would second it, and believed he
ucceed: should that fail, as ***** was in bad circumstances, he believed he
ake a compromise with him (this was my desire) to let me do the duty without
went from him to the Mallets, who promised to get Sir Charles Howard to
o Lord Effingham.
st 22nd.]—I went with Ballard to the French church, where I heard a most
ent sermon preached by M. ******. A very bad style, a worse pronunciation
ion, and a *very great vacuity of ideas, composed* this excellent performance.
he whole, which is preferable, the philosophic method of the English, or the

seven or eight months, while I was obliged to learn as well as
teach. The dissipation of Blandford, and the disputes of Port

rhetoric of the French preachers? The first (though less glorious) is certainly safer f
the preacher. It is difficult for a man to make himself ridiculous, who proposes on
to deliver plain sense on a subject he has thoroughly studied. But the instant he di
covers the least pretensions towards the sublime, or the pathetic, there is no mediu
we must either admire or laugh: and there are so many various talents requisite
form the character of an orator, that it is more than probable we shall laugh. As
the advantage of the hearer, which ought to be the great consideration, the dilemma
much greater. Excepting in some particular cases, where we are blinded by popul
prejudices, we are in general so well acquainted with our duty, that it is almost supe
fluous to convince us of it. It is the heart, and not the head, that holds out: and
is certainly possible, by a moving eloquence, to rouse the sleeping sentiments of th
heart, and incite it to acts of virtue. Unluckily it is not so much acts, as habits
virtue, we should have in view; and the preacher, who is inculcating, with the el
quence of a Bourdaloue, the necessity of a virtuous life, will dismiss his assembly f
of emotions, which a variety of other objects, the coldness of our northern constitutio
and no immediate opportunity of exerting their good resolutions, will dissipate in a f
moments.

August 24th.]—The same reason that carried so many people to the assembly
night, was what kept me away; I mean the dancing.

28th.]—To-day Sir Thomas came to us to dinner. The Spa has done him a gr
deal of good, for he looks another man. Pleased to see him, we kept bumperizing
after roll-calling; Sir Thomas assuring us, every fresh bottle, how infinitely sober
was grown.

29th.]—I felt the usual consequences of Sir Thomas's company, and lost a mornh
because I had lost the day before. However, having finished Voltaire, I returned
Le Clerc, (I mean for the amusement of my leisure hours); and laid aside for so
time his Bibliothèque Universelle, to look into the Bibliothèque Choisie, which is by
the better work.

September the 23rd.]—Colonel Wilkes of the Buckinghamshire Militia, dined w
us, and renewed the acquaintance Sir Thomas and myself had begun with him at Re
ing. I scarcely ever met with a better companion; he has inexhaustible spirits, infin
wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge. He told us himself, that in this ti
of public dissension, he was resolved to make his fortune. Upon this principle he h
connected himself closely with Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, commenced a public adv
sary to Lord Bute, whom he abuses weekly in the North Briton, and other politi
papers in which he is concerned. This proved a very debauched day: we drank
good deal both after dinner and supper; and when at last Wilkes had retired,
Thomas and some others (of whom I was not one) broke into his room, and made h
drink a bottle of claret in bed.

October 5th.]—The review, which lasted about three hours, concluded, as w
with marching by Lord Effingham, by grand divisions. Upon the whole, considerin
the camp had done both the Winchester and the Gosport duties all the summer, t
behaved very well, and made a fine appearance. As they marched by, I had my w
curiosity to count their files. The following is my field return, I think it a curios
I am sure it is more exact than is commonly made to a reviewing general.

		Number of files.	Number of men.	Establishm
Berkshire,	Grenadiers, 19 / Battalion, 72	91	273	560
W. Essex,	Grenadiers, 15 / Battalion, 80	95	285	480
S. Glo'ster,	Grenadiers, 20 / Battalion, 84	104	312	600
N. Glo'ster,	Grenadiers, 13 / Battalion, 52	65	195	360
Lancashire,	Grenadiers, 20 / Battalion, 88	108	324	800
Wiltshire,	Grenadiers, 24 / Battalion, 120	144	432	800
	Total,	607	1821	360

N.B. The Gosport detachment from the Lancashire consisted of two hundred
fifty men. The Buckinghamshire took the Winchester duty that day.

[redacted]

sumed the hours which were not employed in the field; l the perpetual hurry of an inn, a barrack, or a guard-room,

his camp in England, supposed complete, with only one detachment, had s, on the day of the grand review, little more than half their establishment. ng deficiency (though exemplified in every regiment I have seen) is an extra- litary phenomenon: what must it be upon foreign service? I doubt whether rmy of a hundred thousand men often brings fifty into the field.

r return to Southampton in the evening, we found Sir Thomas Worsley.

21st.]—One of those impulses, which it is neither very easy nor very neces- hatsand, drew me from Longinus to a very different subject, the Greek Calen- night, when in bed, I was thinking of a dissertation of M. de la Nauze upon Calendar, which I read last year. This led me to consider what was the finding myself very ignorant of it, I determined to read a short, but very xtract of Mr. Dodwell's book De Cyclis, by the famous Dr. Halley. It is -five pages; but as I meditated it thoroughly, and verified all the calcula- s a very good morning's work.

23th.]—I looked over a new Greek Lexicon, which I have just received m. It is that of Robert Constantine, Lugdun. 1637. It is a very large folio, in two parts, comprising in the whole 1785 pages. After the great this is esteemed the best Greek Lexicon. It seems to be so. Of a variety r which I looked, I always found an exact definition; the various senses well d, and properly supported, by the best authorities. However, I still pre- eal method of Scapula to this alphabetical one.

r 11th.]—I have already given an idea of the Gosport duty; I shall only which characterises admirably our unthinking sailors. At a time when they they should infallibly be discharged in a few weeks, numbers, who had con- ages due to them, were continually jumping over the walls, and risking the : for a few hours' amusement at Portsmouth.

We found old Captain Meard at Alresford, with the second division of the He and all his officers supped with us, and made the evening rather a ne.

About the same hour our two corps paraded to march off: they, an old gulars, who had been two years quiet in Dover castle; we, part of a young ilitia, two-thirds of our men recruits of four months standing, two of which assed upon very disagreeable duty. Every advantage was on their side, and periority, both as to appearance and discipline, was so striking, that the most regular could not have hesitated a moment. At the end of the town our nies separated: my father's struck off for Petersfield, whilst I continued my ton; into which place I marched my company about noon; two years six d fifteen days after my first leaving it. I gave the men some beer at roll- nich they received with great cheerfulness and decency. I dined and lay at , where I was received with that old-fashioned breeding, which is at once so e and so troublesome.

Our two companies were disembodied; mine at Alton, and my father's at Smith marched them over from Petersfield: they fired three volleys, lodged s colours, delivered up their arms, received their money, partook of a dinner jor's expense, and then separated with great cheerfulness and regularity. d the militia; I may say ended, since our annual assemblies in May are so rious, and can be of so little use. However, our serjeants and drums are ip, and quartered at the rendezvous of their company, and the adjutant re- louthampton in full pay.

was an extraordinary scene of life, in which I was engaged above three a half from the date of my commission, and above two years and a half from f our embodying, I cannot take my leave of it without some few reflections. ngaged in it, I was totally ignorant of its nature and consequences. I offered, y father did, without ever imagining that we should be called out, till it was retreat with honour. Indeed, I believe it happens throughout, that our most actions have been often determined by chance, caprice, or some very inade- ive. After our embodying, many things contributed to make me support it : impatience. Our continual disputes with the Duke of Bolton; our unsettled , which hardly allowed me books or leisure for study; and, more than all, the le society in which I was forced to live.

entioning my *sufferings, I must say something* of what I found agreeable. *over, I can make the separation much better* than I could at the time.

all literary ideas were banished from my mind. After this long fast the longest which I have ever known, I once more tasted at Dove the pleasures of reading and thinking; and the hungry appetite wit which I opened a volume of Tully's philosophical works is still pre sent to my memory. The last review of my essay before its publica tion, had prompted me to investigate the *nature of the gods*; m inquiries led me to the Histoire Critique du Manichèisme of Beau sobre, who discusses many deep questions of pagan and christia theology; and from this rich treasury of facts and opinions, I deduce my own consequences, beyond the holy circle of the author. Aft this recovery I never relapsed into indolence; and my exampl might prove, that in the life most averse to study, some hours ma be stolen, some minutes may be snatched. Amidst the tumult c Winchester camp I sometimes thought and read in my tent; in th more settled quarters of the Devizes, Blandford, and Southampto I always secured a separate lodging, and the necessary books; an in the summer of 1762, while the new militia was raising, I enjoye at Beriton two or three months of literary repose.* In forming new plan of study, I hesitated between the mathematics and th Greek language; both of which I had neglected since my retur from Lausanne. I consulted a learned and friendly mathematicia Mr. George Scott, a pupil of De Moivre; and his map of a countr which I have never explored may perhaps be more serviceable t

The unsettled way of life itself had its advantages. The exercise and change of s and of objects amused me, at the same time that it fortified my health. 2. A new fie of knowledge and amusement opened itself to me; that of military affairs, which ha in my studies and travels, will give me eyes for a new world of things, which befo would have passed unheeded. Indeed, in that respect I can hardly help wishing ou battalion had continued another year. We had got a fine set of new men, all our di culties were over; we were perfectly well clothed and appointed; and, from the progre our recruits had already made, we could promise ourselves that we should be one of th best militia corps by next summer: a circumstance that would have been the mo agreeable to me, as I am now established the real acting major of the battalion. B what I value most, is the knowledge it has given me of mankind in general, and of m own country in particular. The general system of our government, the methods of c several offices, the departments and powers of their respective officers, our provincial a municipal administration, the views of our several parties, the characters, connexio and influence of our principal people, have been impressed on my mind, not by w theory, but by the indelible lessons of action and experience. I have made a number valuable acquaintance, and am myself much better known, than (with my reserved c racter) I should have been in ten years, passing regularly my summers at Beriton, a my winters in London. So that the sum of all is, that I am glad the militia has be and glad that it is no more.

* JOURNAL, May 8th, 1762.]—This was my birthday, on which I entered into t twenty-sixth year of my age. This gave me occasion to look a little into myself, a consider impartially my good and bad qualities. It appeared to me, upon this inqu that my character was virtuous, incapable of a base action, and formed for gene ones; but that it was proud, violent, and disagreeable in society. These qualities I m endeavour to cultivate, extirpate, or restrain, according to their different tendency. W have none. My imagination is rather strong than pleasing. My memory both capacious retentive. The shining qualities of my understanding are extensiveness and penetrati but I want both quickness and exactness. As to my situation in life, though I may som times repine at it, it perhaps is the best adapted to my character. I can command the conveniences of life, and I can command too that independence, (that first earth blessing) which is hardly to be met with in a higher or lower fortune. When I talk *my situation, I must* exclude that temporary one, of being in the militia. Though I *through it with spirit* and application, it is both unfit for and unworthy of me.

others.* As soon as I had given the preference to Greek, the example of Scaliger and my own reason determined me on the choice of Homer, the father of poetry, and the Bible of the ancients: but Scaliger ran through the Iliad in one and twenty days; and I was not dissatisfied with my own diligence for performing the same labour in an equal number of weeks. After the first difficulties were surmounted, the language of nature and harmony soon became easy and familiar; and each day I sailed upon the ocean with a brisker gale and a more steady course.

Ἐν δ' ἀνεμος πρῳρης μετην ἱστιον, ἀμφι δε κυμα
Στειρῃ πορφυρεον μεγαλ' ἰαχε, νηυς δ' ἐπερησε
Ἡ δ' ἰθεια πεπτα κυμα διαιρησσουσα κελευθα.†—*Iliad*, A. 481.

In the study of a poet who has since become the most intimate of my friends, I successively applied many passages and fragments of Greek writers; and among these I shall notice a life of Homer, in the Opuscula Mythologica of Gale, several books of the geography of Strabo, and the entire treatise of Longinus, which, from the title and the style, is equally worthy of the epithet of *sublime*. My grammatical skill was improved, my vocabulary was enlarged; and in the militia I acquired a just and indelible knowledge of the first of languages. On every march, in every journey, Horace was always in my pocket, and often in my hand; but I should not mention his two critical epistles, the amusement of a morning, had they not been accompanied by the elaborate commentary of Dr. Hurd, now Bishop of Worcester. On the interesting subjects of composition and imitation of epic and dramatic poetry, I presumed to think for myself; and thirty close written pages in folio could scarcely comprise my full and free discussion of the sense of the master and the pedantry of the servant.

After his oracle Dr. Johnson, my friend Sir Joshua Reynolds denies all original genius, any natural propensity of the mind to one art or science rather than another. Without engaging in a metaphysical or rather verbal dispute, I *know*, by experience, that from my early youth I aspired to the character of an historian. While I served in the militia, before and after the publication of my essay, this idea ripened in my mind; nor can I paint in more lively colours the feelings of the moment, than by transcribing some passages, under their respective dates, from a journal which I kept at that time.

"Beriton, April 14, 1761.—(In a short excursion from Dover.)—Having thought of several subjects for an historical composition, I chose the expedition of Charles VIII. of France into Italy. I read two memoirs of Mr. De Foncemagne in the Academy of Inscrip-

*See Letter, No. XIV. *excellent*, from Mr. Scott to Mr. Gibbon.

† —— Fair wind, and blowing fresh,
Apollo sent them; quick they rear'd the mast,
Then spread th' unsullied canvas to the gale,
And the wind fill'd it. Roar'd the sable flood
Around the bark, that ever as she went
Dash'd wide the brine, and scudded swift away.—*Cowper's Homer*.

tions (tom. xvii. p. 539—607), and abstracted them. I likewis finished this day a dissertation, in which I examine the right c Charles VIII. to the crown of Naples, and the rival claims of th House of Anjou and Arragon: it consists of ten folio pages, beside large notes."

"Beriton, August 4, 1761.—(In a week's excursion from Win chester Camp.)—After having long revolved subjects for my intende historical essay, I renounced my first thought of the expedition c Charles VIII. as too remote from us, and rather an introduction t great events, than great and important in itself. I successivel chose and rejected the Crusade of Richard the First, the baron wars against John and Henry the Third, the history of Edward th Black Prince, the lives and comparisons of Henry V. and th Emperor Titus, the life of Sir Philip Sydney, and that of the Ma quis of Montrose. At length I have fixed on Sir Walter Raleig for my hero. His eventful story is varied by the characters of th soldier and sailor, the courtier and historian; and it may afford suc a fund of materials as I desire, which have not yet been properl manufactured. At present I cannot attempt the execution of th work. Free leisure, and the opportunity of consulting many book both printed and manuscript, are as necessary as they are impossibl to be attained in my present way of life. However, to acquire general insight into my subject and resources, I read the life of Si Walter Raleigh by Dr. Birch, his copious article in the Gener Dictionary by the same hand, and the reigns of Queen Elizabet and James the First in Hume's History of England."

"Beriton, January, 1762.—(In a month's absence from th Devizes.)—During this interval of repose, I again turned my thought to Sir Walter Raleigh, and looked more closely into my material I read the two volumes in quarto of the Bacon papers, published b Dr. Birch; the Fragmenta Regalia of Sir Robert Naunton, Malle Life of Lord Bacon, and the political treatises of that great man the first volume of his works, with many of his letters in th second; Sir William Monson's Naval Tracts, and the elabora Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, which Mr. Oldys has prefixed to th best edition of his History of the World. My subject opens up me, and in general improves upon a nearer prospect."

"Beriton, July 26, 1762.—(During my summer residence.)—I am afraid of being reduced to drop my hero; but my time h not, however, been lost in the research of his story, and of a mem able æra of our English annals. The Life of Sir Walter Rale by Oldys, is a very poor performance; a servile panegyric, or apology, tediously minute, and composed in a dull and affected st Yet the author was a man of diligence and learning, who had r every thing relative to his subject, and whose ample collections arranged with perspicuity and method. Excepting some anecd lately revealed in the Sydney and Bacon papers, I know not wh should be able to add. My ambition (exclusive of the unce *merit of style* and sentiment) must be confined to the hop

giving a good abridgment of Oldys. I have even the disappointment of finding some parts of this copious work dry and barren; and these parts are unluckily some of the most characteristic: Raleigh's colony of Virginia, his quarrels with Essex, the true secret of his conspiracy, and, above all, the detail of his private life, the most essential and important to a biographer. My best resource would be in the circumjacent history of the times, and perhaps in some digressions artfully introduced, like the fortunes of the peripatetic philosophy in the portrait of Lord Bacon. But the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First are the periods of English history, which have been the most variously illustrated: and what new lights could I reflect on a subject, which has exercised the accurate industry of Birch, the lively and curious acuteness of Walpole, the critical spirit of Hurd, the vigorous sense of Mallet and Robertson, and the impartial philosophy of Hume? Could I even surmount these obstacles, I should shrink with terror from the modern history of England, where every character is a problem, and every reader a friend or an enemy; where a writer is supposed to hoist a flag of party, and is devoted to damnation by the adverse faction. Such would be *my* reception at home: and abroad the historian of Raleigh must encounter an indifference far more bitter than censure or reproach. The events of his life are interesting; but his character is ambiguous, his actions are obscure, his writings are English, and his fame is confined to the narrow limits of our language and our island. I must embrace a safer and more extensive theme.

"There is one which I should prefer to all others, the History of the Liberty of the Swiss, of that independence which a brave people rescued from the house of Austria, defended against a Dauphin of France, and finally sealed with the blood of Charles of Burgundy. From such a theme, so full of public spirit, of military glory, of examples of virtue, of lessons of government, the dullest stranger would catch fire: what might not *I* hope, whose talents, whatsoever they may be, would be inflamed with the zeal of patriotism. But the materials of this history are inaccessible to me, fast locked in the obscurity of an old barbarous German dialect, of which I am totally ignorant, and which I cannot resolve to learn for this sole and peculiar purpose.

"I have another subject in view, which is the contrast of the former history: the one a poor, warlike, virtuous republic, which emerges into glory and freedom; the other a commonwealth, soft, opulent, and corrupt; which, by just degrees, is precipitated from the abuse to the loss of her liberty: both lessons are, perhaps, equally instructive. This second subject is, the History of the Republic of Florence under the house of Medicis: a period of one hundred and fifty years, which rises or descends from the dregs of the Florentine democracy, to the title and dominion of Cosmo de Medicis in the grand duchy of Tuscany. I might deduce a chain of revolutions not unworthy of the pen of Vertot; singular men, and singular events; the Medicis four times expelled, and as often recalled; and the Genius of Freedom reluctantly yielding to the

arms of Charles V. and the policy of Cosmo. The character and fate of Savanerola, and the revival of arts and letters in Italy, will be essentially connected with the elevation of the family and the fall of the republic. The Medicis (stirps quasi fataliter nota ad instauranda vel fovenda studia. Lipsius ad Germanos et Gallos, Epist. viii.) were illustrated by the patronage of learning; and enthusiasm was the most formidable weapon of their adversaries. On this splendid subject I shall most probably fix; but *when*, or *where*, or *how* will it be executed? I behold in a dark and doubtful perspective."

Res altâ terrâ, et caligine mersas.*

* JOURNAL, July 27, 1762.]—The reflections which I was making yesterday, I continued and digested to-day. I don't absolutely look on that time as lost, but that it might have been better employed than in revolving schemes, the execution of which is so far distant. I must learn to check these wanderings of my imagination.

Nov. 24.]—I dined at the Cocoa Tree with *****; who, under a great appearance of oddity, conceals more real honour, good sense, and even knowledge, than half those who laugh at him. We went thence to the play (the Spanish Friar); and when it was over, returned to the Cocoa Tree. That respectable body, of which I have the honour of being a member, affords every evening a sight truly English. Twenty or thirty, perhaps, of the first men in the kingdom, in point of fashion and fortune, supping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat, or a sandwich, and drinking a glass of punch. At present, we are full of king's counsellors and lords of the bedchamber; who, having jumped into the ministry, make a very singular medley of their old principles and language with their modern ones.

Nov. 26.]—I went with Mallet to breakfast with Garrick; and thence to Drury-lane House, where I assisted at a very private rehearsal, in the Green-room, of a new tragedy of Mallet's, called Elvira. As I have not since seen it acted, I shall defer my opinion of it till then; but I cannot help mentioning here the surprising versatility of Mrs. Pritchard's talents, who rehearsed, almost at the same time, the part of a furious queen in the Green-room, and that of a coquette on the stage; and passed several times from one to the other with the utmost ease and happiness.

Dec. 30.]—Before I close the year I must balance my accounts—not of money, but of time. I may divide my studies into four branches: 1. Books that I have read for themselves, classic writers, or capital treatises upon any science; such books as ought to be perused with attention, and meditated with care. Of these I read the twenty last books of the Iliad twice, the three first books of the Odyssey, the Life of Homer, and Longinus περι Τψους. 2. Books which I have read, or consulted, to illustrate the former. Such as this year, Blackwall's Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, Burke's Sublime and Beautiful, Hurd's Horace, Guichard's Mémoires Militaires, a great variety of passages of the ancients occasionally useful; large extracts from Mesmeriac, Bayle, and Potter; and many memoirs and abstracts from the Academy of Belles Lettres: among these I shall only mention here two long and curious suites of dissertations—the one upon the Temple of Delphi, the Amphictyonic Council, and the Holy Wars, by MM. Hardion and de Valois; the other upon the Games of the Grecians, by MM. Burette, Gedoyne, and de la Barre. 3. Books of amusement and instruction, perused at my leisure hours, without any reference to a regular plan of study. Of these, perhaps, I read too many, since I went through the Life of Erasmus, by Le Clerc and Burigny, many extracts from Le Clerc's Bibliothèques, the Ciceronianus, and Colloquies of Erasmus, Barclay's Argenis, Terasson's Sethos, Voltaire's Siècle de Louis XIV., Madame de Motteville's Memoirs, and Fontenelle's Works. 4. Compositions of my own. I find hardly any, except this Journal, and the Extract of Hurd's Horace, which (like a chapter of Montaigne) contains many things very different from its title. To these four heads I must this year add a fifth. 5. Those treatises of English history which I read in January, with a view to my now abortive scheme of the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh. I ought indeed to have known my own mind better before I undertook them. Upon the whole, after making proper allowances, I am not dissatisfied with the year.

The three weeks which I passed at Beriton, at the end of this and the beginning of *the ensuing year*, are almost a blank. I seldom went out; and as the scheme of my *travelling was at last entirely* settled, the hurry of impatience, the cares of preparations, *and the tenderness of* friends I was going to quit, allowed me hardly any moments for *study.*

The youthful habits of the language and manners of France had left in my mind an ardent desire of revisiting the Continent on a larger and more liberal plan. According to the law of custom, and perhaps of reason, foreign travel completes the education of an English gentleman: my father had consented to my wish, but I was detained above four years by my rash engagement in the militia. I eagerly grasped the first moments of freedom: three or four weeks in Hampshire and London were employed in the preparations of my journey, and the farewell visits of friendship and civility: my last act in town was to applaud Mallet's new tragedy of Elvira;* a post-chaise conveyed me to Dover, the packet to Boulogne, and such was my diligence, that I reached Paris on the 28th of January, 1763, only thirty-six days after the disbanding of the militia. Two or three years were loosely defined for the term of my absence; and I was left at liberty to spend that time in such places and in such a manner as was most agreeable to my taste and judgment.

In this first visit I passed three months and a half, (January 28—

* JOURNAL, January 11th, 1763.]—I called upon Dr. Maty in the morning. He told me that the Duke de Nivernois desired to be acquainted with me. It was indeed with that view that I had written to Maty from Beriton to present, in my name, a copy of my book to him. Thence I went to Becket, paid him his bill, (fifty-four pounds,) and gave him back his translation. It must be printed, though very indifferent. My comfort is, that my misfortune is not an uncommon one. We dined and supped at the Mallets.

12th. I went with Maty to visit the Duke in Albemarle-street. He is a little emaciated figure, but appears to possess a good understanding, taste, and knowledge. He offered me very politely letters for Paris. We dined at our lodgings. I went to Covent Garden to see Woodward in Bobadil, and supped with the Mallets at George Scott's.

JOURNAL, Jan. 19th, 1763.]—I waited upon Lady Hervey and the Duke de Nivernois, and received my credentials. Lady Hervey's are for M. le Comte de Caylus, and Madame Geoffrin. The Duke received me civilly, but (perhaps through Maty's fault) treated me more as a man of letters than as a man of fashion. His letters are entirely in that style; for the Comte de Caylus and MM. de la Bleterie, de Ste. Palaye, Capperonnier, du Clos, de Foncemagne, and d'Alembert. I then undressed for the play. My father and I went to the Rose, in the passage of the play-house, where we found Mallet, with about thirty friends. We dined together, and went thence into the pit, where we took our places in a body, ready to silence all opposition. However, we had no occasion to exert ourselves. Notwithstanding the malice of party, Mallet's nation, connexions, and, indeed, imprudence, we heard nothing but applause. I think it was deserved. The plan was borrowed from De la Motte, but the details and language have great merit. A fine vein of dramatic poetry runs through the piece. The scenes between the father and son awaken almost every sensation of the human breast; and the counsel would have equally moved, but for the inconvenience unavoidable upon all theatres, that of entrusting fine speeches to indifferent actors. The perplexity of the catastrophe is much, and I believe justly, criticised. But another defect made a stronger impression upon me. When the poet ventures upon the dreadful situation of a father who condemns his son to death, there is no medium, the father must either be a monster or a hero. The obligations of justice, of the public good, must be as binding, as apparent, as perhaps those of the first Brutus. The cruel necessity consecrates his actions, and leaves no room for repentance. The thought is shocking if not carried into action. In the execution of Brutus's sons I am sensible of that fatal necessity. Without such an example, the unsettled liberty of Rome would have perished the instant after its birth. But Alonzo might have pardoned his son for a rash attempt, the cause of which was a private injury, and whose consequences could never have disturbed an established government. He might have pardoned such a crime in any other subject; and as the laws could exact only an equal rigour for a son, a vain appetite for glory, and a mad affectation of heroism, could alone have influenced him to exert an unequal and superior severity.

May 9.) and a much longer space might have been agreeably filled, without any intercourse with the natives. At home we are content to move in the daily round of pleasure and business; and a scene which is always present is supposed to be within our knowledge, or at least within our power. But in a foreign country, curiosity is our business and our pleasure; and the traveller, conscious of his ignorance, and covetous of his time, is diligent in the search and the view of every object that can deserve his attention. I devoted many hours of the morning to the circuit of Paris and the neighbourhood, to the visit of churches and palaces conspicuous by their architecture, to the royal manufactures, collections of books and pictures, and all the various treasures of art, of learning, and of luxury. An Englishman may hear without reluctance, that in these curious and costly articles Paris is superior to London; since the opulence of the French capital arises from the defects of its government and religion. In the absence of Louis XIV. and his successors, the Louvre has been left unfinished: but the millions which have been lavished on the sands of Versailles, and the morass of Marli, could not be supplied by the legal allowance of a British king. The splendour of the French nobles is confined to their town residence; that of the English is more usefully distributed in their country seats; and we should be astonished at our own riches, if the labours of architecture, the spoils of Italy and Greece, which are now scattered from Inverary to Wilton, were accumulated in a few streets between Marylebone and Westminster. All superfluous ornament is rejected by the cold frugality of the Protestants; but the catholic superstition, which is always the enemy of reason, is often the parent of the arts. The wealthy communities of priests and monks expend their revenues in stately edifices; and the parish church of St. Sulpice, one of the noblest structures in Paris, was built and adorned by the private industry of a late curé. In this outset, and still more in the sequel of my tour, my eye was amused; but the pleasing vision cannot be fixed by the pen; the particular images are darkly seen through the medium of five-and-twenty years, and the narrative of my life must not degenerate into a book of travels.*

But the principal end of my journey was to enjoy the society of a polished and amiable people, in whose favour I was strongly preju-

* JOURNAL, February 21, 1763.]—To-day I commenced my tour around the city, to see such places as were worthy of notice. D'Augny accompanied me. We went first to the library of the Abbey of St. Germain des Prés, where every body was busy, arranging a cabinet of curiosities; then to the Hôpital des Invalides, where the cupola was shut up on account of repairs going forward. I must therefore defer the visit and description of these two places. From thence we went to see the Ecole Militaire. As this edifice stands beside the Invalides, many persons would there perceive a very easy method of appreciating the different minds of their respective founders. In one, every thing is grand and magnificent; in the other, every thing is little and mean. Small white apartments, tolerably clean, (which, instead of the 500 gentlemen talked about, contain 258) compose the whole establishment; for the riding school and stables are nothing. It is true that these buildings are but a scaffolding, which should be taken away, to erect the real work on their ruins. Indeed they could not have built for eternity, since in twenty years' time the greater part of the beams are rotten. We afterwards glanced at the church of St. Sulpicius, whose façade (the pretext and product of so many lotteries) is not yet finished.

diced, and to converse with some authors, whose conversation, as I fondly imagined, must be far more pleasing and instructive than their writings. The moment was happily chosen. At the close of a successful war the British name was respected on the Continent.

Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus.

Our opinions, our fashions, even our games, were adopted in France, a ray of national glory illuminated each individual, and every Englishman was supposed to be born a patriot and a philosopher. For myself, I carried a personal recommendation; my name and my Essay were already known; the compliment of having written in the French language entitled me to some returns of civility and gratitude. I was considered as a man of letters who wrote for amusement. Before my departure I had obtained from the Duke de Nivernois, Lady Hervey, the Mallets, Mr. Walpole, &c., many letters of recommendation to their private or literary friends. Of these epistles the reception and success were determined by the character and situation of the persons by whom and to whom they were addressed: the seed was sometimes cast on a barren rock, and it sometimes multiplied an hundred fold in the production of new shoots, spreading branches, and exquisite fruit. But upon the whole, I had reason to praise the national urbanity, which from the court has diffused its gentle influence to the shop, the cottage, and the schools. Of the men of genius of the age, Montesquieu and Fontenelle were no more; Voltaire resided on his own estate near Geneva; Rousseau in the preceding year had been driven from his hermitage of Montmorency; and I blush at my having neglected to seek, in this journey, the acquaintance of Buffon. Among the men of letters whom I saw, D'Alembert and Diderot held the foremost rank in merit, or at least in fame. I shall content myself with enumerating the well-known names of the Comte de Caylus, of the Abbé de la Bleterie, Barthelemy, Raynal, Arnaud, of Messieurs de la Condamine, du Clos, de Sainte Palaye, de Bougainville, Caperonnier, de Guignes, Suard, &c., without attempting to discriminate the shades of their characters, or the degrees of our connexion. Alone, in a morning visit, I commonly found the artists and authors of Paris less vain, and more reasonable, than in the circles of their equals, with whom they mingle in the houses of the rich. Four days in a week I had a place, without invitation, at the hospitable tables of Mesdames Geoffrin and du Bocage, of the celebrated Helvetius, and of the Baron d'Olbach. In these symposia the pleasures of the table were improved by lively and liberal conversation; the company was select, though various and voluntary.*

* JOURNAL, February 23, 1763.]—I paid a visit to the Abbé de la Bleterie, who wished to take me to the Duchess of Aiguillon's; I wrote to M. de Bougainville, whom I much wished to become acquainted with, and I afterwards went to Baron d'Olbach's the friend of M. Helvetius. This was my first visit, and the first step made into a very good house. The Baron possesses genius and learning, and, above all, he very often gives capital dinners.

February 24.]—The Abbé Barthelemy is a very amiable man, and has nothing of the antiquary about him but a great depth of erudition. I finished the evening by a very

The society of Madame du Bocage was more soft and moderate than that of her rivals, and the evening conversations of M. de Foncemagne were supported by the good sense and learning of the principal members of the Academy of Inscriptions. The opera and the Italians I occasionally visited; but the French theatre, both in tragedy and comedy, was my daily and favourite amusement. Two famous actresses then divided the public applause. For my own part, I preferred the consummate art of the Clairon, to the intemperate sallies of the Dumesnil, which were extolled by her admirers, as the genuine voice of nature and passion. Fourteen weeks insensibly stole away; but had I been rich and independent, I should have prolonged, and perhaps have fixed, my residence at Paris.

Between the expensive style of Paris and of Italy it was prudent to interpose some months of tranquil simplicity; and at the thoughts of Lausanne I again lived in the pleasures and studies of my early youth. Shaping my course through Dijon and Besançon, in the last of which places I was kindly entertained by my cousin Acton, I arrived in the month of May, 1763, on the banks of the Leman Lake. It had been my intention to pass the Alps in the autumn, but such are the simple attractions of the place, that the year had almost expired before my departure from Lausanne in the ensuing spring. An absence of five years had not made much alteration in manners, or even in persons. My old friends, of both sexes, hailed my voluntary return; the most genuine proof of my attachment. They had been flattered by the present of my book, the produce of their soil; and the good Pavilliard shed tears of joy as he embraced a pupil, whose literary merit he might fairly impute to his own labours. To my old list, I added some new acquaintance, and among the strangers I shall distinguish Prince Lewis of Wirtemberg, the brother of the reigning Duke, at whose country-house, near Lausanne, I frequently dined: a wandering meteor, and at length a falling star, his light and ambitious spirit had successively

agreeable supper at Madame Bontem's with the Marquis de Mirabeau. He is a singular man; he has imagination enough for ten more, and not enough sound sense for himself alone. I asked him several questions about the titles of the French nobility; but all I could understand was, that nobody has very clear ideas about them.

May, 1763.]—Fortified with a double letter of recommendation for the Comte de Caylus, I imagined that I should find, united in him, the man of letters and the man of quality. I saw him three or four times, and found him a simple, ingenuous, good man, who showed me the utmost kindness. If I have not profited more by him I attribute it less to his character than to his mode of life. He rises early, runs through the artists' painting-rooms all day long, comes home again at six o'clock in the evening, puts on his dressing-gown, and shuts himself up in his closet. Is this the way to see one's friends?

If these recommendations were fruitless, there were others which were as productive in their effects as they were agreeable in themselves. In a capital like Paris, it is just and necessary that you should be distinguished from the crowd by letters of recommendation, but when the ice is once broken, your acquaintances multiply themselves, and your new friends feel pleasure in introducing you to others newer still. A most happy effect of the light and amiable character of the French, which has established in Paris a suavity and liberty in society, unknown to antiquity and still unknown to other nations. At London one must make one's way into each house, which opens to us with the utmost difficulty. There they think they afford you pleasure in receiving you; here they feel pleasure in it themselves. So that I am acquainted with more houses in *Paris than in London*; the fact is not probable, but it is true.

dropped from the firmament of Prussia, of France, and of Austria; and his faults, which he styled his misfortunes, had driven him into philosophic exile in the Pays de Vaud. He could now moralize on the vanity of the world, the equality of mankind, and the happiness of a private station. His address was affable and polite, and as he had shone in courts and armies, his memory could supply, and his eloquence could adorn, a copious fund of interesting anecdotes. His first enthusiasm was that of charity and agriculture; but the sage gradually lapsed in the saint, and Prince Lewis of Wirtemberg is now buried in a hermitage near Mayence, in the last stage of mystic devotion. By some ecclesiastical quarrel, Voltaire had been provoked to withdraw himself from Lausanne, and retire to his castle at Ferney, where I again visited the poet and the actor without seeking his more intimate acquaintance, to which I might now have pleaded a better title. But the theatre which he had founded, the actors whom he had formed, survived the loss of their master; and recent from Paris, I attended with pleasure at the representation of several tragedies and comedies. I shall not descend to specify particular names and characters; but I cannot forget a private institution, which will display the innocent freedom of Swiss manners. My favourite society had assumed, from the age of its members, the proud denomination of the Spring (la Société du Printemps). It consisted of fifteen or twenty young unmarried ladies, of genteel, though not of the very first families; the eldest perhaps about twenty, all agreeable, several handsome, and two or three of exquisite beauty. At each other's houses they assembled almost every day, without the control, or even the presence, of a mother or an aunt; they were trusted to their own prudence, among a crowd of young men of every nation in Europe. They laughed, they sung, they danced, they played at cards, they acted comedies; but in the midst of this careless gaiety, they respected themselves, and were respected by the men; the invisible line between liberty and licentiousness was never transgressed by a gesture, a word, or a look, and their virgin chastity was never sullied by the breath of scandal or suspicion. A singular institution, expressive of the innocent simplicity of Swiss manners. After having tasted the luxury of England and Paris, I could not have returned with satisfaction to the coarse and homely table of Madame Pavilliard; nor was her husband offended that I now entered myself as a *pensionnaire*, or boarder, in the elegant house of Mr. de Mesery, which may be entitled to a short remembrance, as it has stood above twenty years, perhaps, without a parallel in Europe. The house in which we lodged was spacious and convenient, in the best street, and commanding, from behind, a noble prospect over the country and the Lake. Our table was served with neatness and plenty; the boarders were select; we had the liberty of inviting any guests at a stated price; and in the summer the scene was occasionally transferred to a pleasant villa, about a league from Lausanne. The characters of master and mistress were happily suited to each other, and to their situation. At the age of seventy-five, Madame de Mesery, who has

survived her husband, is still a graceful, I had almost said a handsome woman. She was alike qualified to preside in her kitchen and her drawing-room; and such was the equal propriety of her conduct, that of two or three hundred foreigners, none ever failed in respect, none could complain of her neglect, and none could even boast of her favour. Mesery himself, of the noble family of De Crousaz, was a man of the world, a jovial companion, whose easy manners and natural sallies maintained the cheerfulness of his house. His wit could laugh at his own ignorance: he disguised, by an air of profusion, a strict attention to his interest; and in this situation, he appeared like a nobleman who spent his fortune and entertained his friends. In this agreeable society I resided nearly eleven months (May, 1763—April, 1764); and in this second visit to Lausanne, among a crowd of my English companions, I knew and esteemed Mr. Holroyd (now Lord Sheffield); and our mutual attachment was renewed and fortified in the subsequent stages of our Italian journey. Our lives are in the power of chance, and a slight variation on either side, in time or place, might have deprived me of a friend, whose activity in the ardour of youth was always prompted by a benevolent heart, and directed by a strong understanding.*

* JOURNAL, September 16, 1763.]—**** and **** have left us. The former is a v beast, gross, ignorant, and unmannerly. His violence has got him into twenty scra here. However, they would have had him make the journey to Italy, but **** refu to accompany him, they have resolved to send for him back again to England *vis Pa* **** is a philosopher, and very well read, but cold, and not at all a man of talent. H is weary of running over the world with young blockheads. After having returned th one back to his family, he expects to come and seek repose and seclusion in this country How right he is!

September 21.]—I have sustained a slight mortification at the society. Frey departure had occasioned the office of strangers' director to be vacant. It was int mated that it was intended for me, and my natural frankness had not permitted me t conceal that I should be glad to accept it, and that I was in expectation of it. Neve theless, the majority of votes gave it to M. Roel Hollandois. I saw that they had tak advantage of the very first moment the laws allowed for balloting, and that, if I ha wished to assemble my friends, I might have gained it; but I know, at the same tim that I should have had it three months ago without a moment's care about it. M reputation is, with some reason, declining here, and I have enemies.

September 25.]—I have passed the afternoon at Madame de ****'s. I had not see her since the 14th of this month. She has not spoken a single word about me, a appeared to have noticed my absence. This silence has hurt me. I had a very goo reputation here for morality, but I see they now begin to confound me with my fellow countrymen, and to look on me as a man who loves wine and dissipation.

October 15.]—I have passed the afternoon at Madame de Mesery's. She wished introduce me to a young French lady, whom she had invited to supper. This young lad who calls herself Le Franc, is six feet high. Her stature, countenance, voice, a conversation, all announce the most determined grenadier, but a grenadier who h talent, intelligence, and knowledge of the world. So that her sex, name, and conditi are all a mystery. She says she is a Parisian lady of quality, who has retired into th country on account of her religion. May it not rather be on account of an affair honour?

Lausanne, December 1763.]—I got up late, and a very friendly visit from M. Chandieu Villars* took away what was left of the morning. M. de Chandieu has se with distinction in France, and retired with the rank of field-marshal. He is a ma great politeness, of a free and lively spirit; and now, at sixty, he would form the ag

* *The father of* Madame de Severy, whose family were Mr. Gibbon's most intir *friends, after he had settled* at Lausanne in the year 1783.—S.

If my studies at Paris had been confined to the study of the world, three or four months would not have been unprofitably spent.

ible attraction in a company of young ladies. He is almost the only foreigner who has succeeded in acquiring the ease of French manners, without at the same time falling into bullying and blustering airs.

Lausanne, December 18, 1763.]—This was Communion Sunday. Religious ceremonies are well observed in this country. They are rare, and on that very account more respected. Old folks complain, indeed, of the cooling of devotion; but a day like this still affords an edifying spectacle. There is neither business nor parties; and they interdict even whist, so necessary to the very existence of a Lausannese.

December 31.]—Let us glance back at this year 1763, and see how I have employed this portion of my existence, which is passed away, and will never return. The month of January was spent in the bosom of my family, to whom I was forced to sacrifice all my time, for it was the last part of my stay, and mingled with the cares of departure and the bustle of a journey. In that journey, however, I found means of reading the letters of Busbequius, imperial minister at the Porte. They are equally interesting and instructive. I remained at Paris from the 28th of January to the 9th of May. During all this time, I did not study at all. Amusements took up a great deal of my time, and the habit of dissipation, which is so easily acquired in large cities, did not allow me to profit by what remained. Indeed, if I turned over but few books, the observation of all the curious objects which are presented to view in a large metropolis, and conversation with the greatest men of the age, taught me many things that are not to be found in books. The last seven or eight months of the year have been more tranquil. When I found myself settled at Lausanne, I undertook a consecutive course of study on the ancient geography of Italy. My enthusiasm kept up very well for six weeks, till the end of the month of June. Then, a journey to Geneva a little interrupted my diligence. Mesery's dwelling presented a thousand attractions, and Saussure's society put the finishing stroke to the loss of my time. I resumed my work at this Journal about the middle of August, and from that time to the beginning of November, I put every instant to profit. I must confess, that during the last two months my ardour is a little slackened. I. In this course of study I read, 1. Nearly two books of Strabo's Geography upon Italy, twice over. 2. Part of the second book of Pliny's Natural History. 3. The fourth chapter of the second book of Pomponius Mela. 4. The Itineraries of Antoninus and Jerusalem, as far as regards Italy. I read them with the Commentaries of Wesseling, &c. I have extracted tables of all the great roads in Italy, everywhere reducing the Roman into English miles, according to the calculations of M. d'Anville. 5. The History of the Great Roads of the Roman Empire, by M. Bergier, 2 vols. 4to. 6. Some select extracts from Cicero, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Tacitus, and the two Plinies. The Roma Vetus of Nardini, and several other little treatises on the same subject, which compose almost all the fourth volume of Grævius' Trésor des Antiquités Romaines. 7. The Italia Antiqua of Cluverius, 2 vols. folio. 8. The Iter (or Journey) of Claudius Rutilius Numatianus among the Gauls. 9. Virgil's Catalogues. 10. That of Silius Italicus. 11. Horace's Journey to Brundusium. N. B. These last three I read twice over. 12. D'Anville's Treatise on the Itinerary Measures, and some Memoirs of the Académie des Belles Lettres. II. I had to wait for Nardini from the library of Geneva; I wished to fill up this spare moment in reading Juvenal, a poet whom I as yet knew only by reputation. I read him twice over carefully, and with pleasure. III. During the year, I have read some periodicals; among others, the Journal Etranger, from its commencement, a volume of Bayle's Nouvelles, and the first 35 volumes of the Bibliothèque raisonnée. IV. I have written a great deal of my Recueil Géographique d'Italie, which is already very ample, and tolerably curious. V. I ought not to forget this very Journal, which has grown into a book; 214 well filled pages, in four months and a half, are a considerable object. For, without reckoning a great number of detached observations, there are in it several learned and orderly dissertations. That upon Hannibal's expedition includes ten pages, and that on the civil war twelve. But these pieces are too long, and the Journal itself stands in need of a reform, which should retrench from it a number of pieces that are foreign to its real plan. After having reflected some time upon the subject, here are some rules that I have made on the objects that are proper for it. I. All my domestic and private life, my amusements, connexions, and even my rambles; as well as all the reflections that strike me on subjects that are merely personal. I allow that all this is interesting only to myself, but then it is only for myself that I write this Journal. II. All that I learn by observation and conversation. With respect to this, I shall only put down what I have from persons, who are at once both perfectly

My visits, however superficial, to the Academy of Medals and the public libraries, opened a new field of inquiry; and the view of so many manuscripts of different ages and characters induced me to consult the two great Benedictine works, the Diplomatica of Mabillon, and the Palæographia of Montfaucon. I studied the theory without attaining the practice of the art; nor should I complain of the intricacy of Greek abbreviations and Gothic alphabets, since every day, in a familiar language, I am at a loss to decypher the hieroglyphics of a female note. In a tranquil scene, which revived the memory of my first studies, idleness would have been less pardonable: the public libraries of Lausanne and Geneva liberally supplied me with books; and if many hours were lost in dissipation,

well informed and honest, when it regards facts, or from that small number who merit the title of great men, when it regards sentiments and opinions. III. I shall carefully put in it all that may be termed the material part of my studies; how many hours I have worked, how many pages I have written or read, with a short notice of their contents. IV. I should be sorry to read without reflecting on my readings, giving correct judgments upon my authors, and carefully culling their ideas and expressions. But all reading does not alike furnish them. There are books to be skimmed over, and books to be read. My observations on those of the first class can only be short and detached. These will be proper for the Journal. Those on the second class will only enter it so far as they may come under the same character. V. My reflections on those few classic authors that are to be carefully meditated upon, will naturally be deeper, and more consecutive. For them, and for more lengthy and original dissertations, which reading or reflection may give rise to, I shall make a separate collection. I shall, nevertheless, preserve its connexion with the Journal by constant references, which will mark the number of each treatise, together with the time and occasion of its composition. Making use of these precautions, my Journal cannot but be useful to me. This exact account of my time will make me more justly appreciate its value; it will, by its minuteness, dissipate the illusion that we fall into of looking only at months and years, and neglecting hours and days. I say nothing of the pleasure of it. It is, however, a very great one to be able to review each epoch of one's life, and, whenever we please, to place ourselves in the midst of all the little scenes that we have formerly acted, or seen acted.

April 6, 1764.]—I was awakened by Pavilliard and H****, in order to put a stop to an unfortunate affair, which took place at the ball after we left. G****, who has for a long time paid his addresses to Miss ****, was grieved to see that **** threatened to supplant him. He replied to his rival's politeness only by rudeness; and, at last, on a dispute for Miss ****'s hand, he treated him in the worst possible manner, and called him, before every body, " a fool," &c. I understood from Pavilliard, that **** had sent him a challenge, and, that G****'s answer not having satisfied him, they were to have a meeting at five o'clock this evening. Being exceedingly vexed to see my friend engaged in an affair which could not but do him wrong, I hastened to the house of M. de Crousaz, where **** lived. I soon saw that it merely needed a very slight explanation, added to some sort of apology from G****, to appease him, and I went to the house of the latter with H****, to request him to give it. We convinced him that the acknowledgment of a real fault was never injurious to honour, and that his insult to the ladies, as well as to ****, was inexcusable. I dictated to him an appropriate note, but without the least meanness, which I carried to the Dutchman. He laid down his arms immediately, returned him the most polite answer, and thanked me a thousand times for the part I had acted. Indeed, he is by no means an untractable man. After dinner, I saw the ladies. to whom I took an apologizing note. The mother was willing to accept G****'s excuses; but Miss **** is afflicted at the injury this affair may do her with the world. This business has occupied me the whole day; but could it have been better employed than in saving the life, perhaps, of two persons, and in preserving a friend's reputation? Besides, I have seen deeply into more than one character. G**** is brave, true, and sensible, but has an impetuosity that is only the more dangerous for being ordinarily suppressed. C**** is as rude as a school-boy. De S**** has an indifference, which is much more attributable to a defect of sensibility than to an excess of reason. I have conceived a real friendship for H****. He has a high degree of rationality and honourable sentiments, with one of the best regulated hearts.

many more were employed in literary labour. In the country, Horace and Virgil, Juvenal and Ovid, were my assiduous companions: but, in town, I formed and executed a plan of study for the use of my transalpine expedition: the topography of old Rome, the ancient geography of Italy, and the science of medals. 1. I diligently read, almost always with my pen in my hand, the elaborate treatises of Nardini, Donatus, &c., which fill the fourth volume of the Roman Antiquities of Grævius. 2. I next undertook and finished the Italia Antiqua of Cluverius, a learned native of Prussia, who had measured, on foot, every spot, and has compiled and digested every passage of the ancient writers. These passages in Greek or Latin authors I perused in the text of Cluverius, in two folio volumes; but I separately read the descriptions of Italy by Strabo, Pliny, and Pomponius Mela, the Catalogues of the Epic poets, the Itineraries of Wesseling's Antoninus, and the coasting Voyage of Rutilius Numatianus; and I studied two kindred subjects in the Mesures Itinéraires of D'Anville, and the copious work of Bergier, Histoire des grands Chemins de l'Empire Romain. From these materials I formed a table of roads and distances reduced to our English measure; filled a folio common-place book with my collections and remarks on the geography of Italy, and inserted in my journal many long and learned notes on the insulæ and populousness of Rome, the social war, the passage of the Alps by Hannibal, &c. 3. After glancing my eye over Addison's agreeable dialogues, I more seriously read the great work of Ezechiel Spanheim de Præstantiâ et Usû Numismatum, and applied with him the medals of the kings and emperors, the families and colonies, to the illustration of ancient history. And thus was I armed for my Italian journey.*

* JOURNAL, Lausanne, April 17, 1764.]—Guise and myself gave an excellent dinner and plenty of wine to Dupleix and several others. After dinner, we made our escape to pay some visits to the ****, the ****, and the ****. I leave with some regret: but a little wine, and a cheerfulness that I could not account for, gave me an unparalleled impudence with these little lasses. I said a hundred nonsensical things to them, and we embraced each other with a laugh. Mesery gave us a very prime supper, with some of the morning's company, increased by the addition of Bourgeois and Pavilliard. This supper, the adieux to Pavilliard especially, (whom I sincerely love,) and the preparations for departure, occupied me till two in the morning. I leave Lausanne with less regret than at the first time. I now only leave acquaintances there. Then, it was the loss of the mistress and the friend that I deplored. Formerly, I saw Lausanne with the inexperienced eyes of a youth, who owed to it the rational part of his existence, and who judged without comparison of objects. Now, I see in it an ill-built town, in the midst of a delightful country, which enjoys peace and repose, and takes them to be liberty; a numerous and well-educated population, who are fond of society, and judicious in the conduct of it, and who admit strangers into their circles, which would be much more agreeable if conversation had not given place to play. The women are pretty, and notwithstanding their extensive liberty, are very prudent. At the farthest, they can only be a little complaisant in the innocent but uncertain hope of entangling a stranger in their nets. Affectation is the original sin of the Lausannese; affectation of magnificence, nobility, and talent; the two first are very common, while the latter is extremely rare. As this vice is constantly clashing with the same quality in others, Lausanne is divided into a great number of states, whose principles and language are infinitely varied, and which have nothing in common but their reciprocal hatred for each other. Their taste for expense accords but badly with that for nobility. They would perish sooner than renounce their grandeur, or embrace the only profession that would support them.

I shall advance with rapid brevity in the narrative of this tour, in which somewhat more than a year (April, 1764—May, 1765) was agreeably employed. Content with tracing my line of march, and slightly touching on my personal feelings, I shall wave the minute investigation of the scenes which have been viewed by thousands, and described by hundreds, of our modern travellers. Rome is the great object of our pilgrimage: and 1st, the journey; 2d, the residence; and 3d, the return, will form the most proper and conspicuous division. 1. I climbed Mount Cenis, and descended into the plain of Piedmont, not on the back of an elephant, but on a light osier seat, in the hands of the dexterous and intrepid chairmen of the Alps. The architecture and government of Turin presented the same aspect of tame and tiresome uniformity: but the court was regulated with decent and splendid economy; and I was introduced to his Sardinian Majesty,* Charles Emanuel, who, after the incomparable Frederic, held the second rank (proximus longo tamen intervallo) among the kings of Europe. The size and populousness of Milan could not surprise an inhabitant of London: but the fancy is amused by a visit to the Borromean islands, an enchanted palace, a work of the fairies in the midst of a lake encompassed with mountains, and far removed from the haunts of men. I was less amused by the marble palaces of Genoa than by the recent memorials of her deliverance (in December, 1746) from the Austrian tyranny; and I took a military survey of every scene of action within the enclosure of her double walls. My steps were detained at Parma and Modena, by the precious relics of the Farnese and Este collections: but, alas! the far greater part had been already transported, by inheritance or purchase, to Naples and Dresden. By the road of Bologna and the Apennines I at last reached Florence, where I reposed from June to September, during the heat of the summer months. In the Gallery, and especially in the Tribune, I first acknowledged, at the feet of the Venus of Medicis, that the chisel may dispute the pre-eminence with the pencil, a truth in the fine arts which cannot on this side of the Alps be felt or understood. At home I had taken some lessons of Italian: on the spot I read with a learned native, the classics of the Tuscan idiom: but the shortness of my time, and the use of the French language, prevented my acquiring any facility of speaking; and I was a silent spectator in the conversations of our envoy, Sir Horace Mann, whose most serious business was that of entertaining the English at his hospitable table.* After leaving Florence, I compared the solitude

M. Mesery's is a delightful house; the open and generous character of the husband, the engaging qualities of the wife, a charming situation, excellent cheer, the company of his fellow-countrymen, and an unrestrained freedom, make every English love the dwelling. Oh, that I could find a similar one in London! I regret leaving Holroyd, who is, however, following us close.

* See Letter, No. XVIII.

† JOURNAL, Florence, August 9, 1764.]—Cocchi dined with us. We chatted a good deal, but I did not find in him the genius that is attributed to him; perhaps because *our minds are not* analogous. I can perceive extravagance in his ideas, and affectation *in his manners*. *He is* every moment complaining of his poverty. He knows but little

of Pisa with the industry of Lucca and Leghorn, and continued my journey through Sienna to Rome, where I arrived in the beginning of October. 2. My temper is not very susceptible of enthusiasm; and the enthusiasm which I do not feel, I have ever scorned to affect. But, at the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the *eternal city*. After a sleepless night, I trod, with a lofty step, the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus *stood*, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye; and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation. My guide was Mr. Byers, a Scotch antiquary of experience and taste; but, in the daily labour of eighteen weeks, the powers of attention were sometimes fatigued, till I was myself qualified, in a last review, to select and study the capital works of ancient and modern art. Six weeks were borrowed for my tour of Naples, the most populous of cities, relative to its size; whose luxurious inhabitants seem to dwell on the confines of paradise and hell-fire. I was presented to the boy-king by our new envoy, Sir William Hamilton; who, wisely diverting his correspondence from the Secretary of State to the Royal Society and British Museum, has elucidated a country of such inestimable value to the naturalist and antiquarian. On my return, I fondly embraced, for the last time, the miracles of Rome; but I departed without kissing the feet of Rezzonico (Clement XIII.), who neither possessed the wit of his predecessor Lambertini, nor the virtues of his successor Ganganelli. 3. In my pilgrimage from Rome to Loretto, I again crossed the Apennine; from the coast of the Adriatic I traversed a fruitful and populous country, which could alone disprove the paradox of Montesquieu, that modern Italy is a desert. Without adopting the exclusive prejudice of the natives, I sincerely admire the paintings of the Bologna school. I hastened to escape from the sad solitude of Ferrara, which in the age of Cæsar was still more desolate. The spectacle of Venice afforded some hours of astonishment; the university of Padua is a dying taper: but Verona still boasts her amphitheatre, and his native Vicenza is adorned by the classic architecture of Palladio: the road of Lombardy and Piedmont (did Montesquieu find them without inhabitants?) led me back to Milan, Turin, and the passage of Mount Cenis, where I again crossed the Alps in my way to Lyons.

The use of foreign travel has been often debated as a general question; but the conclusion must be finally applied to the character and circumstances of each individual. With the education of boys, *where* or *how* they may pass over some juvenile years with the least mischief to themselves or others, I have no concern. But after supposing the previous and indispensable requisites of age, judgment, a competent knowledge of men and books, and a freedom from

of the true dignity of a man of letters. If his knowledge is extensive, it is inclined towards physics. He asked me if Lord Spenser could not make bishops, and told me a story about Lord Lyttleton (whose son he cannot bear) while we were talking about country parliaments.

domestic prejudices, I will briefly describe the qualifications whi deem most essential to a traveller. He should be endowed witl active, indefatigable vigour of mind and body, which can seize e mode of conveyance, and support, with a careless smile, every h ship of the road, the weather, or the inn. The benefits of for travel will correspond with the degrees of these qualifications: in this sketch, those to whom I am known will not accuse m framing my own panegyric. It was at Rome, on the 15th of Octc 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupit that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first sta to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to decay of the city rather than of the empire: and, though my r ing and reflections began to point towards that object, some y elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was serio engaged in the execution of that laborious work.

I had not totally renounced the southern provinces of France, the letters which I found at Lyons were expressive of some in tience. Rome and Italy had satiated my curious appetite, a was now ready to return to the peaceful retreat of my family books. After a happy fortnight I reluctantly left Paris, embar at Calais, again landed at Dover, after an interval of two years five months, and hastily drove through the summer dust and soli of London. On the 25th of June, 1765, I arrived at my fath house: and the five years and a half between my travels and father's death (1770) are the portion of my life which I passed the least enjoyment, and which I remember with the least satis tion. Every spring I attended the monthly meeting and exer of the militia at Southampton; and by the resignation of my fat and the death of Sir Thomas Worsley, I was successively prom to the rank of major and lieutenant-colonel commandant: bu was each year more disgusted with the inn, the wine, the comp and the tiresome repetition of annual attendance and daily exer At home, the economy of the family and farm still maintained same creditable appearance. My connexion with Mrs. Gibbon mellowed into a warm and solid attachment: my growing y abolished the distance that might yet remain between a parent a son, and my behaviour satisfied my father, who was proud of success, however imperfect in his own life-time, of my lite talents. Our solitude was soon and often enlivened by the vi the friend of my youth, Mr. Deyverdun, whose absence from sanne I had sincerely lamented. About three years after my departure, he had emigrated from his native lake to the ban the Oder in Germany. The *res angusta domi*, the waste of a d patrimony, by an improvident father, obliged him, like many countrymen, to confide in his own industry; and he was ent with the education of a young prince, the grandson of the Mar of Schavedt, of the royal family of Prussia. Our friendship was *cooled,* our correspondence was sometimes interrupted; but I r

* Now the church of the Zoccolants, or Franciscan Friars.

wished than hoped to obtain Mr. Deyverdun for the companion of my Italian tour. An unhappy, though honourable passion, drove him from his German court; and the attractions of hope and curiosity were fortified by the expectation of my speedy return to England. During four successive summers he passed several weeks or months at Beriton, and our free conversations, on every topic that could interest the heart or understanding, would have reconciled me to a desert or a prison. In the winter months of London my sphere of knowledge and action were somewhat enlarged, by the many new acquaintance which I had contracted in the militia and abroad; and I must regret, as more than an acquaintance, Mr. Godfrey Clarke of Derbyshire, an amiable and worthy young man, who was snatched away by an untimely death. A weekly convivial meeting was established by myself and travellers, under the name of the Roman Club.*

The renewal, or perhaps the improvement, of my English life was embittered by the alteration of my own feelings. At the age of twenty-one I was, in my proper station of a youth, delivered from the yoke of education, and delighted with the comparative state of liberty and affluence. My filial obedience was natural and easy; and in the gay prospect of futurity, my ambition did not extend beyond the enjoyment of my books, my leisure, and my patrimonial estate, undisturbed by the cares of a family and the duties of a profession. But in the militia I was armed with power; in my travels, I was exempt from control; and as I approached, as I gradually passed my thirtieth year, I began to feel the desire of being master in my own house. The most gentle authority will sometimes frown without reason, the most cheerful submission will sometimes murmur without cause: and such is the law of our imperfect nature, that we must either command or obey; that our personal liberty is supported by the obsequiousness of our own dependants. While so many of my acquaintance were married or in parliament, or advancing with a rapid step in the various roads of honour and fortune, I stood alone, immovable and insignificant; for after the monthly meeting of 1770, I had even withdrawn myself from the militia, by the resignation of an empty and barren commission. My temper is not susceptible of envy, and the view of successful merit has always excited my warmest applause. The miseries of a vacant life were never known to a man whose hours were insufficient for the inexhaustible pleasures of study. But I lamented that at the proper age I had not embraced the lucrative pursuits of the law or of trade, the chances of civil office or India adventure, or even the fat slumbers of the church; and my repentance became more lively as the loss of time was more irretrievable. Experience showed me the use of grafting my private consequence on the importance of a great professional

* The members were Lord Mountstuart (now Earl of Bute), Colonel Edmonstone, Weddal, Palgrave, Lord Berkley, Godfrey Clarke, Holroyd (Lord Sheffield), Major Bailey, Sir William Guise, Sir John Aubrey, Lord Abingdon, Hon. Peregrine Bertie, Cleaver, Hon. John Damer, Hon. George Damer (Lord Milton), Sir Thomas Gascoyne, Sir John Hort, E. Gibbon.

body; the benefits of those firm connexions which are cemented by hope and interest, by gratitude and emulation, by the mutual exchange of services and favours. From the emoluments of a profession I might have derived an ample fortune, or a competent income instead of being stinted to the same narrow allowance, to be increased only by an event which I sincerely deprecated. The progress and the knowledge of our domestic disorders aggravated my anxiety and I began to apprehend that I might be left in my old age without the fruits either of industry or inheritance.

In the first summer after my return, whilst I enjoyed at Beriton the society of my friend Deyverdun, our daily conversation expatiated over the field of ancient and modern literature; and we freely discussed my studies, my first essay, and my future projects. The Decline and Fall of Rome I still contemplated at an awful distance: but the two historical designs which had balanced my choice were submitted to his taste; and in the parallel between the Revolutions of Florence and Switzerland, our common partiality for a country which was *his* by birth, and *mine* by adoption, inclined the scale in favour of the latter. According to the plan, which was soon conceived and digested, I embraced a period of two hundred years, from the association of the three peasants of the Alps to the plenitude and prosperity of the Helvetic body in the sixteenth century. I should have described the deliverance and victory of the Swiss, who have never shed the blood of their tyrants but in the field of battle; the laws and manners of the confederate states; the splendid trophies of the Austrian, Burgundian, and Italian wars; and the wisdom of a nation, who, after some sallies of martial adventure, has been content to guard the blessings of peace with the sword of freedom.

> ——— Manus hæc inimica tyrannis
> Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.

My judgment, as well as my enthusiasm, was satisfied with the glorious theme; and the assistance of Deyverdun seemed to remove an insuperable obstacle. The French or Latin memorials, of which I was not ignorant, are inconsiderable in number and weight; but the perfect acquaintance of my friend with the German language, found the key of a more valuable collection. The most necessary books were procured; he translated, for my use, the folio volume of Schilling, a copious and contemporary relation of the war of Burgundy; we read and marked the most interesting parts of the great chronicle of Tschudi; and by his labour, or that of an inferior assistant, large extracts were made from the History of Lauffer, and the Dictionary of Lew; yet such was the distance and delay, that two years elapsed in these preparatory steps; and it was late in the third summer (1767) before I entered, with these slender materials, on the more agreeable task of composition. A specimen of the history, the first book, was read the following winter in a literary *society of* foreigners in London; and as the author was unknown *listened, without* observation, to the free strictures and unfavour-

able sentence of my judges.* The momentary sensation was painful; but their condemnation was ratified by my cooler thoughts. I delivered my imperfect sheets to the flames,† and for ever renounced a design in which some expense, much labour, and more time, had been so vainly consumed. I cannot regret the loss of a slight and superficial essay; for such the work must have been in the hands of a stranger, uninformed by the scholars and statesmen, and remote from the libraries and archives of the Swiss republics. My ancient habits, and the presence of Deyverdun, encouraged me to write in French for the Continent of Europe; but I was conscious myself that my style, above prose and below poetry, degenerated into a verbose and turgid declamation. Perhaps I may impute the failure to an injudicious choice of a foreign language. Perhaps I may suspect that the language itself is ill adapted to sustain the vigour and dignity of an important narrative. But if France, so rich in literary merit, had produced a great original historian, his genius would have formed and fixed the idiom to the proper tone, the peculiar mode of historical eloquence.

It was in search of some liberal and lucrative employment that my friend Deyverdun had visited England. His remittances from home were scanty and precarious. My purse was always open, but it was often empty; and I bitterly felt the want of riches and power, which might have enabled me to correct the errors of his fortune. His wishes and qualifications solicited the station of the travelling governor of some wealthy pupil; but every vacancy provoked so many eager candidates, that for a long time I struggled without success; nor was it till after much application that I could even place him as

* Mr. Hume seems to have had a different opinion of this work.

From Mr. Hume to Mr. Gibbon.

"Sir,—It is but a few days ago since Mr. Deyverdun put your manuscript into my hands, and I have perused it with great pleasure and satisfaction. I have only one objection, derived from the language in which it is written. Why do you compose in French, and carry faggots into the wood, as Horace says with regard to Romans who wrote in Greek? I grant that you have a like motive to those Romans, and adopt a language much more generally diffused than your native tongue; but have you not remarked the fate of those two ancient languages in following ages? The Latin, though then less celebrated, and confined to more narrow limits, has in some measure outlived the Greek, and is now more generally understood by men of letters. Let the French, therefore, triumph in the present diffusion of their tongue. Our solid and increasing establishments in America, where we need less dread the inundation of barbarians, promise a superior stability and duration to the English language.

"Your use of the French tongue has also led you into a style more poetical and figurative, and more highly coloured, than our language seems to admit of in historical productions; for such is the practice of French writers, particularly the more recent ones, who illuminate their pictures more than custom will permit us. On the whole, your history, in my opinion, is written with spirit and judgment; and I exhort you very earnestly to continue it. The objections that occurred to me on reading it, were so frivolous, that I shall not trouble you with them, and should, I believe, have a difficulty to recollect them. I am, with great esteem, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, (Signed) DAVID HUME."

"London, 24th of Oct. 1767.

† He neglected to burn them. He left at Sheffield-place the introduction, or first book, in forty-three pages folio, written in a very small hand, besides a considerable number of notes. If Mr. Gibbon had not declared his judgment, perhaps Mr. Hume's opinion, expressed in the letter in the last note, might have justified the publication of it.—S.

a clerk in the office of the secretary of state. In a residence of several years he never acquired the just pronunciation and familiar use of the English tongue, but he read our most difficult authors with ease and taste: his critical knowledge of our language and poetry was such as few foreigners have possessed; and few of our countrymen could enjoy the theatre of Shakespeare and Garrick with more exquisite feeling and discernment. The consciousness of his own strength, and the assurance of my aid, emboldened him to imitate the example of Dr. Maty, whose Journal Britannique was esteemed and regretted; and to improve his model, by uniting with the transactions of literature a philosophic view of the arts and manners of the British nation. Our journal for the year 1767, under the title of Mémoires Littéraires de la Grande Bretagne, was soon finished and sent to the press. For the first article, Lord Lyttleton's History of Henry II., I must own myself responsible; but the public has ratified my judgment of that voluminous work, in which sense and learning are not illuminated by a ray of genius. The next specimen was the choice of my friend, the Bath Guide, a light and whimsical performance, of local, and even verbal, pleasantry. I started at the attempt: he smiled at my fears: his courage was justified by success; and a master of both languages will applaud the curious felicity with which he has transfused into French prose the spirit, and even the humour, of the English verse. It is not my wish to deny how deeply I was interested in these Memoirs, of which I need not surely be ashamed; but at the distance of more than twenty years, it would be impossible for me to ascertain the respective shares of the two associates. A long and intimate communication of ideas had cast our sentiments and style in the same mould. In our social labours we composed and corrected by turns; and the praise which I might honestly bestow would fall perhaps upon some article or passage most properly my own. A second volume (for the year 1768) was published of these Memoirs. I will presume to say, that their merit was superior to their reputation; but it is not less true, that they were productive of more reputation than emolument. They introduced my friend to the protection, and myself to the acquaintance, of the Earl of Chesterfield, whose age and infirmities secluded him from the world; of Mr. David Hume, who was under secretary to the office in which Deyverdun was more humbly employed. The former accepted a dedication (April 12th, 1769.) and reserved the author for the future education of his successor; the latter enriched the journal with a reply to Mr. Walpole's Historical Doubts, which he afterwards shaped into the form of a note. The materials of the third volume were almost completed, when I recommended Deyverdun as governor to Sir Richard Worsley, a youth, the son of my old lieutenant-colonel, who was lately deceased. They set forwards on their travels; nor did they return to England till some time after my father's death.

My next publication was an accidental sally of love and resentment; of my reverence for modest genius, and my aversion for insolent pedantry. The sixth book of the Æneid is the most pleas-

ing and perfect composition of Latin poetry. The descent of Æneas and the Sybil to the infernal regions, to the world of spirits, expands an awful and boundless prospect, from the nocturnal gloom of the Cumæan grot,

Ibant obscuri solâ sub nocte per umbram,

to the meridian brightness of the Elysian fields;

Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo ———

from the dreams of simple nature, to the dreams, alas! of Egyptian theology, and the philosophy of the Greeks. But the final dismission of the hero through the ivory gate, whence

Falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes,

seems to dissolve the whole enchantment, and leaves the reader in a state of cold and anxious scepticism. This most lame and impotent conclusion has been variously imputed to the taste or irreligion of Virgil; but, according to the more elaborate interpretation of Bishop Warburton, the descent to hell is not a false but a mimic scene; which represents the initiation of Æneas, in the character of a lawgiver, to the Eleusinian mysteries. This hypothesis, a singular chapter in the Divine Legation of Moses, had been admitted by many as true; it was praised by all as ingenious; nor had it been exposed, in a space of thirty years, to a fair and critical discussion. The learning and the abilities of the author had raised him to a just eminence; but he reigned the dictator and tyrant of the world of literature. The real merit of Warburton was degraded by the pride and presumption with which he pronounced his infallible decrees; in his polemic writings he lashed his antagonists without mercy or moderation; and his servile flatterers, (see the base and malignant Essay on the Delicacy of Friendship,) exalting the master critic far above Aristotle and Longinus, assaulted every modest dissenter who refused to consult the oracle, and to adore the idol. In a land of liberty, such despotism must provoke a general opposition, and the zeal of opposition is seldom candid or impartial. A late professor of Oxford (Dr. Lowth), in a pointed and polished epistle, (August 31st, 1765,) defended himself, and attacked the bishop; and, whatsoever might be the merits of an insignificant controversy, his victory was clearly established by the silent confusion of Warburton and his slaves. I, too, without any private offence, was ambitious of breaking a lance against the giant's shield; and in the beginning of the year 1770, my Critical Observations on the Sixth Book of the Æneid were sent, without my name, to the press. In this short essay, my first English publication, I aimed my strokes against the person and the hypothesis of Bishop Warburton. I proved, at least to my own satisfaction, *that* the ancient lawgivers did not invent the mysteries, and *that* Æneas was never invested with the office of lawgiver; *that* there is not any argument, any circumstance, which can melt a fable into allegory, or remove the scene from the Lake Avernus to the Temple of Ceres: *that* such a wild supposition is equally *injurious to the poet and the man*; *that* if Virgil was not initi-

ated he could not, if he were he would not, reveal the secrets of the initiation: *that* the anathema of Horace ("vetabo qui Cereris sacrum vulgarit," &c.) at once attests his own ignorance and the innocence of his friend. As the Bishop of Gloucester and his party maintained a discreet silence, my critical disquisition was soon lost among the pamphlets of the day; but the public coldness was overbalanced to my feelings by the weighty approbation of the last and best editor of Virgil, Professor Heyne, of Gottingen, who acquiesces in my confutation, and styles the unknown author, "doctus .... et elegantissimus Britannus." But I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the favourable judgment of Mr. Hayley, himself a poet and a scholar: "An intricate hypothesis, twisted into a long and laboured chain of quotation and argument, the Dissertation on the Sixth Book of Virgil remained some time unrefuted..... At length, a superior, but anonymous, critic arose, who, in one of the most judicious and spirited essays that our nation has produced, on a point of classical literature, completely overturned this ill-founded edifice, and exposed the arrogance and futility of its assuming architect." He even condescends to justify an acrimony of style, which had been gently blamed by the more unbiassed German; "Paullo acrius quam velis .... perstrinxit."* But I cannot forgive myself the contemptuous treatment of a man who, with all his faults, was entitled to my esteem;† and I can less forgive, in a personal attack, the cowardly concealment of my name and character.

In the fifteen years between my Essay on the Study of Literature and the first volume of the Decline and Fall, (1761—1776,) this criticism on Warburton, and some articles in the journal, were my sole publications. It is more especially incumbent on me to mark the employment, or to confess the waste of time, from my travels to my father's death, an interval in which I was not diverted by any professional duties from the labours and pleasures of a studious life. 1. As soon as I was released from the fruitless task of the Swiss revolutions, (1768,) I began gradually to advance from the wish to the hope, from the hope to the design, from the design to the execution, of my historical work, of whose limits and extent I had yet a very inadequate notion. The classics, as low as Tacitus, the younger Pliny, and Juvenal, were my old and familiar companions. I insensibly plunged into the ocean of the Augustan history; and in the descending series I investigated, with my pen almost always in my hand, the original records, both Greek and Latin, from Dion Cassius to Ammianus Marcellinus, from the reign of Trajan to the

* The editor of the Warburtonian tracts, Dr. Parr (p. 192), considers the allegorical interpretation "as completely refuted in a most clear, elegant, and decisive work of criticism; which could not, indeed, derive authority from the greatest name; but to which the greatest name might with propriety have been affixed."

† The Divine Legation of Moses is a monument, already crumbling in the dust, of the vigour and weakness of the human mind. If Warburton's new argument proved a thing, it would be a demonstration against the legislator, who left his people without knowledge of a future state. But some episodes of the work, on the Greek philosophy, *the hieroglyphics of Egypt*, &c. are entitled to the praise of learning, imagination, and *discernment*.

last age of the Western Cæsars. The subsidiary rays of medals and inscriptions, of geography and chronology, were thrown on their proper objects; and I applied the collections of Tillemont, whose inimitable accuracy almost assumes the character of genius, to fix and arrange within my reach the loose and scattered atoms of historical information. Through the darkness of the middle ages I explored my way in the Annals and Antiquities of Italy of the learned Muratori; and diligently compared them with the parallel or transverse lines of Sigonius and Maffei, Baronius and Pagi, till I almost grasped the ruins of Rome in the fourteenth century, without suspecting that this final chapter must be attained by the labour of six quartos and twenty years. Among the books which I purchased, the Theodosian Code, with the commentary of James Godefroy, must be gratefully remembered. I used it (and much I used it) as a work of history, rather than of jurisprudence: but in every light it may be considered as a full and capacious repository of the political state of the empire in the fourth and fifth centuries. As I believed, and as I still believe, that the propagation of the Gospel and the triumph of the church are inseparably connected with the decline of the Roman monarchy, I weighed the causes and effects of the revolution, and contrasted the narratives and apologies of the Christians themselves, with the glances of candour or enmity which the Pagans have cast on the rising sects. The Jewish and Heathen testimonies, as they are collected and illustrated by Dr. Lardner, directed, without superseding, my search of the originals; and in an ample dissertation on the miraculous darkness of the passion, I privately drew my conclusions from the silence of an unbelieving age. I have assembled the preparatory studies, directly or indirectly relative to my history; but in strict equity, they must be spread beyond this period of my life, over the two summers (1771 and 1772) that elapsed between my father's death and my settlement in London.

2. In a free conversation with books and men, it would be endless to enumerate the names and characters of all who are introduced to our acquaintance: but in this general acquaintance we may select the degrees of friendship and esteem. According to the wise maxim, "Multum legere potius quam multa," I reviewed, again and again, the immortal works of the French and English, the Latin and Italian classics. My Greek studies (though less assiduous than I designed) maintained and extended my knowledge of that incomparable idiom. Homer and Xenophon were still my favourite authors; and I had almost prepared for the press an Essay on the Cyropædia, which, in my own judgment, is not unhappily laboured. After a certain age, the new publications of merit are the sole food of the many; and the most austere student will be often tempted to break the line, for the sake of indulging his own curiosity, and of providing the topics of fashionable currency. A more respectable motive may be assigned for the third perusal of Blackstone's Commentaries, and a copious and critical abstract of that English work was my first serious production in my native language. 3. My literary leisure was much less complete and independent than it might appear to the eye

of a stranger. In the hurry of London I was destitute of books; in the solitude of Hampshire I was not master of my time. My quiet was gradually disturbed by our domestic anxiety, and I should be ashamed of my unfeeling philosophy, had I found much time or taste for study in the last fatal summer (1770) of my father's decay and dissolution.

The disembodying of the militia at the close of the war (1763) had restored the Major (a new Cincinnatus) to a life of agriculture. His labours were useful, his pleasures innocent, his wishes moderate; and my father *seemed* to enjoy the state of happiness which is celebrated by poets and philosophers, as the most agreeable to nature, and the least accessible to fortune.

> Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis
> (Ut prisca gens mortalium)
> Paterna rura bubus exercet suis,
> Solutus omni fœnore.* *Hor. Epod.* ii.

But the last indispensable condition, the freedom from debt, was wanting to my father's felicity; and the vanities of his youth were severely punished by the solicitude and sorrow of his declining age. The first mortgage, on my return from Lausanne (1758), had afforded him a partial and transient relief. The annual demand of interest and allowance was a heavy deduction from his income; the militia was a source of expense, the farm in his hands was not a profitable adventure, he was loaded with the costs and damages of an obsolete lawsuit; and each year multiplied the number and exhausted the patience of his creditors. Under these painful circumstances I consented to an additional mortgage, to the sale of Putney, and to every sacrifice that could alleviate his distress. But he was no longer capable of a rational effort, and his reluctant delays postponed not the evils themselves, but the remedies of those evils ("remedia malorum potius quam mala differebat"). The pangs of shame, tenderness, and self-reproach, incessantly preyed on his vitals; his constitution was broken; he lost his strength and his sight; the rapid progress of a dropsy admonished him of his end; and he sunk into the grave on the 10th of November, 1770, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. A family tradition insinuates that Mr. William Law had drawn his pupil in the light and inconstant character of Flatus, who is ever confident and ever disappointed in the chase of happiness. But these constitutional failings were happily compensated by the virtues of the head and heart, by the warmest sentiments of honour and humanity. His graceful person, polite address, gentle manners, and unaffected cheerfulness, recommended him to the favour of every company; and in the change of times and opinions, his liberal spirit had long since delivered him from the zeal and prejudice of a Tory education. I submitted to the order of Nature; and my grief was soothed by the conscious satisfaction that I had discharged all the duties of filial piety.

* Like the first mortals, blest is he,
From debts, and usury, and business free,
With his own team who ploughs the soil,
Which grateful once confess'd his father's toil. Francis.

As soon as I had paid the last solemn duties to my father, and obtained, from time and reason, a tolerable composure of mind, I began to form the plan of an independent life, most adapted to my circumstances and inclination. Yet so intricate was the net, my efforts were so awkward and feeble, that nearly two years (November, 1770—October, 1772) were suffered to elapse before I could disentangle myself from the management of the farm, and transfer my residence from Beriton to a house in London. During this interval I continued to divide my year between town and the country; but my new situation was brightened by hope; my stay in London was prolonged into the summer; and the uniformity of the summer was occasionally broken by visits and excursions at a distance from home. The gratification of my desires (they were not immoderate) has been seldom disappointed by the want of money or credit; my pride was never insulted by the visit of an importunate tradesman; and my transient anxiety for the past or future has been dispelled by the studious or social occupation of the present hour. My conscience does not accuse me of any act of extravagance or injustice, and the remnant of my estate affords an ample and honourable provision for my declining age. I shall not expatiate on my economical affairs, which cannot be instructive or amusing to the reader. It is a rule of prudence, as well as of politeness, to reserve such confidence for the ear of a private friend, without exposing our situation to the envy or pity of strangers; for envy is productive of hatred, and pity borders too nearly on contempt. Yet I may believe, and even assert, that in circumstances more indigent or more wealthy, I should never have accomplished the task, or acquired the fame, of an historian; that my spirit would have been broken by poverty and contempt, and that my industry might have been relaxed in the labour and luxury of a superfluous fortune.

I had now attained the first of earthly blessings, independence: I was the absolute master of my hours and actions: nor was I deceived in the hope that the establishment of my library in town would allow me to divide the day between study and society. Each year the circle of my acquaintance, the number of my dead and living companions, was enlarged. To a lover of books, the shops and sales of London present irresistible temptations; and the manufacture of my history required a various and growing stock of materials. The militia, my travels, the House of Commons, the fame of an author, contributed to multiply my connexions: I was chosen a member of the fashionable clubs; and, before I left England in 1783, there were few persons of any eminence in the literary or political world to whom I was a stranger.* It would most assuredly

* From the mixed, though polite, company of Boodle's, White's, and Brookes's, I must honourably distinguish a weekly society which was instituted in the year 1764, and which still continues to flourish, under the title of the Literary Club. (Hawkins's Life of Johnson, p. 415. Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides, p. 97.) The names of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Mr. Topham Beauclerc, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Colman, Sir William Jones, Dr. Percy, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Adam Smith, Mr *Steevens, Mr. Dunning,* Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Warton, and his *brother, Mr. Thomas Warton, Dr. Burney,* &c., form a large and luminous constellation *of British stars.*

be in my power to amuse the reader with a gallery of portraits and a collection of anecdotes. But I have always condemned the practice of transforming a private memorial into a vehicle of satire or praise. By my own choice I passed in town the greatest part of the year; but whenever I was desirous of breathing the air of the country, I possessed an hospitable retreat at Sheffield-place in Sussex, in the family of my valuable friend Mr. Holroyd, whose character, under the name of Lord Sheffield, has since been more conspicuous to the public.

No sooner was I settled in my house and library, than I undertook the composition of the first volume of my history. At the outset all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true æra of the decline and fall of the empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and easy pace; but the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters have been reduced, by three successive revisals, from a large volume to their present size; and they might still be compressed, without any loss of facts or sentiments. An opposite fault may be imputed to the concise and superficial narrative of the first reigns from Commodus to Alexander; a fault of which I have never heard, except from Mr. Hume in his last journey to London. Such an oracle might have been consulted and obeyed with rational devotion; but I was soon disgusted with the modest practice of reading the manuscript to my friends. Of such friends some will praise from politeness, and some will criticise from vanity. The author himself is the best judge of his own performance; no one has so deeply meditated on the subject; no one is so sincerely interested in the event.

By the friendship of Mr. (now Lord) Eliot, who had married my first cousin, I was returned at the general election for the borough of Liskeard. I took my seat at the beginning of the memorable contest between Great Britain and America, and supported, with many a sincere and silent vote, the rights, though not, perhaps, the interest, of the mother country. After a fleeting illusive hope, prudence condemned me to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute. I was not armed by nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice.

Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice.* But I assisted at the debates of a

* A French sketch of Mr. Gibbon's Life, written by himself, probably for the use of some foreign journalist or translator, contains no fact not mentioned in his English Life.

regularly; I listened to the attack and defence of eloquence [illegible]; I had a near prospect of the characters, views, passions of the first men of the age. The cause of government was ably vindicated by Lord North, a statesman of spotless purity, a consummate master of debate, who could wield, with equal dexterity, the arms of reason and of ridicule. He was seated on the treasury bench, between his attorney and solicitor general, the two pillars of the law and state, "magis pares quam similes;" and the minister might indulge in a short slumber, whilst he was upheld on either hand by the majestic sense of Thurlow, and the skilful eloquence of Wedderburne. From the adverse side of the house an ardent and powerful opposition was supported, by the lively declamation of Barré, the legal acuteness of Dunning, the profuse and philosophic fancy of Burke, and the argumentative eloquence of Fox, who in the conduct of a party approved himself equal to the conduct of an empire. By such men every operation of peace and war, every principle of justice or policy, every question of authority and freedom, was attacked and defended; and the object of the momentous contest was the union or separation of Great Britain and America. The eight sessions that I sat in parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian.

The volume of my history, which had been somewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a first session, was now ready for the press. After the perilous adventure had been declined by my friend Mr. Elmsly, I agreed, upon easy terms, with Mr. Thomas Cadell, a respectable bookseller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer; and they undertook the care and risk of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the shop than from that of the author. The last revisal of the proofs was submitted to my vigilance; and many blemishes of style, which had been invisible in the manuscript, were discovered and corrected in the printed sheet. So moderate were our hopes, that the original impression had been limited to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taste of Mr. Strahan. During this awful interval I was neither elated by the ambition of fame, nor depressed by the apprehension of contempt. My diligence and accuracy were attested by my own conscience. History is the most popular species of writing, since it can adapt itself to the highest or the lowest capacity. I had chosen an illustrious subject. Rome is familiar to the schoolboy and the statesman; and my narrative was deduced from the last period of classical reading. I had likewise flattered myself, that an age of light and liberty would receive, without scandal, an inquiry into the human *causes* of the progress and establishment of Christianity.

He there describes himself with his usual candour. For the last eight years he has assisted at the most important deliberations, but he never found in himself either courage or talent sufficient to speak in a public assembly. This sketch was written before the publication of his three last volumes, as in closing it he says of his history—this enterprise still requires from him several years of continued application; but whatever may be its success, *he finds in this very application a pleasure* ever varied and ever new.

I am at a loss how to describe the success of the work, without betraying the vanity of the writer. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table and almost on every toilette; the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day; nor was the general voice disturbed by the barking of any *profane* critic. The favour of mankind is most freely bestowed on a new acquaintance of any original merit; and the mutual surprise of the public and their favourite is productive of those warm sensibilities, which at a second meeting can no longer be rekindled. If I listened to the music of praise, I was more seriously satisfied with the approbation of my judges. The candour of Dr. Robertson embraced his disciple. A letter from Mr. Hume overpaid the labour of ten years; but I have never presumed to accept a place in the triumvirate of British historians.

That curious and original letter will amuse the reader, and his gratitude should shield my free communication from the reproach of vanity.

"*Edinburgh*, 18*th March*, 1776.

"Dear Sir,—As I ran through your volume of history with great avidity and impatience, I cannot forbear discovering somewhat of the same impatience in returning you thanks for your agreeable present, and expressing the satisfaction which the performance has given me. Whether I consider the dignity of your style, the depth of your matter, or the extensiveness of your learning, I must regard the work as equally the object of esteem; and I own that if I had not previously had the happiness of your personal acquaintance, such a performance from an Englishman in our age would have given me some surprise. You may smile at this sentiment; but as it seems to me that your countrymen, for almost a whole generation, have given themselves up to barbarous and absurd faction, and have totally neglected all polite letters, I no longer expected any valuable production ever to come from them. I know it will give you pleasure, as it did me, to find that all the men of letters in this place concur in their admiration of your work, and in their anxious desire of your continuing it.

"When I heard of your undertaking, which was some time ago, I own I was a little curious to see how you would extricate yourself from the subject of your two last chapters. I think you have observed a very prudent temperament; but it was impossible to treat the subject so as not to give grounds of suspicion against you, and you may expect that a clamour will arise. This, if any thing, will retard your success with the public; for in every other respect your work is calculated to be popular. But among many other marks of decline, the prevalence of superstition in England prognosticates the fall of philosophy and decay of taste; and though nobody be more capable than you to revive them, you will probably find a struggle *in your* first advances.

"*I see you entertain* a great doubt with regard to the authenticity

of the poems of Ossian. You are certainly right in so doing. It is indeed strange that any men of sense could have imagined it possible, that above twenty thousand verses, along with numberless historical facts, could have been preserved by oral tradition during fifty generations, by the rudest, perhaps, of all the European nations, the most necessitous, the most turbulent, and the most unsettled. Where a supposition is so contrary to common sense, any positive evidence of it ought never to be regarded. Men run with great avidity to give their evidence in favour of what flatters their passions and their national prejudices. You are therefore over and above indulgent to us in speaking of the matter with hesitation.

"I must inform you that we are all very anxious to hear that you have fully collected the materials for your second volume, and that you are even considerably advanced in the composition of it. I speak this more in the name of my friends than in my own; as I cannot expect to live so long as to see the publication of it. Your ensuing volume will be more delicate than the preceding, but I trust in your prudence for extricating you from the difficulties; and in all events, you have courage to despise the clamour of bigots. I am, with great regard, dear sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

"DAVID HUME."

Some weeks afterwards I had the melancholy pleasure of seeing Mr. Hume in his passage through London; his body feeble, his mind firm. On the 25th of August of the same year, 1776, he died at Edinburgh, the death of a philosopher.

My second excursion to Paris was determined by the pressing invitation of M. and Madame Necker, who had visited England in the preceding summer. On my arrival I found M. Necker director-general of the finances, in the first bloom of power and popularity. His private fortune enabled him to support a liberal establishment; and his wife, whose talents and virtues I had long admired, was admirably qualified to preside in the conversation of her table and drawing room. As their friend, I was introduced to the best company of both sexes; to the foreign ministers of all nations, and to the first names and characters of France; who distinguished me by such marks of civility and kindness, as gratitude will not suffer me to forget, and modesty will not allow me to enumerate. The fashionable suppers often broke into the morning hours; yet I occasionally consulted the royal library, and that of the abbey of St. Germain, and in the free use of their books at home, I had always reason to praise the liberality of those institutions. The society of men of letters I neither courted nor declined; but I was happy in the acquaintance of M. de Buffon, who united with a sublime genius the most amiable simplicity of mind and manners. At the table of my old friend, M. de Foncemagne, I was involved in a dispute with the Abbé de Mably; and his jealous, irascible spirit revenged itself on a work which he was incapable of reading in the original.

As I might be partial in my own cause, I shall transcribe the words of an unknown critic, observing only, that this dispute had

been preceded by another on the English constitution, at the house of the Countess de Froulay, an old Jansenist lady.

"You were, my dear Theodon, at M. de Foncemagne's house when the Abbé Mably and Mr. Gibbon dined there along with a number of guests. The conversation ran almost entirely upon history. The Abbé, being a profound politician, turned it, while at the dessert, upon the administration of affairs; and as by genius, temper, and a habit of admiring Livy, he values only the republican system, he began to boast of the excellence of republics; being well persuaded that the learned Englishman would approve of all he said, and admire the profundity of genius that had enabled a Frenchman to discover all these advantages. But Mr. Gibbon, knowing by experience the inconveniences of a popular government, was not at all of his opinion, and generously took up the defence of monarchy. The Abbé wished to convince him out of Livy, and by some arguments drawn from Plutarch in favour of the Spartans. Mr. Gibbon, being endowed with a most excellent memory, and having all events present to his mind, soon got the command of the conversation. The Abbé grew angry, they lost possession of themselves, and said hard things of each other; the Englishman, retaining his native coolness, watched for his advantages, and pressed the Abbé with increasing success, in proportion as he was more disturbed by passion. The conversation grew warmer, and was broken off by M. de Foncemagne's rising from table and passing into the parlour, where no one was tempted to renew it."—Supplément de la Manière d'ecrire l'Histoire, page 125, &c.*

Nearly two years had elapsed between the publication of my first and the commencement of my second volume; and the causes must be assigned of this long delay. 1. After a short holiday, I indulged my curiosity in some studies of a very different nature, a course of anatomy, which was demonstrated by Dr. Hunter; and some lessons of chymistry, which were delivered by Mr. Higgins. The principles of these sciences, and a taste for books of natural history, contributed to multiply my ideas and images; and the anatomist and chymist may sometimes track me in their own snow. 2. I dived, perhaps too deeply, into the mud of the Arian controversy; and many days of reading, thinking, and writing were consumed in the pursuit of a

* Of the voluminous writings of the Abbé de Mably, (see his Eloge by the Abbé Brizard,) the Principes du Droit public de l'Europe, and the first part of the Observations sur l'Histoire de France, may be deservedly praised; and even the Manière d'ecrire l'Histoire contains several useful precepts and judicious remarks. Mably was a lover of virtue and freedom; but his virtue was austere, and his freedom was impatient of an equal. Kings, magistrates, nobles, and successful writers, were the objects of his contempt, or hatred, or envy; but his illiberal abuse of Voltaire, Hume, Buffon, the Abbé Raynal, Dr. Robertson, and *tutti quanti*, can be injurious only to himself.

"Is anything more tedious," says the polite censor, "than a Mr. Gibbon, who, in his never ending history of the Roman Emperors, interrupts every instant his slow and insipid narration to explain to you the causes of events that you are going to read." (Manière d'ecrire l'Histoire, p. 184. See another passage, p. 280.) Yet I am indebted to the Abbé de Mably for two such advocates as the anonymous French critic and my friend Mr. Hayley. (Hayley's Works, 8vo. edit. vol. ii. p. 261—263.)

[redacted]. 3. It is difficult to arrange, with order and perspicuity, various transactions of the age of Constantine; and so much I displeased with the first essay, that I committed to the flames ne fifty sheets. 4. The six months of Paris and pleasure must deducted from the account. But when I resumed my task I felt improvement; I was now master of my style and subject, and the measure of my daily performance was enlarged, I discovered leisure to cancel or correct. It has always been my practice to a long paragraph in a single mould, to try it by my ear, to dit it in my memory, but to suspend the action of the pen till I given the last polish to my work. Shall I add, that I never nd my mind more vigorous, nor my composition more happy, than the winter hurry of society and parliament?

Had I believed that the majority of English readers were so ly attached even to the name and shadow of Christianity; had I seen that the pious, the timid, and the prudent, would feel, or affect to feel, with such exquisite sensibility; I might, perhaps, have tened the two invidious chapters, which would create many ene-s, and conciliate few friends. But the shaft was shot, the alarm s sounded, and I could only rejoice, that if the voice of our priests s clamorous and bitter, their hands were disarmed from the vers of persecution. I adhered to the wise resolution of trusting self and my writings to the candour of the public, till Mr. Davis Oxford presumed to attack, not the faith, but the fidelity of the storian. My Vindication, expressive of less anger than contempt, used for a moment the busy and idle metropolis; and the most tional part of the laity, and even of the clergy, appear to have en satisfied of my innocence and accuracy. I would not print this indication in quarto, lest it should be bound and preserved with the story itself. At the distance of twelve years, I calmly affirm my dgment of Davis, Chelsum, &c. A victory over such antagonists as a sufficient humiliation. They, however, were rewarded in this orld. Poor Chelsum was indeed neglected; and I dare not boast he making Dr. Watson a bishop; he is a prelate of a large mind nd liberal spirit:* but I enjoyed the pleasure of giving a Royal ension to Mr. Davis, and of collating Dr. Apthorpe to an archi-piscopal living. Their success encouraged the zeal of Taylor the rian,† and Milner the Methodist,‡ with many others, whom it ould be difficult to remember, and tedious to rehearse. The list f my adversaries, however, was graced with the more respectable

* See Letters, No. LXXXIII. LXXXVIII. and CXIV.

† The stupendous title, Thoughts on the Causes of the grand Apostasy, at first itated my nerves, till I discovered that it was the apostasy of the whole church, since s Council of Nice, from Mr. Taylor's private religion. His book is a thorough ixture of *high* enthusiasm and *low* buffoonery, and the Millenium is a fundamental icle of his creed.

‡ From his grammar-school at Kingston upon Hull, Mr. Joseph Milner pronounces anathema against all rational religion. *His* faith is a divine taste, a spiritual inspi-ion; *his* church is a mystic and invisible body: the *natural* Christians, such as Mr. cke, who believe and interpret the *Scriptures*, are, in his judgment, no better than ofane infidels.

names of Dr. Priestley, Sir David Dalrymple, and Dr. White; ar every polemic, of either university, discharged his sermon or pan phlet against the impenetrable silence of the Roman historian. I his History of the Corruptions of Christianity, Dr. Priestley thre down his two gauntlets to Bishop Hurd and Mr. Gibbon. I declin the challenge in a letter, exhorting my opponent to enlighten th world by his philosophical discoveries, and to remember that th merit of his predecessor Servetus is now reduced to a single passag which indicates the smaller circulation of the blood through th lungs, from and to the heart.* Instead of listening to this friend advice, the dauntless philosopher of Birmingham continued to fi away his double battery against those who believed too little, an those who believed too much. *From my* replies he has nothing t hope or fear: but his Socinian shield has repeatedly been pierce by the spear of Horsley, and his trumpet of sedition may at lengt awaken the magistrates of a free country.

The profession and rank of Sir David Dalrymple (now a Lord o Session) has given a more decent colour to his style. But h scrutinized each separate passage of the two chapters with the di minuteness of a special pleader; and as he was always solicitous t make, he may have succeeded sometimes in finding, a flaw. In hi Annals of Scotland, he has shown himself a diligent collector and a accurate critic.

I have praised, and I still praise, the eloquent sermons whic were preached in St. Mary's pulpit at Oxford by Dr. White. If h assaulted me with some degree of illiberal acrimony, in such a plac and before such an audience, he was obliged to speak the languag of the country. I smiled at a passage in one of his private letter to Mr. Badcock: "The part where we encounter Gibbon must b brilliant and striking."

In a sermon preached before the university of Cambridge, Dr Edwards complimented a work, "which can only perish with th language itself;" and esteems the author a formidable enemy. He is, indeed, astonished that more learning and ingenuity has not bee shown in the defence of Israel; that the prelates and dignitaries o the church (alas, good man!) did not vie with each other, whos stone should sink the deepest in the forehead of this Goliah.

"But the force of truth will oblige us to confess, that in th attacks which have been levelled against our sceptical historian, w can discover but slender traces of profound and exquisite eruditio of solid criticism and accurate investigation; but we are to frequently disgusted by vague and inconclusive reasoning; b unseasonable banter and senseless witticisms; by embittered bigot and enthusiastic jargon; by futile cavils and illiberal invectiv Proud and elated by the weakness of his antagonists, he condesce not to handle the sword of controversy."†

Let me frankly own that I was startled at the first discharge

* *Astruc, de la Structure du Cœur*, tom. i. 77, 79, Letter CXLIV.
† *Monthly Review*, Oct. 1790.

ecclesiastical ordnance; but as soon as I found that this empty noise was mischievous only in the intention, my fear was converted into indignation; and every feeling of indignation or curiosity has long since subsided in pure and placid indifference.

The prosecution of my history was soon afterwards checked by another controversy of a very different kind. At the request of the Lord Chancellor, and of Lord Weymouth, then secretary of state, I vindicated, against the French manifesto, the justice of the British arms. The whole correspondence of Lord Stormont, our late ambassador at Paris, was submitted to my inspection, and the Mémoire Justificatif, which I composed in French, was first approved by the cabinet ministers, and then delivered as a state paper to the courts of Europe. The style and manner are praised by Beaumarchais himself, who, in his private quarrel, attempted a reply; but he flatters me, by ascribing the memoir to Lord Stormont; and the grossness of his invective betrays the loss of temper and of wit; he acknowledged,* that "the style would not be ungraceful, nor the reasoning unjust," &c., if the facts were true which he undertakes to disprove. For these facts my credit is not pledged; I spoke as a lawyer from my brief. But the veracity of Beaumarchais may be estimated from the assertion that France, by the treaty of Paris (1763), was limited to a certain number of ships of war. On the application of the Duke of Choiseul, he was obliged to retract this daring falsehood.

Among the honourable connexions which I had formed, I may justly be proud of the friendship of Mr. Wedderburne, at that time attorney-general, who now illustrates the title of Lord Loughborough, and the office of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. By his strong recommendation, and the favourable disposition of Lord North, I was appointed one of the lords commissioners of trade and plantations; and my private income was enlarged by a clear addition of between seven and eight hundred pounds a year. The fancy of an hostile orator may paint, in the strong colours of ridicule, "the perpetual virtual adjournment, and the unbroken sitting vacation of the board of trade."† But it must be allowed that our duty was not intolerably severe, and that I enjoyed many days and weeks of repose, without being called away from the library to the office. My acceptance of a place provoked some of the leaders of opposition, with whom I had lived in habits of intimacy; and I was most unjustly accused of deserting a party, in which I had never enlisted.‡

* Œuvres de Beaumarchais, tom. iii. p. 299. 355.

† I can never forget the delight with which that diffusive and ingenious orator, Mr. Burke, was heard by all sides of the house, and even by those whose existence he proscribed. (See Mr. Burke's speech on the Bill of Reform, p. 72—80.) The lords of trade blushed at their insignificancy, and Mr. Eden's appeal to the 2500 volumes of our Reports, served only to excite a general laugh. I take this opportunity of certifying the correctness of Mr. Burke's printed speeches, which I have heard and read.

‡ *From Edward Gibbon, Esq. to —— Esq.*

"2nd July, 1779.

"Dear Sir,—*Yesterday I received a very interesting* communication from my friend, *the attorney-general, whose kind and honourable* behaviour towards me I must al-

The aspect of the next session of parliament was stormy and perilous; county meetings, petitions, and committees of correspondence, announced the public discontent; and instead of voting with a triumphant majority, the friends of government were often exposed to a struggle, and sometimes to a defeat. The House of Commons adopted Mr. Dunning's motion, "That the influence of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished:" and Mr. Burke's bill of reform was framed with skill, introduced with eloquence, and supported by numbers. Our late president, the American secretary of state, very narrowly escaped the sentence of proscription; but the unfortunate board of trade was abolished in the committee by a small majority (207 to 199) of eight votes. The storm, however, blew over for a time; a large defection of country gentlemen eluded the sanguine hopes of the patriots: the lords of trade were revived; administration recovered their strength and spirit; and the flames of London, which were kindled by a mischievous madman, admonished all thinking men of the danger of an appeal to the people. In the premature dissolution which followed this session of parliament, I lost my seat. Mr. Eliot was now deeply engaged in the measures of opposition, and the electors of Liskeard* are commonly of the same opinion as Mr. Eliot.

In this interval of my senatorial life, I published the second and third volumes of the Decline and Fall. My ecclesiastical history still breathed the same spirit of freedom; but protestant zeal is more indifferent to the characters and controversies of the fourth and fifth centuries. My obstinate silence had damped the ardour of the polemics. Dr. Watson, the most candid of my adversaries, assured me that he had no thoughts of renewing the attack, and my

ways remember with the highest gratitude. He informed me that, in consequence of an arrangement, a place at the board of trade was reserved for me, and that as soon as I signified my acceptance of it, he was satisfied no farther difficulties would arise. My answer to him was sincere and explicit. I told him that I was far from approving all the past measures of the administration, even some of those in which I myself had silently concurred: that I saw, with the rest of the world, many capital defects in the characters of some of the present ministers, and was sorry that in so alarming a situation of public affairs, the country had not the assistance of several able and honest men who are now in opposition. But that I had not formed with any of those persons in opposition any engagements or connexions which could in the least restrain or affect my parliamentary conduct; that I could not discover among them such superior advantages, either of measures or of abilities, as could make me consider it as a duty to attach myself to their cause; and that I clearly understood, from the public and private language of ———, one of their leaders, that in the actual state of the country, he himself was seriously of opinion that opposition could not tend to any good purpose, and might be productive of much mischief; that, for those reasons, I saw no objections which could prevent me from accepting an office under the present government, and that I was ready to take a step which I found to be consistent both with my interest and my honour.

"It must now be decided, whether I may continue to live in England, or whether I must soon withdraw myself into a kind of philosophical exile in Switzerland. My father left his affairs in a state of embarrassment, and even of distress. My attempts to dispose of a part of my landed property have hitherto been disappointed, and are not likely at present to be more successful: and my plan of expense, though moderate in itself, deserves the name of extravagance, since it exceeds my real income. The addition of the salary which is now offered will make my situation perfectly easy; but I hope you will do me the justice to believe that my mind could not be so, unless I were satisfied of the rectitude of my own conduct."

* The borough which Mr. Gibbon had represented in parliament.

impartial balance of the virtues and vices of Julian was generally praised. This truce was interrupted only by some animadversions of the Catholics of Italy, and by some angry letters of Mr. Travis, who made me personally responsible for condemning, with the best critics, the spurious text of the three heavenly witnesses.

The piety or prudence of my Italian translator has provided an antidote against the poison of his original. The 5th and 7th volumes are armed with five letters from an anonymous divine to his friends, Foothead and Kirk, two English students at Rome; and this meritorious service is commended by Monsignor Stonor, a prelate of the same nation, who discovers much venom in the *fluid* and nervous style of Gibbon. The critical essay at the end of the third volume was furnished by the Abbate Nicola Spedalieri, whose zeal has gradually swelled to a more solid confutation in two quarto volumes.—Shall I be excused for not having read them?

The brutal insolence of Mr. Travis's challenge can only be excused by the absence of learning, judgment, and humanity; and to that excuse he has the fairest or foulest pretension. Compared with Archdeacon Travis, Chelsum and Davis assume the title of respectable enemies.

The bigoted advocate of popes and monks may be turned over even to the bigots of Oxford; and the wretched Travis still smarts under the lash of the merciless Porson. I consider Mr. Porson's answer to Archdeacon Travis as the most acute and accurate piece of criticism which has appeared since the days of Bentley. His strictures are founded in argument, enriched with learning, and enlivened with wit; and his adversary neither deserves nor finds any quarter at his hands. The evidence of the three heavenly witnesses would now be rejected in any court of justice: but prejudice is blind, authority is deaf, and our vulgar bibles will ever be polluted by this spurious text, "sedet æternumque sedebit." The more learned ecclesiastics will indeed have the secret satisfaction of reprobating in the closet what they read in the church.

I perceived, and without surprise, the coldness and even prejudice of the town; nor could a whisper escape my ear, that, in the judgment of many readers, my continuation was much inferior to the original attempts. An author who cannot ascend will always appear to sink: envy was now prepared for my reception, and the zeal of my religious, was fortified by the motive of my political, enemies. Bishop Newton, in writing his own life, was at full liberty to declare how much he himself and two eminent brethren were disgusted by Mr. G.'s prolixity, tediousness, and affectation. But the old man should not have indulged his zeal in a false and feeble charge against the historian,* who had faithfully and even

* *Extract from Mr. Gibbon's Common-place Book.*

Thomas Newton, Bishop of Bristol and Dean of St. Paul's, was born at Litchfield on the 21st of December, 1703, O. S. (1st January, 1704, N. S.), and died the 14th of February, 1782, in the 79th year of his age. A few days before his death he finished the memoirs of his own life, which have been prefixed to an edition of his posthumous works, first published in quarto, and since (1787) republished in six volumes octavo.

P. 173, 174. Some books were published in 1781, which employed some of the

cautiously rendered Dr. Burnet's meaning by the alternative of sleep or repose. That philosophic divine supposes, that, in the period between death and the resurrection, human souls exist without a body, endowed with internal consciousness, but destitute of all active or passive connexion with the external world. "Secundum communem dictionem sacræ scripturæ, mors dicitur somnus, et morientes dicuntur *abdormire*, quod innuere mihi videtur statum mortis esse statum quietis, silentii, et αεργασεας." (De Statû Mortuorum, ch. v. p. 98.)

I was however encouraged by some domestic and foreign testimonies of applause; and the second and third volumes insensibly rose in sale and reputation to a level with the first. But the public is seldom wrong; and I am inclined to believe that, especially in the beginning, they are more prolix, and less entertaining than the first: my efforts had not been relaxed by success, and I had rather deviated into the opposite fault of minute and superfluous diligence. On the Continent, my name and writings were slowly diffused: a French translation of the first volume had disappointed the booksellers of Paris; and a passage in the third was construed as a personal reflection on the reigning monarch.*

Bishop's leisure hours, and during his illness. Mr. Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire he read throughout, but it by no means answered his expectation; for he found it rather a prolix and tedious performance, his matter uninteresting, and his style affected; his testimonies not to be depended upon, and his frequent scoffs at religion offensive to every sober mind. He had before been convicted of making false quotations, which should have taught him more prudence and caution. But, without examining his authorities, there is one which must necessarily strike every man who has read Dr. Burnet's Treatise de Statû Mortuorum. In vol. iii. p. 99, Mr. G. has the following note:—"Burnet (de S. M. p. 56—84) collects the opinions of the Fathers, as far as they assert the sleep or repose of human souls till the day of judgment. He afterwards exposes (p. 91) the inconveniences which must arise if they possessed a more active and sensible existence. Who would not from hence infer that Dr. B. was an advocate for the sleep or insensible existence of the soul after death? whereas his doctrine is directly the contrary. He has employed some chapters in treating of the state of human souls in the interval between death and the resurrection; and after various proofs from reason, from Scripture, and the Fathers, his conclusions are, that human souls exist after their separation from the body, that they are in a good or evil state according to their good or ill behaviour, but that neither their happiness nor their misery will be complete or perfect before the day of judgment. His argumentation is thus summed up at the end of the 4th chapter—'Ex quibus constat primo, animas superesse extincto corpore; secundo, bonas bene, malas male se habituras; tertio, nec illis summam felicitatem, nec his summam miseriam, accessuram esse ante diem judicii.'" (The Bishop's reading the whole was a greater compliment to the work than was paid to it by two of the most eminent of his brethren for their learning and station. The one entered upon it, but was soon wearied and laid it aside in disgust: the other returned it upon the bookseller's hands; and it is said that Mr. G. himself happened unluckily to be in the shop at the same time.)

Does the Bishop comply with his own precept in the next page? (p. 175.) "Old age should lenify, should soften men's manners, and make them more mild and gentle; but often has the contrary effect, hardens their hearts, and makes them more sour and crabbed."—He is speaking of Dr. Johnson.

Have I ever insinuated that preferment-hunting is the great occupation of an ecclesiastical life? (Memoirs passim) that a minister's influence and a bishop's patronage are sometimes pledged eleven deep? (p. 151) that a prebendary considers the audit week as the better part of the year? (p. 127) or that the most eminent of priests, the pope himself, would change their religion, if anything better could be offered them? (p. 84) Such things are more than insinuated in the Bishop's Life, which afforded some scandal to the church, and some diversion to the profane laity.

* *It may not be* generally known that Louis the Sixteenth is a great reader, and

Before I could apply for a seat at the general election the list was already full; but Lord North's promise was sincere, his recommendation was effectual, and I was soon chosen on a vacancy for the borough of Lymington, in Hampshire. In the first session of the new parliament, administration stood their ground; their final overthrow was reserved for the second. The American war had once been the favourite of the country: the pride of England was irritated by the resistance of her colonies, and the executive power was driven by national clamour into the most vigorous and coercive measures. But the length of a fruitless contest, the loss of armies, the accumulation of debt and taxes, and the hostile confederacy of France, Spain, and Holland, indisposed the public to the American war, and the persons by whom it was conducted; the representatives of the people, followed at a slow distance, the changes of their opinion; and the ministers who refused to bend, were broken by the tempest. As soon as Lord North had lost, or was about to lose, a majority in the House of Commons, he surrendered his office, and retired to a private station, with the tranquil assurance of a clear conscience and a cheerful temper: the old fabric was dissolved, and the posts of government were occupied by the victorious and veteran troops of opposition. The lords of trade were not immediately dismissed, but the board itself was abolished by Mr. Burke's bill, which decency had compelled the patriots to revive; and I was stripped of a convenient salary, after having enjoyed it about three years.

So flexible is the title of my history, that the final æra might be fixed at my own choice; and I long hesitated whether I should be content with the three volumes, the fall of the Western Empire, which fulfilled my first engagement with the public. In this interval of suspense, nearly a twelvemonth, I returned, by a natural impulse, to the Greek authors of antiquity: I read with new pleasure the Iliad and the Odyssey, the histories of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, a large portion of the tragic and comic theatre of Athens, and many interesting dialogues of the Socratic school. Yet in the luxury of freedom I began to wish for the daily task, the active pursuit, which gave a value to every book, and an object to every inquiry: the preface of a new edition announced my design, and I dropped without reluctance from the age of Plato to that of Justinian. The original texts of Procopius and Agathias supplied the events and even the characters of his reign: but a laborious winter was devoted to the Codes, the Pandects, and the modern interpreters, before I presumed to form an abstract of the civil law. My skill was improved by practice, my diligence, perhaps, was quickened by the loss of office; and, excepting the last chapter, I had finished the fourth volume before I sought a retreat on the banks of the Leman Lake.

reader of English books. On perusing a passage of my History which seems to compare him to Arcadius or Honorius, he expressed his resentment to the Prince of B*****, from whom the intelligence was conveyed to *me*. I shall neither disclaim the allusion, nor examine the *likeness; but the situation of the late* King of France excludes all *suspicion of flattery; and I am ready to declare that* the concluding observations of my *third volume were written before his accession to the* throne.

It is not the purpose of this narrative to expatiate on the public or secret history of the times: the schism which followed the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, the appointment of the Earl of Shelburne, the resignation of Mr. Fox, and his famous coalition with Lord North. But I may assert, with some degree of assurance, that in their political conflict those great antagonists had never felt any personal animosity to each other, that their reconciliation was easy and sincere, and that their friendship has never been clouded by the shadow of suspicion or jealousy. The most violent or venal of their respective followers embraced this fair occasion of revolt, but their alliance still commanded a majority in the House of Commons; the peace was censured, Lord Shelburne resigned, and the two friends knelt on the same cushion to take the oath of secretary of state. From a principle of gratitude I adhered to the coalition: my vote was counted in the day of battle, but I was overlooked in the division of the spoil. There were many claimants more deserving and importunate than myself; the board of trade could not be restored; and, while the list of places was curtailed, the number of candidates was doubled. An easy dismission to a secure seat at the board of customs or excise was promised on the first vacancy; but the chance was distant and doubtful; nor could I solicit with much ardour an ignoble servitude, which would have robbed me of the most valuable of my studious hours: at the same time the tumult of London, and the attendance on Parliament, were grown more irksome; and, without some additional income, I could not long or prudently maintain the style of expense to which I was accustomed.

From my early acquaintance with Lausanne I had always cherished a secret wish, that the school of my youth might become the retreat of my declining age. A moderate fortune would secure the blessings of ease, leisure, and independence: the country, the people, the manners, the language, were congenial to my taste; and I might indulge the hope of passing some years in the domestic society of a friend. After travelling with several English,* Mr. Deyverdun was now settled at home, in a pleasant habitation, the gift of his deceased aunt: we had long been separated, we had long been silent; yet in my first letter I exposed, with the most perfect confidence, my situation, my sentiments, and my designs. His immediate answer was a warm and joyful acceptance: the picture of our future life provoked my impatience; and the terms of arrangement were short and simple, as he possessed the property, and I undertook the expense of our common house.† Before I could break my English chain, it was incumbent on me to struggle with the feelings of my heart, the indolence of my temper, and the opinion of the world, which unanimously condemned this voluntary banishment. In the disposal of my effects, the library, a secret deposit, was alone excepted: as my postchaise moved over Westminster-bridge I bid a long farewell to the "fumum et opes strepitumque

* *Sir Richard Worsley*, Lord Chesterfield, Broderick Lord Middleton, and Mr. *Hume, brother to Sir Abraham.*

† *See Letters, No.* CL. CLI. CLII. CLIII. CLIV. CLVI. CLIX.

Rousseau." My journey by the direct road through France was not attended with any accident, and I arrived at Lausanne nearly twenty years after my second departure. Within less than three months the coalition struck on some hidden rocks; had I remained on board, I should have perished in the general shipwreck.*

Since my establishment at Lausanne, more than seven years have elapsed; and if every day has not been equally soft and serene, not a day, not a moment, has occurred in which I have repented of my choice. During my absence, a long portion of human life, many changes had happened: my elder acquaintance had left the stage; virgins were ripened into matrons, and children were grown to the age of manhood. But the same manners were transmitted from one generation to another: my friend alone was an inestimable treasure; my name was not totally forgotten, and all were ambitious to welcome the arrival of a stranger and the return of a fellow-citizen. The first winter was given to a general embrace, without any nice discrimination of persons and characters. After a more regular settlement, a more accurate survey, I discovered three solid and permanent benefits of my new situation. 1. My personal freedom had been somewhat impaired by the House of Commons and the board of trade; but I was now delivered from the chain of duty and dependence, from the hopes and fears of political adventure: my sober mind was no longer intoxicated by the fumes of party, and I rejoiced in my escape, as often as I read of the midnight debates which preceded the dissolution of parliament.† 2. My English economy had been that of a solitary bachelor, who might afford some occasional dinners. In Switzerland I enjoyed at every meal, at every hour, the free and pleasant conversation of the friend of my youth; and my daily table was always provided for the reception of one or two extraordinary guests. Our importance in society is less a positive than a relative weight: in London I was lost in the crowd; I ranked with the first families of Lausanne, and my style of prudent expense enabled me to maintain a fair balance of reciprocal civilities. 3. Instead of a small house between a street and a stable-yard, I began to occupy a spacious and convenient mansion, connected on the north side with the city, and open on the south to a beautiful and boundless horizon. A garden of four acres had been laid out by the taste of Mr. Deyverdun: from the garden a rich scenery of meadows and vineyards descends to the Leman Lake, and the prospect far beyond the lake is crowned by the stupendous mountains of Savoy. My books and my acquaintance had been first united in London; but this happy position of my library in town and country was finally reserved for Lausanne. Possessed of every comfort in this triple alliance, I could not be tempted to change my habitation with the changes of the seasons.

My friends had been kindly apprehensive that I should not be able to exist in a Swiss town at the foot of the Alps, after having so long conversed with the first men of the first cities of the world. Such lofty connexions may attract the curious, and gratify the vain; but I am too modest, or too proud, to rate my own value by

* See Letter, No. CLXXVI. † See Letter, No. CLXXI. CLXXVI.

that of my associates; and whatsoever may be the fame of learning or genius, experience has shown me that the cheaper qualifications of politeness and good sense are of more useful currency in the commerce of life. By many, conversation is esteemed as a theatre or a school: but, after the morning has been occupied by the labours of the library, I wish to unbend rather than to exercise my mind; and in the interval between tea and supper I am far from disdaining the innocent amusement of a game at cards. Lausanne is peopled by a numerous gentry, whose companionable idleness is seldom disturbed by the pursuits of avarice or ambition: the women, though confined to a domestic education, are endowed for the most part with more taste and knowledge than their husbands and brothers: but the decent freedom of both sexes is equally remote from the extremes of simplicity and refinement. I shall add as a misfortune rather than a merit, that the situation and beauty of the Pays de Vaud, the long habits of the English, the medical reputation of Dr. Tissot, and the fashion of viewing the mountains and glaciers, have opened us on all sides to the incursions of foreigners. The visits of Mr. and Madame Necker, of Prince Henry of Prussia, and of Mr. Fox, may form some pleasing exceptions; but, in general, Lausanne has appeared most agreeable in my eyes, when we have been abandoned to our own society. I had frequently seen Mr. Necker, in the summer of 1784, at a country house near Lausanne, where he composed his Treatise on the Administration of the Finances. I have since, in October, 1790, visited him in his present residence, the castle and barony of Copet, near Geneva. Of the merits and measures of that statesman various opinions may be entertained; but all impartial men must agree in their esteem of his integrity and patriotism.

In the month of August, 1784, Prince Henry of Prussia, in his way to Paris, passed three days at Lausanne. His military conduct has been praised by professional men; his character has been vilified by the wit and malice of a dæmon;* but I was flattered by his affability, and entertained by his conversation.

In his tour of Switzerland (September, 1788,) Mr. Fox gave me two days of free and private society.† He seemed to feel, and even to envy, the happiness of my situation; while I admired the powers of a superior man, as they are blended in his attractive character with the softness and simplicity of a child. Perhaps no human being was ever more perfectly exempt from the taint of malevolence, vanity, or falsehood.

My transmigration from London to Lausanne could not be effected without interrupting the course of my historical labours. The hurry of my departure, the joy of my arrival, the delay of my tools, suspended their progress; and a full twelvemonth was lost before I could resume the thread of regular and daily industry. A number of books most requisite and least common had been previously selected; the academical library of Lausanne, which I

* Mémoire Secret de la Cour de Berlin.

† See Letter in the Continuation, October 1, 1788.

could use as my own, contained at least the fathers and councils; and I have derived some occasional succour from the public collections of Berne and Geneva. The fourth volume was soon terminated, by an abstract of the controversies of the incarnation, which the learned Dr. Prideaux was apprehensive of exposing to profane eyes. It had been the original design of the learned Dean Prideaux to write the history of the ruin of the Eastern Church. In this work it would have been necessary, not only to unravel all those controversies which the Christians made about the hypostatical union, but also to unfold all the niceties and subtle notions which each sect entertained concerning it. The pious historian was apprehensive of exposing that incomprehensible mystery to the cavils and objections of unbelievers; and he durst not, "seeing the nature of this book, venture it abroad in so wanton and lewd an age."*

In the fifth and sixth volumes the revolutions of the empire and the world are most rapid, various, and instructive; and the Greek or Roman historians are checked by the hostile narratives of the barbarians of the East and the West.†

It was not till after many designs, and many trials, that I preferred, as I still prefer, the method of grouping my picture by nations; and the seeming neglect of chronological order is surely compensated by the superior merits of interest and perspicuity. The style of the first volume is, in my opinion, somewhat crude and elaborate; in the second and third it is ripened into ease, correctness and numbers; but in the three last I may have been seduced by the facility of my pen, and the constant habit of speaking one language and writing another may have infused some mixture of Gallic idioms. Happily for my eyes, I have always closed my studies with the day, and commonly with the morning; and a long, but temperate, labour has been accomplished, without fatiguing either the mind or body; but when I computed the remainder of my time and my task, it was apparent that, according to the season of publication, the delay of a month would be productive of that of a year. I was now straining for the goal, and in the last winter many evenings were borrowed from the social pleasures of Lausanne. I could now wish that a pause, an interval, had been allowed for a serious revisal.

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not

* See preface to the Life of Mahomet, p. 10, 11.

† I have followed the judicious precept of the Abbé de Mably, (Manière d'ecrire l'Histoire, p. 110) who advises the historian not to dwell too minutely on the decay of the eastern empire; but to consider the barbarian conquerors as a more worthy subject of his narrative. "Fas est et ab hoste doceri."

dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedo and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was so humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by t idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeal companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of i history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious. will add two facts, which have seldom occurred in the composition six, or even of five, quartos. 1. My first rough manuscript, with any intermediate copy, has been sent to the press. 2. Not a sh has been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the author a the printer: the faults and the merits are exclusively my own.*

I cannot help recollecting a much more extraordinary fact, whi is affirmed of himself by Retif de la Bretorme, a voluminous a original writer of French novels. He laboured, and may still labo in the humble office of corrector to a printing-house; but this off enabled him to transport an entire volume from his mind to t press; and his work was given to the public without ever havi been written with a pen.

After a quiet residence of four years, during which I had ne moved ten miles from Lausanne, it was not without some reluctar and terror that I undertook, in a journey of two hundred leagu to cross the mountains and the sea. Yet this formidable adventu was achieved without danger or fatigue; and at the end of a fo night I found myself in Lord Sheffield's house and library, as happy, and at home. The character of my friend, Mr. Holro had recommended him to a seat in parliament for Coventry, t command of a regiment of light dragoons, and an Irish peera The sense and spirit of his political writings have decided the pul opinion on the great questions of our commercial interest w America and Ireland.†

The sale of his Observations on the American States was di sive, their effect beneficial; the Navigation Act, the palladium Britain, was defended, and perhaps saved, by his pen; and he prov by the weight of fact and argument, that the mother country m survive and flourish after the loss of America. My friend has ne cultivated the arts of composition; but his materials are copious a correct, and he leaves on his paper the clear impression of an act and vigorous mind. His Observations on the Trade, Manuf tures, and present State of Ireland, were intended to guide t industry, to correct the prejudices, and to assuage the passions o country which seemed to forget that she could be free and prosp

* *Extract from Mr. Gibbon's Common-place Book.*

The fourth volume of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire	begun March 1st, 1782—ended June, 1784.
The fifth volume . . .	begun July, 1784—ended May 1st, 1786.
The sixth volume . . .	begun May 18th, 1786—ended June 27th, 1

These three volumes were sent to press August 15th, 1787, and the whole impres was concluded April following.

† *Observations on* the Commerce of the American States, by John Lord Sheffield *6th edition, London*, 1784, in octavo.

y a friendly connexion with Great Britain. The conclud-
ations are written with so much ease and spirit, that they
ad by those who are the least interested in the subject.
in 1784, with the unpopular coalition; but his merit has
owledged at the last general election, 1790, by the honour-
ation and free choice of the city of Bristol. During the
e of my residence in England I was entertained at Sheffield-
l in Downing-street by his hospitable kindness; and the
eant period was that which I passed in the domestic
f the family. In the larger circle of the metropolis I
the country and the inhabitants, with the knowledge, and
he prejudices, of an Englishman; but I rejoiced in the appa-
ease of wealth and prosperity, which might be fairly divided
the spirit of the nation and the wisdom of the minister.
r resentment was now lost in oblivion: since I was no man's
man was my enemy. I felt the dignity of independence,
asked no more, I was satisfied with the general civilities of
ld. The house in London which I frequented with most
and assiduity was that of Lord North. After the loss of
nd of sight, he was still happy in himself and his friends;
public tribute of gratitude and esteem could no longer be
ed of any interested motive. Before my departure from
d, I was present at the august spectacle of Mr. Hastings's
Westminster Hall. It is not my province to absolve or
n the governor of India; but Mr. Sheridan's eloquence
led my applause; nor could I hear without emotion the per-
ompliment which he paid me in the presence of the British
*

m this display of genius, which blazed four successive days, I
toop to a very mechanical circumstance. As I was waiting in
nager's box, I had the curiosity to inquire of the short-hand
how many words a ready and rapid orator might pronounce
hour? From 7000 to 7500 was his answer. The medium
0 will afford 120 words in a minute, and two words in each
. But this computation will only apply to the English lan-

the publication of my three last volumes was the principal
, so it was the first care of my English journey. The previous
ements with the bookseller and the printer were settled in my
e through London, and the proofs, which I returned more
t, were transmitted every post from the press to Sheffield.
The length of the operation, and the leisure of the country,
d some time to review my manuscript. Several rare and use-
oks, the Assises de Jerusalem, Ramusius de Bello C. P^aro, the
acts of the synod of Florence, the Statuta Urbis Romæ, &c.
procured, and introduced in their proper places the supplements

* said the facts that made up the volume of narrative were unparalleled in atro-
s, and that nothing equal in criminality was to be traced, either in ancient or
history, in the *correct periods of Tacitus* or the luminous page of Gibbon.—
Chronicle, June 14, 1788.

which they afforded. The impression of the fourth volum consumed three months. Our common interest required th should move with a quicker pace; and Mr. Strahan fulfille engagement, which few printers could sustain, of delivering every three thousand copies of nine sheets. The day of publicatio however, delayed, that it might coincide with the fifty-first anniv of my own birthday; the double festival was celebrated by a ch literary dinner at Mr. Cadell's house; and I seemed to blush they read an elegant compliment from Mr. Hayley,* whose pc talents had more than once been employed in the praise of his f Before Mr. Hayley inscribed with my name his epistles on hi I was not acquainted with that amiable man and elegant poet.

* *Occasional Stanzas, by Mr. Hayley, read after the Dinner at Mr. Cadell's, 1788; being the day of the publication of the three last volumes of Mr. G History, and his Birthday.*

Genii of England and of Rome,
In mutual triumph here assume
The honours each may claim!
This social scene with smiles survey,
And consecrate the festive day
To Friendship and to Fame!

Enough, by Desolation's tide,
With anguish, and indignant pride,
Has Rome bewail'd her fate;
And mourn'd that time in Havoc's hour,
Defaced each monument of power
To speak her truly great:

O'er maim'd Polybius, just and sage,
O'er Livy's mutilated page,
How deep was her regret!
Touch'd by this queen, in ruin grand,
See! Glory, by an English hand,
Now pays a mighty debt.

Lo! sacred to the Roman name,
And raised like Rome's immortal fame,
By genius and by toil,
The splendid work is crown'd to-day,
On which Oblivion ne'er shall prey,
Nor Envy make her spoil!

England, exult! and view not now
With jealous glance each nation's brow,
Where History's palm has spread!
In every path of liberal art,
Thy sons to prime distinction start,
And no superior dread.

Science for thee a Newton raised;
For thy renown a Shakspeare blazed,
Lord of the drama's sphere!
In different fields to equal praise
See History now thy GIBBON raise
To shine without a peer!

Eager to honour living worth,
And bless to-day the double birth
That proudest joy may claim,
Let artless Truth this homage pay,
And consecrate the festive day
To Friendship and to Fame!

ards thanked me in verse for my second and third volumes;* n the summer of 1781, the Roman Eagle † (a proud title) ted the invitation of the English Sparrow, who chirped in the s of Eartham, near Chichester. As most of the former pur- rs were naturally desirous of completing their sets, the sale o quarto edition was quick and easy; and an octavo size was d, to satisfy at a cheaper rate the public demand. The sion of my work was generally read, and variously judged. tyle has been exposed to much academical criticism; a religious

Sonnet to Edward Gibbon, Esq. on the publication of his second and third Volumes, 1781.

With proud delight the imperial founder gazed
On the new beauty of his second Rome,
When on his eager eye rich temples blazed,
And his fair city rose in youthful bloom:
A pride more noble may thy heart assume,
O GIBBON! gazing on thy growing work,
In which, constructed for a happier doom,
No hasty marks of vain ambition lurk:
Thou may'st deride both Time's destructive sway,
And baser Envy's beauty-mangling dirk;
Thy gorgeous fabric, plann'd with wise delay,
Shall baffle foes more savage than the Turk;
As ages multiply, its fame shall rise,
And earth must perish ere its splendour dies.

† *A Card of Invitation to Mr. Gibbon at Brighthelmstone*, 1781.

An English sparrow, pert and free,
Who chirps beneath his native tree,
Hearing the Roman eagle 's near,
And feeling more respect than fear,
Thus, with united love and awe,
Invites him to his shed of straw.
Though he is but a twittering sparrow,
The field he hops in rather narrow,
When nobler plumes attract his view
He ever pays them homage due.
He looks with reverential wonder
On him, whose talons bear the thunder;
Nor could the jackdaws e'er inveigle
His voice to vilify the eagle,
Though issuing from the holy towers,
In which they build their warmest bowers,
Their sovereign's haunt they slily search,
In hopes to catch him on his perch,
(For Pindar says, beside his god
The thunder-bearing bird will nod,)
Then, peeping round his still retreat,
They pick from underneath his feet
Some molted feather he lets fall,
And swear he cannot fly at all.——
Lord of the sky! whose pounce can tear
These croakers, that infest the air,
Trust him—the sparrow loves to sing
The praise of thy imperial wing!
He thinks thou 'lt deem him, on his word,
An honest, though familiar bird;
And hopes thou soon wilt condescend
To look upon thy little friend;
That he may boast around his grove
A visit from the bird of Jove.

clamour was revived, and the reproach of indecency has been loudly echoed by the rigid censors of morals. I never could understand the clamour that has been raised against the indecency of my three last volumes. 1. An equal degree of freedom in the former part, especially in the first volume, had passed without reproach. 2. I am justified in painting the manners of the times; the vices of Theodora form an essential feature in the reign and character of Justinian. 3. My English text is chaste, and all licentious passages are left in the obscurity of a learned language. "Le Latin dans ses mots brave l'honnêteté," says the correct Boileau, in a country and idiom more scrupulous than our own. Yet, upon the whole, the History of the Decline and Fall seems to have struck root, both at home and abroad, and may, perhaps, a hundred years hence still continue to be abused. I am less flattered by Mr. Porson's high encomium on the style and spirit of my history, than I am satisfied with his honourable testimony to my attention, diligence, and accuracy; those humble virtues, which religious zeal had most audaciously denied. The sweetness of his praise is tempered by a reasonable mixture of acid.* As the book may not be common in England, I shall transcribe my own character from the Bibliotheca Historica of Meuselius,† a learned and laborious German. "Summis ævi nostri historicis Gibbonus sine dubio adnumerandus est. Inter capitolii ruinas stans primum hujus operis scribendi consilium cepit. Florentissimos vitæ annos colligendo et laborando eidem impendit. Enatum inde monumentum ære perennius, licet passim appareant sinistrè dicta, minus perfecta, veritati non satis consentanea. Videmus quidem ubique fere studium scrutandi veritatemque scribendi maximum: tamen sine Tillemontio duce ubi scilicet hujus historia finitur sæpius noster titubat atque hallucinatur. Quod vel maxime fit, ubi de rebus ecclesiasticis vel de juris prudentiâ Romanâ (tom. iv.) tradit, et in aliis locis. Attamen nævi hujus generis haud impediunt quo minus operis summam et οἰκονομιαν præclare dispositam, delectum rerum sapientissimum, argutum quoque interdum, dictionemque seu stylum historico æque ac philosopho dignissimum, et vix a quoque alio Anglo, Humio ac Robertsono haud exceptis (præreptum?) vehementur laudemus, atque sæculo nostro de hujusmodi historiâ gratulemur . . . . . Gibbonus adversarios cum in tum extra patriam nactus est, quia propagationem religionis Christianæ, non, ut vulgo, fieri solet, aut more theologorum, sed ut historicum et philosophum decet, exposuerat."

The French, Italian, and German translations have been executed with various success; but, instead of patronizing, I should willingly suppress such imperfect copies, which injure the character, while they propagate the name of the author. The first volume had been feebly, though faithfully, translated into French by M. Le Clerc de Septchenes, a young gentleman of a studious character and liberal fortune. After his decease the work was continued by two manufacturers of Paris, MM. Desmuniers and Cantwell: but the former is now an active member in the national assembly, and the

* See his preface, page 28, 32. † Vol. iv. part 1, page 342, 344.

lertaking languishes in the hands of his associate. The superior rit of the interpreter, or his language, inclines me to prefer the dian version: but I wish that it were in my power to read the rman, which is praised by the best judges. The Irish pirates e at once my friends and my enemies. But I cannot be displeased ith the two numerous and correct impressions which have been ublished, for the use of the Continent, at Basle in Switzerland.* he conquests of our language and literature are not confined to Europe alone, and a writer who succeeds in London, is speedily read n the banks of the Delaware and the Ganges.

In the preface of the fourth volume, while I gloried in the name of an Englishman, I announced my approaching return to the neighbourhood of the Lake of Lausanne. This last trial confirmed my assurance that I had wisely chosen for my own happiness; nor did I once, in a year's visit, entertain a wish of settling in my native country. Britain is the free and fortunate island; but where is the spot in which I could unite the comforts and beauties of my establishment at Lausanne? The tumult of London astonished my eyes and ears; the amusements of public places were no longer adequate to the trouble; the clubs and assemblies were filled with new faces and young men; and our best society, our long and late dinners, would soon have been prejudicial to my health. Without any share in the political wheel, I must be idle and insignificant: yet the most splendid temptations would not have enticed me to engage a second time in the servitude of parliament or office. At Tunbridge, some weeks after the publication of my History, I reluctantly quitted Lord and Lady Sheffield; and, with a young Swiss friend,† whom I had introduced to the English world, I pursued the road of Dover and Lausanne. My habitation was embellished in my absence, and the last division of books, which followed my steps, increased my chosen library to the number of between six and seven thousand volumes. My scraglio was ample, my choice was free, my appetite was keen. After a full repast on Homer and Aristophanes, I involved myself in the philosophic maze of the writings of Plato, of which the dramatic is, perhaps, more interesting than the argumentative part: but I stepped aside into every path of inquiry which reading or reflection accidentally opened.

Alas! the joy of my return, and my studious ardour, were soon damped by the melancholy state of my friend Mr. Deyverdun. His health and spirits had long suffered a gradual decline, a succession of apoplectic fits announced his dissolution; and before he expired, those who loved him could not wish for the continuance of his life. The voice of reason might congratulate his deliverance, but the feelings of nature and friendship could be subdued only by time: his amiable character was still alive in my remembrance; each room, each walk, was imprinted with our common footsteps; and I should

* Of their fourteen octavo volumes, the two last include the whole body of the notes. The public importunity had forced *me* to remove them from the end of the volume to the bottom of the page; but I have often repented of my compliance.

† Mr. Wilhelm de Severy.

blush at my own philosophy, if a long interval of study had not pr ceded and followed the death of my friend. By his last will he l to me the option of purchasing his house and garden, or of posse ing them during my life, on the payment either of a stipulated pri or of an easy retribution to his kinsman and heir. I should pr bably have been tempted by the demon of property, if some leg difficulties had not been started against my title: a contest wou have been vexatious, doubtful, and invidious; and the heir mo gratefully subscribed an agreement, which rendered my life posse sion more perfect, and his future condition more advantageou Yet I had often revolved the judicious lines in which Pope answe the objections of his long-sighted friend:

> Pity to build without or child or wife;
> Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life:
> Well, if the use be mine, does it concern one,
> Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

The certainty of my tenure has allowed me to lay out a considerabl sum in improvements and alterations: they have been executed wit skill and taste; and few men of letters, perhaps, in Europe, are s desirably lodged as myself. But I feel, and with the decline years I shall more painfully feel, that I am alone in paradi Among the circle of my acquaintance at Lausanne, I have gradual acquired the solid and tender friendship of a respectable family: the four persons of whom it is composed are all endowed with th virtues best adapted to their age and situation; and I am enco raged to love the parents as a brother, and the children as a fathe Every day we seek and find the opportunities of meeting: yet ev this valuable connexion cannot supply the loss of domestic society.

Within the last two or three years our tranquillity has be clouded by the disorders of France: many families at Lausan were alarmed and affected by the terrors of an impending ban ruptcy; but the revolution, or rather the dissolution, of the kingdo has been heard and felt in the adjacent lands.

I beg leave to subscribe my assent to Mr. Burke's creed on t revolution of France. I admire his eloquence, I approve his politi I adore his chivalry, and I can almost excuse his reverence f church establishments. I have sometimes thought of writing dialogue of the dead, in which Lucian, Erasmus, and Voltaire shou mutually acknowledge the danger of exposing an old superstition t the contempt of the blind and fanatic multitude.

A swarm of emigrants of both sexes, who escaped from the publi ruin, has been attracted by the vicinity, the manners, and th language of Lausanne; and our narrow habitations in town a country are now occupied by the first names and titles of the d parted monarchy. These noble fugitives are entitled to our pi they may claim our esteem, but they cannot, in their present st of mind and fortune, much contribute to our amusement. Inst of looking down as calm and idle spectators on the theatre of rope, our domestic harmony is somewhat embittered by the infu

* The family of De Severy.

of party spirit: our ladies and gentlemen assume the character of self-taught politicians; and the sober dictates of wisdom and experience are silenced by the clamour of the triumphant democrats. The fanatic missionaries of sedition have scattered the seeds of discontent in our cities and villages, which had flourished above two hundred and fifty years without fearing the approach of war, or feeling the weight of government. Many individuals and some communities appear to be infested with the Gallic frenzy, the wild theories of equal and boundless freedom; but I trust that the body of the people will be faithful to their sovereign and to themselves; and I am satisfied that the failure or success of a revolt would equally terminate in the ruin of the country. While the aristocracy of Berne protects the happiness, it is superfluous to inquire whether it be founded in the rights, of man: the economy of the state is liberally supplied without the aid of taxes; and the magistrates *must* reign with prudence and equity, since they are unarmed in the midst of an armed nation.

The revenue of Berne, excepting some small duties, is derived from church lands, tithes, feudal rights, and interest of money. The republic has nearly £500,000 sterling in the English funds, and the amount of their treasure is unknown to the citizens themselves. For myself (may the omen be averted) I can only declare, that the first stroke of a rebel drum would be the signal of my immediate departure.

When I contemplate the common lot of mortality, I must acknowledge that I have drawn a high prize in the lottery of life. The far greater part of the globe is overspread with barbarism or slavery: in the civilised world, the most numerous class is condemned to ignorance and poverty; and the double fortune of my birth in a free and enlightened country, in an honourable and wealthy family, is the lucky chance of an unit against millions. The general probability is about three to one, that a new-born infant will not live to complete his fiftieth year.* I have now passed that age, and may fairly estimate the present value of my existence in the threefold division of mind, body, and estate.

1. The first and indispensable requisite of happiness is a clear conscience, unsullied by the reproach or remembrance of an unworthy action.

> ——Hic murus aheneus esto,
> Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ.

I am endowed with a cheerful temper, a moderate sensibility, and a natural disposition to repose rather than to activity: some mischievous appetites and habits have perhaps been corrected by philosophy or time. The love of study, a passion which derives fresh vigour from enjoyment, supplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual source of independent and rational pleasure; and I am not sensible of any decay of the mental faculties. The original soil has

* See Buffon, Supplement à l'Histoire naturelle, tom. vii. page 158—164. Of a given number of new-born infants, one half, by the fault of nature or man, is extinguished before the age of puberty and reason.—A melancholy calculation!

been highly improved by cultivation; but it may be questioned whether some flowers of fancy, some grateful errors, have not been eradicated with the weeds of prejudice. 2. Since I have escaped from the long perils of my childhood, the serious advice of a physician has seldom been requisite. "The madness of superfluous health I have never known; but my tender constitution has been fortified by time, and the inestimable gift of the sound and peaceful slumber of infancy may be imputed both to the mind and body. 3. I have already described the merits of my society and situation; but these enjoyments would be tasteless or bitter if their possession were not assured by an annual and adequate supply. According to the scale of Switzerland, I am a rich man; and I am indeed rich, since my income is superior to my expense, and my expense is equal to my wishes. My friend Lord Sheffield has kindly relieved me from the cares to which my taste and temper are most adverse: shall I add that since the failure of my first wishes, I have never entertained any serious thoughts of a matrimonial connexion?

I am disgusted with the affectation of men of letters, who complain that they have renounced a substance for a shadow; and that their fame (which sometimes is no insupportable weight) affords a poor compensation for envy, censure, and persecution.* My own experience, at least, has taught me a very different lesson: twenty happy years have been animated by the labour of my History; and its success has given me a name, a rank, a character, in the world to which I should not otherwise have been entitled. The freedom of my writings has indeed provoked an implacable tribe; but as I was safe from the stings, I was soon accustomed to the buzzing of the hornets: my nerves are not tremblingly alive, and my literary temper is so happily framed, that I am less sensible of pain than of pleasure. The rational pride of an author may be offended, rather than flattered, by vague indiscriminate praise; but he cannot, he should not, be indifferent to the fair testimonies of private and public esteem. Even his moral sympathy may be gratified by the idea, that now, in the present hour, he is imparting some degree of amusement or knowledge to his friends in a distant land; that one day his mind will be familiar to the grandchildren of those who are yet unborn.† I cannot boast of the friendship or favour of princes; the patronage of English literature has long since been devolved on

* M. d'Alembert relates, that as he was walking in the gardens of Sans Souci with the King of Prussia, Frederick said to him, "Do you see that old woman, a poor weeder, asleep on that sunny bank? she is probably a more happy being than either of us." The king and the philosopher may speak for themselves; for my part I do not envy the old woman.

† In the first of ancient or modern romances (Tom Jones), this proud sentiment, this feast of fancy, is enjoyed by the genius of Fielding.—"Come, bright love of fame, &c. fill my ravished fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretel me that some tender maid, whose grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under fictitious name of Sophia, she reads the real worth which once existed in my Charlotte, shall from her sympathetic breast send forth the heaving sigh. Do thou teach me not only to foresee but to enjoy, nay even to feed on future praise. Comfort me by the solemn assurance, that, when the little parlour in which I sit at this moment shall be reduced to a worse furnished box, I shall be read with honour by those who never knew *nor saw me, and* whom I shall neither know nor see." Book xiii. ch. 1.

our booksellers, and the measure of their liberality is the least ambiguous test of our common success. Perhaps the golden mediocrity of my fortune has contributed to fortify my application.

The present is a fleeting moment, the past is no more; and our prospect of futurity is dark and doubtful. This day may *possibly* be my last: but the laws of probability, so true in general, so fallacious in particular, still allow about fifteen years.* I shall soon enter into the period which, as the most agreeable of his long life, was selected by the judgment and experience of the sage Fontenelle. His choice is approved by the eloquent historian of nature, who fixes our moral happiness to the mature season in which our passions are supposed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition satisfied, our fame and fortune established on a solid basis.† In private conversation, that great and amiable man added the weight of his own experience; and this autumnal felicity might be exemplified in the lives of Voltaire, Hume, and many other men of letters. I am far more inclined to embrace than to dispute this comfortable doctrine. I will not suppose any premature decay of the mind or body; but I must reluctantly observe that two causes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life.

* Mr. Buffon, from our disregard of the possibility of death within the four-and-twenty hours, concludes that a chance, which falls below or rises above ten thousand to one, will never affect the hopes or fears of a reasonable man. The fact is true, but our courage is the effect of thoughtlessness, rather than of reflection. If a public lottery were drawn for the choice of an immediate victim, and if our name were inscribed on one of the ten thousand tickets, should we be perfectly easy?

† See Buffon.

LETTERS

FROM

EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ., TO LORD SHEFFIELD.

When I first undertook to prepare Mr. Gibbon's Memoirs for th press, I supposed that it would be necessary to introduce some co tinuation of them, from the time when they cease, namely, soo after his return to Switzerland in the year 1788; but the examin tion of his correspondence with me suggested, that the best cont nuation would be the publication of his letters from that time to h death. I shall thus give more satisfaction, by employing the languag of Mr. Gibbon, instead of my own; and the public will see him in new and an admirable light, as a writer of letters. By the insertio of a few occasional sentences, I shall obviate the disadvantages tha are apt to arise from an interrupted narration. A prejudiced or fastidious critic may condemn, perhaps, some parts of the letters a trivial; but many readers, I flatter myself, will be gratified b discovering, even in these, my friend's affectionate feelings, and hi character in familiar life. His letters in general bear a stron resemblance to the style and turn of his conversation; the charac teristics of which were vivacity, elegance, and precision, with know ledge astonishingly extensive and correct. He never ceased to b instructive and entertaining; and in general there was a vein o pleasantry in his conversation which prevented its becoming languid even during a residence of many months with a family in th country.

It has been supposed that he always arranged what he intende to say, before he spoke; his quickness in conversation contradict this notion; but it is very true, that before he sat down to write note or letter, he completely arranged in his mind what he meant t express. He pursued the same method in respect to other compo tion; and he occasionally would walk several times about his apa ment before he had rounded a period to his taste. He has pleasan remarked to me, that it sometimes cost him many a turn before could throw a sentiment into a form that gratified his own critic His systematic habit of arrangement in point of style, assiste his instance, by an excellent memory and correct judgment, is t to be recommended to those who aspire to any perfectio writing.

Although the Memoirs extend beyond the time of Mr. Gib

return to Lausanne, I shall insert a few letters written immediately after his arrival there, and combine them so far as to include even the last note which he wrote a few days previously to his death. Some of them contain few incidents; but they connect and carry on the account either of his opinions or of his employment.

Lausanne, July 30, 1788.—Wednesday, 3 o'clock.

I have but a moment to say, before the departure of the post, that, after a very pleasant journey, I arrived here about half an hour ago; that I am as well arranged, as if I had never stirred from this place; and that dinner on the table is just announced. Severy I dropped at his country-house about two leagues off. I just saluted the family, who dine with me the day after to-morrow, and return to town for some days, I hope weeks, on my account. The son is an amiable and grateful youth; and even this journey has taught me to know and to love him still better. My satisfaction would be complete, had I not found a sad and serious alteration in poor Deyverdun; but thus our joys are chequered! I embrace all; and at this moment feel the last pang of our parting at Tunbridge. Convey this letter or information, without delay, from Sheffield-place to Bath. In a few days I shall write more amply to both places.

October 1, 1788.

After such an act of vigour as my first letter, composed, finished, and dispatched within half an hour after my landing, while the dinner was smoking on the table, your knowledge of the animal must have taught you to expect a proportionable degree of relaxation; and you will be satisfied to hear, that, for many Wednesdays and Saturdays, I have consumed more time than would have sufficed for the epistle, in devising reasons for procrastinating it to the next post. At this very moment I begin so very late, as I am just going to dress, and dine in the country, that I can take only the benefit of the date, October the 1st, and must be content to seal and send my letter next Saturday.

October the 4th.

Saturday is now arrived, and I much doubt whether I shall have time to finish. I arose, as usual, about seven; but as I knew I should have so much time, you know it would have been ridiculous to begin any thing before breakfast. When I returned from my breakfast-room to the library, unluckily I found on the table some new and interesting books, which instantly caught my attention; and without injuring my correspondent, I could safely bestow a single hour to gratify my curiosity. Some things which I found in them insensibly led me to other books, and other inquiries; the morning has stolen away, and I shall be soon summoned to dress and dine with the two Severys, father and son, who are returned from the country on a disagreeable errand, an illness of Madame, from which she is, however, recovering. Such is the faithful picture

of my mind and manners, and from a single day *disce omnes*. After having been so long chained to the oar, in a splendid galley indeed, I freely and fairly enjoy my liberty as I promised in my preface; range without control over the wide expanse of my library; converse, as my fancy prompts me, with poets and historians, philosophers and orators, of every age and language; and often indulge my meditations in the invention and arrangement of mighty works, which I shall probably never find time or application to execute. My garden, berceau, and pavilion often varied the scene of my studies; the beautiful weather which we have enjoyed exhilarated my spirits, and I again tasted the wisdom and happiness of my retirement, till that happiness was interrupted by a very serious calamity, which took from me, for above a fortnight, all thoughts of study, of amusement, and even of correspondence. I mentioned in my first letter the uneasiness I felt at poor Deyverdun's declining health, how much the pleasure of my life was embittered by the sight of a suffering and languid friend. The joy of our meeting appeared at first to revive him; and, though not satisfied, I began to think, at least to hope, that he was every day gaining ground; when, alas! one morning I was suddenly recalled from my berceau to the house, with the dreadful intelligence of an apoplectic stroke; I found him senseless: the best assistance was instantly collected; and he had the aid of the genius and experience of Mr. Tissot, and of the assiduous care of another physician, who for some time scarcely quitted his bedside either night or day. While I was in momentary dread of a relapse, with a confession from his physicians that such a relapse must be fatal, you will feel that I was much more to be pitied than my friend. At length, art or nature triumphed over the enemy of life. I was soon assured that all immediate danger was past: and now for many days I have had the satisfaction of seeing him recover, though by slow degrees, his health and strength, his sleep and appetite. He now walks about the garden, and receives his particular friends, but has not yet gone abroad. His future health will depend very much upon his own prudence: but, at all events, this has been a very serious warning; and the slightest indisposition will hereafter assume a very formidable aspect. But let us turn from this melancholy subject.—The Man of the People escaped from the tumult, the bloody tumult of the Westminster election, to the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, and I was informed that he was arrived at the Lion d'Or. I sent a compliment; he answered it in person, and settled at my house for the remainder of the day. I have ate and drank, and conversed and sat up all night with Fox in England; but it never has happened, perhaps it never can happen again, that I should enjoy him as I did that day, alone, from ten in the morning till ten at night. Poor Deyverdun, before his accident, wanted spirits to appear, and has regretted it since. Our conversation never flagged a moment; and he seemed thoroughly pleased with the place and with his company. We had little politics; though he gave me, in a few words, such a character of Pitt, as one great man should give of another his rival: much of

oks, from my own, on which he flattered me very pleasantly, to omer and the Arabian Nights; much about the country, my rden (which he understands far better than I do), and, upon the hole, I think he envies me, and would do so were he minister. he next morning I gave him a guide to walk him about the town nd country, and invited some company to meet him at dinner. he following day he continued his journey to Berne and Zurich, and have heard of him by various means. The people gaze on him as prodigy, but he shows little inclination to converse with them. * * * *. Our friend Douglas has been curious, attentive, agreeable; nd in every place where he has resided some days, he has left equaintance who esteem and regret him: I never knew so clear nd general an impression.

After this long letter I have yet many things to say, though none of any pressing consequence. I hope you are not idle in the deliverance of Beriton, though the late events and edicts in France begin to reconcile me to the possession of dirty acres. What think you of Necker and the States General? Are not the public expectations too sanguine? Adieu. I will write soon to my lady separately, though I have not any particular subject for her ear. Ever yours.

Lausanne, Nov. 29, 1788.

As I have no correspondents but yourself, I should have been reduced to the stale and stupid communications of the newspapers, if you had not dispatched me an excellent sketch of the extraordinary state of things. In so new a case the *salus populi* must be the first law; and any extraordinary acts of the two remaining branches of the legislature must be excused by necessity, and ratified by general consent. * * * * * *. Till things are settled, I expect a regular journal.

From kingdoms I descend to farms. * * * * *. Adieu.

Lausanne, Dec. 13, 1788.

* * * * * *. Of public affairs I can only hear with curiosity and wonder: careless as you may think me, I feel myself deeply interested. You must now write often; make Miss Firth copy any curious fragments; and stir up any of my well-informed acquaintance, Batt, Douglas, Adam, perhaps Lord Loughborough, to correspond with me; I *will* answer them.

We are now cold and gay at Lausanne. The Severys came to town yesterday. I saw a good deal of Lords Malmsbury and Beauchamp and their ladies; Ellis, of the Rolliad, was with them; I like him much: I gave them a dinner.

Adieu for the present. Deyverdun is not worse.

Lausanne, April 25, 1789.

Before your letter, which I received yesterday, I was in the anxious situation of a king, who hourly expects a courier from his general, with the news of a decisive engagement. I had abstained

from writing, for fear of dropping a word, or betraying a feeling, which might render you too cautious or too bold. On the famous 8th of April, between twelve and two, I reflected that the business was determined; and each succeeding day I computed the speedy approach of your messenger, with favourable or melancholy tidings. When I broke the seal I expected to read, "What a damned unlucky fellow you are! Nothing tolerable was offered, and I indignantly withdrew the estate." I *did* remember the fate of poor Lenborough, and I was afraid of your magnanimity, &c. It is whimsical enough, but it is human nature, that I now begin to think of the deep-rooted foundations of land, and the airy fabric of the funds. I not only consent, but even wish, to have eight or ten thousand pounds on a good mortgage. The pipe of wine you sent to me was seized, and would have been confiscated, if the government of Berne had not treated me with the most flattering and distinguished civility: they not only released the wine, but they paid out of their own pocket the shares to which the bailiff and the informer were entitled by law. I should not forget that the bailiff refused to accept of his part. Poor Deyverdun's constitution is quite broken; he has had two or three attacks, not so violent as the first: every time the door is hastily opened, I expect to hear of some fatal accident: the best or worst hopes of the physicians are only that he may linger some time longer; but, if he lives till the summer, they propose sending him to some mineral waters at Aix, in Savoy. You will be glad to hear that I am now assured of possessing, during my life, this delightful house and garden. The act has been lately executed in the best form, and the handsomest manner. I know not what to say of your miracles at home: we rejoice in the king's recovery, and its ministerial consequences; and I cannot be insensible to the hope, at least the chance, of seeing in this country a first lord of trade, or secretary at war. In your answer, which I shall impatiently expect, you will give me a full and true account of your designs, which by this time must have dropped, or be determined at least, for the present year. If you come, it is high time that we should look out for a house—a task much less easy than you may possibly imagine. Among new books, I recommend to you the Count de Mirabeau's great work, Sur la Monarchie Prussienne; it is in your own way, and gives a very just and complete idea of that wonderful machine. His Correspondance Secrette is diabolically good. Adieu. Ever yours.

Lausanne, June 13, 1789.

You are in truth a wise, active, indefatigable, and inestimable friend; and as our virtues are often connected with our faults, if you were more tame and placid, you would be perhaps of less use and value. A very important and difficult transaction seems to be nearly terminated with success and mutual satisfaction: we seem to run before the wind with a prosperous gale; and, unless we should strike on some secret rocks, which I do not foresee, shall, on or before the 31st July, enter the harbour of Content; though

cannot pursue the metaphor by adding we shall *land*, since our operation is of a very opposite tendency. I could not easily forgive myself for shutting you up in a dark room with parchments and attorneys, did I not reflect that this probably is the last material trouble that you will ever have on my account; and that after the labours and delays of twenty years, I shall at last attain what I have always sighed for, a clear and competent income, above my wants, and equal to my wishes. In this contemplation you will be sufficiently rewarded. I hope **** will be content with our title-deeds, for I cannot furnish another shred of parchment. Mrs. Gibbon's jointure is secured on the Beriton estate, and her legal consent is requisite for the sale. Again and again I must repeat my hope that she is perfectly satisfied, and that the close of her life may not be embittered by suspicion, or fear, or discontent. What new security does she prefer,—the funds, the mortgage, or your land? At all events she must be made easy. I wrote to her again some time ago, and begged that if she were too weak to write, she would desire Mrs. Gould or Mrs. Holroyd to give me a line concerning her state of health. To this no answer; I am afraid she is displeased.

Now for the disposal of the money: I approve of the £8000 mortgage on Beriton; and honour your prudence in not showing, by the comparison of the rent and interest, how foolish it is to purchase land. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * There is a chance of my drawing a considerable sum into this country, for an arrangement which you yourself must approve, but which I have not time to explain at present. For the sake of dispatching, by this evening's post, an answer to your letter which arrived this morning, I confine myself to the *needful*, but in the course of a few days I will send a more familiar epistle. Adieu. Ever yours.

Lausanne, July 14, 1789.

Poor Deyverdun is no more: he expired Saturday the 4th instant: and in his unfortunate situation, death could only be viewed by himself, and his friends, in the light of a consummation devoutly to be wished. Since September he has had a dozen apoplectic strokes, more or less violent: in the intervals between them his strength gradually decayed; every principle of life was exhausted; and had he continued to drag a miserable existence, he must probably have survived the loss of his faculties. Of all misfortunes this was what he himself most apprehended: but his reason was clear and calm to the last; he beheld his approaching dissolution with the firmness of a philosopher. I fancied that time and reflection had prepared me for the event; but the habits of three-and-thirty years' friendship are not so easily broken. The first days, and more especially the first nights, were indeed painful. Last Wednesday and Saturday it would not have been in my power to write. I must now recollect myself, since it is necessary for me not only to impart the news, but to ask your opinion in a very serious

and doubtful question, which must be decided without loss of time. I shall state the facts, but as I am on the spot, and as new lights may occur, I do not promise implicit obedience.

Had my poor friend died without a will, a female *first* cousin settled somewhere in the north of Germany, and whom I believe he had never seen, would have been his heir at law. In the next degree he had several cousins; and one of these, an old companion, by name M. de Montagny, he has chosen for his heir. As this house and garden was the best and clearest part of poor Deyverdun's fortune; as there is a heavy duty or fine (what they call *lods*) on every change of property out of the legal descent; as Montagny has a small estate and a large family, it was necessary to make some provision in his favour. The will therefore leaves me the option of enjoying this place during my life, on paying the sum of £250 (I reckon in English money) at present, and an annual rent of £30; or else of purchasing the house and garden for a sum which, including the duty, will amount to £2500. If I value the rent of £30 at twelve years' purchase, I may acquire my enjoyment for life at about the rate of £600; and the remaining £1900 will be the difference between that tenure and absolute perpetual property. As you have never accused me of too much zeal for the interest of posterity, you will easily guess which scale at first preponderated. I deeply felt the advantage of acquiring, for the smaller sum, every possible enjoyment, as long as I myself should be capable of enjoying: I rejected, with scorn, the idea of giving £1900 for ideal posthumous property; and I deemed it of little moment whose name, after my death, should be inscribed on my house and garden at Lausanne. How often did I repeat to myself the philosophical lines of Pope, which seem to determine the question:

> Pray Heaven, cries Swift, it last as you go on;
> I wish to God this house had been your own.
> Pity to build without or son or wife:
> Why, you'll enjoy it *only* all your life.
> Well, if the use be mine, does it concern one,
> Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

In this state of self-satisfaction I was not much disturbed by all my real or nominal friends, who exhort me to prefer the right of purchase: among such friends, some are careless and some are ignorant; and the judgment of those, who are able and willing to form an opinion, is often biassed by some selfish or social affection, by some visible or invisible interest. But my own reflections have gradually and forcibly driven me from my first propensity; and these reflections I will now proceed to enumerate:

1. I can make this purchase with ease and prudence. As I have had the pleasure of *not* hearing from you very lately, I flatter myself that you advance on a carpet road, and that almost by the receipt of this letter (July 31st) the acres of Beriton will be transmuted into sixteen thousand pounds: if the payment be not absolutely completed by that day, **** will not scruple, I suppose depositing the £2600 at Gosling's, to meet my draft. Should he hesitate, I can desire Darell to sell *quantum sufficit* of my share

annuities. As soon as the new settlement of my affairs is made, I shall be able, after deducting this sum, to square my expense to my income, &c.

2. On mature consideration, I am perhaps less selfish and less philosophical than I appear at first sight: indeed, were I not so, it would now be in my power to turn my fortune into life-annuities, and let the devil take the hindmost. I feel, (perhaps it is foolish,) but I feel that this little paradise will please me still more when it is absolutely my own; and that I shall be encouraged in every improvement of use or beauty, by the prospect that, after my departure, it will be enjoyed by some person of my own choice. I sometimes reflect with pleasure that my writings will survive me: and that idea is at least as vain and chimerical.

3. The heir, M. de Montagny, is an old acquaintance. My situation of a life-holder is rather new and singular in this country: the laws have not provided for many nice cases which may arise between the landlord and tenant: some I can foresee, others have been suggested, many more I might feel when it would be too late. His right of property might plague and confine me: he might forbid my lending to a friend, inspect my conduct, check my improvements, call for securities, repairs, &c. But if I purchase, I walk on my own terrace, fierce and erect, the free master of one of the most delicious spots on the globe.

Should I ever migrate homewards, (you stare, but such an event is less improbable than I could have thought it two years ago,) this place would be disputed by strangers and natives.

Weigh these reasons, and send me without delay a rational explicit opinion, to which I shall pay such regard as the nature of circumstances will allow. But, alas! when all is determined, I shall possess this house, by whatsoever tenure, without friendship or domestic society. I did not imagine, six years ago, that a plan of life so congenial to my wishes, would so speedily vanish. I cannot write upon any other subject. Adieu, yours ever.

Lausanne, August, 1789.

After receiving and dispatching the power of attorney, last Wednesday, I opened, with some palpitation, the unexpected missive which arrived this morning. The perusal of the contents spoiled my breakfast. They are disagreeable in themselves, alarming in their consequences, and peculiarly unpleasant at the present moment, when I hoped to have formed and secured the arrangements of my future life. I do not perfectly understand what are these deeds which are so inflexibly required: the wills and marriage-settlements I have sufficiently answered. But your arguments do not convince ****, and I have very little hope from the Lenborough search? What will be the event? If his objections are only the result of legal scrupulosity, surely they might be removed, and every chink might be filled, by a general bond of indemnity, in which I boldly ask you to join, as it will be a substantial important act of friendship, without any possible risk to yourself or your successors.

Should he still remain obdurate, I must believe what I already suspect, that **** repents of his purchase, and wishes to elude the conclusion. Our case would be then hopeless, *ibi omnis effusus labor*, and the estate would be returned on our hands with the taint of a bad title. The refusal of mortgage does not please me; but surely our offer shows some confidence in the goodness of my title. If he will not take eight thousand pounds at *four per cent.* we must look out elsewhere; new doubts and delays will arise, and I am persuaded that you will not place an implicit confidence in any attorney. I know not as yet your opinion about my Lausanne purchase. If you are against it, the present position of affairs gives you great advantage, &c., &c. The Severys are all well; an uncommon circumstance for the four persons of the family at once. They are now at Mex, a country-house six miles from hence, which I visit to-morrow for two or three days. They often come to town, and we shall contrive to pass a part of the autumn together at Rolle. I want to change the scene; and beautiful as the garden and prospect must appear to every eye, I feel that the state of my own mind casts a gloom over them; every spot, every walk, every bench, recals the memory of those hours, of those conversations, which will return no more. But I tear myself from the subject. I could not help writing to-day, though I do not find I have said any thing very material. As you must be conscious that you have agitated me, you will not postpone any agreeable, or even *decisive* intelligence. I almost hesitate, whether I shall run over to England, to consult with you on the spot, and to fly from poor Deyverdun's shade, which meets me at every turn. I did not expect to have felt his loss so sharply. But six hundred miles! Why are we so far off?

Once more, What is the difficulty of the title? Will men of sense, in a sensible country, never get rid of the tyranny of lawyers? more oppressive and ridiculous than even the old yoke of the clergy. Is not a term of seventy or eighty years, nearly twenty in my own person, sufficient to prove our legal possession? Will not the records of fines and recoveries attest that *I* am free from any bar of entails and settlements? Consult some sage of the law, whether their present demand be necessary and legal. If your ground be firm, force them to execute the agreement or forfeit the deposit. But if, as I much fear, they have a right, and a wish, to elude the consummation, would it not be better to release them at once, than to be hung up for five years, as in the case of Lovegrove, which cost me in the end four or five thousand pounds? You are bold, you are wise; consult, resolve, act. In my penultimate letter I dropped a strange hint, that a migration homeward was not impossible. I know not what to say; my mind is all afloat; yet you will not reproach me with caprice or inconstancy. How many years did you damn my scheme of retiring to Lausanne! I executed that plan; I found as much happiness as is compatible with human nature, and during four years (1783—1787) I never breathed a sigh of repentance. On my return from England the scene was changed: I found only a faint *semblance* of Deyverdun, and that semblance was each day fading

from my sight. I have passed an anxious year, but my anxiety is now at an end, and the prospect before me is a melancholy solitude. I am still deeply rooted in this country; the possession of this paradise, the friendship of the Severys, a mode of society suited to my taste, and the enormous trouble and *expense* of a migration. Yet in England (when the present clouds are dispelled) I could form a very comfortable establishment in London, or rather at Bath; and I have a very noble country-seat at about ten miles from East Grinstead in Sussex.* That spot is dearer to me than the rest of the three kingdoms; and I have sometimes wondered how two men, so opposite in their tempers and pursuits, should have imbibed so long and lively a propensity for each other. Sir Stanier Porten is just dead. He has left his widow with a moderate pension, and two children, my nearest relations: the eldest, Charlotte, is about Louisa's age, and also a most amiable, sensible young creature. I have conceived a romantic idea of educating and adopting her; as we descend into the vale of years, our infirmities require some domestic female society: Charlotte would be the comfort of my age, and I could reward her care and tenderness with a decent fortune. A thousand difficulties oppose the execution of the plan, which I have never opened but to you; yet it would be less impracticable in England than in Switzerland. Adieu. I am wounded, pour some oil into my wounds: yet I am less unhappy since I have thrown my mind upon paper.

Are you not amazed at the French revolution? They have the power, will they have the moderation, to establish a good constitution? Adieu, ever yours.

Lausanne, Sept. 9, 1789.

Within an hour after the reception of your last, I drew my pen for the purpose of a reply, and my exordium ran in the following words: "I find by experience, that it is much more rational, as well as easy, to answer a letter of real business by the return of the post." This important truth is again verified by my own example. After writing three pages I was called away by a very rational motive, and the post departed before I could return to the conclusion. A second delay was coloured by some decent pretence. Three weeks have slipped away, and I now force myself on a task, which I should have dispatched without an effort on the first summons. My only excuse is, that I had little to write about English business, and that I could write nothing definitive about my Swiss affairs. And first, as Aristotle says, of the first,

1. I was indeed in low spirits when I sent what you so justly style my dismal letter; but I do assure you, that my own feelings contributed much more to sink me, than any events or terrors relative to the sale of Beriton. But I again hope and trust, from your consolatory epistle, that, &c. &c.

2. My Swiss transaction has suffered a great alteration. I shall not become the proprietor of my house and garden at Lausanne,

* Alluding to Sheffield-place.

and I relinquish the phantom with more regret than you could easily imagine. But I have been determined by a difficulty, which at first appeared of little moment, but which has gradually swelled to an alarming magnitude. There is a law in this country, as well as in some provinces of France, which is styled "le droit de retrait, le retrait lignagere" (Lord Loughborough must have heard of it), by which the relations of the deceased are entitled to redeem a house or estate at the price for which it has been sold; and as the sum fixed by poor Deyverdun is much below its known value, a crowd of competitors are beginning to start. The best opinions (for they are divided) are in my favour, that I am not subject to "le droit de retrait," since I take not as a purchaser, but as a legatee. But the words of the will are somewhat ambiguous, the event of law is always uncertain, the administration of justice at Berne (the last appeal) depends too much on favour and intrigue; and it is very doubtful whether I could revert to the life-holding, after having chosen and lost the property. These considerations engaged me to open a negotiation with M. de Montagny, through the medium of my friend the judge; and as he most ardently wishes to keep the house, he consented, though with some reluctance, to my proposals. Yesterday he signed a covenant in the most regular and binding form, by which he allows my power of transferring my interest, interprets in the most ample sense my right of making alterations, and expressly renounces all claim, as landlord, of visiting or inspecting the premises. I have promised to lend him twelve thousand livres, (between seven and eight hundred pounds), secured on the house and land. The mortgage is four times its value; the interest of four pounds per cent. will be annually discharged by the rent of thirty guineas. So that I am now tranquil on that score for the remainder of my days. I hope that time will gradually reconcile me to the place which I have inhabited with my poor friend; for in spite of the *cream* of London, I am still persuaded that no other place is so well adapted to my taste and habits of studious and social life.

Far from delighting in the whirl of a metropolis, my only complaint against Lausanne is the great number of strangers, always of English, and now of French, by whom we are infested in summer. Yet we have escaped the *damned* great ones, the Count d'Artois, the Polignacs, &c. who slip by us to Turin. What a scene is France! While the assembly is voting abstract propositions, Paris is an independent republic; the provinces have neither authority nor freedom, and poor Necker declares that credit is no more, and that the people refuse to pay taxes. Yet I think you must be seduced by the abolition of tithes. If Eden goes to Paris you may have some curious information. Give me some account of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas. Do they live with Lord North? I hope they do. When will parliament be dissolved? Are you still Coventry mad? I embrace my lady, the sprightly Maria, and the smiling Louisa. Alas! alas! you will never come to Switzerland. Adieu, ever yours.

Lausanne, Sept. 25th, 1789.

Alas! what perils do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron.

Alas! what delays and difficulties do attend the man who meddles with legal and landed business! yet if it be only to disappoint your expectation, I am not so very nervous at this new provoking obstacle. I had totally forgotten the deed in question, which was contrived in the last year of my father's life, to tie his hands and regulate the disorder of his affairs; and which might have been so easily cancelled by Sir Stanier, who had not the smallest interest in it, either for himself or his family. The amicable suit which is now become necessary must, I think, be short and unambiguous, yet I cannot help dreading the crotchets that lurk under the chancellor's great wig; and, at all events, I foresee some additional delay and expense. The golden pill of the £2800 has soothed my discontent; and if it be safely lodged with the Goslings, I agree with you in considering it as an unequivocal pledge of a fair and willing purchaser. It is, indeed, chiefly in that light I now rejoice in so large a deposit, which is no longer necessary in its full extent. You are apprised by my last letter that I have reduced myself to the life enjoyment of the house and garden. And, in spite of my feelings, I am every day more convinced that I have chosen the safer side. I believe my cause to have been good, but it was doubtful. Law in this country is not so expensive as in England, but it is more troublesome. I must have gone to Berne, have solicited my judges in person—a vile custom! the event was uncertain; and during at least two years, I should have been in a state of suspense and anxiety: till the conclusion of which it would have been madness to have attempted any alteration or improvement. According to my present arrangement I shall want no more than £1100 of the £2000, and I suppose you will direct Gosling to lay out the remainder in India bonds, that it may not lie quite dead, while I am accountable to **** for the interest. The elderly lady in a male habit, who informed me that Yorkshire is a register county, is a certain judge, one Sir William Blackstone, whose name you may possibly have heard. After stating the danger of purchasers and creditors, with regard to the title of estates on which they lay out or lend their money, he thus continues: "In Scotland every act and event regarding the transmission of property is regularly entered on record; and some of our own provincial divisions, particularly the extended county of York and the populous county of Middlesex, have prevailed with the legislature to erect such registers in their respective districts." (Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. ii. p. 343, edition of 1774, in quarto.) If I am mistaken, it is in pretty good company; but I suspect that we are all right, and that the register is confined to one or two ridings. As we have, alas! two or three months before us, I should hope that your prudent sagacity will discover some sound land, in case you should not have time to arrange another mortgage. I now write in a hurry, as I am just setting out for Rolle, where I shall be settled with cook and servants in a pleasant apartment till the middle of

November. The Severys have a house there, where they pass the autumn. I am not sorry to vary the scene for a few weeks, and I wish to be absent while some alterations are making in my house at Lausanne. I wish the change of air may be of service to Severy the father, but we do not at all like his present state of health. How completely, alas, how completely! could I now lodge you: but your firm resolve of making me a visit seems to have vanished like a dream. Next summer you will not find five hundred pounds for a rational friendly expedition: and should parliament be dissolved, you will perhaps find five thousand for ****. I cannot think of it with patience. Pray take serious strenuous measures for sending me a pipe of excellent Madeira in cask, with some dozens of Malmsey Madeira. It should be consigned to Messrs. Romberg, voituriers, at Ostend, and I must have timely notice of its march. We have so much to say about France, that I suppose we shall never say anything. That country is now in a state of dissolution. Adieu.

Lausanne, December 15th, 1789.

You have often reason to accuse my strange silence and neglect in the most important of *my own* affairs; for I will presume to assert, that in a business of yours of equal consequence, you should not find me cold or careless. But on the present occasion my silence is, perhaps, the highest compliment I ever paid you. You remember the answer of Philip of Macedon; "Philip may sleep, while he knows that Parmenio is awake." I expected, and, to say the truth, I wished that my Parmenio would have decided and acted, without expecting my dilatory answer, and in his decision I should have acquiesced with implicit confidence. But since you will have my opinion, let us consider the present state of my affairs. In the course of my life I have often known, and sometimes felt, the difficulty of getting money, but I now find myself involved in a more singular distress, the difficulty of placing it, and if it continues much longer, I shall almost wish for my land again.

I perfectly agree with you, that it is bad management to purchase in the funds when they do not yield four pounds per cent. * * *. Some of this money I can place safely, by means of my banker here; and I shall possess, what I have always desired, a command of cash, which I cannot abuse to my prejudice, since I have it in my power to supply with my pen any extraordinary or fanciful indulgence of expense. And so much—much, indeed—for pecuniary matters. What would you have me say of the affairs of France? We are too near, and too remote, to form an accurate judgment of that wonderful scene. The abuses of the court and government called aloud for reformation; and it has happened, as it will always happen, that an innocent, well-disposed prince has paid the forfeit of the sins of his predecessors; of the ambition of Louis XIV., of the profusion of Louis XV. The French nation had a glorious opportunity, but they have abused, and may lose their advantages. If they had been content with a liberal translation of our system, if they had respected the prerogatives of the crown, and the privileges

of the nobles, they might have raised a solid fabric, on the only true foundation, the natural aristocracy of a great country. How different is the prospect! Their king brought a captive to Paris, after his palace had been stained with the blood of his guards; the nobles in exile; the clergy plundered in a way which strikes at the root of all property; the capital an independent republic; the union of the provinces dissolved; the flames of discord kindled by the worst of men; (in that light I consider Mirabeau;) and the honestest of the assembly a set of wild visionaries, (like our Dr. Price,) who gravely debate, and dream about the establishment of a pure and perfect democracy of five-and-twenty millions, the virtues of the golden age, and the primitive rights and equality of mankind, which would lead, in fair reasoning, to an equal partition of lands and money. How many years must elapse before France can recover any vigour, or resume her station among the powers of Europe! As yet, there is no symptom of a great man, a Richelieu or a Cromwell, arising, either to restore the monarchy, or to lead the commonwealth. The weight of Paris, more deeply engaged in the funds than *all* the rest of the kingdom, will long delay a bankruptcy; and if it should happen, it will be, both in the cause and the effect, a measure of weakness, rather than of strength. You send me to Chamberry, to see a prince and an archbishop. Alas! we have exiles enough here, with the Marshal de Castries and the Duke de Guignes at their head: and this inundation of strangers, which used to be confined to the summer, will now stagnate all the winter. The only ones whom I have seen with pleasure are M. Mounier, the late president of the national assembly, and the Count de Lally; they have both dined with me. Mounier, who is a serious dry politician, is returned to Dauphiné. Lally is an amiable man of the world, and a poet: he passes the winter here. You know how much I prefer a quiet select society to a crowd of names and titles, and that I always seek conversation with a view to amusement rather than information. What happy countries are England and Switzerland, if they know and preserve their happiness.

I have a thousand things to say to my lady, Maria, and Louisa, but I can add only a short postscript about the Madeira. Good Madeira is now become essential to my health and reputation. May your hogshead prove as good as the last; may it not be intercepted by the rebels or the Austrians. What a scene again in that country! Happy England! Happy Switzerland! I again repeat. Adieu.

Lausanne, January 27th, 1790.

Your two last epistles, of the 7th and 11th instant, were somewhat delayed on the road; they arrived within two days of each other, the last this morning, (the 27th); so that I answer by the first, or at least by the second post. Upon the whole, your French method, though sometimes more rapid, appears to me less sure and steady than the old German highway, &c., &c. * * * * * But enough of this. A new and brighter prospect seems to be

breaking upon us, and few events of *that kind* have ever given me more pleasure than your successful negotiation and ****'s satisfactory answer. The agreement is, indeed, equally convenient for both parties: no time or expense will be wasted in scrutinizing the title of the estate; the interest will be secured by the clause of five per cent., and I lament with you, that no larger sum than £8000 can be placed on Beriton, without asking (what might be somewhat impudent) a collateral security, &c., &c. * * * * * But I wish you to choose and execute one or the other of these arrangements with sage discretion and absolute power. I shorten my letter, that I may dispatch it by this post. I see the time, and I shall rejoice to see it at the end of twenty years, when my cares will be at an end, and our friendly pages will be no longer sullied with the repetition of dirty land and vile money; when we may expatiate on the politics of the world and our personal sentiments. Without expecting your answer of business, I mean to write soon in a purer style, and I wish to lay open to my friend the state of my mind, which (exclusive of all worldly concerns) is not perfectly at ease. In the mean while, I must add two or three short articles. 1. I am astonished at Elmsly's silence, and the immobility of your picture. Mine should have departed long since, could I have found a sure opportunity, &c., &c. Adieu, yours.

Lausanne, May 15th, 1790.

Since the first origin *(ab ovo)* of our connexion and correspondence, so long an interval of silence has not intervened, as far as I remember, between us, &c. &c.

From my silence you conclude that the moral complaint, which I had insinuated in my last, is either insignificant or fanciful. The conclusion is rash. But the complaint in question is of the nature of a slow lingering disease, which is not attended with any immediate danger. As I have not leisure to expatiate, take the idea in three words: "Since the loss of poor Deyverdun, I am *alone;* and even in Paradise, solitude is painful to a social mind. When I was a dozen years younger, I *scarcely* felt the weight of a single existence amidst the crowds of London, of parliament, of clubs; but it will press more heavily upon me in this tranquil land, in the decline of life, and with the increase of infirmities. Some expedient, even the most desperate, must be embraced, to secure the domestic society of a male or female companion. But I am not in a hurry: there is time for reflection and advice." During this winter such finer feelings have been suspended by the grosser evil of bodily pain. On the ninth of February I was seized by such a fit of the gout as I had never known, though I must be thankful that its dire effects have been confined to the feet and knees, without ascending to the more noble parts. With some vicissitudes of better and worse, I have groaned between two and three months; the debility has survived the pain, and though now easy, I am carried about in my chair without any power, and with a very distant chance, of supporting *myself,* from the extreme weakness and contraction of the joints

my knees. Yet I am happy in a skilful physician, and kind assiduous friends: every evening, during more than three months, has been enlivened (excepting when I have been forced to refuse them) by some cheerful visits, and very often by a chosen party of both sexes. How different is such society from the solitary evenings which I have passed in the tumult of London! It is not worth while fighting about a shadow, but should I ever return to England, Bath, not the metropolis, would be my last retreat.

Your portrait is at last arrived in perfect condition, and now occupies a conspicuous place over the chimney-glass in my library. It is the object of general admiration; good judges (the few) applaud the work; the name of Reynolds opens the eyes and mouths of the many; and were not I afraid of making you vain, I would inform you that the original is not allowed to be more than five-and-thirty. In spite of private reluctance and public discontent, I have honourably dismissed *myself*.* I shall arrive at Sir Joshua's before the end of the month; he will give me a look, and perhaps a touch; and you will be indebted to the president one guinea for the carriage. Do not be nervous, I am not rolled up; had I been so, you might have gazed on my charms four months ago. I want some account of yourself, of my lady, (shall we never directly correspond?) of Louisa, and of Maria. How has the latter since her launch supported a quiet winter in Sussex? I so much rejoice in your divorce from that b—— Kitty Coventry, that I care not what marriage you contract. A great city would suit your dignity, and the duties which would kill me in the first session, would supply your activity with a constant fund of amusement. But tread softly and surely; the ice is deceitful, the water is deep, and you may be soused over head and ears before you are aware. Why did not you or Elmsly send me the African pamphlet† by the post? it would not have cost much. You have such a knack of turning a nation, that I am afraid you will triumph (perhaps by the force of argument) over justice and humanity. But do you not expect to work at Beelzebub's sugar plantations in the infernal regions, under the tender government of a negro-driver? I should suppose both my lady and Miss Firth very angry with you.

As to the bill for prints, which has been too long neglected, why will you not exercise the power, which I have never revoked, over all my cash at the Goslings? The Severy family has passed a very favourable winter; the young man is impatient to hear from a family which he places above all others: yet he will generously write next week, and send you a drawing of the alterations in the house. Do not raise your ideas; you know *I* am satisfied with convenience in architecture, and some elegance in furniture. I admire the coolness with which you ask me to epistolize Reynell and Elmsly, as if a letter were so easy and pleasant a task; it appears less so to me every day.

* His portrait.

† Observations on the project for abolishing the Slave Trade, by Lord Sheffield.

Your indignation will melt into pity, when you hear that for ral weeks past I have been again confined to my chamber ar chair. Yet I must hasten, generously hasten, to exculpat gout, my old enemy, from the curses which you already pour head. He is not the cause of this disorder, although the quences have been somewhat similar. I am satisfied that this of nature has saved me from a very dangerous, perhaps a crisis; and I listen to the flattering hope that it may tend t the gout at a more respectful distance, &c. &c. &c.

The whole sheet has been filled with dry selfish business; must and will reserve some lines of the cover for a little fr conversation. I passed four days at the castle of Coppet Necker; and could have wished to have shown him, as a warn any aspiring youth possessed with the demon of ambition. all the means of private happiness in his power, he is the miserable of human beings: the past, the present, and the are equally odious to him. When I suggested some domestic a ments of books, building, &c. he answered, with a deep t despair, "In the state in which I now am, I can feel only the that has overthrown me." How different from the careless fulness with which our poor friend Lord North supported hi Madame Necker maintains more external composure, *mais le n'y perd rien.* It is true that Necker wished to be carried in closet, like old Pitt, on the shoulders of the people; and th has been ruined by the democracy which he had raised. I b him to be an able financier, and know him to be an honest too honest, perhaps, for a minister. His rival Colonne has through Lausanne, in his way from Turin; and was soon fo by the Prince of Condé, with his son and grandson; but I w much indisposed to see them. They have, or have had, som projects of a counter-revolution: horses have been bought, levied: such foolish attempts must end in the ruin of the Burke's book is a most admirable medicine against the F disease, which has made too much progress even in this country. I admire his eloquence, I approve his politics, I ado chivalry, and I can forgive even his superstition. The pri church, which I have treated with some freedom, was itself a time an innovation, and I was attached to the old pagan esta ment. The French spread so many lies about the sentiments English nation, that I wish the most considerable men of all and descriptions would join in some public act, declaring them satisfied and resolved to support our present constitution. declaration would have a wonderful effect in Europe; and, thought worthy, I myself would be proud to subscribe it. I great mind to send you something of a sketch, such as all th men might adopt.

I have intelligence of the approach of my Madeira. I with equal pleasure the second pipe, now in the torrid zone.

me some pleasant details of your domestic state, of Maria, &c. If my lady thinks that my silence is a mark of indifference, my lady is a goose. I *must* have you all at Lausanne next summer.

Lausanne, August 7, 1790.

I answer at once your two letters; and I should probably have taken earlier notice of the first, had I not been in daily expectation of the second. I must begin on the subject of what really interests me the most, your glorious election for Bristol. Most sincerely do I congratulate your exchange of a cursed expensive jilt, who deserted you for a rich Jew, for an honourable connexion with a chaste and virtuous matron, who will probably be as constant as she is disinterested. In the whole range of election from Caithness to St. Ives, I much doubt whether there be a single choice so truly honourable to the member and the constituents. The second commercial city invites, from a distant province, an independent gentleman, known only by his active spirit, and his writings on the subject of trade; and names him, without intrigue or expense, for her representative: when the voice of party is silenced, while factions strive which shall applaud the most.

You are now sure, for seven years to come, of never wanting food —I mean business; what a crowd of suitors or complainants will besiege your door! what a load of letters and memorials will be heaped on your table! I much question whether even you will not sometimes exclaim, *Ohe! jam satis est!* but that is your affair. Of the excursion to Coventry I cannot decide, but I hear it is pretty generally blamed: but, however, I love gratitude to an old friend; and shall not be very angry if you damned them with a farewell to all eternity But I cannot repress my indignation at the use of those foolish, obsolete, odious words, Whig and Tory. In the American war they might have some meaning; and then your lordship was a Tory, although you supposed yourself a Whig: since the coalition, all general principles have been confounded; and if there ever was an opposition to men, not measures, it is the present. Luckily, both the leaders are great men; and, whatever happens, the country must fall upon its legs. What a strange mist of peace and war seems to hang over the ocean! We can perceive nothing but secrecy and vigour; but those are excellent qualities to perceive in a minister. From yourself and politics I now return to my private concerns, which I shall methodically consider under the three great articles of mind, body, and estate.

1. I am not absolutely displeased at your firing so hastily at the hint, a tremendous hint, in my last letter. But the danger is not so serious or imminent as you seem to suspect; and I give you my word, that, before I take the slightest step which can bind me either in law, conscience, or honour, I will faithfully communicate, and we will freely discuss, the whole state of the business. But at present there is not any thing to communicate or discuss; I do assure you that I have not any particular object in view: I am not in love with any of the hyænas of Lausanne, though there are some who keep

their claws tolerably well pared. Sometimes, in a solitary mood, I have fancied myself married to one or other of those whose society and conversation are the most pleasing to me; but when I have painted in my fancy all the probable consequences of such an union, I have started from my dream, rejoiced in my escape, and ejaculated a thanksgiving that I was still in possession of my natural freedom. Yet I feel, and shall continue to feel, that domestic solitude, however it may be alleviated by the world, by study, and even by friendship, is a comfortless state, which will grow more painful as I descend in the vale of years. At present my situation is very tolerable; and if at dinner-time, or at my return home in the evening, I sometimes sigh for a companion, there are many hours, and many occasions, in which I enjoy the superior blessing of being sole master of my own house. But your plan, though less dangerous, is still more absurd than mine: such a couple as you describe could not be found; and, if found, would not answer my purpose; their rank and position would be awkward and ambiguous to myself and my acquaintance; and the agreement of three persons of three characters would be still more impracticable. My plan of Charlotte Porten is undoubtedly the most desirable; and she might either remain a spinster (the case is not without example,) or marry some Swiss of my choice, who would increase and enliven our society; and both would have the strongest motives for kind and dutiful behaviour. But the mother has been indirectly sounded; and will not hear of such a proposal for some years. On my side, I would not take her, but as a piece of soft wax which I could model to the language and manners of the country: I must therefore be patient.

Young Severy's letter, which may be now in your hands, and which, for these three or four last posts, has furnished my indolence with a new pretence for delay, has already informed you of the means and circumstances of my resurrection. Tedious indeed was my confinement, since I was not able to move from my house or chair, from the ninth of February to the first of July, very nearly five months. The first weeks were accompanied with more pain than I have ever known in the gout, with anxious days and sleepless nights; and when that pain subsided, it left a weakness in my knees, which seemed to have no end. My confinement was however softened by books, by the possession of every comfort and convenience, by a succession each evening of agreeable company, and by a flow of equal spirits and general good health. During the last weeks I descended to the ground floor, poor Devverdun's apartment, and constructed a chair like Merlin's, in which I could wheel myself in the house and on the terrace. My patience has been universally admired; yet how many thousands have passed those five months less easily than myself. I remember making a remark perfectly simple, and perfectly true: "At present," I said to Madame Severy, "I am not positively miserable, and I may reasonably hope a daily or weekly improvement, till sooner or later in the summer I shall recover new limbs, and new pleasures, which I do not now possess: have any of you such a prospect?" The prediction is

been accomplished, and I have arrived to my present condition of strength, or rather of feebleness: I now can walk with tolerable ease in my garden and smooth places; but on the rough pavement of the town I use, and perhaps shall use, a sedan chair. The Pyrmont waters have performed wonders; and my physician (not Tissot, but a very sensible man) allows me to hope, that the term of the interval will be in proportion to that of the fit.

Have you read in the English papers, that the government of Berne is overturned, and that we are divided into three democratical leagues! true as what I have read in the French papers, that the English have cut off Pitt's head, and abolished the House of Lords. The people of this country are happy; and in spite of some miscreants, and more foreign emissaries, they are sensible of their happiness.

Finally—Inform my lady, that I am indignant at a false and heretical assertion in her last letter to Severy, "that friends at a distance cannot love each other, if they do not write." I love her better than any woman in the world; indeed I do; and yet I do not write. And she herself—but I am calm. We have now nearly one hundred French exiles, some of them worth being acquainted with; particularly a Count de Schomberg, who is become almost my friend; he is a man of the world, of letters, and of sufficient age, since in 1753 he succeeded to Marshal Saxe's regiment of dragoons. As to the rest, I entertain them, and they flatter me: but I wish we were reduced to our Lausanne society. Poor France! the state is dissolved, the nation is mad! Adieu.

Lausanne, April 9th, 1791.

First, of my health; it is now tolerably restored: my legs are still weak, but the animal in general is in a sound and lively condition; and we have great hopes from the fine weather and the Pyrmont waters. I most sincerely wished for the presence of Maria, to embellish a ball which I gave the 29th of last month to all the best company, natives and foreigners, of Lausanne, with the aid of the Severys, especially of the mother and son, who directed the œconomy, and performed the honours of the *fête*. It opened about seven in the evening; the assembly of men and women was pleased and pleasing, the music good, the illumination splendid, the refreshments profuse: at twelve, one hundred and thirty persons sat down to a very good supper; at two, I stole away to bed, in a snug corner; and I was informed at breakfast, that the remains of the veteran and young troops, with Severy and his sister at their head, had concluded the last dance about a quarter before seven. This magnificent entertainment has gained me great credit; and the expense was more reasonable than you can easily imagine. This was an extraordinary event, but I give frequent dinners; and in the summer I have an assembly every Sunday evening. What a wicked wretch! says my lady.

I cannot pity you for the accumulation of business, as you ought not to pity *me*, if I complained of the tranquillity of Lausanne: we

suffer or enjoy the effects of our own choice. Perhaps you will mutter something of our not being born for ourselves, of public spirit (I have formerly read of such a thing), of private friendship, for which I give you full and ample credit, &c. But your parliamentary operations, at least, will probably expire in the month of June; and I shall refuse to sign the Newhaven conveyance, unless I am satisfied that you will execute the Lausanne visit this summer. On the 15th of June, suppose lord, lady, Maria, and maid, (poor Louisa!) in a post coach, with Etienne on horseback, set out from Downing-street, or Sheffield-place, cross the Channel from Brighton to Dieppe, visit the national assembly, buy caps at Paris, examine the ruins of Versailles, and arrive at Lausanne, without danger or fatigue, the second week in July; you will be lodged pleasantly and comfortably, and will not perhaps despise my situation. A couple of months will roll, alas! too hastily away: you will all be amused by new scenes, new people; and whenever Maria and you, with Severy, mount on horseback to visit the country, the glaciers, &c., my lady and myself shall form a very quiet tête-à-tête at home. In September, if you are tired, you may return by a direct or indirect way; but I only desire that you will not make the plan impracticable by grasping at too much. In return, I promise you a visit of three or four months in the autumn of ninety-two: you and my booksellers are now my principal attractions in England. You had some right to growl at hearing of my supplement in the papers: but Cadell's indiscretion was founded on a hint which I had thrown out in a letter, and which in all probability will never be executed. Yet I am not totally idle. Adieu.

Lausanne, May 18th, 1791.

I write a short letter, on small paper, to inform you, that the various deeds, which arrived safe and in good condition, have this morning been sealed, signed, and delivered, in the presence of respectable and well known English witnesses. To have read the aforesaid acts, would have been difficult; to have understood them, impracticable. I therefore signed them with my eyes shut, and in that implicit confidence, which we freemen and Britons are humbly content to yield to our lawyers and ministers. I hope, however, most seriously hope, that every thing has been carefully examined, and that I am not totally ruined. It is not without much impatience that I expect an account of the payment and investment of the purchase-money. It was my intention to have added a new edition of my will: but I have an unexpected call to go to Geneva to-morrow with the Severys, and must defer that business a few days, till after my return. On my return I may possibly find a letter from you, and will write more fully in answer: my posthumous work, contained in a single sheet, will not ruin you in postage. In the meanwhile, let me desire you either never to talk of Lausanne, or to execute the journey this summer; after the dispatch of public and *private* business, there can be no real obstacle but in yourself. Pray do not go to war with Russia: it is very foolish: I am quite angry with Pitt. Adieu.

Lausanne, May 31st, 1791.

At length I see a ray of sunshine breaking from a dark cloud. Your epistle of the 13th arrived this morning, the 25th instant, the day after my return from Geneva; it has been communicated to Severy. We now believe that you intend a visit to Lausanne this summer, and we hope that you will execute that intention. If you are a man of honour, you shall find me one; and, on the day of your arrival at Lausanne, I will ratify my engagement of visiting the British isle before the end of the year 1792, excepting only the fair and foul exception of the gout. You rejoice me, by proposing the addition of dear Louisa; it was not without a bitter pang that I threw her overboard, to lighten the vessel and secure the voyage: I was fearful of the governess, a second carriage, and a long train of difficulty and expense, which might have ended in blowing up the whole scheme. But if you can bodkin the sweet creature into the coach, she will find an easy welcome at Lausanne. The first arrangements which I must make before your arrival, may be altered by your own taste, on a survey of the premises, and you will all be commodiously and pleasantly lodged. You have heard a great deal of the beauty of my house, garden, and situation; but such are their intrinsic value, that, unless I am much deceived, they will bear the test even of exaggerated praise. From my knowledge of your lordship, I have always entertained some doubt how you would get through the society of a Lausanne winter: but I am satisfied that, exclusive of friendship, your summer visits to the banks of the Leman Lake will long be remembered as one of the most agreeable periods of your life; and that you will scarcely regret the amusement of a Sussex committee of navigation in the dog days. You ask for details: what details? a map of France and a post-book are easy and infallible guides. If the ladies are not afraid of the ocean, you are not ignorant of the passage from Brighton to Dieppe: Paris will then be in your direct road; and even allowing you to look at the Pandæmonium, the ruins of Versailles, &c., a fortnight diligently employed will clear you from Sheffield-place to Gibbon Castle. What can I say more?

As little have I to say on the subject of my worldly matters, which seems now, Jupiter be praised, to be drawing towards a final conclusion; since, when people part with their money, they are indeed serious. I do not perfectly understand the ratio of the precise sum which you have poured into Gosling's reservoir, but suppose it will be explained in a general account.

You have been very dutiful in sending me, what I have always desired, a cut Woodfall on a remarkable debate; a debate, indeed, most remarkable! Poor **** is the most eloquent and rational madman that I ever knew. I love Fox's feelings, but I detest the political principles of the man, and of the party. Formerly you detested them more strongly, during the American war, than myself. I am half afraid that you are corrupted by your unfortunate connexions. Should you admire the national assembly, we shall have many an altercation, for I am as high an aristocrat as Burke him-

self; and he has truly observed, that it is impossible to debate with temper on the subject of that cursed revolution. In my last excursion to Geneva I frequently saw the Neckers, who by this time are returned to their summer residence at Coppet. He is much restored in health and spirits, especially since the publication of his last book, which has probably reached England. Both parties who agree in abusing him, agree likewise that he is a man of virtue and genius: but I much fear that the purest intentions have been productive of the most baneful consequences. Our military men, I mean the French, are leaving us every day for the camp of the Princes at Worms, and support what is called repre-sentation. Their hopes are sanguine; I will not answer for their being well grounded: it is *certain*, however, that the emperor had an interview the 19th instant with the Count of Artois at Mantua; and the aristocrats talk in mysterious language of Spain, Sardinia, the empire, four or five armies, &c. They will doubtless strike a blow this summer: may it not recoil on their own heads! Adieu. Embrace our female travellers. A short delay.

Lausanne, June 12th, 1791.

I now begin to see you all in real motion, swimming from Brighton to Dieppe, according to my scheme, and afterwards treading the direct road which you cannot well avoid, to the turbulent capital of the late kingdom of France. I know not what more to say, or what further instructions to send; they would indeed be useless, as you are travelling through a country which has been sometimes visited by Englishmen: only this let me say, that, in the midst of anarchy, the roads were never more secure than at present. As you will wish to assist at the national assembly, you will act prudently in obtaining from the French in London a good recommendation to some leading member; Cazales, for instance, or the Abbé Maury. I soon expect from Elmsly a cargo of books; but you may bring me any new pamphlet of exquisite flavour, particularly the last works of John Lord Sheffield,* which the dog has always neglected to send. You will have time to write once more, and you must endeavour, as nearly as possible, to mark the day of your arrival. You may come either by Lyons and Geneva, by Dijon and Les Rousses, or by Dole and Pontarlière. The post will fail you on the edge of Switzerland, and must be supplied by hired horses. I wish you to make your last day's journey easy, so as to dine upon the road, and arrive by tea-time. The pulse of the counter-revolution beats high, but I cannot send you any certain facts. Adieu. I want to *hear* my lady abusing me for never writing. *All* the Severys are very impatient.

Notwithstanding the high premium, I do not absolutely wish you drowned. Besides all other cares, I must marry and propagate, which would give me a great deal of trouble.

* Observations on the Corn Laws.

Lausanne, July 1st, 1791.

In obedience to your orders, I direct a flying shot to Paris, though I have not any thing particular to add, excepting that our impatience is increased in the *inverse ratio* of time and space. Yet I almost doubt whether you have passed the sea. The news of the king of France's escape must have reached you before the 28th, the day of your departure, and the prospect of strange unknown disorder may well have suspended your firmest resolves. The royal animal is again caught, and all may probably be quiet. I was just going to exhort you to pass through Brussels and the confines of Germany; a fair Irishism, since if you read this, you are already at Paris. The only reasonable advice which now remains, is to obtain, by means of Lord Gower, a sufficiency, or even superfluity, of forcible passports, such as leave no room for cavil on a jealous frontier. The frequent intercourse with Paris has proved that the best and shortest road, instead of Besançon, is by Dijon, Dole, Les Rousses, and Nyon. Adieu. I warmly embrace the ladies. It would be idle now to talk of business.

It has appeared from the foregoing letters, that a visit from myself and my family, to Mr. Gibbon at Lausanne, had been for some time in agitation. This long-promised excursion took place in the month of June, 1791, and occasioned a considerable cessation of our correspondence. I landed at Dieppe immediately after the flight from, and return to, Paris of the unfortunate Louis XVI. During my stay in that capital, I had an opportunity of seeing the extraordinary ferment of men's minds, both in the national assembly, and in private societies, and also in my passage through France to Lausanne, where I recalled to my memory the interesting scenes I had witnessed, by frequent conversations with my deceased friend. I might have wished to record his opinions on the subject of the French Revolution, if he had not expressed them so well in the annexed letters. He seemed to suppose, as some of his letters hint, that I had a tendency to the new French opinions. Never, indeed, I can with truth aver, was suspicion more unfounded; nor could it have been admitted into Mr. Gibbon's mind, but that his extreme friendship for me, and his utter abhorrence of these notions, made him anxious and jealous, even to an excess, that I should not entertain them. He was, however, soon undeceived; he found that I was full as averse to them as himself. I had from the first expressed an opinion, that such a change as was aimed at in France, must derange all the regular governments in Europe, hazard the internal quiet and dearest interests of this country, and probably end in bringing on mankind a much greater portion of misery, than the most sanguine reformer had ever promised to himself or others to produce of benefit, by the visionary schemes of liberty and equality, with which the ignorant and vulgar were misled and abused.

Mr. Gibbon, at first, like many others, seemed pleased with the prospect of the reform of inveterate abuses; but he very soon dis-

covered the mischief which was intended, the imbecility with which concessions were made, and the ruin that must arise from the want of resolution or conduct, in the administration of France. He lived to reprobate, in the strongest terms possible, the folly of the first reformers, and the something worse than the extravagance and ferocity of their successors. He saw the wild and mischievous tendency of those pretended reformers, which, while they professed nothing but amendment, really meant destruction to all social order; and so strongly was his opinion fixed, as to the danger of hasty innovation, that he became, a warm and zealous advocate for every sort of old establishment, which he marked in various ways, sometimes rather ludicrously; and I recollect, in a circle where French affairs were the topic, and some Portuguese present, he, seemingly with seriousness, argued in favour of the inquisition at Lisbon, and said he would not, at the present moment, give up even that old establishment.

It may, perhaps, not be quite uninteresting to the readers of these Memoirs, to know that I found Mr. Gibbon at Lausanne in possession of an excellent house; the view from which, and from the terrace, was so uncommonly beautiful, that even his own pen would with difficulty describe the scene which it commanded. This prospect comprehended every thing grand and magnificent, which could be furnished by the finest mountains among the Alps, the most extensive view of the Lake of Geneva, with a beautifully varied and cultivated country, adorned by numerous villas, and picturesque buildings, intermixed with beautiful masses of stately trees. Here my friend received us with an hospitality and kindness which I can never forget. The best apartments of the house were appropriated to our use; the choicest society of the place was sought for, to enliven our visit, and to render every day of it cheerful and agreeable. It was impossible for any man to be more esteemed and admired than Mr. Gibbon was at Lausanne. The preference he had given to that place in adopting it for a residence, rather than his own country, was felt and acknowledged by all the inhabitants; and he may have been said almost to have given the law to a set of as willing subjects as any man ever presided over. In return for the deference shown to him, he mixed, without any affectation, in all the society. I mean all the best society that Lausanne afforded; he could indeed command it, and was, perhaps, for that reason the more partial to it; for he often declared that he liked society more as a relaxation from study, than as expecting to derive from it amusement or instruction; that to books he looked for improvement, not to living persons. But this I considered partly as an answer to my expressions of wonder, that a man who might choose the most various and the most generally improved society in the world—namely, in England—should prefer the very limited circle of Lausanne, which he never deserted, but for an occasional visit to M. and Madame Necker. It must not, however, be understood, that in choosing Lausanne for his home, he was insensible to the merits of a residence in England: he was not in pos-

session of an income which corresponded with his notions of ease and comfort in his own country. In Switzerland his fortune was ample. To this consideration of fortune may be added another, which also had its weight; from early youth Mr. Gibbon had contracted a partiality for foreign taste and foreign habits of life, which made him less a stranger abroad than he was, in some respects, in his native country. This arose, perhaps, from having been out of England from his sixteenth to his twenty-first year; yet when I came to Lausanne, I found him apparently without relish for French society. During the stay I made with him he renewed his intercourse with the principal French who were at Lausanne; of whom there happened to be a considerable number, distinguished for rank or talents; many indeed respectable for both.* During my stay in Switzerland I was not absent from my friend's house, except during a short excursion that we made together to Mr. Necker's at Coppet, and a tour to Geneva, Chamouni, over the Col de Balme, to Martigny, St. Maurice, and round the Lake by Vevay to Lausanne. In the social and singularly pleasant months that I passed with Mr. Gibbon, he enjoyed his cheerfulness, with good health. Since he left England, in 1788, he had had a severe attack, mentioned in one of the foregoing letters, of an erysipelas, which at last settled in one of his legs, and left something of a dropsical tendency; for at this time I first perceived a considerable degree of swelling about the ancle.

In the beginning of October I left this delightful residence; and some time after my return to England, our correspondence recommenced.

LETTERS

FROM

EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO LORD SHEFFIELD AND OTHERS.

EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE HON. MISS HOLROYD.

Lausanne, Nov. 9th, 1791.

Gulliver is made to say, in presenting his interpreter, "My tongue is in the mouth of my friend." Allow me to say, with proper expressions and excuses, "My pen is in the hand of my friend;" and the aforesaid friend begs leave thus to continue.†

I remember to have read somewhere in Rousseau, of a lover quit-

* Marshal de Castries and several branches of his family, Duc de Guignes and daughter, Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, Madame de Grammont, Princesse d'Henin, Princesse de Bouillon, Duchesse de Biron, Prince de Salm, Comte de Schomberg, Count de Lally, Lally Tolendal, M. Mounier, Madame d'Agueseau and family, M. de Malesherbes, &c. &c.

† The remainder of the letter was dictated by Mr. Gibbon, and written by M. Wilh. de Severy.—S.

ting very often his mistress, to have the pleasure of corresponding with her. Though not absolutely your lover, I am very much your admirer, and should be extremely tempted to follow the same example. The spirit and reason which prevail in your conversation, appear to great advantage in your letters. The three which I have received from Berne, Coblentz, and Brussels have given me much real pleasure: first, as a proof that you are often thinking of me; secondly, as an evidence that you are capable of keeping a resolution; and thirdly, from their own intrinsic merit and entertainment. The style, without any allowance for haste or hurry, is perfectly correct; the manner is neither too light, nor too grave; the dimensions neither too long, nor too short: they are such, in a word, as I should like to receive from the daughter of my best friend. I attend your lively journal, through bad roads and worse inns. Your description of men and manners conveys very satisfactory information; and I am particularly delighted with your remark concerning the irregular behaviour of the Rhine. But the Rhine, alas! after some temporary wanderings, will be content to flow in his old channel, while man—man is the greatest fool of the whole creation.

I direct this letter to Sheffield-place, where I suppose you arrived in health and safety. I congratulate my lady on her quiet establishment by her fireside; and hope you will be able, after all your excursions, to support the climate and manners of old England. Before this epistle reaches you, I hope to have received the two promised letters from Dover and Sheffield-place. If they should not meet with a proper return, you will pity and forgive me. I have not yet heard from Lord Sheffield, who seems to have devolved on his daughter the task which she has so gloriously executed. I shall probably not write to him, till I have received his first letter of business from England; but with regard to my lady I have most excellent intentions.

I never could understand how two persons of such superior merit, as Miss Holroyd and Miss Lausanne, could have so little relish for one another, as they appeared to have in the beginning; and it was with great pleasure that I observed the degrees of their growing intimacy, and the mutual regret of their separation. Whatever you may imagine, your friends at Lausanne have been thinking as frequently of yourself and company, as you could possibly think of them; and you will be very ungrateful if you do not seriously resolve to make them a second visit under such name and title as you may judge most agreeable. None of the Severy family, except perhaps my secretary, are inclined to forget you; and I am continually asked for some account of your health, motions, and amusements. Since your departure, no great events have occurred. I have made a short excursion to Geneva and Coppet, and found M. Necker in much better spirits than when you saw him. They pressed me to pass some weeks this winter in their house at Geneva; and I may possibly comply, at least in part, with their invitation. The aspect of Lausanne is peaceful and placid; and you have no hopes of a revolution driving me out of this country. We hear nothing of the

proceedings of the commission,* except by playing at cards every evening with Monsieur Fischer, who often speaks of Lord Sheffield with esteem and respect. There is no appearance of Rosset and La Motte being brought to a speedy trial, and they still remain in the castle of Chillon, which (according to the geography of the national assembly) is washed by the sea. Our winter begins with great severity; and we shall not probably have many balls, which, as you may imagine, I lament much. Angletine does not consider two French words as a letter. Montrond sighs and blushes whenever Louisa's name is mentioned: Phillippine wishes to converse with her on men and manners. The French ladies are settled in town for the winter, and they form, with Mrs. Trevor, a very agreeable addition to our society. It is now enlivened by a visit of the Chevalier de Boufflers, one of the most accomplished men of the *ci-devant* kingdom of France.

As Mrs. Wood,† who has miscarried, is about to leave us, I must either cure or die; and, upon the whole, I believe the former will be most expedient. You will see her in London, with dear Corea, next winter. My rival magnificently presents me with a hogshead of Madeira; so that in honour I could not supplant him: yet I do assure you, from my heart, that another departure is much more painful to me. The apartment‡ below is shut up, and I know not when I shall again visit it with pleasure. Adieu. Believe me, one and all, most affectionately yours.

EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, December 28th, 1791.

Alas! alas! the demon of procrastination has again possessed me. Three months have nearly rolled away since your departure; and seven letters, five from the most valuable Maria, and two from yourself, have extorted from me only a single epistle, which, perhaps, would never have been written, had I not used the permission of employing my own tongue and the hand of a secretary. Shall I tell you that for these last six weeks, the eve of every day has witnessed a *firm* resolution, and the day itself has furnished some ingenious delay? This morning, for instance, I determined to invade you as soon as the breakfast things should be removed: they were removed; but I had something to read, to write, to meditate, and there was time enough before me. Hour after hour has stolen away, and I finally begin my letter at two o'clock, evidently too late for the

* A commission at the head of which was Monsieur Fischer, one of the principal members of the government of Berne, a very active and intelligent man, who would have distinguished himself in the administration of any country. This commission, which was accompanied by two or three thousand of the best of the German militia of the canton of Berne, was sent for the purpose of examining into some attempts to introduce the French revolutionary principles into the Pays de Vaud. Several persons were seized; the greater part were released; the examination was secret, but Rosset and La Motte were confined in the castle of Chillon; and being afterwards condemned, for correspondence with the French, to a long imprisonment, were transferred to the castle of Arbourg, from whence they escaped.

† Madame de Silva.

‡ The apartment principally inhabited during the residence of my family at Lausanne.—S.

post, as I must dress, dine, go abroad, &c. A foundation, howev *shall be* laid, which will stare me in the face; and next Saturda shall probably be roused by the awful reflection that it is the last d in the year.

After realizing this summer an event which I had long consider as a dream of fancy, I know not whether I should rejoice or grie at your visit to Lausanne. While I possessed the family, t sentiment of pleasure highly predominated; when, just as we h subsided in a regular, easy, comfortable plan of life, the last trur sounded, and, without speaking of the pang of separation, you l me to one of the most gloomy, solitary months of October, which have ever passed. For yourself and daughters, however, you ha contrived to snatch some of the most interesting scenes of tl world. Paris, at such a moment, Switzerland, and the Rhi Strasburg, Coblentz, have suggested a train of lively images a useful ideas, which will not be speedily erased. The mind of t young damsel, more especially, will be enlarged and enlightened every sense. In four months she has lived many years; and s will much deceive and displease me, if she does not review a methodize her journal, in such a manner as she is capable of perfor ing, for the amusement of her particular friends. Another bene which will redound from your recent view is, that every place, pers and object, about Lausanne, are now become familiar and interesti to you. In our future correspondence (do I dare pronounce t word correspondence?) I can talk to you as freely of every circu stance as if it were actually before your eyes. And first, of r own improvements.—All those venerable piles of ancient verdu which you *admired*, have been eradicated in one fatal day. Yo faithful substitutes, William de Severy and Levade, have nev ceased to persecute me, till I signed their death warrant. Th place is now supplied by a number of picturesque naked poles, t foster fathers of as many twigs of platanuses, which may afford grateful but distant shade to the founder, or to his "seris nepotibu In the meanwhile I must confess that the terrace appears broad and that I discover a much larger quantity of snow than I shot otherwise do. The workmen admire your ingenious plan for cutti out a new bed-chamber and book-room; but, on mature conside tion, we all unanimously prefer the old scheme of adding a th room on the terrace beyond the library, with two spacious windo and a fire-place between. It will be larger (28 feet by 21), a pleasanter, and warmer: the difference of expense will be much l considerable than I imagined: the door of communication with library will be artfully buried in the wainscot; and, unless it opened by my own choice, may always remain a profound sec Such is the design; but as it will not be executed before next su mer, you have time and liberty to state your objections. I much colder about the staircase, but it may be finished, accordin your idea, for thirty pounds; and I feel they will persuade me. I not a very rich man? When these alterations are completed, authors of six volumes in quarto will be more agreeably lodged t

myself. Lausanne is now full and lively; all our native families are returned from the country; and, praised be the Lord, we are infested with few foreigners, either French or English. Even our democrats are more reasonable or more discreet; it is agreed to waive the subject of politics, and all seem happy and cordial. I have a grand dinner this week, a supper of thirty or forty people on twelfth-day, &c.; some concerts have taken place, some balls are talked of; and even Maria would allow (yet it is ungenerous to say even Maria) that the winter scene at Lausanne is tolerably gay and active. I say nothing of the Severys, as Angletine has epistolized Maria last post. She has probably hinted that her brother meditates a short excursion to Turin; that worthy fellow Trevor has given him a pressing invitation to his own house. In the beginning of February I propose going to Geneva for three or four weeks. I shall lodge and eat with the Neckers; my mornings will be my own, and I shall spend my evenings in the society of the place, where I have many acquaintance. This short absence will agitate my stagnant life, and restore me with fresh appetite to my house, my library, and my friends. Before that time (the end of February) what events may happen, or be ready to happen! The national assembly (compared to which the former was a senate of heroes and demigods) seem resolved to attack Germany "avec quatre millions de bayonettes libres;" the army of the princes must soon either fight, or starve, or conquer. Will Sweden draw his sword? will Russia draw her purse? an empty purse! All is darkness and anarchy: neither party is strong enough to oppose a settlement; and I cannot see a possibility of an amicable arrangement, where there are no heads (in any sense of the word) who can answer for the multitude. Send me your ideas, and those of Lord Guildford, Lord Loughborough, Fox, &c.

Before I conclude, a word of my vexatious affairs.—Shall I never sail on the smooth stream of good security and half-yearly interest? will every body refuse my money? I had already written to Darell and Gosling to obey your commands, and was in hopes that you had already made large and salutary evacuations. During your absence I never expected much effect from the cold indifference of agents; but you are now in England—you will be speedily in London; set all your setting dogs to beat the field, hunt, enquire,—why should you not advertise? Yet I am almost ashamed to complain of some stagnation of interest, when I am witness to the natural and acquired philosophy of so many French, who are reduced from riches, not to indigence, but to absolute want and beggary. A Count Argout has just left us, who possessed ten thousand a-year in the island of St. Domingo; he is utterly burned and ruined; and a brother, whom he tenderly loved, has been murdered by the negroes. These are real misfortunes. I have much revolved the plan of the Memoirs I once mentioned; and, as you do not think it ridiculous, I believe I shall make an attempt: if I can please myself, I am confident of not displeasing; but let this be a profound secret between us: people must not be prepared to laugh; they must be

taken by surprise. Have you looked over your, or rather my letters? Surely in the course of the year, you may find a safe and cheap occasion of sending me a parcel; they may assist me. Adieu. I embrace my lady: send me a favourable account of her health. I kiss the Marmaille. By an amazing push of remorse and diligence I have finished my letter (three pages and a half) this same day since dinner; but I have not time to read it. Ever yours.

Half past six.

TO THE SAME.

Lausanne, December 31st, 1792.
To-morrow a new year, *multos et felices.*

I now most sincerely repent of my late repentance, and do almost swear never to renounce the amiable and useful practice of procrastination. Had I delayed, as I was strongly tempted, another post, your missive of the 13th, which did not reach me till this morning (three mails were due), would have arrived in time, and I might have avoided this second Herculean labour. It will be, however, no more than an infant Hercules. The topics of conversation have been fully discussed, and I shall now confine myself to the needful of the new business. *Felix faustumque fit!* may no untoward accident disarrange your Yorkshire mortgage; the conclusion of which will place me in a clear and easy state, such as I have never known since the first hour of property. * * * *

The three per cents are so high, and the country is in such a damned state of prosperity under that fellow Pitt, that it goes against me to purchase at such low interest. In my visit to England next autumn, or in the spring following, (alas! you *must* acquiesce in the alternative,) I hope to be armed with sufficient materials to draw a sum, which may be employed as taste or fancy shall dictate, in the improvement of my library, a service of plate, &c. I am not very sanguine, but surely this is no uncomfortable prospect. This pecuniary detail, which has not indeed been so unpleasant as it used formerly to be, has carried me farther than I expected. Let us now drink and be merry. I flatter myself that your Madeira, improved by its travels, will set forwards for Messrs. Romberg, at Ostend, early in the spring; and I should be very well pleased if you could add a hogshead of excellent claret, for which we should be entitled to the drawback: they must halt at Basle, and send notice to me for a safe conduct. Have you had any intelligence from Lord Auckland about the wine which he was to order from Bourdeaux, by Marseilles and the Rhone? The one need not impede the other; I wish to have a large stock. Corea has promised me a hogshead of his native Madeira, for which I am to give him an order on Cadell for a copy of the Decline and Fall: he vanished without notice, and is now at Paris. Could you not fish out his direction by Mrs. Wood, who by this time is in England? I rejoice in Lally's prosperity. Have you reconsidered my proposal of a declaration of constitutional principles from the heads of the party? I think a foolish address from a body of Whigs to the national assembly renders it still

more incumbent on you. Achieve my worldly concerns, *et eris mihi magnus Apollo.* Adieu, ever yours.

TO THE SAME.

Lausanne, April 4th, 1794.

For fear you should abuse me, as usual, I will begin the attack, and scold at you, for not having yet sent me the long-expected intelligence of the completion of my mortgage. You had positively assured me that the second of February would terminate my worldly cares, by a consummation so devoutly to be wished. The news, therefore, might reach me about the eighteenth; and I argued with the gentle logic of laziness, that it was perfectly idle to answer your letter, till I could chant a thanksgiving song of gratitude and praise. As every post disappointed my hopes, the same argument was repeated for the next; and twenty empty-handed postilions have blown their insignificant horns, till I am provoked at last to write by sheer impatience and vexation. *Facit indignatio versum. Cospetto di Baccho;* for I must ease myself by swearing a little. What is the cause, the meaning, the pretence, of this delay? Are the Yorkshire mortgagors inconstant in their wishes? Are the London lawyers constant in their procrastination? Is a letter on the road, to inform me that all is concluded, or to tell me that all is broken to pieces? Had the money been placed in the three per cents last May, besides the annual interest, it would have gained by the rise of stock nearly twenty per cent. Your lordship is a wise man, a successful writer, and a useful senator; you understand America and Ireland, corn and slaves, but your prejudice against the funds,* in which I am often tempted to join, makes you a little blind to their increasing value in the hands of our virtuous and excellent minister. But our regret is vain; one pull more and we reach the shore; and our future correspondence will be no longer tainted with business. Shall I then be more diligent and regular? I hope and believe so; for now that I have got over this article of worldly interest, my letter seems to be almost finished. *A propos* of letters, am I not a sad dog to forget my Lady and Maria? Alas! the dual number has been prejudicial to both. "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away." I am like the ass of famous memory; I cannot tell which way to turn first, and there I stand mute and immovable. The baronial and maternal dignity of my lady, supported by twenty years' friendship, may claim the preference. But the five incomparable letters of Maria!—Next week, however.—Am I not ashamed to talk of next week?

I have most successfully, and most agreeably, executed my plan of spending the month of March at Geneva, in the Necker house, and every circumstance that I had arranged turned out beyond my expectation; the freedom of the morning, the society of the table and drawing-room, from half an hour past two till six or seven; an evening assembly and card-party, in a round of the best company, and,

* It would be more correct if he had only stated, my preference of land to all other property.

excepting one day in the week, a private supper of free and friendly conversation. You would like Geneva better than Lausanne; there is much more information to be got among the men; but though I found some agreeable women, their manners and style of life are, upon the whole, less easy and pleasant than our own. I was much pleased with Necker's brother, M. de Germany, a good-humoured, polite, sensible man, without the genius and fame of the statesman, but much more adapted for private and ordinary happiness. Madame de Stael is expected in a few weeks at Coppet, where they receive her, and where, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey," she will have leisure to regret "the pleasing anxious being," which she enjoyed amidst the storms of Paris. But what can the poor creature do? her husband is in Sweden, her lover is no longer secretary at war, and her father's house is the only place where she can reside with the least degree of prudence and decency. Of that father I have really a much higher idea than I ever had before; in our domestic intimacy he cast away his gloom and reserve; I saw a great deal of his mind, and all that I saw is fair and worthy. He was overwhelmed by the hurricane, he mistook his way in the fog, but in such a perilous situation, I much doubt whether any mortal could have seen or stood. In the meanwhile, he is abused by all parties, and none of the French in Geneva will set their foot in his house. He remembers Lord Sheffield with esteem; his health is good, and he would be tranquil in his private life, were not his spirits continually wounded by the arrival of every letter and every newspaper. His sympathy is deeply interested by the fatal consequences of a revolution, in which he had acted so leading a part; and he feels as a friend for the danger of M. de Lessart, who may be guilty in the eyes of the Jacobins, or even of his judges, by those very actions and dispatches which would be most approved by all the lovers of his country. What a momentous event is the emperor's death! In the forms of a new reign, and of the imperial election, the democrats have at least gained time, if they knew how to use it. But the new monarch, though of a weak complexion, is of a martial temper; he loves the soldiers, and is beloved by them; and the slow, fluctuating politics of his uncle may be succeeded by a direct line of march to the gates of Strasburg and Paris. It is the opinion of the master movers in France, (I know it most certainly,) that their troops will not fight, that the people have lost all sense of patriotism, and that on the first discharge of an Austrian cannon the game is up. But what occasion for Austrians or Spaniards? the French are themselves their greatest enemies; four thousand Marseillais are marched against Arles and Avignon, the *troupes de ligne* are divided between the two parties, and the flame of civil war will soon extend over the southern provinces. You have heard of the unworthy treatment of the Swiss regiment of Ernst. The canton of Berne has bravely recalled them, with a stout letter to the king of France, which must be inserted in all the papers. I now come to the most unpleasant article, our home politics. Rosset and La Motte are condemned to *fine and twenty* years imprisonment in the fortress of Arbourg

We have not yet received their official sentence, nor is it believed that the proofs and proceedings against them will be published; an awkward circumstance, which it does not seem easy to justify. Some (though none of note) are taken up, several are fled, many more are suspected and suspicious. All are silent, but it is the silence of fear and discontent; and the secret hatred which rankled against government begins to point against the few who are known to be well-affected. I never knew any place so much changed as Lausanne, even since last year; and though you will not be much obliged to me for the motive, I begin very seriously to think of visiting Sheffield-place by the month of September next. Yet here again I am frightened, by the dangers of a French, and the difficulties of a German, route. You must send me an account of the passage from Dieppe to Brighton, with an itinerary of the Rhine, distances, expenses, &c. As usual, I just save the post, nor have I time to read my letter, which, after wasting the morning in deliberation, has been struck off in a heat since dinner. No news of the Madeira. The views of Sheffield-place are just received; they are admired, and shall be framed. Severy has spent the carnival at Turin. Trevor is only the best man in the world.

TO THE SAME.

Lausanne, May 30th, 1792.

After the receipt of your *penultimate,* eight days ago, I expected with much impatience, the arrival of your next-promised epistle. It arrived this morning, but has not completely answered my expectations. I wanted, and I hoped for a full and fair picture of the present and probable aspect of your political world, with which, at this distance, I seem every day less satisfied. In the slave question you triumphed last session, in this you have been defeated. What is the cause of this alteration? If it proceeded only from an impulse of humanity, I cannot be displeased, even with an error; since it is very likely that my own vote (had I possessed one) would have been added to the majority. But in this rage against slavery, in the numerous petitions against the slave trade, was there no leaven of new democratical principles? no wild ideas of the rights and natural equality of man? It is these I fear. Some articles in newspapers, some pamphlets of the year, the Jockey Club, have fallen into my hands. I do not infer much from such publications; yet I have never known them of so black and malignant a cast. I shuddered at Grey's motion; disliked the half-support of Fox, admired the firmness of Pitt's declaration, and excused the usual intemperance of Burke. Surely such men as ****, ********, ******, have talents for mischief. I see a club of reform which contains some respectable names. Inform me of the professions, the principles, the plans, the resources of these reformers. Will they heat the minds of the people? Does the French democracy gain no ground? Will the bulk of your party stand firm to their own interest, and that of their country? Will you not take some active measures to declare your sound opinions, and separate yourselves from your rotten members?

or if you allow them to perplex government, if you trifle with this solemn business, if you do not resist the spirit of innovation in the first attempt, if you admit the smallest and most specious change in our parliamentary system, you are lost. You will be driven from one step to another; from principles just in theory, to consequences most pernicious in practice; and your first concessions will be productive of every subsequent mischief, for which you will be answerable to your country and to posterity. Do not suffer yourselves to be lulled into a false security; remember the proud fabric of the French monarchy. Not four years ago it stood founded, as it might seem, on the rock of time, force, and opinion, supported by the triple aristocracy of the church, the nobility, and the parliaments. They are crumbled into dust; they are vanished from the earth. If this tremendous warning has no effect on the men of property in England; if it does not open every eye, and raise every arm, you will deserve your fate. If I am too precipitate, enlighten; if I am too desponding, encourage me.

My pen has run into this argument; for, as much a foreigner as you think me, on this momentous subject, I feel myself an Englishman.

The pleasure of residing at Sheffield-place is, after all, the first and the ultimate object of my visit to my native country. But when or how will that visit be effected? Clouds and whirlwinds, Austrian Croats, and Gallic cannibals, seem on every side to impede my passage. You appear to apprehend the perils or difficulties of the German road, and French peace is more sanguinary than civilized war. I must pass through, perhaps, a thousand republics or municipalities, which neither obey nor are obeyed. The strictness of passports, and the popular ferment, are much increased since last summer: aristocrat is in every mouth, lanterns hang in every street, and an hasty word or a casual resemblance, may be fatal. Yet, on the other hand, it is probable that many English, men, women, and children, will traverse the country without any accident before next September; and I am sensible that many things appear more formidable at a distance than on a nearer approach. Without any absolute determination, we must see what the events of the next three or four months will produce. In the mean while, I shall expect with impatience your next letter: let it be speedy; my answer shall be prompt.

You will be glad, or sorry, to learn that my gloomy apprehensions are much abated, and that my departure, whenever it takes place, will be an act of choice, rather than of necessity. I do not pretend to affirm, that secret discontent, dark suspicion, private animosity, are very materially assuaged; but we have not experience, nor do we now apprehend, any dangerous acts of violence, which may compel me to seek a refuge among the friendly Bears,* and to abandon my library to the mercy of the democrats. The firmness and vigour of government have crushed, at least for a time, the spirit of inno-

* Berne.

vation; and I do not believe that the body of the people, especially the peasants, are disposed for a revolution. From France, praised be the demon of anarchy! the insurgents of the Pays de Vaud could not at present have much to hope; and should the *gardes nationales*, of which there is little appearance, attempt an incursion, the country is armed and prepared, and they would be resisted with equal numbers and superior discipline. The Gallic wolves that prowled round Geneva are drawn away, some to the south and some to the north, and the late events in Flanders seem to have diffused a general contempt, as well as abhorrence, for the lawless savages, who fly before the enemy, hang their prisoners, and murder their officers. The brave and patient regiment of Ernest is expected home every day, and as Berne will take them into present pay, that veteran and regular corps will add to the security of our frontier.

I rejoice that we have so little to say on that subject of worldly affairs. * * * * This summer we are threatened with an inundation, besides many nameless English and Irish; but I am anxious for the Duchess of Devonshire and the Lady Elizabeth Foster, who are on their march. Lord Malmsbury, the *audacieux* Harris, will inform you that he has seen me: *him* I would have consented to keep.

One word more before we part*; call upon Mr. John Nichols, bookseller and printer, at Cicero's Head, Red-Lion-passage, Fleet-street, and ask him whether he did not, about the beginning of March, receive a very polite letter from Mr. Gibbon of Lausanne? To which, either as a man of business or a civil gentleman, he should have returned an answer. My application related to a domestic article in the Gentleman's Magazine of August, 1788, (p. 698,) which had lately fallen into my hands, and concerning which I requested some farther lights. Mrs. Moss delivered the letters* into my hands, but I doubt whether they will be of much service to me; the work appears far more difficult in the execution than in the idea, and as I am now taking my leave for some time of the library, I shall not make much progress in the memoirs of P. P. till I am on English ground. But is it indeed true, that I shall eat any Sussex pheasants this autumn? The event is in the book of Fate, and I cannot unroll the leaves of September and October. Should I reach Sheffield-place, I hope to find the whole family in a perfect state of existence, except a certain Maria Holroyd, my fair and *generous* correspondent, whose annihilation on proper terms I most fervently desire. I must receive a copious answer before the end of next month, June, and again call upon you for a map of your political world. The chancellor roars; does he break his chain? *Vale.*

TO THE SAME.

Lausanne, August 23rd, 1792.

When I inform you that the design of my English expedition is at last postponed till another year, you will not be much surprised.

* His letters to me for a certain period, which he desired me to send, to assist him in writing his Memoirs.—S.

The public obstacles, the danger of one road, and the difficulties o another, would alone be sufficient to arrest so unwieldy and inactiv a being; and these obstacles on the side of France, are growin every day more insuperable. On the other hand, the terrors, whic might have driven me from hence, have, in a great measure, subsided our state prisoners are forgotten: the country begins to recover it old good humour and unsuspecting confidence, and the last revolu tion of Paris appears to have convinced almost every body of the fata consequences of democratical principles, which lead by a path o flowers into the abyss of hell. I may therefore wait with patience an tranquillity till the Duke of Brunswick shall have opened the Frenc road. But if I am not driven from Lausanne, you will ask, I hop with some indignation, whether I am not drawn to England, and more especially to Sheffield-place? The desire of embracing you and yours is now the strongest, and must gradually become the sole inducement that can force me from my library and garden, over seas and mountains. The English world will forget and be forgotten, and every year will deprive me of some acquaintance, who by courtesy are styled friends: Lord Guildford and Sir Joshua Reynolds! two of the men, and two of the houses in London, on whom I the most relied for the comforts of society.

September 12th, 1792.

Thus far had I written in the full confidence of finishing and sending my letter the next post; but six post-days have unaccountably slipped away, and were you not accustomed to my silence, you would almost begin to think me on the road. How dreadfully, since my last date, has the French road been polluted with blood! and what horrid scenes may be acting at this moment, and may still be aggravated till the Duke of Brunswick is master of Paris! On every rational principle of calculation he must succeed; yet sometimes, when my spirits are low, I dread the blind efforts of mad and desperate multitudes fighting on their own ground. A few days or weeks must decide the military operations of this year, and perhaps for ever; but on the fairest supposition, I cannot look forwards to a firm settlement, either of a legal or an absolute government. I cannot pretend to give you any Paris news. Should I inform you, as we believe, that *Lally is still among the cannibals*, you would possibly answer, that he is now sitting in the library at Sheffield. Madame de Stael, after miraculously escaping through pikes and poniards, has reached the castle of Coppet, where I shall see her before the end of the week. If any thing can provoke the King of Sardinia and the Swiss, it must be the foul destruction of *his* cousin Madame de Lamballe, and of *their* regiment of guards. An extraordinary council is summoned at Berne, *but resentment may be checked by prudence.* In spite of Maria's laughter, I applaud your moderation, and sigh for a hearty union of all the sense and property of the country. The times require it; but your last political letter was a cordial to my spirits. The Duchess of D. rather dislikes *a coalition*: amiable creature! The Eliza is furious against you

not writing. We shall lose them in a few days; but the motions of Eliza and the Duchess for Italy or England, are doubtful. Ladies Spencer and Duncannon certainly pass the Alps. I live with them. Adieu. Since I do not appear in person, I feel the absolute propriety of writing to my lady and Maria; but there is far from the knowledge to the performance of a duty. Ever yours.

TO THE SAME.

Lausanne, October 5th, 1792.

As our English newspapers must have informed you of the invasion of Savoy by the French, and as it is possible that you may have some trifling apprehensions of my *being killed and eaten by those cannibals*, it has appeared to me that a short extraordinary dispatch might not be unacceptable on this occasion. It is indeed true, that about ten days ago the French army of the South, under the command of M. de Montesquiou, (if any French army can be said to be under any command,) has entered Savoy, and possessed themselves of Chamberry, Montmelian, and several other places. It has always been the practice of the King of Sardinia to abandon his Transalpine dominions; but on this occasion the court of Turin appears to have been surprised by the strange eccentric motions of a democracy, which always acts from the passion of the moment; and their inferior troops have retreated, with some loss and disgrace, into the passes of the Alps. Mount Cenis is now impervious, and our English travellers who are bound for Italy, the Duchess of Devonshire, Ancaster, &c. will be forced to explore a long and circuitous road through the Tyrol. But the Chablais is yet intact, nor can our telescopes discover the tricolor banners on the other side of the lake. Our accounts of the French numbers seem to vary from fifteen to thirty thousand men; the regulars are few, but they are followed by a rabble rout, which must soon, however, melt away, as they will find no plunder, and scanty subsistence, in the poverty and barrenness of Savoy. N. B. I have just seen a letter from M. de Montesquiou, who boasts that at his first entrance into Savoy he had only twelve battalions. Our intelligence is far from correct.

The magistrates of Geneva were alarmed by this dangerous neighbourhood, and more especially by the well known animosity of an exiled citizen, Claviere, who is one of the six ministers of the French republic. It was carried by a small majority in the general council, to call in the succour of three thousand Swiss, which is stipulated by ancient treaty. The strongest reason or pretence of the minority, was founded on the danger of provoking the French, and they seemed to have been justified by the event; since the complaint of the French resident amounts to a declaration of war. The fortifications of Geneva are not contemptible, especially on the side of Savoy; and it is much doubted whether M. de Montesquiou is prepared for a regular siege; but the malcontents are numerous within the walls, and I question whether the spirit of the citizens will

hold out against a bombardment. In the meanwhile the diet has declared, that the first cannon fired against Geneva will be considered as an act of hostility against the whole Helvetic body. Berne, as the nearest and most powerful canton, has taken the lead with great vigour and vigilance; the road is filled with the perpetual succession of troops and artillery; and, if some disaffection lurks in the towns, the peasants, especially the Germans, are inflamed with a strong desire of encountering the murderers of their countrymen. Mr. de Watteville, with whom you dined at my house last year, refused to accept the command of the Swiss succour of Geneva, till it was made his first instruction that he should never, in any case, surrender himself prisoner of war.

In this situation, you may suppose that we have some fears. I have great dependence, however, on the many chances in our favour, the valour of the Swiss, the return of the Piedmontese with their Austrian allies, eight or ten thousand men from the Milanese, a diversion from Spain, the great events (how slowly they proceed) on the side of Paris, the inconstancy and want of discipline of the French, and the near approach of the winter season. I am not nervous, but I will not be rash. It will be painful to abandon my house and library; but if the danger should approach, I will retreat before it, first to Berne, and gradually to the North. Should I even be forced to take refuge in England (a violent measure so late in the year) you would perhaps receive me as kindly as you do the French priests —a noble act of hospitality. Could I have foreseen this storm, I would have been there six weeks ago; but who can foresee the wild measures of the savages of Gaul? We thought ourselves perfectly out of the hurricane latitudes. Adieu. I am going to bed, and must rise early to visit the Neckers at Rolle, whither they have retired, from the frontier situation of Coppet. Severy is on horseback, with his dragoons: his poor father is dangerously ill. It will be shocking if it should be found necessary to remove him. While we are in this very awkward crisis, I will write at least every week. Ever yours. Write instantly, and remember all my commissions.

TO THE SAME.

I will keep my promise of sending you a weekly journal of our troubles, that, when the piping times of peace are restored, I may sleep in long and irreproachable silence; but I shall use a smaller paper, as our military exploits will seldom be sufficient to fill the ample size of our English quarto.

October 13th, 1792.

Since my last of the 6th, our attack is not more eminent, and our defence is most assuredly stronger, two very important circumstances, at a time when every day is leading us, though not so fast as our impatience could wish, towards the unwarlike month of November; and we observe with pleasure that the troops of M. de Montesquiou, which are chiefly from the southern provinces, will not

hearfully entertain the rigour of an Alpine winter. The 7th instant, M. de Chateauneuf, the French resident, took his leave with an haughty mandate, commanding the Genevais, as they valued their safety and the friendship of the republic, to dismiss their Swiss allies, and to punish the magistrates who had traitorously proposed the calling in these foreign troops. It is precisely the fable of the wolves, who offered to make peace with the sheep, provided they would send away their dogs. You know what became of the sheep. This demand appears to have kindled a just and general indignation, since it announced an edict of proscription; and must lead to a democratical revolution, which would probably renew the horrid scenes of Paris and Avignon. A general assembly of the citizens was convened, the message was read, speeches were made, oaths were taken, and it was resolved, with only three dissentient voices, to live and die in the defence of their country. The Genevais muster above three thousand well-armed citizens; and the Swiss, who may easily be increased, in a few hours, to an equal number, add spirit to the timorous, and confidence to the well-affected: their arsenals are filled with arms, their magazines with ammunition, and their granaries with corn. But their fortifications are extensive and imperfect, they are commanded from two adjacent hills; a French faction lurks in the city, the character of the Genevais is rather commercial than military; and their behaviour, lofty promise, and base surrender, in the year 1782, is fresh in our memories. In the meanwhile, 4000 French at the most are arrived in the neighbouring camp, nor is there yet any appearance of mortars or heavy artillery. Perhaps a haughty menace may be repelled by a firm countenance. If it were worth while talking of justice, what a shameful attack of a feeble unoffending state! On the news of their danger, all Switzerland, from Schaffhausen to the Pays de Vaud, has risen in arms; and a French resident, who has passed through the country, in his way from Ratisbon, declares his intention of informing and admonishing the national convention. About eleven thousand Bernais are already posted in the neighbourhood of Coppet and Nyon; and new reinforcements of men, artillery, &c. arrive every day. Another army is drawn together to oppose M. de Ferrieres, on the side of Bienne and the bishopric of Basle; and the Austrians in Swabia would be easily persuaded to cross the Rhine in our defence. But we are yet ignorant whether our sovereigns mean to wage offensive or defensive war. If the latter, which is more likely, will the French begin the attack? Should Geneva yield to fear or force, this country is open to an invasion; and though our men are brave, we want generals; and I despise the French much less than I did two months ago. It should seem that our hopes from the King of Sardinia and the Austrians of Milan are faint and distant; Spain sleeps, and the Duke of Brunswick (amazement!) seems to have failed in his great project. For my part, till Geneva falls, I do not think of a retreat; but, at all events, I am provided with two strong horses, and a hundred louis in gold. Zurich would be probably my winter quarters, and

the society of the Neckers would make any place agreeable. Their situation is worse than mine: I have no daughter ready to lie in; nor do I fear the French aristocrats on the road. Adieu. Keep my letters; excuse contradictions and repetitions. The Duchess of Devonshire leaves us next week. Lady Elizabeth abhors you. Ever yours.

TO THE SAME.

October 20th, 1792.

Since my last, our affairs take a more pacific turn; but I will not venture to affirm that our peace will be either safe or honourable. Mr. de Montesquiou and three of the commissioners of the convention, who are at Carrouge, have had frequent conferences with the magistrates of Geneva; several expresses have been dispatched to and from Paris, and every step of the negotiation is communicated to the deputies of Berne and Zurich. The French troops observe a very tolerable degree of order and discipline: and no act of hostility has yet been committed on the territory of Geneva.

October 27.

My usual temper very readily admitted the excuse, that it would be better to wait another week, till the final settlement of our affairs. The treaty is signed between France and Geneva; and the ratification of the convention is looked upon as assured, if any thing can be assured in that wild democracy. On condition that the Swiss garrison, with the approbation of Berne and Zurich, be recalled before the first of December, it is stipulated that the independence of Geneva shall be preserved inviolate; that M. de Montesquiou shall immediately send away his heavy artillery; and that no French troops shall approach within ten leagues of the city. As the Swiss have acted only as auxiliaries, they have no occasion for a direct treaty; but they cannot prudently disarm, till they are satisfied of the pacific intentions of France; and no such satisfaction can be given till they have acknowledged the new republic, which they will probably do in a few days, with a deep groan of indignation and sorrow; it has been cemented with the blood of their countrymen! But when the emperor, the King of Prussia, the first general, and the first army in Europe have failed, less powerful states may acquiesce, without dishonour, in the determination of fortune. Do you understand this most unexpected failure? I will allow an ample share to the badness of the roads and the weather, to famine and disease, to the skill of Dumourier, a heaven-born general, and to the enthusiastic ardour of the new Romans; but still, still there must be some secret shameful cause at the bottom of this strange retreat. We are now delivered from the impending terrors of siege and invasion. The Geneva *emigrés*, particularly the Neckers, are hastening to their homes; and I shall not be reduced to the hard necessity of seeking a winter asylum at Zurich or Constance: but I am not pleased with our future prospects. It is much to be feared

at the present government of Geneva will be soon modelled after e French fashion; the new republic of Savoy is forming on the posite bank of the Lake; the Jacobin missionaries are powerful d zealous; and malcontents of this country, who begin again to ar their heads, will be surrounded with temptations, and examples, d allies. I know not whether the Pays de Vaud will long adhere the dominion of Berne; or whether I shall be permitted to end my ys in this little paradise, which I have so happily suited to my taste d circumstances.

Last Monday only I received your letter, which had strangely ttered on the road since its date of the 29th of September. There ust surely be some disorder in the posts, since the Eliza departed dignant at never having heard from you.

The case of my wine I think peculiarly hard; to lose my Madeira, d to be scolded for losing it. I am much indebted to Mr. Nichols r his genealogical communications, which I am impatient to ceive; but I do not understand why so civil a gentleman could t favour me, in six months, with an answer by the post: since he ntrusts me with these valuable papers, you have not, I presume, formed him of my negligence and awkwardness in regard to manuscripts. Your reproach rather surprises men, as I suppose I m much the same as I have been for these last twenty years. Should you hold your resolution of writing only such things as may be published at Charing-cross, our future correspondence would not be very interesting. But I expect and require, at this important crisis, a full and confident account of your views concerning England, Ireland, and France. You have a strong and clear eye; and your pen is, perhaps, the most useful quill that ever has been plucked from a goose. Your protection of the French refugees is highly applauded. Rosset and La Motte have escaped from Arbourg, perhaps with connivance to avoid disagreeable demands from the republic. Adieu. Ever yours.

TO THE SAME.

November 10th, 1792.

Received this day, November 9th, a most amiable dispatch from the too humble secretary* of the family of Espee,† dated October 24th, which I answer the same day. It will be acknowledged, that I have fulfilled my engagements with as much accuracy as our uncertain state and the fragility of human nature would allow. I resume my narrative. At the time when we imagined that all was settled by an equal treaty between two such unequal powers, as the Geneva Flea and the Leviathan France, we were thunderstruck with the intelligence that the ministers of the republic refused to ratify the conditions; and they were indignant, with some colour of reason, at the hard obligation of withdrawing their troops to the distance of ten leagues, and of consequently leaving the Pays de Gex naked, and exposed to the Swiss, who had assembled 15,000 men on the frontier, and with whom they had not made any agreement. The

* Miss Holroyd. † Meaning Sheffield-place.

messenger who was sent last Sunday from Geneva is not returned; and many persons are afraid of some design and da in this delay. Montesquiou has acted with politeness, modera and apparent sincerity; but he may resign, he may be superse his place may be occupied by an *enragé*, by Servan, or Pi Charles of Hesse, who would aspire to imitate the predatory f of Custine in Germany. In the mean while, the general hol wolf by the ears; an officer who has seen his troops, about 18 men (with a tremendous train of artillery), represents them black, daring, desperate crew of buccaneers, rather shocking contemptible; the officers (scarcely a gentleman among th without servants, or horses, or baggage, lying *higgledy piggled* the ground with the common men, yet maintaining a rough kir discipline over them. They already begin to accuse and even to sus their general, and call aloud for blood and plunder: could they an opportunity of squeezing some of the rich citizens, Geneva w cut up as fat as most towns in Europe. During this suspensic hostilities they are permitted to visit the city without arms, a times three or four hundred at a time; and the magistrates, as as the Swiss commander, are by no means pleased with dangerous intercourse, which they dare not prohibit. Such are fears; yet it should seem on the other side, that the French a a kind of magnanimous justice towards their little neighbour, that they are not ambitious of an unprofitable contest with the and hardy Swiss. The Swiss are not equal to a long and expe war; and as most of our militia have families and trades, the c try already sighs for their return. Whatever can be yielded, v out absolute danger or disgrace, will doubtless be granted; and business will probably end in our owning the sovereignty, and t ing to the good faith of the republic of France: how that would have sounded four years ago! The measure is humiliat but after the retreat of the Duke of Brunswick, and the failu the Austrians, the smaller powers may acquiesce without disho Every dog has his day; and these Gallic dogs have their da least, of most insolent prosperity. After forcing or tem the Prussians to evacuate their country, they conquer Savoy, p Germany, threaten Spain: the Low Countries are ere now inva Rome and Italy tremble; they scour the Mediterranean, and of sending a squadron into the South Sea. The whole horizon black, that I begin to feel some anxiety for England, the last r of liberty and law; and the more so, as I perceive from Sheffield's last epistle that his firm nerves are a little shaken; of this more in my next, for I want to unburthen my consci If England, with the experience of our happiness and Fr calamities, should now be seduced to eat the apple of false free we should indeed deserve to be driven from the paradise whic enjoy. I turn aside from the horrid and improbable, (yet not possible) supposition, that, in three or four years' time, myself my best friends may be reduced to the deplorable state of French emigrants: they thought it as impossible three or

years ago. Never did a revolution affect, to such a degree, the private existence of such numbers of the first people of a great country: your examples of misery I could easily match with similar examples in this country and the neighbourhood; and our sympathy is the deeper, as we do not possess, like you, the means of alleviating, in some degree, the misfortunes of the fugitives. But I must have, from the very excellent pen of the Maria, the tragedy of the Archbishop of Arles; and the longer the better. Madame de Biron has probably been tempted by some faint and (I fear) fallacious promises of clemency to the women, and which have likewise engaged Madame d'Aguesseau and her two daughters to revisit France. Madame de Bouillon stands her ground, and her situation as a foreign princess is less exposed. As Lord Sheffield has assumed the glorious character of protector of the distressed, his name is pronounced with gratitude and respect, The D. of Richmond is praised, on Madame de Biron's account. To the Princess d'Henin, and Lally, I wish to be remembered. The Neckers cannot venture into Geneva, and Madame de Stael will probably lie in at Rolle. He is printing a defence of the King, &c. against their republican judges; but the name of Necker is unpopular to all parties, and I much fear that the guillotine will be more speedy than the press. It will, however, be an eloquent performance; and, if I find an opportunity, I am to send you one, to you Lord Sheffield by his particular desire: he wishes likewise to convey some copies with speed to our principal people, Pitt, Fox, Lord Stormont, &c. But such is the rapid succession of events, that it will appear like the Pouvoir Executif, his best work, after the whole scene has been totally changed. Ever yours.

P. S. The revolution of France, and my triple dispatch by the same post to Sheffield-place, are, in my opinion, the two most singular events in the eighteenth century. I found the task so easy and pleasant, that I had some thoughts of adding a letter to the gentle Louisa. I am this moment informed, that our troops on the frontier are beginning to move, on their return home; yet we hear nothing of the treaty's being concluded.

EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ., TO THE HON. MISS HOLROYD.

Lausanne, Nov. 10th, 1792.

In dispatching the weekly political journal to Lord S. my conscience (for I have some remains of conscience) most powerfully urges me to salute, with some lines of friendship and gratitude, the amiable secretary, who might save herself the trouble of a modest apology. I have not yet forgotten our different behaviour after the much lamented *separation* of October the 4th, 1791, your meritorious punctuality, and my unworthy silence. I have still before me that entertaining narrative, which would have interested me, not only in the progress of the *carissima familia*, but in the motions of a Tartar camp, or the march of a caravan of Arabs; the mixture of just observation and lively imagery, the strong sense of a man expressed

with the easy elegance of a female. I still recollect with pleasur the happy comparison of the Rhine, who had heard so much o liberty on both his banks, that he wandered with mischievous licen tiousness over all the adjacent meadows.* The inundation, alas has now spread much wider; and it is sadly to be feared that the Elbe, the Po, and the Danube, may imitate the vile example of the Rhine: I shall be content, however, if our own Thames still preserves his fair character, of

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

These agreeable epistles of Maria produced only some dumb inten tions, and some barren remorse; nor have I deigned, except by a brief missive from my chancellor, to express how much I loved the author, and how much I was pleased with the composition. That amiable author I have known and loved from the first dawning of her life and *coquetry*, to the present maturity of her talents; and as long as I remain on this planet, I shall pursue, with the same tender and even anxious concern, the future steps of her establish ment and life. That establishment must be splendid; that life must be happy. She is endowed with every gift of nature and fortune; but the advantage which she will derive from them, de pends almost entirely on herself. You must not, you shall not think yourself unworthy to write to any man: there is none whom your correspondence would not amuse and satisfy. I will not under take a task, which my taste would adopt, and my indolence would too soon relinquish; but I am really curious, from the best motives to have a particular account of your own studies and daily occupa tion. What books do you read? and how do you employ your time and your pen? Except some professed scholars, I have often ob served that women in general read much more than men; but, fo want of a plan, a method, a fixed object, their reading is of little benefit to themselves, or others. If you will inform me of the species of reading to which you have the most propensity, I shall b happy to contribute my share of advice or assistance. I lament that you have not left me some monument of your pencil. Lady Elizabeth Foster has executed a very pretty drawing, taken from the door o the green-house where we dined last summer, and including the poo acacia (now recovered from the cruel shears of the gardener), the end of the terrace, the front of the pavilion, and a distant view o the country, lake, and mountains. I am almost reconciled to D'Apples' house, which is nearly finished. Instead of the monster which Lord Hercules Sheffield extirpated, the terrace is alread shaded with the new acacias and plantains; and although the unc tainty of possession restrains me from building, I myself have pla ed a bosquet at the bottom of the garden, with such admirable ski that it affords shade without intercepting prospect. The society the aforesaid Eliza, of the Duchess of D. &c. has been very interes ing; but they are now flown beyond the Alps, and pass the winter

* Mr. Gibbon alludes to letters written to him by Miss Holroyd, when she was turning from Switzerland, along the Rhine, to England.

Pisa. The Legards, who have long since left this place, should be at present in Italy; but I believe Mrs. Grimstone and her daughter returned to England. The Levades are highly flattered by your remembrance. Since you still retain some attachment to this delightful country, and it is indeed delightful, why should you despair of seeing it once more? The happy peer or commoner, whose name you may assume, is still concealed in the book of fate; but whosoever he may be, he will cheerfully obey your commands, of leading you from ——— Castle to Lausanne, and from Lausanne to Rome and Naples. Before that event takes place, I may possibly see you in Sussex; and, whether as a visitor or as a fugitive, I hope to be welcomed with a friendly embrace. The delay of this year was truly painful, but it was inevitable; and individuals must submit to those storms which have overturned the thrones of the earth. The tragic story of the Archbishop of Arles I have now somewhat a better right to require at your hands. I wish to have it in all its horrid details;* and as you are now so much mingled with the French exiles, I am of opinion that were you to keep a journal of all the authentic facts which they relate, it would be an agreeable exercise at present and a future source of entertainment and instruction.

*The answer to Mr. Gibbon's letter is annexed, as the best account I have seen of the barbarous transaction alluded to.—S.

"Sheffield-place, November, 1791.

"Your three letters received yesterday caused the most sincere pleasure to each individual of this family; to none more than myself. Praise, (I fear, beyond my deserts,) from one whose opinion I so highly value, and whose esteem I so much wish to preserve, is more pleasing than I can describe. I had not neglected to make the collection of facts which you recommend, and which the great variety of unfortunate persons whom we see, or with whom we correspond, enables me to make.

"As to that part of your letter which respects *my studies*, I can only say, the slightest hint on that subject is always received with the greatest gratitude, and attended to with the utmost punctuality; but I must decline that topic for the present, to obey your commands, which require from me the horrid account of the massacre aux Carmes.—Eight respectable ecclesiastics, landed, about the beginning of October, from an open boat at Seaford, wet as the waves. The natives of the coast were endeavouring to get from them what they had not, viz. money, when a gentleman of the neighbourhood came to their protection; and, finding they had nothing, showed his good sense, by dispatching them to Milord Sheffield: they had been pillaged, and with great difficulty had escaped from Paris. The reception they met with at this house, seemed to make the greatest impression on them; they were in ecstasy on finding M. de Lally living: they gradually became cheerful, and enjoyed their dinner: they were greatly affected as they recollected themselves, and found us attending on them. Having dined, and drank a glass of wine, they began to discover the beauties of the dining-room, and of the chateau: as they walked about, they were overheard to express their admiration at the treatment they met, and *from Protestants*. We then assembled in the library, formed a half circle round the fire, M. de Lally and Milord occupying the hearth à l'Anglaise, and questioning the priests concerning their escape. Thus we discovered that two of these unfortunate men were in the Carmelite convent at the time of the massacre of the one hundred and twenty priests, and had most miraculously escaped, by climbing trees in the garden, and from thence over the tops of the buildings. One of them, a man of superior appearance, described, in the most pathetic manner, the death of the Archbishop of Arles, (and with such simplicity and feeling, as to leave no doubt of the truth of all that he said,) to the following purport.—On the second of September, about five o'clock in the evening, at the time they were permitted to walk in the garden, expecting every hour to be released, they expressed their surprise at seeing several large pits, which had been digging for two days past: they said, the day is almost spent; and yet Manuel told a person who interceded for us last Thursday, that on the Sunday following not one should remain in captivity: we are still prisoners. Soon after, they heard shouts, and

I should be obliged to you, if you would make, or find, some excuse for my not answering a letter from your aunt, which was presented to me by Mr. Fowler. I showed him some civilities, but he is now a poor invalid, confined to his room. By her channel and yours I should be glad to have some information of the health, spirits, and situation of Mrs. Gibbon of Bath, whose alarms (if she has any) you may dispel. She is in my debt. Adieu, most truly yours.

EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, November 10, 1792.

I could never forgive myself, were I capable of writing by the same post, a political epistle to the father, and a friendly letter to the daughter, without sending any token of remembrance to the respectable matron, my dearest my lady, whom I have now loved

some musket shots. An ensign of the national guard, some commissaries of the sections, and some Marseillais rushed in: the miserable victims, who were dispersed in the garden, assembled under the walls of the church, not daring to go in, lest it should be polluted with blood. One man, who was behind the rest, was shot. 'Point de coup de fusils,' cried one of the chiefs of the assassins, thinking that kind of death too easy. These well-trained fusileers went to the rear; les piques, les haches, les poignards came forward. They demanded the Archbishop of Arles; he was immediately surrounded by all the priests. The worthy prelate said to his friends, 'Let me pass; if my blood will appease them, what signifies it, if I die! Is it not my duty to preserve your lives at the expense of my own?' He asked the eldest of the priests to give him absolution: he knelt to receive it; and when he arose, forced himself from them, advanced slowly, and with his arms crossed upon his breast, and his eyes raised to heaven, said to the assassins, 'Je suis celui que vous cherchez.' His appearance was so dignified and noble, that, during ten minutes, not one of these wretches had courage to lift his hand against him; they upbraided each other with cowardice, and advanced; one look from this venerable man struck them with awe, and they retired. At last, one of the miscreants struck off the cap of the archbishop with a pike; respect once violated, their fury returned, and another from behind cut him through the skull with a sabre. He raised his right hand to his eyes; with another stroke they cut off his hand. The Archbishop said, "Oh! mon Dieu!" and raised the other: a third stroke across the face left him sitting; the fourth extended him lifeless on the ground; and then all pressed forward, and buried their pikes and poniards in the body. The priests all agreed, that he had been one of the most amiable men in France; and that his only *crime* was, having, since the revolution, expended his private fortune, to support the necessitous clergy of his diocese. The second victim was the General des Benedictins. Then the national guards obliged the priests to go into the church, telling them, they should appear, one after another, before the commissaires du section. They had hardly entered, before the people impatiently called for them; upon which, all kneeling before the altar, the Bishop of Beauvais gave them absolution: they were then obliged to go out, two by two; they passed before a commissaire, who did not question, but only counted his victims;† they had in their sight the heaps of dead, to which they were going to add. Among the one hundred and twenty priests thus sacrificed, were the Bishops of Saintes and Beauvais (both of the Rochefoucauld family.) I should not omit to remark, that one of the priests observed they were assassinated, because they would not swear to a constitution which their murderers had destroyed. We had to comfort us for this melancholy story the most grateful expressions of gratitude towards the English nation, from whom they did not do us the justice to expect such a reception.

"There can be no doubt that the whole business of the massacres was concerted at a meeting at the Duke of Orleans' house. I shall make you as dismal as myself by my narration. I must change the style." * * * * * * * * * *

† * * * * Visum est lenti quæsisse nocentem
Innumerum pars magna perit.

Lucan, lib. 2. v. 110.—S.

a minister for something better or worse than twenty years. No, indeed, the historian may be careless, he may be indolent, he may always intend and never execute, but he is neither a monster nor a statue; he has a memory, a conscience, a heart, and that heart is sincerely devoted to Lady S****. He must even acknowledge the fallacy of a sophism which he has sometimes used, and she has always and most truly denied; that, where the persons of a family are strictly united, the writing to one is in fact writing to all; and that consequently all his numerous letters to the husband, may be considered as equally addressed to his wife. He feels, on the contrary, that separate minds have their distinct ideas and sentiments, and that each character, either in speaking or writing, has its peculiar tone of conversation. He agrees with the maxim of Rousseau, that three friends who wish to disclose a common secret, will impart it only *tous à deux;* and he is satisfied that, on the present memorable occasion, each of the persons of the Sheffield family will claim a peculiar share in this triple missive, which will communicate, however, a triple satisfaction. The experience of what may be effected by vigorous resolution, encourages the historian to hope that he shall cast the skin of the old serpent, and hereafter show himself as a new creature.

I lament, on all our accounts, that the last year's expedition to Lausanne did not take place in a golden period of health and spirits. But we must reflect, that human felicity is seldom without alloy; and if we cannot indulge the hope of your making a second visit to Lausanne, we must look forwards to my residence next summer at Sheffield-place, where I must find you in the full bloom of health, spirits, and beauty. I can perceive, by all public and private intelligence, that your house has been the open hospitable asylum of French fugitives; and it is a sufficient proof of the firmness of your nerves, that you have not been overwhelmed or agitated by such a concourse of strangers. Curiosity and compassion may, in some degree, have supported you. Every day has presented to your view some new scene of that strange tragical romance, which occupies all Europe so infinitely beyond any event that has happened in our time, and you have the satisfaction of not being a mere spectator of the distress of so many victims of false liberty. The benevolent fame of Lord S. is widely diffused.

From Angletine's last letter to Maria, you have already some idea of the melancholy state of her poor father. As long as Mr. de Severy allowed our hopes and fears to fluctuate with the changes of his disorder, I was unwilling to say anything on so painful a subject; and it is with the deepest concern that I now confess our absolute despair of his recovery. All his particular complaints are now lost in a general dissolution of the whole frame: every principle of life is exhausted, and as often as I am admitted to his bed-side, though he still looks and smiles with the patience of an angel, I have the heartfelt grief of seeing him each day drawing nearer to the term of his existence. A few weeks, possibly a few days, will deprive me of the most excellent friend, and break for ever the most perfect

system of domestic happiness, in which I had so large and intimate a share. Wilhelm (who has obtained leave of absence from his military duty) and his sister behave and feel like tender and dutiful children; but they have a long gay prospect of life, and new connexions, new families will make them forget, in due time, the common lot of mortality. But it is Madame de Severy whom I truly pity; I dread the effects of the first shock, and I dread still more the deep perpetual consuming affliction for a loss which can never be retrieved. You will not wonder that such reflections sadden my own mind, nor can I forget how much my situation is altered since I retired, nine years ago, to the banks of the Leman Lake. The death of poor Deyverdun first deprived me of a domestic companion, who can never be supplied; and your visit has only served to remind me that man, however amused and occupied in his closet, was not made to live alone. Severy will soon be no more; his widow for a long time, perhaps for ever, will be lost to herself and her friends, the son will travel, and I shall be left a stranger in the insipid circle of mere common acquaintance. The revolution of France, which first embittered and divided the society of Lausanne, has opposed a barrier to my Sussex visit, and may finally expel me from the paradise which I inhabit. Even that paradise, the expensive and delightful establishment of my house, library, and garden, almost becomes an incumbrance, by rendering it more difficult for me to relinquish my hold, or to form a new system of life in my native country, for which my income, though improved and improving, would be probably insufficient. But every complaint should be silenced by the contemplation of the French; compared with whose cruel fate, all misery is relative happiness. I perfectly concur in your partiality for Lally; though Nature might forget some meaner ingredients, of prudence, economy, &c., she never formed a purer heart, or a brighter imagination. If he be with you, I beg my kindest salutations to him. I am every day more closely united with the Neckers. Should France break, and this country be over-run, they would be reduced, in very humble circumstances, to seek a refuge; and where but in England? Adieu, dear madam: there is, indeed, much pleasure in discharging one's heart to a real friend. Ever yours.

EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ., TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD SHEFFIELD.

[Send me a list of these letters, with their respective dates.]

Lausanne, Nov. 25th, 1792.

After the triple labour of my last dispatch, your experience of the creature might tempt you to suspect that it would again relapse into a long slumber. But, partly from the spirit of contradiction, (though I am not a lady,) and partly from the ease and pleasure which I now find in the task, you see me again alive, awake, and almost faithful to my hebdomadal promise. The last week has not, however, afforded any events deserving the notice of an historian. Our affairs are still floating on the waves of the convention, and the ratification of a corrected treaty, which had been fixed for the

twentieth, is not yet arrived; but the report of the diplomatic committee has been favourable, and it is generally understood that the leaders of the French republic do not wish to quarrel with the Swiss. We are gradually withdrawing and disbanding our militia. Geneva will be left to sink or swim, according to the humour of the people; and our last hope appears to be, that by submission and good behaviour we shall avert for some time the impending storm. A few days ago, an odd accident happened in the French army; the desertion of the general. As the Neckers were sitting, about eight o'clock in the evening, in their drawing-room at Rolle,* the door flew open, and they were astounded by their servant's announcing Monsieur le General de Montesquiou! On the receipt of some secret intelligence of a *decret d'accusation*, and an order to arrest him, he had only time to get on horseback, to gallop through Geneva, to take boat for Coppet, and to escape from his pursuers, who were ordered to seize him alive or dead. He left the Neckers after supper, passed through Lausanne in the night, and proceeded to Berne and Basle, whence he intended to wind his way through Germany, amidst enemies of every description, and to seek a refuge in England, America, or the moon. He told Necker, that the sole remnant of his fortune consisted in a wretched sum of twenty thousand livres; but the public report, or suspicion, bespeaks him in much better circumstances. Besides the reproach of acting with too much tameness and delay, he is accused of making very foul and exorbitant contracts: and it is certain that new Sparta is infected with this vice beyond the example of the most corrupt monarchy. Kellerman is arrived to take the command; and it is apprehended that on the first of December, after the departure of the Swiss, the French may *request* the permission of using Geneva, a friendly city, for their winter quarters. In that case, the democratical revolution, which we all foresee, will be very speedily effected.

I would ask you, whether you apprehend there was any treason in the Duke of Brunswick's retreat, and whether you have totally withdrawn your confidence and esteem from that once-famed general? Will it be possible for England to preserve her neutrality with any honour or safety? We are bound, as I understand, by treaty, to guarantee the dominions of the King of Sardinia and the Austrian provinces of the Netherlands. These countries are now invaded and over-run by the French. Can we refuse to fulfil our engagements, without exposing ourselves to all Europe as a perfidious or pusillanimous nation? Yet, on the other hand, can we assist those allies, without plunging headlong into an abyss, whose bottom no man can discover? But my chief anxiety is for our domestic tranquillity; for I must find a retreat in England, should I be driven from Lausanne. The idea of firm and honourable union of parties pleases me much; but you must frankly unfold what are the great difficulties that may impede so salutary a measure: you write to a man discreet in speech, and now careful of papers. Yet what can

* A considerable town between Lausanne and Geneva.

such a coalition avail! Where is the champion of the constitution! Alas, Lord Guildford! I am much pleased with the Manchester ass. The asses or wolves who sacrificed him have cast off the mask too soon; and such a nonsensical act must open the eyes of many simple patriots, who might have been led astray by the specious name of reform. It should be made as notorious as possible. Next winter may be the crisis of our fate, and if you begin to improve the constitution, you may be driven step by step from the disfranchisement of Old Sarum to the king in Newgate, the lords voted useless, the bishops abolished, and a house of commons without articles (*sans culottes*). Necker has ordered you a copy of his royal defence, which has met with, and deserved, universal success. The pathetic and argumentative parts are, in my opinion, equally good, and his mild eloquence may persuade without irritating. I have applied to this gentler tone some verses of Ovid, (Metamorph. l. iii. 302, &c.*) which you may read. Madame de Stael has produced a second son. She talks wildly enough of visiting England this winter. She is a pleasant little woman. Poor Severy's condition is hopeless. Should he drag through the winter, Madame de S. would scarcely survive him. She kills herself with grief and fatigue. What a difference in Lausanne! I hope triple answers are on the road. I must write soon; the *times* will not allow me to read or think. Ever yours.

TO THE SAME.

Lausanne, Dec. 14th, 1792.

Our little storm has now completely subsided, and we are again spectators, though anxious spectators, of the general tempest that invades or threatens almost every country of Europe. Our troops are every day disbanding and returning home, and the greatest part of the French have evacuated the neighbourhood of Geneva. Monsieur Barthelemy, whom you have seen secretary in London, is most courteously entertained, as ambassador, by the Helvetic body. He is now at Berne, where a diet will speedily be convened; the language on both sides is now pacific, and even friendly, and some hopes are given of a provision for the officers of the Swiss guards who have survived the massacres of Paris.

January 1st, 1793.

With the return of peace I have relapsed into my former indolence; but now awakening, after a fortnight's slumber, I have little or nothing to add, with regard to the internal state of this country, only the revolution of Geneva has already taken place, as I announced, but sooner than I expected. The Swiss troops had no sooner evacuated the place, than the *Egaliseurs*, as they are called, assembled in

* Quâ tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.
Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhœa,
Nunc armatur eo: nimiùm feritatis in illo.
Est aliud levius fulmen; cui dextra Cyclopum
Sævitiæ, flammæque minus, minus addidit iræ:
Tela secunda vocant Superi.

arms; and as no resistance was made, no blood was shed on the occasion. They seized the gates, disarmed the garrison, imprisoned the magistrates, imparted the rights of citizens to all the rabble of the town and country, and proclaimed a *national* convention, which has not yet met. They are all for a pure and absolute democracy; but wish to remain a small independent state, whilst others aspire to become a part of the republic of France; and as the latter, though less numerous, are more violent and absurd than their adversaries, it is highly probable that they will succeed. The citizens of the best families and fortunes have retired from Geneva into the Pays de Vaud, but the French methods of recalling or proscribing emigrants will soon be adopted. You must have observed, that Savoy has now become "le department du Mont Blanc." I cannot satisfy myself whether the mass of the people is pleased or displeased with the change; but my noble scenery is clouded by the democratical aspect of twelve leagues of the opposite coast, which every morning obtrude themselves on my view. I here conclude the first part of the history of our Alpine troubles, and now consider myself as disengaged from all promises of periodical writing. Upon the whole, I kept it beyond our expectation; nor do I think that you have been sufficiently astonished by the wonderful effort of the triple dispatch.

You must now succeed to my task, and I shall expect, during the winter, a regular political journal of the events of your greater world. You are on the theatre, and may often be behind the scenes. You can always see, and may sometimes foresee. My own choice has indeed transported me into a foreign land; but I am truly attached, from interest and inclination, to my native country; and even as a citizen of the world, I wish the stability and happiness of England, the sole great refuge of mankind against the opposite mischiefs of despotism and democracy. I was indeed alarmed, and the more so, as I saw that you were not without apprehension; but I now glory in the triumph of reason and genuine patriotism, which seems to pervade the country; nor do I dislike some mixture of popular enthusiasm, which may be requisite to encounter our mad or wicked enemies with equal arms. The behaviour of Fox does not surprise me. You may remember what I told you last year at Lausanne, when you attempted his defence, that * * * * You have now crushed the daring subverters of the constitution; but I now fear the moderate well-meaners—reformers. Do not, I beseech you, tamper with parliamentary representation. The present house of commons forms, in *practice*, a body of gentlemen, who must always sympathise with the interests and opinions of the people; and the slightest innovation launches you, without rudder or compass, on a dark and dangerous ocean of theoretical experiment. On this subject I am indeed serious.

Upon the whole, I like the beginning of ninety-three better than the end of ninety-two. The illusion seems to break away throughout Europe. I think England and Switzerland are safe. Brabant adheres to the old constitution. The Germans are disgusted with

the rapine and insolence of their deliverers. The pope is resolved to head his armies, and the lazzaroni of Naples have presented St. Januarius with a gold fuzee, to fire on the brigands Français. So much for politics, which till now never had such possession of my mind. Next post I will write about myself and my own designs. Alas, your poor eyes! make the Maria write; I will speedily answer her. My lady is still dumb. The German posts are now slow and irregular. You had better write by the way of France, under cover. Direct to Le citoyen Rebeurs, à Pontalier, France.

Adieu; ever yours.

TO THE SAME.

Lausanne, Jan. 6th, 1793.

There was formerly a time when our correspondence was a painful discussion of my private affairs; a vexatious repetition of losses, of disappointments, of sales, &c. These affairs are decently arranged: but public cares have now succeeded to private anxiety, and our whole attention is lately turned from Lenborough and Beriton, to the political state of France and of Europe. From these politics, however, one letter shall be free, while I talk of myself and of my own plans; a subject most interesting to a friend, and only to a friend.

I know not whether I am sorry or glad that my expedition has been postponed to the present year. It is true, that I now wish myself in England, and almost repent that I did not grasp the opportunity when the obstacles were comparatively smaller than they are now likely to prove. Yet had I reached you last summer before the month of August, a considerable portion of my time would be now elapsed, and I should already begin to think of my departure. If the gout should spare me this winter, (and as yet I have not felt any symptom,) and if the spring should make a soft and early appearance, it is my intention to be with you in Downing-street before the end of April, and thus to enjoy six weeks or two months of the most agreeable season of London and the neighbourhood, after the hurry of parliament is subsided, and before the great rural dispersion. As the banks of the Rhine and the Belgic provinces are completely overspread with anarchy and war, I have made up my mind to pass through the territories of the French republic. From the best and most recent information, I am satisfied that there is little or no real danger in the journey; and I must arm myself with patience to support the vexatious insolence of democratical tyranny. I have even a sort of curiosity to spend some days at Paris, to assist at the debates of the Pandæmonium, to seek an introduction to the principal devils, and to contemplate a new form of public and private life, which never existed before, and which I devoutly hope will not long continue to exist. Should the obstacles of health or weather confine me at Lausanne till the month of May, I shall scarcely be able to resist the temptation of passing some part at least of the summer in my own little paradise. But all these schemes must ultimately depend on the great question of peace or war, which will indeed be speedily determined. Should France become impervious to an English traveller, what must I do? I shall not easily resolve to

explore my way through the unknown language and abominable roads of the interior parts of Germany, to embark in Holland, or perhaps at Hamburgh, and to be finally intercepted by a French privateer. My stay in England appears not less doubtful than the means of transporting myself. Should I arrive in the spring, it is possible, and barely possible, that I should return here in the autumn, it is much more probable that I shall pass the winter, and there may be even a chance of my giving my own country a longer trial. In my letter to my lady I fairly exposed the decline of Lausanne; but such an establishment as mine must not be lightly abandoned; nor can I discover what adequate mode of life my private circumstances, easy as they now are, could afford me in England. London and Bath have doubtless their respective merits, and I could wish to reside within a day's journey of Sheffield-place. But a state of perfect happiness is not to be found here below; and in the possession of my library, house, and garden, with the relics of our society, and a frequent intercourse with the Neckers, I may still be tolerably content. Among the disastrous changes of Lausanne, I must principally reckon the approaching dissolution of poor Severy and his family. He is still alive, but in such hopeless and painful decay, that we no longer conceal our wishes for his speedy release. I never loved nor esteemed him so much as in this last mortal disease, which he supports with a degree of energy, patience, and even cheerfulness, beyond all belief. His wife, whose whole time and soul are devoted to him, is almost sinking under her long anxiety. The children are most amiably assiduous to both their parents, and at all events, his filial duties and worldly cares must detain the son some time at home.

And now approach, and let me drop into your most private ear, a literary secret. Of the Memoirs little has been done, and with that little I am not satisfied. They must be postponed till a mature season; and I much doubt whether the book and the author can ever see the light at the same time. But I have long revolved in my mind another scheme of biographical writing: the lives, or rather the characters, of the most eminent persons in arts and arms, in church and state, who have flourished in Britain from the reign of Henry VIII. to the present age. This work, extensive as it may be, would be an amusement rather than a toil: the materials are accessible in our own language, and for the most part ready to my hands: but the subject, which would afford a rich display of human nature and domestic history, would powerfully address itself to the feelings of every Englishman. The taste or fashion of the times seems to delight in picturesque decorations; and this series of British portraits might aptly be accompanied by the respective heads, taken from originals, and engraved by the best masters. Alderman Boydell, and his son-in-law, Mr. George Nicol, bookseller in Pallmall, are the great undertakers in this line. On my arrival in England I shall be free to consider, whether it may suit me to proceed in a mere literary work without any other decorations than those which it may derive from the pen of the author. It is a serious truth, that I am no longer ambitious of fame or money; that my habits of industry are

much impaired, and that I have reduced my studies to be the loose amusement of my morning hours, the repetition of which will insensibly lead me to the last term of existence. And for this very reason I shall not be sorry to bind myself by a liberal engagement, from which I may not with honour recede.

Before I conclude, we must say a word or two of parliamentary and pecuniary concerns. 1. We all admire the generous spirit with which you damned the assassins **. I hope that ***** The opinion of parliament in favour of Louis was declared in a manner worthy of the representatives of a great and wise nation. It will certainly have a powerful effect; and if the poor King be not already murdered, I am satisfied that his life is in safety: but is such a life worth his care? Our debates will now become every day more interesting; and as I expect from you only opinions and anecdotes, I most earnestly conjure you to send me Woodfall's Register as often (and that must be very often) as the occasion deserves it. I now spare no expense for news.

I want some account of Mrs. G.'s health. Will my lady never write? How can people be so indolent! I suppose this will find you at Sheffield-place during the recess, and that the heavy baggage will not move till after the birthday. Shall I be with you by the first of May? The Gods only know. I almost wish that I had accompanied Madame de Stael. Ever yours.

TO THE SAME.

Begun Feb. 9,—ended Feb. 18, 1793.

The struggle is at length over, and poor De Severy is no more! He expired about ten days ago, after every vital principle had been exhausted by a complication of disorders, which had lasted above five months: and a mortification in one of his legs, that gradually rose to the more noble parts, was the immediate cause of his death. His patience and even cheerfulness supported him to the fatal moment; and he enjoyed every comfort that could alleviate his situation, the skill of his physicians, the assiduous tenderness of his family, and the kind sympathy not only of his particular friends, but even of common acquaintance, and generally of the whole town. The stroke has been severely felt, yet I have the satisfaction to perceive that Madame de Severy's health is not affected; and we may hope that in time she will recover a tolerable share of composure and happiness. Her firmness has checked the violent sallies of grief; her gentleness has preserved her from the worst of symptoms, a dry, silent despair. She loves to talk of her irreparable loss, she descants with pleasure on his virtues; her words are interrupted with tears, but those tears are her best relief; and her tender feelings will insensibly subside into an affectionate remembrance.* Wilhelm is much more deeply

* She is no more—that virtuous wife, that venerated mother, that sure and constant friend, whose value Mr. Gibbon so well appreciated, whom he speaks of with so much interest, with whom and whose worthy husband he passed, in the pleasures of intimate friendship, the last ten years of his life, and whose children were adopted by his heart.

Catherine Louise Jacqueline de Chandieu was born at Lausanne on the 3rd of February,

rounded than I could imagine, or than he expected himself: nor have I ever seen the affliction of a son more lively and sincere. Severy was indeed a very valuable man: without any shining qualifications, he was endowed in a high degree with good sense, honour, and benevolence; and few men have filled with more propriety their circle in private life. For myself, I have had the misfortune of knowing him too late, and of losing him too soon. But enough of this melancholy subject.

The affairs of this theatre, which must always be minute, are now grown so tame and tranquil, that they no longer deserve the historian's pen. The new constitution of Geneva is slowly forming, without much noise or any bloodshed; and the patriots, who have staid in hopes of guiding and restraining the multitude, flatter themselves that they shall be able at least to prevent their mad countrymen from giving themselves to the French, the only mischief that would be absolutely irretrievable. The revolution of Geneva is of less consequence to us, however, than that of Savoy; but our fate will depend on the general event, rather than on these particular causes. In the meanwhile we hope to be quiet spectators of the struggle of this year; and we seem to have assurances that both the emperor and the French will compound for the neutrality of the Swiss. The Helvetic body does not acknowledge the republic of France; but Barthelemy, their ambassador, resides at

1741. She had been endowed by nature with health and beauty, and a good education had added to these gifts the most agreeable and useful accomplishments, joined to the steady principles of an amiable and enlightened religion. Habitual association with those persons who were most distinguished by their merit, birth, or talents, had crowned the work of Nature and Education. In 1766 she married M. de Charière de Severy, and by these happy espousals insured that happiness which she had a right to expect. Without entering into the detail of her private and active virtues, we shall be contented with saying that Madame de Severy knew how to unite, during the course of her life, with a wisdom that was the fruit of reflection and piety, duties apparently the most opposite; that she was able to reconcile the faculty of pleasing with the most scrupulous reserve; to accept with discrimination the tributes paid to youth and beauty, and to preserve an angelic purity in an age of levity and folly.

Happy in the bosom of her family, yet at her estates, in the city, and in its most brilliant circles, she was everywhere in her appropriate place, and everywhere an object of consideration and respect. On the 29th of January, 1793, she was deprived, by a lingering malady, of a beloved husband. Her anxieties, watchings, and profound grief did not in the least abate her courage; she comforted and strengthened her children by inculcating into them the principles of a religion, which she had always looked on as her surest refuge in distress. She was still mourning in seclusion for the loss of her tenderly loved husband when the death of Mr. Gibbon called for renewed tears. Time had with difficulty begun to heal this double wound; she began again to adorn and animate society by her presence, her blooming beauty and noble carriage attracted every eye; she appeared and vanished. Her illness, which was of a complicated character, was neither long nor painful; and the serenity of a pure soul accompanied her, without anguish, into the bosom of eternal repose on the 17th of January, 1796.

Madame de Severy left two children, M. W. de Severy (whom Mr. Gibbon has sufficiently made known by these words inserted in his will, "whom I wish to style by the endearing name of son,") and M. Angletine de Severy, who vividly recalls to the mind the recollection of the graces and virtues of his mother. The happiness enjoyed by this family in intimate and continued intercourse with a mother who was their best friend, renders their loss irreparable, and their grief agonizing; they listen to no consolations but those offered by that pure religion whose cheering principles were implanted in their breasts by their virtuous mother.—S.

Baden, and steals, like Chauvelin, into a kind of extra official negotiation. All spirit of opposition is quelled in the canton of Berne, and the perpetual banishment of the ****** family has scarcely excited a murmur. It will probably be followed by that of ****** *****: the crime alleged in their sentence is the having assisted at the federation dinner at Rolle two years ago; and as they are absent, I could almost wish that they had been summoned to appear, and heard in their own defence. To the general supineness of the inhabitants of Lausanne I must ascribe, that the death of Louis the Sixteenth has been received with less horror and indignation than I could have wished. I was much tempted to go into mourning, and probably should, had the duchess been still here; but as the only Englishman of any mark, I was afraid of being singular; more especially as our French emigrants, either from prudence or poverty, do not wear black, nor do even the Neckers. Have you read his discourse for the king? It might indeed supersede the necessity of mourning. I should judge from your last letter, and from the diary, that the French declaration of war must have rather surprised you. I wish, although I know not how it could have been avoided, that we might still have continued to enjoy our safe and prosperous neutrality. You will not doubt my best wishes for the destruction of the miscreants; but I love England still more than I hate France. All reasonable chances are in favour of a confederacy, such as was never opposed to the ambition of Louis the Fourteenth; but, after the experience of last year, I distrust reason, and confess myself fearful for the event. The French are strong in numbers, activity, enthusiasm; they are rich in rapine; and although their strength may be only that of a phrenzy fever, they may do infinite mischief to their neighbours before they can be reduced to a strait waistcoat. I dread the effects that may be produced on the minds of the people by the increase of debt and taxes, probable losses, and possible mismanagement. Our trade must suffer; and though projects of invasion have been always abortive, I cannot forget that the fleets and armies of Europe have failed before the towns in America, which have been taken and plundered by a handful of buccaneers. I know nothing of Pitt as a war minister; but it affords me much satisfaction that the intrepid wisdom of the new chancellor * is introduced into the cabinet. I wish, not merely on your own account, that you were placed in an active, useful station in government. I should not dislike you secretary at war.

I have little more to say of myself, or of my journey to England: you know my intentions, and the great events of Europe must determine whether they can be carried into execution this summer. If ***** has warmly adopted *your* idea, I shall speedily hear from him; but, in truth, I know not what will be my answer: I see difficulties which at first did not occur: I doubt my own perseverance, and my fancy begins to wander into new paths. The amusement of reading and thinking may perhaps satisfy a man who has paid his

* Lord Loughborough.

debt to the public; and there is more pleasure in building castles in the air than on the ground. I shall contrive some small assistance for your correspondent, though I cannot learn any thing that distinguishes him from many of his countrymen: we have had our full share of poor emigrants; but if you wish that any thing extraordinary should be done for this man, you must send me a measure. Adieu. I embrace my lady and Maria, as also Louisa. Perhaps I may soon write, without expecting an answer. Ever yours.

TO THE SAME.

Lausanne, April 27, 1793.

My dearest friend, for such you most truly are, nor does there exist a person who obtains, or shall ever obtain, a superior place in my esteem and affection.

After too long a silence I was sitting down to write, when, only yesterday morning (such is now the irregular slowness of the English post) I was suddenly struck, indeed struck to the heart, by the fatal intelligence* from Sir Henry Clinton and M. de Lally. Alas! what is life, and what are our hopes and projects! When I embraced her at your departure from Lausanne, could I imagine that it was for the last time? When I postponed to another summer my journey to England, could I apprehend that I never, never should see her again? I always hoped that she would spin her feeble thread to a long duration, and that her delicate frame would survive (as is often the case) many constitutions of a stouter appearance. In four days! in your absence, in that of her children! But she is now at rest; and if there be a future life, her mild virtues have surely entitled her to the reward of pure and perfect felicity. It is for you that I feel; and I can judge of your sentiments by comparing them with my own. I have lost, it is true, an amiable and affectionate friend, whom I had known and loved above three and twenty years, and whom I often styled by the endearing name of sister. But you are deprived of the companion of your life, the wife of your choice, and the mother of your children—poor children! The liveliness of Maria, and the softness of Louisa, render them almost equally the objects of my tenderest compassion. I do not wish to aggravate your grief; but, in the sincerity of friendship, I cannot hold a different language. I know the impotence of reason, and I much fear that the strength of your character will serve to make a sharper and more lasting impression.

The only consolation in these melancholy trials to which human life is exposed, the only one at least in which I have any confidence, is the presence of a real friend; and of that, as far as it depends on myself, you shall not be destitute. I regret the few days that must be lost in some necessary preparations; but I trust that to-morrow se'nnight (May the fifth) I shall be able to set forwards on my journey to England; and when this letter reaches you, I shall be considerably advanced on my way. As it is yet prudent to keep at a respectful distance from the banks of the French Rhine, I shall incline a little

* The death of Lady Sheffield.

to the right, and proceed by Scaffhausen and Stutgard to Frankfort and Cologne: the Austrian Netherlands are now open and safe, and I am sure of being able at least to pass from Ostend to Dover; whence, without passing through London, I shall pursue the direct road to Sheffield-place. Unless I should meet with some unforeseen accidents and delays, I hope, before the end of the month, to share your solitude, and sympathise with your grief. All the difficulties of the journey, which my indolence had probably magnified, have now disappeared before a stronger passion; and you will not be sorry to hear, that, as far as Frankfort to Cologne, I shall enjoy the advantage of the society, the conversation, the German language, and the active assistance of Severy. His attachment to me is the sole motive which prompts him to undertake this troublesome journey: and as soon as he has seen me over the roughest ground, he will immediately return to Lausanne. The poor young man loved Lady S. as a mother, and the whole family is deeply affected by an event which reminds them too painfully of their own misfortune. Adieu. I could write volumes, and shall therefore break off abruptly. I shall write on the road, and hope to find a few lines à poste restante at Frankfort and Brussels. Adieu; ever yours.

TO THE SAME.

Lausanne, May, 1793.

My dear Friend,—I must write a few lines before my departure, though indeed I scarcely know what to say. Nearly a fortnight has now elapsed since the first melancholy tidings, without my having received the slightest subsequent accounts of your health and situation. Your own silence announces too forcibly how much you are involved in your feelings; and I can but too easily conceive that a letter to me would be more painful than to an indifferent person. But that amiable man, Count Lally, might surely have written a second time; but your sister, who is probably with you; but Maria, alas! poor Maria! I am left in a state of darkness to the workings of my own fancy, which imagines every thing that is sad and shocking. What can I think of for your relief and comfort? I will not expatiate on those common-place topics, which have never dried a single tear; but let me advise, let me urge you to force yourself into business, as I would try to force myself into study. The mind must not be idle; if it be not exercised on external objects, it will prey on its own vitals. A thousand little arrangements, which must precede a long journey, have postponed my departure three or four days beyond the term which I had first appointed; but all is now in order, and I set off to-morrow, the ninth instant, with my valet de chambre, a courier on horseback, and Severy, with his servant, as far as Frankfort. I calculate my arrival at Sheffield-place (how I dread and desire to see that mansion!) for the first week in June, soon after this letter; but I will try to send you some later intelligence. I never found myself stronger, or in better health. The German road is now cleared, but

of enemies and allies, and though I must expect fatigue, I have not any apprehensions of danger. It is scarcely possible that you should meet me at Frankfort, but I shall be much disappointed at not finding a line at Brussels or Ostend. Adieu. If there be any invisible guardians, may they watch over you and yours! Adieu.

TO THE SAME.

Frankfort, May 19th, 1793.

And here I am, in good health and spirits, after one of the easiest, safest, and pleasantest journies which I ever performed in my whole life; not the appearance of an enemy, and hardly the appearance of a war. Yet I hear, as I am writing, the cannon of the siege of Mayence, at the distance of twenty miles; and long, very long, will it be heard. It is confessed on all sides, that the French fight with a courage worthy of a better cause. The town of Mayence is strong, their artillery admirable; they are already reduced to horse-flesh, but they have still the resource of eating the inhabitants, and at last of eating one another; and, if that repast could be extended to Paris and the whole country, it might essentially contribute to the relief of mankind. Our operations are carried on with more than German slowness, and when the besieged are quiet, the besiegers are perfectly satisfied with their progress. A spirit of division undoubtedly prevails; and the character of the Prussians for courage and discipline is sunk lower than you can possibly imagine. Their glory has expired with Frederick. I am sorry to have missed Lord Elgin, who is beyond the Rhine with the King of Prussia. As I am impatient, I propose setting forwards to-morrow afternoon, and shall reach Ostend in less than eight days. The passage must depend on winds and packets; and I hope to find at Brussels or Dover a letter which will direct me to Sheffield-place or Downing-street. Severy goes back from hence. Adieu: I embrace the dear girls. Ever yours.

TO THE SAME.

Brussels, May 27, 1793.

This day, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, I arrived at this place in excellent preservation. My expedition, which is now drawing to a close, has been a journey of perseverance rather than speed, of some labour since Frankfort, but without the smallest degree of difficulty or danger. As I have every morning been seated in the chaise soon after sun-rise, I propose indulging to-morrow till eleven o'clock, and going that day no farther than Ghent. On Wednesday the 29th instant I shall reach Ostend in good time, just eight days, according to my former reckoning, from Frankfort. Beyond that I can say nothing positive; but should the winds be propitious, it is possible that I may appear next Saturday, June 1, in Downing-street. After that earliest date, you will expect me day by day till I arrive. Adieu. I embrace the dear girls, and salute Mrs. Holroyd. I rejoice that you have anticipated my

advice by plunging into business; but I should now be sorry if that business, however important, detained us long in town. I do not wish to make a public exhibition, and only sigh to enjoy you and the precious remnant in the solitude of Sheffield-place. Ever yours.

If I am successful I may outstrip or accompany this letter. Yours and Maria's waited for me here, and overpaid the journey.

The preceding letters intimate that, in return for my visit to Lausanne in 1791, Mr. Gibbon engaged to pass a year with me in England: that the war having rendered travelling exceedingly inconvenient, especially to a person who, from his bodily infirmities, required every accommodation, prevented his undertaking so formidable a journey at the time he proposed.

The call of friendship, however, was sufficient to make him overlook every personal consideration, when he thought his presence might prove a consolation. I must ever regard it as the most endearing proof of his sensibility, and of his possessing the true spirit of friendship, that after having relinquished the thought of his intended visit, he hastened to England, in spite of increasing impediments, to soothe me by the most generous sympathy, and to alleviate my domestic affliction; neither his great corpulency, nor his extraordinary bodily infirmities, nor any other consideration, could prevent him a moment from resolving on an undertaking that might have deterred the most active young man. He, almost immediately, with alertness by no means natural to him, undertook a great circuitous journey, along the frontiers of an enemy, worse than savage, within the sound of their cannon, within the range of the light troops of the different armies, and through roads ruined by the enormous machinery of war.

The readiness with which he engaged in this kind office of friendship, at a time when a selfish spirit might have pleaded a thousand reasons for declining so hazardous a journey, conspired, with the peculiar charms of his society, to render his arrival a cordial to my mind. I had the satisfaction of finding that his own delicate and precarious health had not suffered in the service of his friend. He arrived in the beginning of June at my house in Downing-street, safe and in good health; and after we had passed about a month together in London, we settled at Sheffield-place for the summer; where his wit, learning, and cheerful politeness delighted a great variety of characters.

Although he was inclined to represent his health as better than it really was, his habitual dislike to motion appeared to increase; his inaptness to exercise confined him to the library and dining-room, and there he joined my friend Mr. Frederick North, in pleasant arguments against exercise in general. He ridiculed the unsettled and restless disposition, that summer, the most uncomfortable, as he said, of all seasons, generally gives to those who have the use of their limbs. Such arguments were little required to keep society within doors, when his company was only there to be enjoyed; for neither

the fineness of the season, nor the most promising parties of pleasure, could tempt the company of either sex to desert him.

Those who have enjoyed the society of Mr. Gibbon will agree with me, that his conversation was still more captivating than his writings. Perhaps no man ever divided time more fairly between literary labour and social enjoyment; and hence, probably, he derived his peculiar excellence of making his very extensive knowledge contribute, in the highest degree, to the use or pleasure of those with whom he conversed. He united, in the happiest manner imaginable, two characters which are not often found in the same person, the profound scholar and the fascinating companion.

It would be superfluous to attempt a very minute delineation of a character which is so distinctly marked in the Memoirs and Letters. He has described himself without reserve, and with perfect sincerity. The Letters, and especially the extracts from the Journal, which could not have been written with any purpose of being seen, will make the reader perfectly acquainted with the man.

Excepting a visit to Lord Egremont and Mr. Hayley, whom he very particularly esteemed, Mr. Gibbon was not absent from Sheffield-place till the beginning of October, when we were reluctantly obliged to part with him, that he might perform his engagement to Mrs. Gibbon at Bath, the widow of his father, who had early deserved, and invariably retained, his affection. From Bath he proceeded to Lord Spenser's at Althorp, a family which he always met with uncommon satisfaction. He continued in good health during the summer, and in excellent spirits (I never knew him enjoy better); and when he went from Sheffield-place, little did I imagine it would be the last time I should have the inexpressible pleasure of seeing him there in full possession of health.

The few following short letters, though not important in themselves, will fill up this part of the narrative better, and more agreeably, than any thing I can substitute in their place.

EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD SHEFFIELD.

October 2nd, 1793.

The Cork-street hotel has answered its recommendation; it is clean, convenient, and quiet. My first evening was passed at home in a very agreeable *tête-à-tête* with my friend Elmsley. Yesterday I dined at Craufurd's with an excellent set, in which were Pelham and Lord Egremont. I dine to-day with my Portuguese friend, Madame de Sylva, at Grenier's; most probably with Lady Webster, whom I met last night at Devonshire-house; a constant, though late, resort of society. The duchess is as good, and Lady Elizabeth as seducing, as ever. No news whatever. You will see in the papers Lord Hervey's memorial. I love vigour, but it is surely a strong measure to tell a gentleman you have *resolved* to pass the winter in his house. London is not disagreeable; yet I shall probably leave it Saturday. If any thing should occur, I will write. Adieu; ever yours.

TO THE SAME.

Sunday afternoon I left London, and lay at Reading, and Monday in very good time I reached this place after a very pleasant airing; and am always so much delighted, and improved, with this union of ease and motion, that, were not the expense enormous, I would travel every year some hundred miles, more especially in England. I passed the day with Mrs. G. yesterday. In mind and conversation she is just the same as twenty years ago. She has spirits, appetite, legs, and eyes, and talks of living till ninety.* I can say from my heart, Amen. We dine at two, and remain together till nine; but, although we have much to say, I am not sorry that she talks of introducing a third or fourth actor. Lord Spenser expects me about the 20th; but if I can do it without offence, I shall steal away two or three days sooner, and you shall have advice of my motions. The troubles of Bristol have been serious and bloody. I know not who was in fault; but I do not like appeasing the mob by the extinction of the toll, and the removal of the Hereford militia, who had done their duty. Adieu. The girls must dance at Tunbridge. What would dear little aunt say if I was to answer her letter? Ever yours, &c.

York-house, Bath, October 9th, 1793.

I still follow the old style, though the Convention has abolished the Christian era, with months, weeks, days, &c.

TO THE SAME.

York-house, Bath, October 13th, 1793.

I am as ignorant of Bath in general as if I were still at Sheffield. My impatience to get away makes me think it better to devote my whole time to Mrs. G.; and dear little aunt, whom I tenderly salute, will excuse me to her two friends, Mr. Hartley and Preston, if I make little or no use of their kind introduction. A *tête-à-tête* of eight or nine hours every day is rather difficult to support; yet I do assure you, that our conversation flows with more ease and spirit when we are alone, than when any auxiliaries are summoned to our aid. She is indeed a wonderful woman, and I think all her faculties of the mind stronger and more active than I have ever known them. I have settled, that ten full days may be sufficient for all the purposes of our interview. I should therefore depart next Friday, the 18th instant, and am indeed expected at Althorp on the 20th; but I may possibly reckon without my host, as I have not yet apprised Mrs. G. of the term of my visit; and will certainly not quarrel with her for a short delay. I must have some political speculations. The campaign, at least on our side, seems to be at an end. Ever yours.

TO THE SAME.

Althorp library, Tuesday, four o'clock.

We have so completely exhausted this morning among the fir

* She was then in her eightieth year.

litions of Cicero, that I can mention only my departure hence to-morrow, the sixth instant. I shall lie quietly at Woburn, and reach London in good time Thursday. By the following post I will write somewhat more largely. My stay in London will depend, partly on my amusement, and your being fixed at Sheffield-place; unless you think I can be comfortably arranged for a week or two with you at Brighton. The military remarks seem good; but now to what purpose! Adieu. I embrace and much rejoice in Louisa's improvement. Lord Ossory was from home at Farning-woods.

TO THE SAME.

London, Friday, Nov. 8th, four o'clock.

Walpole has just delivered yours, and I hasten the direction, that you may not be at a loss. I will write to-morrow, but I am now fatigued, and rather unwell. Adieu. I have not seen a soul except Elmsley.

TO THE SAME.

St. James's Street, Nov. 9th, 1793.

As I dropt yesterday the word *unwell*, I flatter myself that the family would have been a little alarmed by my silence to-day. I am still awkward, though without any suspicions of gout, and have some idea of having recourse to medical advice. Yet I creep out to-day in a chair, to dine with Lord Lucan. But as it will be literally my first going down stairs, and as scarcely any one is apprised of my arrival, I know nothing, I have heard nothing, I have nothing to say. My present lodging, a house of Elmsley's, is cheerful, convenient, somewhat dear, but not so much as a hotel: a species of habitation for which I have not conceived any great affection. Had you been stationary at Sheffield, you would have seen me before the twentieth; for I am tired of rambling, and pant for my home; that is to say, for your house. But whether I shall have courage to brave * * * * and a bleak down, time only can discover. Adieu. I wish you back to Sheffield-place. The health of dear Louisa is doubtless the first object; but I did not expect Brighton after Tunbridge. Whenever dear little aunt is separate from you, I shall certainly write to her; but at present how is it possible? Ever yours.

TO THE SAME, AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

St. James's Street, Nov. 11th, 1793.

I must at length withdraw the veil before my state of health, though the naked truth may alarm you more than a fit of the gout. Have you never observed, through my *inexpressibles*, a large prominency, which, as it was not at all painful, and very little troublesome, I had strangely neglected for many years? But since my departure from Sheffield-place it has increased, most stupendously, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. Yesterday I sent for Far-

quhar, who is allowed to be a very skilful surgeon. After vi
and palping, he very seriously desired to call in assistance, an
examined it again to-day with Mr. Cline, a surgeon, as he sa
the first eminence. They both pronounce it a *hydrocele* (a c
tion of water), which must be let out by the operation of tap
but from its magnitude and long neglect, they think it a most e
ordinary case, and wish to have another surgeon, Dr. Bayley
sent. If the business should go off smoothly, I shall be deli
from my burthen, (it is almost as big as a small child), and walk
in four or five days with a truss. But the medical gentlemen, who
speak quite plain, insinuate to me the possibility of an inflamm
of fever, &c. I am not appalled at the thoughts of the oper
which is fixed for Wednesday next, twelve o'clock; but it has c
red to me that you might wish to be present, before and after
till the crisis was past; and to give you that opportunity, I
solicit a delay till Thursday, or even Friday. In the mean wh
crawl about with some labour, and much indecency, to Devon
house, where I left all the fine ladies making flannel waistco
Lady Lucan's, &c. Adieu. Varnish the business for the l
yet I am afraid it will be public;—the advantage of being n
ous. Ever yours.

Immediately on receiving the last letter, I went the sam
from Brighthelmstone to London, and was agreeably surpris
find that Mr. Gibbon had dined at Lord Lucan's, and did not r
to his lodgings, where I waited for him till eleven o'clock at
Those who have seen him within the last eight or ten years mu
surprised to hear, that he could doubt whether his disorde
apparent. When he returned to England in 1787, I was g
alarmed by a prodigious increase, which I always conceived to
ceed from a rupture. I did not understand why he, who had t
with me on every other subject relative to himself and his
without reserve, should never in any shape hint at a malady so
blesome; but on speaking to his valet de chambre, he told me
Gibbon could not bear the least allusion to that subject, and
would suffer him to notice it. I consulted some medical pe
who with me supposing it to be a rupture, were of opinion
nothing could be done, and said that he surely must have had a
and of course had taken all necessary precautions. He now t
freely with me about his disorder; which, he said, began in the
1761; that he then consulted Mr. Hawkins, the surgeon, wh
not decide whether it was the beginning of a rupture, or an h
cele; but he desired to see Mr. Gibbon again when he ca
town. Mr. Gibbon not feeling any pain, nor suffering any inc
nience, as he said, never returned to Mr. Hawkins; and alth
the disorder continued to increase gradually, and of late years
much indeed, he never mentioned it to any person, however in

* For the soldiers in Flanders.

[redacted] as many appear, from 1761 to November 1793. I told him, that I had always supposed there was no doubt of its being a rupture; his answer was, that he never thought so, and that he, and the surgeons who attended him, were of opinion that it was an hydrocele. It is now certain that it was originally a rupture, and that an hydrocele had lately taken place in the same part; and it is conceivable, that his legs, which had been swelled about the ancle, particularly one of them, since he had the erysipelas in 1790, recovered their former shape as soon as the water appeared in another part, which did not happen till between the time he left Sheffield-place, in the beginning of October, and his arrival at Althorp, towards the latter end of that month. On the Thursday following the date of his last letter, Mr. Gibbon was tapped for the first time; five quarts of a transparent watery fluid were discharged by that operation. Neither inflammation nor fever ensued: the tumour was diminished to nearly half its size; the remaining part was a soft irregular mass. I had been with him two days before, and I continued with him above a week after the first tapping, during which time he enjoyed his usual spirits; and the three medical gentlemen who attended him will recollect his pleasantry even during the operation. He was abroad again in a few days, but the water evidently collecting very fast, it was agreed that a second puncture should be made a fortnight after the first. Knowing that I should be wanted at a meeting in the country, he pressed me to attend it; and promised that soon after the second operation was performed he would follow me to Sheffield-place: but before he arrived I received the two following letters.

MR. GIBBON TO LORD SHEFFIELD AT BRIGHTON.

St. James's Street, Nov. 25th, 1793.

Though Farquhar has promised to write you a line, I conceive you may not be sorry to hear directly from me. The operation of yesterday was much longer, more searching, and more painful than the former; but it has eased and lightened me to a much greater degree.* No inflammation, no fever, a delicious night, leave to go abroad to-morrow, and to go out of town when I please, *en attendant* the future measures of a radical cure. If you hold your intention of returning next Saturday to Sheffield-place, I shall probably join you about the Tuesday following, after having passed two nights at Beckenham.† The Devons are going to Bath, and the hospitable Cranfurd follows them. I passed a delightful day with Burke; an odd one with Monsignor Erskine, the Pope's Nuncio. Of public news, you and the papers know more than I do. We seem to have strong sea and land hopes, nor do I dislike the royalists having beaten the *sans culottes* and taken Dol. How many minutes will it take to guillotine the seventy-three new members of the Convention, who are now arrested? Adieu; ever yours.

* Three quarts of the same fluid as before were discharged. † Eden-farm.

MR. GIBBON TO LORD SHEFFIELD.

St. James's Street, November 30th, 1793.

It will not be in my power to reach Sheffield-place quite so soon as I wished and expected. Lord Auckland informs me, that he shall be at Lambeth next week, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. I have therefore agreed to dine at Beckenham on Friday. Saturday will be spent there; and unless some extraordinary temptation should detain me another day, you will see me by four o'clock Sunday the ninth of December. I dine to-morrow with the chancellor at Hampstead, and, what I do not like at this time of the year, without a proposal to stay all night. Yet I would not refuse, more especially as I had denied him on a former day. My health is good; but I shall have a final interview with Farquhar before I leave town. We are still in darkness about Lord Howe and the French ships, but hope seems to preponderate. Adieu. Nothing that relates to Louisa can be forgotten. Ever yours.

Mr. Gibbon generally took the opportunity of passing a night or two with his friend Lord Auckland, at Eden-farm, (ten miles from London) on his passage to Sheffield-place; and notwithstanding his indisposition, he had lately made an excursion thither from London; when he was much pleased by meeting the Archbishop of Canterbury, of whom he expressed a high opinion. He returned to London, to dine with Lord Loughborough, to meet Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, and particularly Mr. Pitt, with whom he was not acquainted; and in his last journey to Sussex, he revisited Eden-farm, and was much gratified by the opportunity of again seeing, during a whole day, Mr. Pitt, who passed the night there. From Lord Auckland's, Mr. Gibbon proceeded to Sheffield-place; and his discourse was never more brilliant, nor more entertaining, than on his arrival. The parallel he drew, and the comparisons he made, between the leading men of this country, were sketched in his best manner, and were infinitely interesting. However, this last visit to Sheffield-place became far different from any he had ever made before. That ready, cheerful, various, and illuminating conversation, which we had before admired in him, was not always to be found in the library or the dining-room. He moved with difficulty, and retired from company sooner than he had been used to do. On the twenty-third of December, his appetite began to fail him. He observed to me, that it was a very bad sign *with him* when he could not eat his breakfast, which he had done at all times very heartily; and this seems to have been the strongest expression of apprehension that he was ever observed to utter. A considerable degree of fever now made its appearance. Inflammation arose from the weight and bulk of the tumour. Water again collected very fast, and when the fever went off, he never entirely recovered his appetite, even for breakfast. I became very uneasy indeed at his situation towards the *end of* the month, and thought it necessary to advise him to set out

for London. He had before settled his plan to arrive there about the middle of January. I had company in the house, and we expected one of his particular friends; but he was obliged to sacrifice all social pleasure to the immediate attention which his health required. He went to London on the seventh of January, and the next day I received the following billet; the last he ever wrote.

EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO LORD SHEFFIELD.

St. James's Street, four o'clock, Tuesday.

"This date says every thing. I was almost killed between Sheffield-place and East Grinsted, by hard, frozen, long, and cross ruts, that would disgrace the approach of an Indian wigwam. The rest was something less painful; and I reached this place half dead, but not seriously feverish, or ill. I found a dinner invitation from Lord Lucan: but what are dinners to me? I wish they did not know of my departure. I catch the flying post. What an effort! Adieu, till Thursday or Friday."

By his own desire, I did not follow him till Thursday the ninth. I then found him far from well. The tumour more distended than before, inflamed, and ulcerated in several places. Remedies were applied to abate the inflammation; but it was not thought proper to puncture the tumour for a third time, till Monday the 13th of January, when no less than six quarts of fluid were discharged. He seemed much relieved by the evacuation. His spirits continued good. He talked, as usual, of passing his time at houses which he had often frequented with great pleasure, the Duke of Devonshire's, Mr. Craufurd's, Lord Spenser's, Lord Lucan's, Sir Ralph Payne's, and Mr. Batt's; and when I told him that I should not return to the country, as I had intended, he pressed me to go; knowing I had an engagement there on public business, he said, "you may be back on Saturday, and I intend to go on Thursday to Devonshire-house." I had not any apprehension that his life was in danger, although I began to fear that he might not be restored to a comfortable state, and that motion would be very troublesome to him; but he talked of a radical cure. He said, that it was fortunate the disorder had shown itself while he was in England, where he might procure the best assistance; and if a radical cure could not be obtained before his return to Lausanne, there was an able surgeon at Geneva, who could come to tap him when it should be necessary.

On Tuesday the fourteenth, when the risk of inflammation and fever from the last operation was supposed to be past, as the medical gentlemen who attended him expressed no fears for his life, I went that afternoon part of the way to Sussex, and the following day reached Sheffield-place. The next morning, the sixteenth, I received by the post a good account of Mr. Gibbon, which mentioned also that he hourly gained strength. In the evening came a letter by express, dated noon that day, which acquainted me that Mr. Gibbon had had

a violent attack the preceding night, and that it was not probable he should live till I could come to him. I reached his lodgings in St. James's Street about midnight, and learned that my friend had expired a quarter before one o'clock that day, the 16th of January, 1794.

After I left him on Tuesday afternoon the fourteenth, he saw some company, Lady Lucan and Lady Spenser, and thought himself well enough at night to omit the opium draught, which he had been used to take for some time. He slept very indifferently; before nine the next morning he rose, but could not eat his breakfast. However, he appeared tolerably well, yet complained at times of a pain in his stomach. At one o'clock, he received a visit of an hour from Madame de Sylva; and at three, his friend, Mr. Craufurd, of Auchinames (whom he always mentioned with particular regard) called, and stayed with him till past five o'clock. They talked, as usual, on various subjects: and twenty hours before his death, Mr. Gibbon happened to fall into a conversation, not uncommon with him, on the probable duration of his life. He said, that he thought himself a good life for ten, twelve, or perhaps twenty years. About six, he ate the wing of a chicken, and drank three glasses of Madeira. After dinner, he became very uneasy and impatient; complained a good deal, and appeared so weak that his servant was alarmed. Mr. Gibbon had sent to his friend and relation, Mr. Robert Darell, whose house was not far distant, desiring to see him, and adding that he had something particular to say. But, unfortunately, this desired interview never took place.

During the evening, he complained much of his stomach, and of a disposition to vomit. Soon after nine, he took his opium draught, and went to bed. About ten, he complained of much pain, and desired that warm napkins might be applied to his stomach. He almost incessantly expressed a sense of pain till about four o'clock in the morning, when he said he found his stomach much easier. About seven, the servant asked, whether he should send for Mr. Farquhar? He answered, no; that he was as well as he had been the day before. At about half past eight, he got out of bed, and said he was "plus adroit" than he had been for three months past, and got into bed again, without assistance, better than usual. About nine, he said that he would rise. The servant, however, persuaded him to remain in bed till Mr. Farquhar, who was expected at eleven, should come. Till about that hour, he spoke with great facility. Mr. Farquhar came at the time appointed, and he was then visibly dying. When the valet de chambre returned, after attending Mr. Farquhar out of the room, Mr. Gibbon said, "Pourquoi est ce que vous me quittez?" This was about half past eleven. At twelve, he drank some brandy and water from a tea-pot, and desired his favourite servant to stay with him. These were the last words he pronounced articulately. To the last he preserved his senses; and when he could no longer speak, his servant having asked a question, he made a sign, to show that he understoood him. He was quite

tranquil, and did not stir; his eyes half shut. About a quarter before one, he ceased to breathe.*

The valet de chambre observed, that Mr. Gibbon did not, at any time, show the least sign of alarm, or apprehension of death; and it does not appear that he ever thought himself in danger, unless his desire to speak to Mr. Darell may be considered in that light.

Perhaps I dwell too long on these minute and melancholy circumstances. Yet the close of such a life can hardly fail to interest every reader; and I know that the public has received a different and erroneous account of my friend's last hours.

I can never cease to feel regret that I was not by his side at this awful period: a regret so strong, that I can express it only by borrowing (as the eloquent Mr. Mason has done on a similar occasion) the forcible language of Tacitus:—"Mihi præter acerbitatem amici erepti, auget mœstitiam quod assidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, attari vultu, complexu non contigit." It is some consolation to me, that I have not, like Tacitus, by a long absence, anticipated the loss of my friend several years before his decease. Although I had not the mournful gratification of being near him on the day he expired, yet during his illness I had not failed to attend him, with that assiduity which his genius, his virtues, and, above all, our long, uninterrupted, and happy friendship demanded.

Postscript.—Mr. Gibbon's will is dated the 1st of October, 1791, just before I left Lausanne; he distinguishes me, as usual, in the most flattering manner:

"I constitute and appoint the Right Honourable John Lord Sheffield, Edward Darell, Esquire, and John Thomas Batt, Esquire, to be the executors of this my last will and testament; and as the

* The body was not opened till the fifth day after his death. It was then sound, except that a degree of mortification, not very considerable, had taken place on a part of the colon; which, with the whole of the omentum, of a very enlarged size, had descended into the scrotum, forming a bag that hung down nearly as low as the knee. Since that part had been inflamed and ulcerated, Mr. Gibbon could not bear a truss; and when the last six quarts of fluid were discharged, the colon and omentum descending lower, they, by their weight, drew the lower mouth of the stomach downwards to the os pubis, and this probably was the immediate cause of his death.

The following is the account of the appearance of the body, given by an eminent surgeon who opened it:

"Aperto tumore, qui ab inguine usque ad genu se extenderat, observatum est partem ejus inferiorem constare ex tunicâ vaginali testis continenti duas quasi libras liquoris serosi tincti sanguine. Ea autem fuit sacci illius amplitudo ut portioni liquoris longè majori capiendæ sufficeret. In posteriori parte hujus sacci testis situs fuit. Hunc omninò unum invenimus.

"Partem tumoris superiorem occupaverant integrum ferè omentum et major pars intestini coli. Hæ partes, sacco sibi proprio inclusæ, sibi invicem et sacco suo adeò arctè adhæserunt ut coïvisse viderentur in massam unam solidam et irregularem; cujus a tergo chorda spermatica sedem suam obtinuerat.

"In omento et in intestino colo haud dubia recentis inflammationis signa vidimus, necnon maculas nonnullas lividi coloris hinc inde sparsas.

"Aperto abdomine, ventriculum invenimus a naturali suo situ detractum usque ad annulum musculi obliqui externi. Pylorum retrorsùm et quasi sursùm a duodeno retractum. In hepate ingentem numerum parvorum tuberculorum. Vesicam felleam bile admodùm distentam. In cæteris visceribus, examini anatomico subjectis, nulla morbi vestigia extiterunt."

execution of this trust will not be attended with much difficulty or trouble, I shall indulge these gentlemen in the pleasure of this last disinterested service, without wronging my feelings or oppressing my heir, by too light or too weighty a testimony of my gratitude. My obligations to the long and active friendship of Lord Sheffield, I could never sufficiently repay."

He then observes, that the Right Hon. Lady Eliot, of Port-Eliot, is his nearest relation on the father's side; but that her three sons are in such prosperous circumstances, that he may well be excused from making the two children of his late uncle, Sir Stanier Porten, his heirs, they being in a very different situation. He bequeaths annuities to two old servants; three thousand pounds, and his furniture, plate, &c. at Lausanne, to Mr. Wilhelm de Severy; one hundred guineas to the poor of Lausanne, and fifty guineas each to the following persons: Lady Sheffield and daughters, Maria and Louisa, Madame and Mademoiselle de Severy, the Count de Schomberg, Mademoiselle la Chanoinesse de Polier, and M. le Ministre Le Vade, for the purchase of some token which may remind them of a sincere friend. *The remains of Mr. Gibbon were deposited in Lord Sheffield's family burial-place in Sussex.*

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.

The letters of Mr. Gibbon, from the time of his return to Switzerland in 1788, are annexed to his Memoirs, as the best continuation of them. Among his letters of an earlier date, I find several which he has alluded to, and others which will illustrate the account he has given of himself. These, I flatter myself, will please the generality of readers; since, when he touches on matters of private business, even subjects of the driest nature become interesting, from his mode of treating them. Many letters from distinguished persons to him will be introduced, and some that he received at a very early period of life. Although we have not all his own letters to which these were answers, yet we have enough to testify his ambition, even in youth, to be distinguished as a scholar.

It has been sometimes thought necessary to offer to the public an apology for the publication of private letters: I have no scruple to say, that I publish these, because I think they place my friend in an advantageous point of view. He might not, perhaps, have expected that all his letters should be printed; but I have no reason to believe that he would have been averse to the publication of any. If I had, they never would have been made public, however highly I might have conceived of their excellence.

I.—MR. CREVIER TO MR. GIBBON.

Paris, 7th August, 1756.

Sir,—I am extremely obliged by your expressions of esteem, without taking them in the literal sense, and believing myself an oracle. But I am a lover of truth and sincerity, and always ready to avail myself of the communications of my learned friends. With the greatest pleasure, therefore, I received your ingenious conjecture illustrating a passage of Livy, by which I had been puzzled. I adopt all your observations and reasonings. By changing a single letter, you substitute, instead of an awkward and obscure meaning, a thought perspicuous in itself, suitable to the character of the speaker, and connected with the purport of his discourse. I shall not fail noticing this judicious correction, when an opportunity occurs, and mentioning the name of the person to whom I am indebted for it.

I will add only one remark, of small importance indeed, but necessary for giving complete correctness to the passage with which your attention has been so successfully occupied. With your emendation it runs thus: *Nec esse in vos otio vestro consultum ab Romanis credatis.* The *in vos* does not appear to me to correspond well with *otio vestro;* since it seems to indicate something adverse to the interest of the Carthaginians, and therefore does not accord well with the idea of their tranquillity. Instead of the words *in vos* I would read *in his;* which would render the passage perfectly correct. *Nec esse in his otio vestro consultum ab Romanis credatis.* "Do not believe that the Romans, when they deprive you of your forces, and forbid you to make war on foreign nations, mean thereby to promote your tranquillity."

It remains only, sir, that I should thank you for your goodness in communicating to me so happy a thought. It would give me the greatest pleasure to be frequently favoured with such assistance in my literary labours.

I have the honour to remain, with much gratitude and respect,

Yours, &c.

CREVIER.

II.—MR. ALLAMAND TO MR. GIBBON.

Bex, 14th September, 1756.

Sir,—After escaping from the tumult of public functions, in which the ministers of this church are employed during the holidays, I sit down with much pleasure to converse with you a few minutes on paper; without intending to make any very violent exertion in answering the questions concerning innate ideas, which you propose for my consideration. I am not willing to risk the being obliged to say, with one of Terence's characters, *Magno conatu magnas nugas;* besides, it is long since I looked into Locke, the modern oracle on that subject; and too much time and paper would be requisite completely to canvass so intricate a subject. You will have the goodness, therefore, to be contented with the first reflections that occur to me on some passages of his first book.

In chapter i. § 5, that able writer undertakes to prove that the axioms, "Whatever is, is;" and "It is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time;" are not innate; because children are totally ignorant of them, as appears from their never taking notice of them; and many persons die without ever perceiving the truth of these axioms; "but it is impossible," Mr. Locke observes, "for an idea to be in the mind, which the mind never takes notice of." It is plain that the whole weight of his reasoning rests on this last assertion; which assertion itself seems to be manifestly contradicted by experience. Do you perceive, sir, at this moment all the ideas that are in your mind? Are there not some of them which you may not, perhaps, take notice of for many years? In the efforts which we make to recall things to the memory, are we not sensible that some ideas may be so deeply hidden in its recesses, that instead of continually perceiving them, we have no small trouble in bringing them back to our remembrance? I know that Mr. Locke, c. iii. § 20, endeavours to obviate these objections; but the length and perplexity of that article shows that he was not at ease in writing it. How indeed could he be so? since, as far as I am able to judge, the following is the result of his argument: "I confess that we have ideas in the mind, of which we are not conscious; but then these ideas are in the memory; as appears from this, that we never recall them without rememberin ; that they formerly were objects of our perception. But this is not supposed to hold with regard to what are called innate ideas. When these are perceived for the first time, it is not with reminiscence, which would certainly be the case if they had been in the mind before this first perception of them," &c.

Be pleased to tell me, sir, whether you think that Mr. Locke himself well understood the distinction which he makes between *being in the mind,* and *being in the memory?* And of what importance is it, that we remember to have formerly had the recalled ideas, provided it be allowed that we had them long, without taking any notice of them, which is the point in question? Besides, Mr. Locke ought to have known that innate ideas are not recalled with reminiscence, because those ideas come originally into the mind in a way that neither excites nor requires our attention; for whatever Mr. Locke may say, every one may be sensible from his own experience, that many even of his acquired ideas could not have come into his mind independently of the presence of certain objects of which he had never taken any notice; or, in general, independently of certain unknown causes, which enriched him, without his being sensible of it, with ideas that he did not believe himself possessed of, till they actually presented themselves to his understanding.

As to the main question, Mr. Locke seems to me perpetually to confound two things extremely different; the idea itself, which is a perception of the mind, and a principle of reasoning; and the expression of that idea in the form of a proposition or definition. It is possible, nay, very probable, that many persons have never formed or thought of the proposition, "It is impossible for the same thing *to be* and not to be at the same time." See Locke, b. i. c. i. § 12.

But does it follow from this, that they are ignorant of the truth expressed by these words? By no means. Every man who affirms, denies, or speaks; a child who asks, refuses, or complains, must know the truth of this proposition. Does it not appear to you, sir, that the doctrine of innate ideas may be defended on the same principle by which Mr. Locke attacks it, namely, that many persons have never thought of the propositions or descriptions by which they are expressed? For if without ever having thought of those propositions, they make use of them in their reasonings, and employ them in judging of the justness or absurdity of every discourse which they hear, how could they be so familiar with principles which they never distinctly took notice of, unless they had a natural knowledge or innate perception of them?

In paragraphs 17 and 18, Mr. Locke denies that our consenting to certain propositions at first hearing them, is a proof that the ideas expressed by them are innate; since many propositions, thus assented to, evidently express ideas that had been acquired; viz. *two and two make four*, &c. But does it not appear to you, that he here confounds the definition of words with self-evident truths? at least, all the examples which he gives are mere definitions. The idea expressed by *two and two* is precisely the same with the idea of *four*. Nobody says that our knowledge of the definitions of words is innate, because that would imply language to be so. But the knowledge of this truth, that the whole is greater than its part, does not imply that supposition; since an infant shows itself acquainted with this principle, when, dissatisfied with the half of an apple, it indicates its desire to possess the whole.

Take the trouble, sir, to examine section 23; in which Mr. Locke endeavours to disprove the assertion, that there are some principles so truly innate, that those who hear them expressed in words for the first time, immediately comprehend them without learning anything new. "First of all," he observes, "it is clear they must have learned the terms of the expression, and the meaning of those terms." But here Mr. Locke manifestly departs from the question. Nobody says that words, which are merely arbitrary signs of our ideas, are innate. He adds, "that the ideas denoted by these expressions are no more born with us than the expressions themselves, and that we acquire the ideas after first learning the terms by which they are expressed." But, 1. Is not this to take for granted the thing to be proved? There are no innate ideas, for all ideas are acquired. Mr. Locke would laugh at his adversaries, were they to make use of such an argument. 2. If words are learned before ideas, at least if that is always the case, as Mr. Locke understands it to be, I would be glad to know how the first language could have been formed, or how it could be possible to communicate to any one the meaning of a word altogether new to him? A person who had no idea of order, for example, would be no more capable of understanding the word order, than a man born blind could understand the word colour.

In paragraph 27, Mr. Locke denies innate ideas, because they are

not found in children and idiots, in whom we ought most to expect meeting with them. I answer, 1. Those who admit innate ideas, do not believe them more natural to the mind than its faculties; and as the state and constitution of the body disturbs the faculties of idiots, the same cause may hinder them from showing any signs of innate ideas. 2. The fact is not strictly true. Even idiots and infants have the idea of their existence, individuality, identity, &c.

In the remainder of that paragraph, Mr. Locke diverts himself with the absurdity of those who believe the expressions of abstract maxims to be innate; but the most determined scholastic never maintained any such opinion; and he combats a chimera which is the work of his own fancy.

I know not how it has happened that, instead of a few general reflections which I intended, I have sent you a long and tiresome criticism on some passages of a single chapter. The remains of lassitude, probably, made it easier for me to follow and dispute with Mr. Locke, than to think and reason alone. Have patience, and pardon me. There are many remarks to make on the second chapter, where he treats of innate practical principles. But I will not tire you with that subject, unless you desire it.

Our newspapers say, that the king of Prussia has beat the Austrians, and killed twenty thousand of their men; with the loss of fifteen thousand of his own. This was the object he had in view when he passed through Leipsic. If the news be true, the war must become general; and, according to appearances, it will be terrible. But I much fear lest his Prussian majesty meet with the fate of Charles XII. What are his resources for defence against the united strength of France and Austria, and perhaps of Russia?

I have the honour to be, with the most perfect consideration,

Yours, &c. ALLAMAND.

III.—MR. ALLAMAND TO MR. GIBBON.

Bex, October 12th, 1756.

Sir,—I am delighted with your last letter, equally distinguished by accuracy and penetration; and with you, sir, I believe that the question approaches to its decision.

You are right in saying, that the self-evident propositions, which I mentioned, are not merely ideas, but judgments: yet you will have the goodness to observe, that Mr. Locke having given them as examples of ideas which pass for being innate, but which he does not regard as such, the mistake is chargeable on him, and not on me, who had nothing farther to do than to refute his manner of reasoning. Besides, you will be pleased to remark, that the real question is, whether not only certain ideas, but also certain common and self-evident propositions be innate. The only examples produced of innate ideas are those of God, unity, and existence; the other examples are of innate propositions, which you call judgments.

You ask, whether it be possible that our judgments should be innate, judgment being nothing else but the act of our intellectual

faculties in comparing our ideas, and our judgment concerning self-evident truths being merely the perception of those truths by a simple glance of the mind? I grant all that; but would ask, what else is an idea but a glance of the mind? Those who define it otherwise, wildly depart from the original sense of the word; and talk unintelligibly, when they say that ideas are species; that is, appearances of things impressed on the mind, as the images of corporeal objects are impressed on the eye. All metaphysicians have committed this mistake; and Mr. Locke, though sensible of it, has chosen in his anger to direct his batteries against the weathercocks rather than against the building itself. According to the meaning of these metaphysicians, there are surely no innate ideas, because in their sense of the word there are no ideas whatever. An idea is merely an act or perception of the mind: and the question concerning innate ideas is merely to determine, whether certain truths be not so common and so evident, that every mind, not absolutely stupid, must recognise them at a single glance, without the assistance of any teacher, and without the intervention of any discussion or reasoning; and often without being sensible that this glance is cast on them. The affirmative appears to me incontrovertible; and the question thereby is solved.

You will please to remark, that this way of explaining the matter is as favourable to innate ideas, and therefore as opposite to Mr. Locke's doctrine, as the unintelligible hypothesis above mentioned. For what reason do we contend in favour of innate ideas? To oppose evidence and certainty to universal scepticism; whose cause is ruined by proving certain truths to be so necessary and so natural to man, that they are universally recognised by a single glance. This may be proved according to my meaning of the word idea, as well as according to the sense in which this word was vulgarly taken; and the proof would not have been very pleasing to Mr. Locke, who without professing himself a sceptic, yet shows a leaning to the sceptical side; and whose works have contributed much to the diffusion of scepticism in the present age. His too eager desire of fixing the limits of human knowledge, a thing highly necessary, has made him leave nothing but limits.

After these general observations on the main question, it is not very necessary to descend to the particulars in which you think me mistaken. Yet you will permit me to answer your objections. 1. It is true, that Mr. Locke, § 5, c. 1, joins the two expressions, "being in the mind, without being actually perceived by the mind;" and "being in the mind, without having ever been perceived by the mind;" but at the conclusion of the paragraph he lays himself open to my criticism, by expressing himself as follows: "So that to be in the understanding and not to be understood, to be in the mind and never to be perceived, is all one as to say, any thing is and is not in the mind or understanding." It is clear, sir, that this great philosopher erred in writing this passage; maintaining, what I took the liberty to contradict, that nothing could be in the understanding without being perceived to be there. I doubt not that he would have

corrected this mistake had it been pointed out to him; but he ce tainly falls into it, and employs it as a principle of reasoning again his adversaries.

2. You think that we ought to admit his distinction betwee "ideas in the mind," and "ideas in the memory." I admit th distinction with all my heart, provided you take the word idea i the same acceptation as I do. In that sense an idea is in the min when the mind actually considers the proposition which is the obje of its idea, that is, of its glance or perception; and an idea is in th memory when the mind, having formerly cast that glance on it, find thereby a greater facility in recalling it, remembering at the sam time that it formerly was the object of its perception. But if yo understand by ideas these chimerical species, the mere fictions c metaphysicians, and as it seems to me, not sufficiently disproved b Mr. Locke, I return to my assertion, and maintain that the distinc tion is unintelligible between "being in the mind," and "being i the memory."

A violent headache, which I brought with me from our venerabl class, hinders me from continuing this letter, or rendering what have already written shorter and more perspicuous. I intreat yo to excuse its imperfections. Your penetration will perhaps discer how all difficulties may be solved concerning innate practical princi ples. Mr. Locke treats this subject better than he does the others; but in several parts he is somewhat puzzled.

I rejoiced at the hopes of seeing you for a moment at Vevay, and was surprised at being *disappointed*. If I rightly understand thi word of your language, it cannot be well translated into ours. I met with Mr. Pavilliard only in the assembly.

If the march of an hundred and twenty thousand Russians is no a fable, what must become of the King of Prussia? Does it no appear to you, that we are threatened with great revolutions? I have long suspected a design of reducing the general system o Europe to three great empires; that of the French on the west o the Rhine, of Austria on the east, and of Russia in the north. Ye we read of nothing of this kind in the Revelation. But let them divide the world as they will, provided it be lawful for us to believe tha "whatever is, is;" and "that two contradictory propositions cannot both at the same time be true." Those three empires will be great only when measured on this earth; viewed but from the moon, they will be small enough; and how far do philosophical eyes soar beyon that luminary!

I have the honour to be, with much respect, yours, &c.,

ALLAMAND.

M. de N*** writes to me that things go better and better now that his niece Madame D. is extremely ill; and that 200,000 men are ready to cut one ano her's throats at the rate of 20 sous a day. He is provoked at the maxim, "all for the best."

IV.—PROFESSOR BREITINGER TO MR. GIBBON, AT LAUSANNE.

October 22nd, 1756.

Though I am Davus, not Œdipus, I will give you my opinion concerning the difficulties in Justin, which you propose for my consideration.

1. In the third chapter of his second book he says, "That Asia was tributary fifteen centuries to the Scythians, and that Ninus put an end to those contributions." The number of years is so manifestly erroneous, that it is astonishing such a reading should ever have been admitted into the text; for it makes Ninus later than Sesostris by a period of fifteen hundred years. Orosius, who abridged Justin with the greatest fidelity, speaks to the following purpose: "The Scythians would have ravaged the whole of Egypt, had they not been prevented by the marshes. When they returned from that country, they made a bloody conquest of Asia, and rendered it tributary. Having remained there fifteen restless years, they at length returned home, at the earnest entreaty of their wives; who said, that unless their husbands came home to them, they would, for the sake of having children, cohabit with their neighbours."—Orosius, lib. i. c. 14. There cannot be any doubt, therefore, that "fifteen hundred" has been substituted for "fifteen." You investigate very ingeniously the cause of the error; but the emendation which you propose, by changing *per mille* into *permissa*, cannot be well founded, if the number was expressed, as is most probable, by arithmetical marks in the ancient copies.

2. In Justin, lib. xii. c. 8, we read, "They (the Macedonians) returned, after beating the enemy, with congratulations, or thanksgivings, into the same camp." In this passage you seem to me needlessly to disturb the ancient reading. You assume, without proof, that they did not venture to attack the Cuphites. Orosius, Justin's faithful interpreter, declares the direct contrary. "When they came to the country of the Chosides, they fought with two hundred thousand of the enemy's cavalry; and, having conquered them with much difficulty, because they themselves were now worn out with years and fatigue, and sunk in spirit, they formed a camp more magnificent than usual, to commemorate their exploit."—Orosius, lib. iii. c. 19. They did not, therefore, return into their camp until they had combated and conquered the enemy. Justin himself gave us to understand as much, when he says, "That Alexander, moved by such just prayers, caused, at the end of his *victory*, a camp to be formed, whose walls might *inspire terror* into the enemy." If the Macedonians, therefore, as you imagine, had been frightened at the innumerable forces of the Cuphites, and therefore returned hastily into their camp, I do not see why Justin should say, *at the end of his victory, inspire terror into the enemy*, or *that they returned to their camp with thanksgivings*. It may here be remarked, in opposition to Sebisius' emendation, that the expression, *cum*

gratulatione, if translated *with thanksgivings*, will include the *cæsis hostiis*, τα ευχαριστηρια θυειν; that is, the *sacrifice of thanks:* so that your alteration of *cæsis hostiis* into *omissis hostibus*, is equally inconsistent with historical truth and the words of Justin.

3. In Justin, lib. xxiv. c. 8, we read, "Part of the mountain carried away by the earthquake overwhelmed the army of the Gauls; and its thick masses breaking in scattered pieces, fell down with great force, not without wounding the enemy." You need not be offended with the harsh transposition of the word *hostium*, which you think ought to be joined with *confertissimi cunei;* as if that last word meant, the military *cunei*, or wedges, of the Gauls; whereas it really means the thick masses detached from the rock or mountain, which, breaking into smaller fragments, fell down and wounded the enemy, that is, the Gauls. There is no transposition, therefore, in the case; the sentence flows in the most natural order; and the *confertissimi cunei* ought not to be joined with *hostium*, lest the ambiguity of the word *cunei* should make it be applied to the military *cunei*, or wedges of men.

4. In Justin, lib. xxviii. c. 2, we read, "That the Romans could not save their city from the Gauls; and when it was taken, instead of defending it by the sword, had ransomed it with money." If this passage required or admitted emendation, there is no correction I would adopt more willingly than yours, which, instead of *captamque*, substitutes *capitoliumque*. Schefferus objects, without reason, that a city *captam*, taken, cannot properly be said *defendi ferro*, to be defended with the sword; for the Roman historians agree that their city, when taken, was defended, though in a cowardly manner. Orosius, among others, says, lib. xi. c. 19, "The Gauls penetrated into the open city; Rome was now taken; the rest of the youth were shut up and *besieged* in the citadel of the Capitoline Mount; where they were a prey to hunger, pestilence, terror, and despair." You may perceive, therefore, that though the city was taken, its defence was not entirely abandoned; and if it had not been taken, it needed not to have been ransomed. It seems not to have occurred to you, that your correction implies the Capitol only to have been ransomed, which is not historically true.

5. In Justin, lib. xxxi. c. 1, we read, "Ambassadors were first sent by the Roman senate, to persuade Antiochus, King of Syria, that he should not make war on the cities of Cœle-Syria, which the Egyptians had occupied in the former war, and which were therefore subject to Egypt; using with him this argument, that these cities belonged to a young prince, their pupil, who had been committed by his father to the protection of the Romans." This same author, lib. xxx. c. 3, says, "M. Lepidus was sent into Egypt to govern that kingdom, with the title of tutor to the young king. A second embassy was sent, after Antiochus had taken possession of these cities, demanding that they should be restored; and without making any mention of the pupil king, merely on this ground, that these cities belonged to the Romans by the right of war."—Justin, lib

xxxi. c. 1. What this right of war is, in contradistinction both to war itself, and to conquests made by war, appears from the two following passages, the first of which is part of Quintus Flamininus's speech to the tyrant Nabis, in Livy, lib. xxxiv. c. 32: "By what measures is the friendship between states violated? Principally by these two; when you treat with hostility our allies, and when you make alliance with our enemies. Are not you guilty of both, since you, though our ally, have seized, by arms and violence, Messene, a city as much our ally as Lacedæmon itself; and since you have entered into an alliance with Philip our enemy?" The other passage is in Florus, lib. iii. c. 5: "The king (Mithridates) did not consider Asia as a country not belonging to him; but as it had been formerly taken from him by violence, he sought to recover it by the law of war." I need not mention that "the law of war," in Justin, may have a reference to both the circumstances by which friendship between states is violated; but principally to the attack made on the dominions of Ptolemy, an ally of the Romans, who desire him to be reinstated by Antiochus in his possessions; for the author immediately adds, that when Antiochus refused to comply, war was denounced against him.

6. In Justin, lib. xxxi. c. 1, we read, "The senate, therefore, wrote to Flamininus, that if it seemed expedient to him, as he had delivered Macedon from Philip, so he should deliver Greece from Nabis." The glory of Flamininus, the general in the Macedonian war, is sufficiently attested by the words of the senate's decree, in Livy, lib. xxxiii. c. 32: "The senate and Roman people, and L. Quintius the general, having conquered King Philip and the Macedonians, declare free and independent republics, the Corinthians," &c. Florus, lib. ii. c. 12, says, "Perseus succeeded his father Philip, and did not think it becoming the dignity of Macedon, that it should remain in subjection, in consequence of being defeated in one war." You ask, whether Quintius, who conquered Macedon, can be said, in any sense, to have delivered it from Philip, although it appears that Philip was really not deprived of that kingdom? and whether, if the Roman general conquered Nabis, as he had already conquered Philip, he did not thereby free Greece? These difficulties are solved by Justin, lib. xxx. c. 4. "The fortune of the Romans conquered the Macedonians; so that Philip, after his defeat, having obtained peace from the consul Flamininus, preserved indeed the name of king, but kept possession only of Macedon, having lost all those cities of Greece, which, like scattered members of the Macedonian kingdom, lay beyond its ancient boundaries." In the letters, therefore, of the Roman senate to the consul Flamininus, Macedon signifies, not the country strictly so called, which alone was not taken from Philip, but that part of Greece which lay beyond the original limits of Macedon; to which is opposed the rest of Greece, which was then harassed by Nabis, but which had never been subject to Macedon. Hence the meaning of the senate appears to have been, that Quintius, as he had delivered Macedonia, that is, the part of Greece belonging to Macedon, from Philip, so he should deliver the rest of

Greece from Nabis, who had actually made himself master nearly the whole of that country. Who shall say

> This is not merely a conjecture sage,
> But truth as certain as the Sibyl's page?

November 17th, 1756.

Those who apply themselves to criticism ought to be cautious conjectural emendation, and diligent in classical study, that th may perceive what vast application this critical art requires, a how rashly those behave, who immediately alter a passage whi they do not at first sight understand, or which seems to them inco sistent with their rules of grammar or logic. This rashness is just reprehended by many, and particularly by the illustrious Burman, his valuable preface to Phædrus: which, as I have always made the rule by which my own critical labours have been directed, so would warmly recommend it to all those who pursue the same wa of literature. Having made this preparatory observation, I proce to the difficulties in Justin, about which so much learning has be employed.

1. The emendation of the manifestly corrupt passage in lib. c. 3, § 18, (a corruption depending on numbers, and therefore natural as frequent,) which corrects the error by changing "fifte hundred" into "fifteen," must be approved by all judicious critics. T cause which introduced the faulty reading into the text is uncertai and the question that has been so industriously agitated concerni it, appears to me more curious than useful, since the error mig have originated in a thousand different sources. The corrupt rea ing runs thus: "Asia was tributary to the Scythians fifteen hundr years." We agree that it should be corrected thus: "Asia w tributary to the Scythians fifteen years." But in the corrupt te you think that obscure traces of the genuine reading may be di cerned, and imagine that *per mille* had crept into the text, instead *permissa;* explaining the passage as if "Asia had been permitt to be tributary to the Scythians for fifteen years." I observed th this emendation, for which I see not any necessity, is render highly improbable, because in ancient manuscripts the names numbers are expressed, not by words, but by letters used as numer marks; and though they are sometimes expressed by words, yet th is not frequent, especially in works of history. This assertion confirmed by innumerable testimonies: I shall be contented wi referring to that of Galen de Antidot. I. Τα δε δη βιβλια, τα ε τας βιβλιοθηκας ἀποκειμενα, τα των ἀριθμων ἐχοντα σημεια ῥαδιως διαστρεφ το μεν πεντε ποιωντων ἐννεα, καθαπερ και το Ο. το δε ΙΓ προσθεσει γραμμης ὡσπερ γε και ἀφαιρεσει μιας ἑτερας κ. τ. λ. It is a subject ind both of surprise and grief, that this part of criticism, which consist ascertaining exactly the rules of numeral notation, should not h met with due attention; although thereby the rashness of wild c jecture would be greatly restrained, and more certainty might attained in determining the age and authenticity of manuscri But let it be supposed that your correction were safe on this s yet it would be destroyed by the passage which you yourself qu

from Justin; "That Sesostris being put to flight by the Scythians, left behind him his army and baggage." The historian having observed, in § 15, that the Scythians, after returning from the pursuit of the king, rendered Asia, which they had subdued, tributary; how is it possible that, in § 18, he should say, that this happened not in consequence of their own military success, but in consequence of the permission of Sesostris? We are not now inquiring what is historically true, but what is Justin's report; which must not be supposed inconsistent with itself.

2. If we here consult Arrian, he tells us merely that "Alexander proceeded to the river Hyphasis, with a view to conquer the Indians who lived beyond it; but that the Macedonians, then perceiving there was no end to their labours, refused to advance; and finally prevailed on Alexander, through the earnest intreaty of Cœnus, to prepare for his return; since every thing seemed adverse to his farther progress. Then Alexander erected twelve great altars, as monuments of his conquests." Arrian says nothing about the Cuphites, the camp, or the two hundred thousand horsemen, who so much terrified the Macedonians. Curtius, lib. ix. c. 2 and 3, relates, "that Alexander, when he came to the Hyphasis, discovered that the farther bank was inhabited by the Gangaridæ and Pharrasi; that their king, with twenty thousand horse and two hundred thousand foot, meant to obstruct his passage; being furnished besides with two thousand chariots and three thousand elephants; which last formed the most alarming part of his strength. The Macedonians then refused to follow the king farther; and obtained, through Cœnus' entreaty, that preparations should be made for their return home." He subjoins: "Alexander came forth on the third day, and ordered twelve altars of square stone to be erected as a monument of his expedition, and the fortifications of his camp to be enlarged, and beds of a gigantic size to be constructed, that by diffusing an air of vastness on every object around him, he might excite the credulous wonder of posterity." Plutarch, in his treatise concerning the fortune of Alexander, speaks to the same purpose. By comparing these authors with Justin, the reader will perceive that he differs from them all in several essential circumstances; and particularly in saying that Alexander had two motives for enlarging the fortifications of his camp; one of which regarded the enemy, and the other had a relation to posterity. "Moved by such just prayers, he ordered a camp to be built more magnificent than usual, as at the end of his victory; that its fortifications might be an object of terror to the enemy, and of admiration to posterity."—Justin, ibid. § 16. The other historians are totally silent as to what regards the enemy; which is favourable to that reading of Justin which on the faith of manuscripts stands in the text, and extremely adverse to your emendation. For "the end of his victory" must refer to some recent victory, and not to his victories in general; otherwise Justin, as you acknowledge, would have said, "the end of his victories," as in § 10, above, "wearied, not less by the number of his victories, than by his toils." As to Alexander's second motive

concerning which all other historians are silent, "that his fortifications might be an object of terror to the enemy;" there would not surely be any room for it, on the supposition that he had determined to move his camp, and leave the country, without fighting a battle. The Cuphites could not be seized with alarm at seeing the monuments of the exploits of a man who had not ventured to engage with their army; nor, on that supposition, would there be any mention of victory, terror, or sacrifices of thanks; for that the word *gratulatio* refers to the solemn victims sacrificed in gratitude for success, and frequently mentioned by Arrian, cannot be doubtful to those conversant with ancient writers. Besides, the word *omissis* including the idea of something begun or neglected, does not please, nor seem conformable with Justin's style. Your prolix discussion concerning the age, design, and character of Orosius has but little connexion with the present subject. It is universally acknowledged, that he so closely, or rather superstitiously, follows Justin's footsteps, that he frequently expresses himself in the same words and phrases; and it has long ago been proved by good critics, that Justin's text, such as it stood in the copy used by Orosius, may in innumerable places be restored by an attention to the latter writer. He must be blind indeed, who does not perceive that in the passage before us Orosius must have copied Justin. Whence could he otherwise have derived the name *Chosidum* or *Cuphitum*, which is not mentioned by any other historian? and if that be the case, Orosius must have found in his original, not that "the enemy were omitted," but that "they were beat;" in which sense Justin ought to be interpreted.

4. I grant that a town taken by a siege cannot be said to be defended by its own walls. But may it not be defended by troops in the citadel? When the enemy are obliged to raise the siege of the citadel, the town may thereby be delivered from all danger. The expression, at least, might be used by an author fond of antithesis and amplification.

5. Your new conjecture concerning the towns of Syria which the Romans acquired by the law of war, would solve the difficulty, were not that conjecture built on an anachronism. For the league entered into with the ambassadors of Antiochus, who came to crave peace, which you find in Livy, lib. xxxviii. c. 37, was not prior, but subsequent to Antiochus's expedition into Egypt, mentioned in Justin, lib. xxxi. c. 1. You may consider whether the following words of Livy do not refer to this subject: "After this, Quintius and his ten lieutenants received the ambassadors of kings, nations, and cities. Those of king Antiochus were first introduced. They said the same things as formerly, when at Rome, without gaining belief; and they were now told, not in the ambiguous language which the Romans had used before the defeat of Philip, and while their own fortune was still doubtful, but in express terms, that Antiochus must evacuate all the cities of Asia, which had belonged either to Philip or Ptolemy."—Livy, lib. xxxi. c. 34; with which compare c. 39 and 40. *Be satisfied* with this authority. Farewell and prosper.

Zurich, 14th November.

V.—MR. BREITINGER TO MR. GIBBON.

Although I had long dedicated myself, and had purposed to spend my life, in more severe and sacred studies, yet it is not without pleasure that, at the invitation of my friends, I occasionally descend into the pleasing fields of literature; never losing an opportunity to stimulate the diligence of those who delight in such pursuits, and to serve as a whetstone to others, though myself unfit for carving. Nothing, therefore, could have been more agreeable to my wish, than to be called back to those studies, formerly my delight, by you; anonymously at first, but now in open war. I cannot but commend your sagacity and genius, which require rather the rein than the spur; and I earnestly wish that you were accompanied in this literary walk by a scholar of more cultivated taste, and more copious erudition, than myself.

You employ many arguments in defending your emendation of Justin, lib. xii. c. 8, § 17; where instead of "the enemy being beat," you substitute "the enemy being omitted." I formerly gave you my reasons for rejecting this emendation, and shall not repeat them here, nor enter into a particular discussion of the answers which you make to my objections. Thus much only in general I will observe, that the reading in the text, which is approved of by the consenting authority of the manuscripts, must be acknowledged to contain a very natural meaning, conveyed in good Latin, and in Justin's style. This reading, indeed, makes mention of a battle with the Cuphites, concerning which the other historians of Alexander are silent. But ought this silence to make us alter Justin's text, especially as none of those historians deny such a battle to have happened? If such licence be indulged to critics, that they may expunge or alter the words of an historian, because he is the sole relator of a particular event, we shall leave few materials for authentic history. Two reasons strongly militate against your correction: the first, that if it be admitted, there will no longer be any consistency in Justin's narrative; and the whole clause must be expunged which mentions the return of the Macedonians into their camp; which, if they did not mean to fight, it was not necessary for them to leave. The second reason is, that the phrase *omittere hostes*, though frequently used by Justin, is never, that I know, applied by him in the sense which you give to it. The generals entitled to direct military measures are said *omittere hostes;* but never the soldiers, whose duty it is to obey orders; and who, in the passage under consideration, request that they may not be ordered to renew the engagement with the enemy. To this may be added, that wherever this phrase *omissis hostibus* occurs in Justin, it denotes not an end, but only a change of the war. Turn to the passage which you formerly referred to, lib. xxvii. c. 3, § 6, "They left off fighting against their foreign enemy, and made war on each other:" to which you will find a parallel in lib. xxix. c. 2, § 7, "By this oration he prevailed with Philip to leave off fighting against the Ætolians, and to *make war on the Romans.*" But it is sufficient that

Orosius read *cæsis hostibus* in the copies of Justin which he made use of. If, by saying *omissis hostibus*, Orosius confirmed your conjecture, the reading of the text would be doubtful indeed.

I have nothing further to add to my observations concerning the cities of Syria which the Romans acquired by the right of war.

That we may not harp on the old string, but have new matter for our friendly contest, you raise a difficulty concerning the first consulship of Julius Cæsar, which happened on the first of January, in the six hundred and ninety-fifth year of Rome, and in the forty-first of his age; although by the laws ascertaining the age of candidates, no person was entitled to crave that honour before his forty-third year. But this law, which was proposed by Villius, appears not, any more than the other laws appertaining to the same object, to have been of perpetual authority; as we learn, both from the Roman historians and from the consular Fasti. Livy, lib. viii. c. 4, says, that in the consulship of C. Marius Rutilus and Q. Servilius Ahala, it was provided by a law of the people, that no person should bear the same magistracy twice in the space of ten years. But this law seems either not to have been confirmed, or not to have remained in force; for we afterwards find, both in the Fasti and in Livy, that T. Manlius Torquatus was a second time consul in the space of four years; M. Valerius Corvus, in eight; and L. Papirius Crassus, in six; L. Papirius Cursor was four times consul in eight years; which things are inconsistent with this law. To this subject may be referred what Dio Cassius says concerning another law of the same kind, in his fortieth book, sect. 56: "Pompey restored the law of the Comitia, which prohibited any person from being elected into any office of magistracy in his absence—a law which had fallen into total disuse—and confirmed another which had been a short time before enacted by the senate, forbidding any man who had been a magistrate in the city to command in any foreign province before the expiration of five years. Yet Pompey, who had just passed these laws, was not ashamed to accept his command in Spain for five years longer; and to grant, by the same decree, to Cæsar (whose friends impatiently brooked such regulations) the permission of being candidate for the consulship in his absence," &c. That the law proposed by Villius was not uniformly observed, appears from Cicero's oration against Rullus; where the orator boasts that he was the first man, not graced by ancient nobility, who had obtained the consulship in the year that he was entitled to solicit it; but his passage does not inform us what was the force of Villius's law, when the candidates were patricians of ancient family, or men of consular dignity. Dolabella certainly, after Cæsar's murder, seized the consulship, when only twenty-five years old, as we are informed by Appian. On which subject Dio Cassius, lib. xliv. § 22, says that Dolabella intruded himself into the consulship, though in nowise belonging to him; and Suetonius insinuates, that Julius obtained something to which he was not by law entitled: "As the Comitia were already proclaimed, his demand could not be attended to, unless he entered the city as a private person; and many opposing his being indulged

with any favour to which he was not legally entitled, he chose to postpone his claim to a triumph, lest he should be excluded from the consulship."—Sueton. lib. i. c. 88. Nearly to the same purpose Anthony, in Cæsar's funeral oration, in the forty-fourth book of Dio Cassius, says. "For this reason (his success in Spain) you granted to him a triumph, and immediately appointed him consul. In the urgency of his affairs he postponed his triumph; and accepting the consulship, thanked you for that honour, which he thought sufficient for his own glory." It is therefore plain, that by deferring his claim to a triumph, he obtained the consulship, though a year younger than the age required for holding that office. Had the Romans intended to enforce against him the Villian law, there would not have been any reason to withhold from him the honour of a triumph.

I should willingly admit your remarks, though written in French, on Salchlini's little work, into the Museum Helveticum, were not that publication interrupted at present; and it is uncertain when the printer will be allowed, or will have inclination, to publish a new volume.

Farewell, my noble sir, and prosper; and love me as a man devoted to every kind duty.

BREITINGER.

Zurich, March 1, 1757.

VI.—MR. GIBBON TO MR. GESNER.

Sir.—Among the Romans, that generous people, who had so many institutions worthy of being admired and imitated, the most respectable old lawyers, whose long labours had rendered them the oracles of the bar, did not think their time useless to the community, when it was employed in forming the talents of youth, and in providing for themselves worthy successors. This excellent custom ought to be adopted, and extended to other sciences. Whoever is acquainted with your reputation and your works, will not deny you the title of one of the most learned men of the age; and I hope that my foolish presumption does not deceive me, when I ascribe to myself some natural aptitude for succeeding in the pursuits of literature. Your correspondence would be highly useful to me. On this ground only I request it. In the hope that it will not be refused, I proceed to beg your explanation of some difficulties that I have met with, and your opinion of some conjectures that have occurred to my mind.

1. Who was that Piso, the father, to whom Horace addresses his Art of Poetry? Mr. Dacier supposes him to have been the high-priest who obtained a triumph for his exploits in Thrace, and who died præfect of the city in the seven hundred and eighty-fifth year of Rome.* But that could not be the man; for Horace's Art of Poetry was written before the year seven hundred and thirty-four, since it makes mention of Virgil (who died that year) in terms which

* Tacit. An. vi. c. 10; Flor. Hist. Rom. L. iv. c. 12; T. Liv. Epit. L. c.

show that he was still alive;* and in another part of the poem, Horace addresses the eldest of Piso's sons, as a young man of cultivated talents;

"O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paternâ
Fingeris ad rectum et per te sapis."

Which implies that he was not less than eighteen or twenty years of age. But L. Piso the high priest, could not surely have a son so old. He himself died at the age of fourscore,‡ in the seven hundred and eighty-fifth year of Rome. He was born, then, in seven hundred and five; and was not above thirty when the Art of Poetry was written. It is clear, therefore, that he is not the person to whom Horace writes; but, among the number of other men who bore that name, I wish that you would help me to discover the Piso to whom that poem was most probably addressed.

2. You know how much trouble it has cost the critics to find out Horace's true design in the third ode of his third book. This masterly performance is distinguished by greatness of thought and dignity of expression; but we are surprised and grieved to find, that the end does not correspond with the beginning; and that Juno's speech is totally unconnected with what precedes or follows it; so that after admiring the detached parts of this ode, we are forced to condemn it as a whole. Taneguy Le Fevre explained it by a conjecture, which Dacier thinks deserving of as high encomiums as the ode itself; and which is, doubtless, very ingenious. You know that his explanation turns on the supposed dread of the Romans lest the seat of their empire should be removed to Troy; and that he fancies the ode to have been written with a view to divert Augustus from such a design, by showing him how earnestly the gods had co-operated towards the destruction of Troy, and how much their resentment would be provoked by an attempt to rebuild that ill-fated city. The people might the more naturally suspect Augustus of such an intention, because it was thought to have been entertained by his adoptive father.§ But this conjecture, I fear, will not bear examination. It is impossible to prove those pretended fears of the Romans; which are rendered highly improbable, when we consider that Augustus was remarkable for his affectionate partiality towards Rome; as may be seen in his life, by Suetonius, c. 28, 29, 30. I shall mention but two examples of it. He encouraged almost all the great men of Rome to adorn the city by superb edifices;‖ and himself erected a temple to Mars the Avenger, where the senate was ordered to assemble during its deliberations concerning wars and triumphs.¶ These are not the actions of a man who wished to found a new capital. The example of his uncle is not applicable; that project was formed by him towards the end of his life, when he was intoxicated by prosperity, and engaged in a thousand wild enterprises which the prudence of Augustus carefully avoided. The cautious firmness with which the latter prince always refused the office of dictator, confirms my remark.** Such are the reasons which hinder

* Horat. Art. Poet. v. 55. † Ibid. v. 366. ‡ Tacit. ubi supra.
§ Suet. L. i. c. 79. ‖ Vell. Paterculus, L. ii. c. 89. ¶ Suet. L. ii. c. 29.
** Sueton. L. ii. c. 52; Vell. Patercul. L. ii. c. 89.

from acquiescing in Le Fevre's explanation. I am sorry for it, d will not be easy till you supply me with another more solidly unded, and equally well fitted to remove all difficulties.

3. Antiochus, King of Syria, had taken possession of several cities Cœle-Syria and Judea, belonging to young Ptolemy, then under e protection of the Romans. That people undertake the defence f their pupil, and order Antiochus to restore his towns. He deises their orders, and keeps those towns in his possession; in conequence of which, the Romans send to him a second embassy, which, ithout making any mention of young Ptolemy's pretensions, "claim hose towns as belonging to the Romans by the right of war." These re Justin's words,* which present us with a very perplexing difficulty; ecause we do not perceive how the Romans could have acquired those laces by the right of war, since they were so far from having made onquests in Asia then, that they did not carry their arms into that ountry till a later era. A treaty indeed subsisted between them nd the kings of Egypt,† but it was a treaty merely of friendship nd alliance, neither preceded nor followed by any war. I thought hat an examination of the other historians, who relate the same ransactions, might throw light on this obscure passage of Justin. But Livy, who mentions several times‡ the negotiations by which the Romans endeavoured to recover for Ptolemy the places taken from him by Antiochus, is altogether silent with regard to this "right of war," in virtue of which they were demanded. I acquainted the learned Mr. Breitinger, professor of Greek at Zurich, with my difficulty on this subject; which, after attempting in vain to resolve, he was obliged to leave unexplained. But,

"Nil desperandum, Teucro duce; et auspice Teucro."

4. A difference of opinion between Scaliger and Isaac Vossius, concerning the time of Catullus' death, made great noise in the republic of letters. I have not at hand the original arguments of those learned men, which are contained in their respective editions of Catullus; but Bayle§ has given us a particular account of their dispute, with his own reflections on the subject. I am sorry that I cannot draw from the fountain head; but Bayle's accuracy as a compiler will not be disputed.

Notwithstanding the labours of these great scholars, I am far from thinking the question decided. Vossius seems to me to place Catullus' death too early, and Scaliger certainly fixes it at too late an era. That poet surely did not die in the year of the city six hundred and ninety-six; but neither did he live to see the secular games of Augustus celebrated in seven hundred and thirty-six. Let us prove these assertions and endeavour to find out the true era in question, which must have been at an intermediate time between the years just mentioned.

Catullus speaks of Great Britain and its inhabitants,‖ with which

* Justin, L. xxx. c. 1.
† Tit. Liv. Epitom. L. iv; Eutrop. L. ii.; Valer. Maxim. L. iv. c. 3.
‡ Tit. Liv. L. xxxiii. c. 34, 39, 40.
§ Bayle, Dictionnaire Critique, art. Catulle. ‖ Vid. Catull. Carm. xi. &c.

Cæsar first made the Romans acquainted,* by his expedition thither, in the year of Rome six hundred and ninety-eight.† Catullus also mentions the second consulship of Pompey, which happened on that same year.‡ He lived so late as the year seven hundred and six, since he speaks of the consulship of Vatinius.§ I will not make use of Scaliger's arguments to prove that the poet witnessed Cæsar's triumphs, because I do not believe them well-founded. I will not particularly examine whether the words "paterna prima lancinata sunt bona,"‖ best apply to the first or last victories of Cæsar, because I do not believe them to have any reference to the one or the other. We need only to read the epigram attentively, to perceive that Catullus always addresses Cæsar in the second person,

"Cinœde Romule, hæc videbis et feres?
Es impudicus, et vorax, et helluo;"

and Mamurra in the third:

"Parum expatravit? an parvum helluatus est?
Paterna prima lancinata sunt bona."

The poet alludes, therefore, not to Cæsar's dissipation, but to that of Mamurra; and all the consequences deduced from his applying his words to the former, are built on a false hypothesis.¶

Catullus, on the other hand, did not live to see the secular games celebrated by Augustus, since he died before Tibullus. Ovid, in an elegy written on the death of the latter, places Catullus among the poets whom his friend will meet with in the Elysian fields:**

"Si tamen a nobis aliquid nisi nomen et umbra
Restat: in Elysia Valle Tibullus erit.
Obvius huic venias hederâ juvenilia cinctus
Tempora, cum Calvo, docte Catulle tuo."

But when did Tibullus die? A little epigram of Domitius Marsus informs us, that he died the same day, or at least in the same year, with Virgil:††

"Te quoque Virgilio comitem non æqua, Tibulle,
Mors juvenem Campos misit ad Elysios."

Now it is well known that Virgil died the twenty-second of September, seven hundred and thirty-four.‡‡ Catullus then could not see the secular games, which were not celebrated till seven hundred and thirty-six.

We may go farther, and affirm, that Catullus was dead before the

* Tacit. in Vit. Agricol. c. 13.

† Cæsar. Comm. L. iv.; Dion. Hist. L. xxxix. p. 113.

‡ Catull. Carm. cxi. § Idem, lii. ‖ Idem, xxvii. ver. 2.

¶ Were we curious to ascertain exactly the date of this epigram, a passage of Cicero would lead us to fix it at the year 708. For, notwithstanding Bayle's reasonings, we cannot regard it in any other light than that of a satire written against Mamurra; an opinion embraced by the learned Dr. Middleton. There is no weight in the observation, that Catullus would not have ventured to write this epigram against Cæsar in the plenitude of his power. Cæsar's clemency towards his enemies is well known; and the terms in which historians speak of his lenity shown to this satirist implies that he was then possessed of power to punish him; otherwise his moderation would have been of little value. Tacitus (Annal. L. iv. c. 34,) speaks of this affair as a parallel to that of Bibaculus, who satirised Augustus when the latter was certainly invested with sovereign dominion.

** Ovid. Eleg. L. iii. 9.†† V. Tibull. Carm. L. iv. c. 15. ‡‡ Don. in Vit. Vir-

: seven hundred and twenty-one. This is proved by a contemary historian, the friend of Cicero* and of Catullus;† I mean nelius Nepos. In his life of Atticus, speaking of a certain Julius idius, to whom Atticus had rendered very important services, he inguishes him, "as the most elegant poet of that age since the th of Lucretius and Catullus."‡ The latter, therefore, was dead ne Nepos wrote this passage; of which it is not difficult to fix date. Nepos' Life of Atticus consists of twenty-two chapters; first eighteen of which were, as he tells us, written while the ject of them still lived.‖ The passage mentioning the death of tullus is in the twelfth chapter; from whence it follows, that ticus survived Catullus. But Atticus died during the consulship Cn. Domitius and C. Socius.§ Did we wish to ascertain still re accurately the precise year of Catullus' death, we should not much mistaken in fixing it at the middle term between the years Rome seven hundred and six, and seven hundred and twenty-one; hich will give us the year seven hundred and fourteen; which very ll agrees with all other particulars known concerning him.

The only argument adduced by Scaliger, that can occasion any fficulty, is, that Catullus composed a secular poem. Vossius' conecture, that the secular games were celebrated at the commencement of the seventh century of Rome, is altogether unwarranted: at of Bayle, I fear, rests not on much better authority. The eginning of that century was deformed by so many disorders, and y such a marked neglect of ancient ceremonies,¶ that there is not ny probability that such games should then have been either exhibited or expected. But it is not necessary to suppose that Catullus' oem was written for the secular games. It might have been ntended merely for Diana's festival, which was celebrated yearly in he month of August, as Bentley conjectured.** This is confirmed y comparing this poem with Horace's Carmen Seculare. In the former, both the boys and girls form but one chorus, which addresses itself to Diana:††

> "Dianæ sumus in fide
> Puellæ et pueri integri."

In Horace, the boys address themselves to Apollo, and the girls to Diana:‡‡

> "Supplices audi pueros Apollo,
> Siderum Regina bicornis audi,
> Luna puellas."

This distinction had been established by the oracle who commanded the celebration of the games.§§

But I have done. This is enough for one letter. Your time is precious, and I would not offend you by carrying too far the liberty I have taken in writing to you. I have the honour to be, with much respect, yours, &c.

EDWARD GIBBON.

* Sueton. L. i. c. 55; Voss. de Hist. Latin. L. i. c. 24. † Catull. Carm. i.
‡ Cornel. Nepos, in Vit. Attici, c. 12. § Idem, c. 18. ‖ Idem, c. 21.
¶ Sueton. L. ii. c. 37. ** Bentl. in Præfat. Edit. Horatian.
†† Catull. Carm. xxxiv. ver. 1. ‡‡ Horat. Carm. Secular. ver. 34.
§§ V. Dissertat. Cl. Turretin. de Ludis Secular. p. 36.

VII.—MR. GESNER TO MR. GIBBON.

1. You inquire who were the Pisos, of whom Horace speaks in such honourable terms in his Art of Poetry. Dacier and Sanadon would probably, most learned sir, have obtained more credit with you, had they cited the authority on which their opinion rests: independently of which, it seems no better than a guess, which a slight argument is sufficient to overturn. This authority is that of Porphyrio, an ancient writer, who treats of the names mentioned in Horace, and who here perhaps copies from some author more ancient than himself. In his corrected edition, Porphyrio says, "Horace's work, entitled the Art of Poetry, is addressed to L. Piso, who was afterwards governor of Rome; for Piso was himself a poet, and a patron of literary pursuits." But chronology, you say, does not warrant this explanation. It does; for Tacitus tells us, in his Annals, (lib. vi. c. 10,) that Piso died U. C. 785, at the age of eighty. He held his office twenty years; and therefore entered on it U. C. 765; before which period Horace must have sent to him the Art of Poetry, (which I suspect once stood at the third epistle of the second book,) because Porphyrio says, "who was afterwards governor of Rome." Let us suppose that Piso's son was born when the father was thirty years old; and that the son was sixteen when Horace addressed him, "O major juvenum;" the Art of Poetry will then have been written in the fifty-second year of Horace's age; which well agrees with Bentley's computation; a subject which I remember to have examined and approved when about the same time of life I published my edition of Horace. If we think sixteen years too young for the praises bestowed by the poet, we may add to them five, or even ten years more. But to this mode of reckoning it is objected, that Virgil was alive when Horace wrote his Art of Poetry; and as the latter died in the year of Rome seven hundred and thirty-five, Piso, who was then but thirty years old himself, could not have a son above ten or twelve at the utmost. But some critics do not disapprove of the application of "juvenis" to a boy of ten years, and of a forward genius: Grotius and others were poets at that age; and the Roman courtiers would naturally, I think, be prodigal in using the term "juvenis," after Cicero gave so much offence by applying the term "puer" to Augustus.

But I see not any convincing argument to prove that Virgil was alive when the Art of Poetry was written. For, in the passage alluded to, Horace does not contrast living poets with those that were dead, but ancient poets with the modern; and, according to the critics whom he mentions, not death alone, but the being dead a certain number of years, was necessary for the attainment of poetical fame.

"Est vetus atque probus, centum qui perficit annos."
See the first epistle of the second book.

2. Concerning the third ode of the third book, I formerly gave my opinion in the observations accompanying my edition, which, as

you have not seen them, I shall here repeat and explain. Augustus sometimes represented in sport the suppers of the gods. We know from Suetonius, lib. ii. c. 70, that he was blamed for his imitation of the supper of the twelve gods, which used to take place in the Capitol, where pallets were spread for them; of which we see an example in Livy, lib. xxii. c. 10. Is it not possible that Horace, either with or without the orders of Augustus, might think proper to write verses adapted to such a representation? Might he not endeavour to remove the blame attached to it, by exhibiting an example in which it was not only innocent, but conformable with the institutions and inclinations of the Romans? At the same time his ode would be a compliment to the Julian family, which had long boasted its descent from Æneas and Iülus. For entering on this subject, the poet ingeniously prepares the way, by showing that men had attained divinity through justice and fortitude. Augustus is entitled to our admiration and praise; and, as he sung another ode, written nearly about the same time, "presens divus habebitur," being not less worthy of divinity than Bacchus and Romulus; the latter of whom was not without difficulty admitted to that honour, "till Juno made her most pleasing and acceptable speech in the council of the gods." This speech is of the same purport with that in the Æneid, lib. xii. v. 791, et seq.; and might have been pronounced with propriety, without supposing that Augustus ever seriously thought of changing the seat of his empire. That prince also must have been pleased with an attempt to persuade the people that he condemned a design, said to have been entertained by Julius Cæsar, but which was so much detested by the Romans, and would, if carried into execution, have been so calamitous to Rome. The speech indeed is longer, and more pathetic than might be expected from the beginning of the ode; but *he* must be ignorant of the nature of lyric poetry, as illustrated in the writings of the ancients, who finds fault with the length of this real or apparent digression.

3. The knot must be hard indeed, which not only baffles the exertions of a learned and ingenious youth, but resists the strength of Breitinger, a veteran in the literary field, whose name I never pronounce but with the highest respect. How could Roman ambassadors require that the cities taken by Antiochus in Asia should be restored, according to the law of war, to Rome, when the senate shortly before had declared those cities to belong to its pupil Ptolemy? Or how could the Romans claim those cities by the law of war, when Scipio, a few years afterwards, was the first Roman general that passed into Asia with an army? Livy, lib. xxxvii. The knot, however, may be untied, without having recourse to Alexander's sword, provided we follow the series of those transactions, as related by Justin and Livy. The latter historian, lib. xxxi. c. 14, relates, "that Philip's courage was increased by his league with Antiochus, King of Syria, with whom, as soon as he learned Ptolemy's death, he proposed, according to the tenor of that agreement, dividing the spoils of Egypt." Justin, again, lib. xxx. c. 2, tells us, "that the Alexandrians sent ambassadors to Rome, requesting the senate

to defend the cause of their pupil, threatened with the partition of his dominions, in consequence of a treaty for that purpose between Philip and Antiochus." This treaty indeed soon began to be carried into effect; for, according to Livy, lib. xxxii. c. 19, "Antiochus, while his ally was occupied in the war with Rome, conquered all the cities belonging to Ptolemy in Cœle-Syria; purposing next to invade the coast of Caria and Cilicia, and at the same time to assist Philip with a fleet and army." Meanwhile Philip is conquered by the Roman consul Quintius; who then openly declared to Antiochus' ambassadors, "that their master must evacuate (supply, 'according to the law of war,') all those cities to which either Philip or Ptolemy had any claims."—Livy, lib. xxxiii. c. 34. Justin's narrative, therefore, though obscured by brevity, is yet consistent with truth.

Do you not repent, learned sir, the having written to an indolent old man, who could delay two months sending an answer to a letter so obliging, and so honourable to himself? I will not throw the blame on my advanced age, though I begin to feel my former powers of exertion somewhat slacken and abate under the weight of sixty-seven years. At this time of life most old men are indulged with a diminution of labour; whereas I, on the contrary, am continually burdened with an increase of operations and cares. I belong to several academies, particularly that of Berlin, and this here of Gottingen; which last I am appointed to direct six months in the year; I also preside weekly in the German society of this place, and frequently correspond with the Latin society of Jena. I am entrusted with the care of the public library, consisting at least of fifty thousand volumes; with the inspection of the colleges in his Majesty's German dominions; and with the superintendence of about twenty youths, who are educated at the public expense. The task also falls on me of writing whatever is inserted in the archives of the university, in the name of the rector and senate and it is my duty to give daily three, four, and sometimes more prelections. To these public offices must be added the avocations of private company, and of a very extensive correspondence. Besides, I have always some work in hand, which requires nicer attention to render it worthy of the public eye. At present I am employed about an edition of Claudian; which, God willing! shall be published in the course of this summer. Thus circumstanced, I confess that I laid aside your letter, which seemed as if it would require more pains to answer than were afterwards found necessary, until I should enjoy a few hours of uninterrupted leisure. This opportunity occurred only yesterday, of which, you see, I made use.

It remains that I request you to receive favourably this attempt; and if it does not fully answer your expectation, to ascribe the failure to any other cause rather than my want of inclination to oblige you. Brevity was my aim, because it seemed unnecessary to repeat what you had so well said on the subject. I write in Latin, a language familiar to me, lest I should commit a mistake similar to that which you, though well skilled in French, are guilty, when you say *Un différent que Scaliger et Is. Vossius ont eu ensemble.* From

words it might be concluded, that a difference had subsisted between these learned men, of which the one died nine years before the other was born. I remain sincerely, with much consideration, &c.

MATTHEW GESNER.

Gottingen, 12th February, 1758.

4. As to the question concerning the age of Catullus, I am entirely of your opinion; and lest you should think that I agree with you merely because, through laziness, I am unwilling to enter into an argument, I shall transcribe the words of a thesis, which I defended in my youth forty years ago, (p. 43, Weimar, 1717,) concerning the secular years and games of the Romans. "There is nothing in the poem which might not have been said, had it been written for any other festival in honour of Diana," &c. I assure you, that within this hour I have compared what is said in your learned dissertation, with Is. Vossius' remarks on Catullus, (edit. 1684, 4to. p. 81, et seq.) and those of Jos. Scaliger, whom he refutes. I also examined the passage of Cicero concerning Mamurra, with Middleton's observations on it; and having examined and well weighed the whole matter, I pronounce sentence, most excellent Gibbon, clearly in your favour.

P. S.—Your letters will find me without any farther direction than that of my name and place of abode, or addressed to Mr. Professor Gesner, Counsellor of the Court of his Britannic Majesty, Gottingen. But if you wish to see my titles expanded at full length after the German fashion, here they are, copied from the French and German Title-book, printed at Nordhausen, 1752, 8vo. fifth edition, p. 164. "To M. Gesner, Counsellor of the Court of his Britannic Majesty, Professor in the University of Gottingen, Inspector-General of the Schools of the Electorate of Hanover, Librarian of the University, Director of the Philological Seminary, President of the Royal Society of German Eloquence, Member of the Royal Society of Sciences at Gottingen," &c. There is not one of these titles but deprives me of some part of my time; the only reason for which I here subjoin them; which I shall think you believe, if your letter to me has as short a direction as possible.

VIII.—MR. GIBBON TO MR. GESNER.

Sir,—The multitude of your employments affords at once a proof of your own merit, of the justice done to it by the public, of my presumption, and of your goodness. How enviable is the lot of that small number of superior minds whose talents are equally adapted to promote the purposes either of pleasure or utility! The discernment surely of those princes is worthy of much applause, who having ventured to dissipate the clouds of envy, calumny, and frivolity, that usually surround thrones, render to the truly great men among their subjects, a justice which had been long done to them by the impartial public, and reward their talents, by affording them new

opportunities to display them. These are but a small part of reflections occasioned by your letter, and which, were I to con my inclination only, would extend to a great length; but my res tells me, that I must be contented with assuring you, that you l filled with gratitude a man who will always be proud of being ca your scholar. I go shortly to England; where, perhaps, I may an opportunity of proving to you the sincerity of my sentiments least of rendering my correspondence less tiresome. My reside in London will give me a sort of local merit. I will send you a intelligence of the labours and discoveries of our learned men, wh example I am unable to imitate; and will expect to learn, in ret what is so proper an object of curiosity, the occupations and stu of your colleagues and disciples at Gottingen. At my return London, I propose to myself a new pleasure in collecting all y works, which I will make it my first business to procure; and assisting me in this matter, must request that you would give the titles of all the curious pieces with which you have enriched republic of letters. My ignorance of many of them causes l joy and shame. It can only be excused in consideration of youth, and the place from which this letter is dated.

If I venture to propose some new doubts, it is because you k better than any one, that absolute submission is due only to rea either real or apparent. You will believe that my only motive discussing your lessons is to render myself worthy of them:

> "Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
> Quod te imitari aveo. Quid enim contendat hirundo
> Cycnis; aut quidnam tremulis facere artubus hædi
> Consimile in cursu possint, ac fortis equi vis?
> Tu pater et rerum inventor."*

After this apology, I must confess that I have still some rem ing doubts concerning the Piso to whom Horace addresses his of Poetry. You think that the manner in which that poet sp of Virgil does not prove the latter to be still alive; because Ho does not oppose the dead to the living, but the ancients to moderns. I examined the passage again, and that new per excited reflections which confirmed me more strongly in my fo opinion. Horace thought the Latin tongue too poor and bar and deficient in words expressive of abstract ideas which were known to Romulus' companions, consisting of shepherds and robb This imperfection had been remarked by others. Horace, wishin remedy it, proposes to the Virgils and Variuses, to co-operate him in this design, by borrowing from the Greek many enerq terms and phrases which were wanting in Latin. He does not ju a thing already done, but proposes a new enterprise. The fut which he looks to can only have a reference to authors still The Art of Poetry was therefore written before the year of R seven hundred and thirty-five. This explanation agrees so well the poet's thought, that his opposition between the dead and l

* Lucret. de Rer. Natur. L. iii. ver. 5, et seq.

etin, coincides with one of the justest and liveliest images that I ar remember to have met with:

—— "Ficuit, semperque licebit
Signatum præsente notâ producere nomen."*

he *ficuit* has a reference to the Terences and the Ceciliuses, who are long dead; the *licebit*, in the future, to the Variuses and Virgils, who were still alive, and might avail themselves of the ersion.†

You say that Piso's eldest son might be ten years old when the rt of Poetry was published; an age at which Grotius wrote verses. rotius did so; but how few boys of that age have not only the fire write, but the judgment to criticise poetry? It is not likely that iso the father should have children at the age of twenty. You ell know the paucity of marriages under Augustus, which rendered he conjugal felicity of Germanicus an example so much admired;‡ pride, poverty,§ and debauchery, deterred the Roman nobles from marriage, especially amidst the civil wars, which, during Piso's youth, desolated the earth. Augustus' laws on that subject only prove the greatness of the evil; ‖ and Piso was thirty years old, before the first of those laws was enacted.¶ If an ordinary generation is computed at thirty-three years,** the generations under the first emperors ought rather to be extended to forty, than reduced to twenty years. These, I acknowledge, are but probabilities; but in the science of criticism probabilities destroy possibilities, and are themselves destroyed by proofs. This principle is not to be controverted. The authority of Porphyrio is of too little weight among the learned to be the foundation of an argument; it might at best help to prop an argument, otherwise well supported. The ancients do not assign to him the first rank among Horace's commentators;†† and the moderns, particularly Mr. Dacier, find in him many errors. I do not see any ground for your first hypothesis. If Piso had a son when he was thirty years old, this son might be sixteen when Horace wrote his Art of Poetry; an age which you think agrees with every quality required in him. Did you not forget in writing this sentence, that Horace died in seven hundred and forty-five, when Piso himself was only forty years old?

2. I think it certain that Horace, in the third ode of his third book, meant to show the Romans, that if their prince aspired to divine honours, "Viamque affectat Olympo," he well merited them by his exploits, which rivalled those of the greatest heroes, Bacchus, Hercules, and Romulus, who, after trampling on their human ene-

* Horat. de Art. Poet. ver. 59.

† This explanation is the more probable, because Virgil appears in his works to value himself rather on reviving old words, than on borrowing new ones from the Greek. I doubt whether a single passage can be pointed out, in which he followed Horace's advice.

‡ Suet. L. ii. c. 34. § Tacit. Annal. ii. c. 37.

‖ Dion. Hist. Rom. L. lvi. p. 570.

¶ Horat. Carm. Secular. v. 17, &c.; Torrent. de Lege Juliâ ad Calc. Horat. p. 75, &c.

** Herod. L. ii.; Newton, Chronol. Emendat. p. 41.

†† Vid. Vitam. Horat. sine nomine autoris.

mies, and appeasing the jealousy of the gods, had opened for themselves a road to the palace of the immortals. But did the poet also intend, by this ode, to resist and destroy the clamours of the people concerning the infamous supper of the twelve gods? I think he did not. 1. This design does not agree with chronology. Suetonius does not tell us the date of this supper; but since Mark Antony mentioned it, in his letters to Augustus,* it must have happened before the last quarrel of the triumvirs. According to Bentley,† whose opinion you adopt, Horace wrote the third book of his odes in the forty-second and forty-third years of his age; that is, in the seven hundred and twenty-eighth and seven hundred and twenty-ninth years of Rome. An apology for Augustus' debaucheries, written seven years after they happened, could have only served to revive the memory of enormities, which the policy of that prince and the gratitude of the Romans had long consigned to oblivion. 2. Augustus supped with eleven men and women, who, as well as himself, were adorned with the emblems of divinities. The poet seated Augustus at the table of the gods, "purpureo bibit ore nectar;" but can we reasonably suppose that he meant to place there the companions of his feast? This would have been to render the honour too common; and his panegyric would have degenerated into a satire. I agree with you, that it is rather desirable than necessary to discover the plan of an ode; the writers of lyric poetry having always enjoyed the privilege of soaring to heights, which, if admired by fancy, must not be criticised by reason. This fault, if it be one, is compensated by great beauties. The two first stanzas prove the wonderful efficacy of poetry when combined with philosophy. The "justem et tenacem propositi virum" is the sage of Stoics, their king,‡ and only happy man; all whose designs are just, and inflexibly pursued.§ Such a being, exempt from passions and prejudices, never casts his eyes on the tumults of human life, without exclaiming,

"O! curas hominum! O! quantum est in rebus inane!"

To the disgrace of mankind, such a character never existed; but it is not a small honour for the species, that such perfect virtue has been described and relished. The climax is beautiful. The sage would resist the clamorous fury of a mad multitude; but this popular rage is often appeased as easily as it is kindled. He would despise the threats of a furious tyrant: but the hearts of tyrants sometimes relent of compassion. He would hear without terror the raging tempest, which overpowers the cries of the wretched; but fortune has often rescued victims from the boisterous waves. He would not dread the thunder of Jupiter: here the trembling imagination pauses, fearing lest the poet should either sink into meanness, or swell into bombast; because it seems impossible to conceive a

* Suet. L. ii. c. 70. † Bentley in Præfat. ad Horat.

‡ Horat. Serm. L. i. Serm. iii. ver. 124.

§ Cicero pro Murena, c. 29; De la Mothe le Vayer, tom. 1, p. 606, &c., de la *Vertu des* Payens.

bolder image than the enraged master of gods and men. But our fear is converted into admiration, when we read "he would sustain unterrified the crashing shock of the universe, by which the elements, men, and gods are involved in one common ruin."* I stop here, lest my reflections should tire you; which, if they do, it must be my fault. I shall have attained, however, my purpose, which was to show the point of view under which I consider the most profound erudition. Regarded as a mean or instrument, it merits our highest admiration; but considered as an ultimate end, is entitled to nothing but contempt.

3. You remember, sir, that famous passage of Velleius Paterculus,† which has given so much trouble to the learned. It is as follows: "Ita Drusus qui a parte ad id ipsum plurimo pridem igne emicans incendium militaris tumultus missus erat, priscâ antiquâque severitate usus, ancipitia sibi tam rem quam exemplo perniciosa, et his ipsis militum gladiis, quibus obsessus erat, obsidentes coercuit." It seems unsusceptible of any meaning, and must be supposed either defective or corrupt. All the critics, therefore, who have examined it, endeavour to restore the text. Burerius, Acidalius, Gruter, Boeclerus, Heinsius, Burman, have, all of them, given conjectures more or less probable, which I shall not here discuss. I shall rather submit an emendation of my own to your judgment. Instead of the common reading, I would substitute "Priscâ antiquâque severitate, *fusus* ancipitia sibi tam re quam exemplo perniciosa." We see at once that this small alteration produces a clear and distinct sense; and the correction may be proved to be equally conformable to the analogy of the Latin tongue, and agreeable to the truth of history. The best grammarians acknowledge that the Latin, not having a middle voice, admits of a passive participle in an active signification.‡ Thus, *juratus*, *punitus*, sometimes denote *qui juravit*, *qui punivit*. We find *peragratus* used in this meaning by Velleius himself.§ *Fusus* may therefore, without impropriety, denote the action of Drusus. History also favours this correction. According to Tacitus,‖ when Drusus arrived in the camp of the rebels, his orders were disobeyed, his offers suspected, the soldiers made him prisoner, they insulted his friends, and waited only for a pretence to begin the slaughter. Such were the dangers that threatened his person! "Sibi ancipitia tam re." The severity of the Roman discipline is well known. The generals were the gods of the soldiers, and their orders received as oracles. But ancient maxims were now overturned; and the sedition of the Pannonian legions created an example most pernicious to posterity. Superstition, which does so much evil, here did good: an eclipse of the moon frightened the soldiers, and saved the life of the general.

I read with much pleasure your solution of the difficulty in Justin; and admire your skill in extracting a regular narrative, by bringing the scattered lights in authors to one focus. If any uncertainty still

* Plin. L. vi. Epist. 20. † Vell. Paterc. L. ii. c. 125.
‡ Burman ad Vell. Paterc. L. ii. c. 97; Perizon. ad Sanct. Minerv. L. i. c. 15, n. 4.
§ Vell. Paterc. L. ii. c. 97. ‖ Tacit. Annal. i. c. 24, &c.

remains, it must be ascribed to the darkness of antiquity and Justin's brevity.

Your suffrage removes all fear about the solidity of my conjecture concerning the death of Catullus. I formerly thought it probable, but begin now to regard it as certain.

I have the honour to remain, with the highest consideration and perfect esteem, yours, &c.

EDWARD GIBBON.

IX.*

No, my dear friend, I will not be a citizen of the world; I reject with scorn that proud title, under which our philosophers conceal an equal indifference for the whole human race. I will love my country; and to love it above all others, there must be reasons for my preference: but, if I am not mistaken, my heart is susceptible of affection for more countries than one. Did I sacrifice all to Sweden, I should only pay my debt of gratitude to the land in which I was born, and to which I owe my life and fortune. Yet life and fortune would have been but melancholy burthens, if, after my banishment from home in early youth, your country had not formed my taste and reason, and taught me more refined morals than our own. I should prove myself unworthy of this goodness, did it not inspire me with the liveliest gratitude: and now that Sweden, enjoying tranquillity under the protection of laws, requires nothing from its subjects but a just sense of their happiness, I may direct my attention, without offence, to the Pays de Vaud, my second country; rejoicing with you in its advantages, or commiserating its misfortunes.

You enjoy a fine climate, a fertile soil, and have conveniences for internal commerce, from which great benefit might be derived. But I consider the people rather than their territory. Philosophy flourishes in London; Paris is the centre of those attracted by the allurements of polished society. Your country, though inferior to those capitals, yet unites in some measure their respective advantages: since it is the only country whose inhabitants, while they think freely and boldly, live politely and elegantly. What, then, is wanting? Liberty; and deprived of it, you have lost your all.

This truth surprises and offends you. The right of complaining, you answer, that we are not free is a proof of our liberty. If I wrote at Lausanne, the argument would have weight; yet even there, it would not be convincing: for your masters are not ignorant of Cardinal Mazarine's maxim, and are willing to allow you to talk, provided you allow them to act; so that the process is not yet determined.

* This letter, in the early handwriting of Mr. Gibbon, (probably about the time of his first leaving Lausanne,) seems to be under the assumed character of a Swedish traveller, writing to a Swiss friend, delineating the defects he discovered in the government of Berne. In pointing out those defects he seems to have had the intention of suggesting remedies; but, as he is entering on this topic, the manuscript ends abruptly. The excellence of this curious paper will apologize for its great length.

If I wrote for the people I would speak to their passions, and hold a language repeated in all ages, that under republics, those who are free are more free, and those who are enslaved are more enslaved, than under any other form of government. But with a friend like you I would seek only the maxims of truth, and employ only the arguments of reason. When I compare your condition with that of surrounding nations, I can sincerely congratulate you on your happiness. Whenever we quit the neighbourhood of your lake and mountains, we find men who, though worthy of a better fate, are plunged in the most abject superstition; whose property and industry are the spoils of a licentious soldiery; and whose lives are ready every moment to be sacrificed by the caprice of one man, who, when he hears that twenty thousand of his fellow creatures have fallen sacrifices to his ambition, is contented with saying coldly, "they have done their duty."

You, on the contrary, enjoy a Christianity brought back to the purity of its original principles, taught publicly by worthy ministers, who are loved and respected, but who have it not in their power to become the objects of fear. Your connexion with the Swiss cantons has preserved to you the blessings of peace two centuries; a thing unexampled in history. Your taxes are moderate; and the public administration is gentle. You have not to complain of those arbitrary sentences, which, without any form of legal procedure, without an accuser, and without a crime, have been known to tear citizens from the bosoms of their families. The sovereign is never seen; the weight of his authority is rarely felt: yet if liberty consists in being subject to laws, which impartially consult the interests of all the members of the community, you do not enjoy that blessing.

When the justice of some, and the weakness of others, showed the necessity for civil society, individuals were obliged to renounce their beloved, but pernicious, independence. All particular wills were melted down into the general will of the public; by which, under the sanction of definite punishments, all became bound to regulate their conduct. But it is a matter of the utmost delicacy to determine with whom that general will ought to be deposited. Shall it reside in the breast of a prince, who thereby becomes absolute? I know that the true interests of a prince can never be separated from those of his people, and that in exerting himself for their benefit, he labours for his own. This is the language of philosophy, but it is seldom spoken by the preceptors of princes; and if the latter sometimes read it in their own hearts, the impression is speedily effaced by contrary passions, in themselves, their confessors, their ministers, or mistresses. The groans of the people are not soon heard; and their master learns only by a fatal experience, that it is the interest of a shepherd to preserve his flock. The legislative power, therefore, cannot safely be entrusted to a single person. A council, whose members mutually instruct, and mutually check each other, appears to be its proper depository. But in this council, one condition is essentially requisite. It must consist of

deputies from every order in the state interested by their own sal in opposing every regulation inconsistent with the happiness of t order to which they belong. Such a council will rarely be guilt gross errors; and should this sometimes happen, it will soon bl for, and repair them. Is this the picture of your legislature? W I survey your country, I behold two nations, distinctly character by their rights, employments, and manners; the one consistin three hundred families, born to command; the other consistin an hundred thousand doomed to submission. The former are vested, as a body, with all the prerogatives of hereditary monar which are the more humiliating to you their subjects, because t belong to men apparently your equals. The comparison betw yourselves and them is made every moment; no circumstance te to conceal it from your fancy.

A council of three hundred persons is the sovereign umpire your dearest interests, which will always be sacrificed when they cl with their own. This council is invested with the executive, as w as the legislative power; two branches of authority which can ne be united, without rendering each of them too formidable to t subject. When they belong to different persons, or assemblies, t legislature will not venture to form violent resolutions, because th would be of no avail, unless they were carried into execution another power, always its rival, and often its antagonist. The swo of authority is not only sharpened by this union, but is there confined to a smaller number of hands. In the last century t great council of Berne began to elect its own members; which w a great step towards oligarchy, since it excluded from elections t citizens at large, and thereby narrowed the basis of the governme But this arrangement was liable to other inconveniences. Intrig venality, and debauchery signalized the admission of citizens into t sovereign council; and ambitious men squandered their wealth, th they might purchase a right to indulge their rapacity. A co mittee of twenty-six counsellors, established in the infancy of t republic, to watch the execution of the laws, and whose offices w held at pleasure, became entrusted with the power of naming t members of the grand council, by which this committee itself w appointed. Its number was augmented by sixteen senators, cho in the manner most favourable to the designs of faction. Th exercised their power at first collectively, but by degrees they ca to understand that their particular interests would be better p moted by each naming his son, son-in-law, or kinsman. The pow ful families which then commanded the senate, still rule in it present. Thirty places are filled by the Wattevilles and Steiger This selfish traffic, by which the members of the little council elected by the great council, consisting of their own relations, t they may name other relations to seats in the great council, reduced the number of families, which have a right to sit in latter, to nearly fourscore. These princely families look down w equal contempt on those who are their fellow-citizens by the la nature, and those who were rendered such by the constitutio

their country. The former class is deprived of a resource which the most absolute princes have seldom ventured to wrest from their subjects; I mean those courts of justice acknowledged by the prince, and revered by the people, as the organs of public opinion, and the depositories of the laws. The commands of the sovereign are obeyed with cheerfulness only when their propriety is confirmed by the approbation of those tribunals, whose members it has been found difficult either to deceive, to seduce, or to intimidate. The resistance to oppression is respectful, but firm in exerting it, they display that warmth of eloquence with which reason and liberty inspire good citizens. In the members of those peaceful tribunals, such qualities appear in their greatest lustre. Destitute of arms, their whole strength lies in their talents and their probity. What noble lessons to kings have been given by the parliament of Paris? What excellent examples to subjects are set by the Mandarines of China? Monarchs *must* hear the groans of their people, when such respectable bodies of men are their organs. The people too learn that they have a country which they begin to love, to study its laws, and to form themselves to public virtues. These virtues ripen silently; they are exerted when an opportunity offers; and sometimes they will make an opportunity for their own exhibition. In the Pays de Vaud, which was equally respectable under the kings of Burgundy and the Duke of Savoy, the states formed such a tribunal. They were composed of the nobility, clergy, and deputies from the principal cities, which annually assembled at Moudon, and formed the perpetual council of the prince, without whose consent he could neither enact new laws, nor impose new taxes. Were I on the spot I could prove the existence of those rights by your most authentic records. At a distance I can only appeal to their testimony, and employ an analogical proof, which will be sufficiently convincing to men of letters. The Barbarians, who overflowed Europe in the fifth century, everywhere laid the foundation of that form of government which Charlemagne established in the Low Countries, France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. The different modes of tenure which were at different times introduced, the various degrees of dependence which one fief came to have on another, the acquisition of lordships by the clergy, and the purchase of franchises by cities; all these circumstances occasioned but slight differences in the groundwork of the constitution, which remained unalterably founded on a firm basis of liberty. The states, their members, and their rights, were invariably maintained; remaining uniformly the same at all times, and in all places.

I think that I hear you, my friend, interrupting me. Hitherto, you say, I have listened to you with patience; but what is your conclusion from this picture of our government? Whatever defects there may be in its principles, we have experienced its salutary consequences; and the states and assemblies which you so much commend, will not easily make us abolish our ancient magistracies, in order to try innovations.

It is time, sir, to pause; I spoke to you as became a freeman,

and you answer me in the language of slavery. Let us admit for a moment your prosperity; to whom do you owe it? You will not answer, to the constitution. It is due, then, to your rulers. The Romans owed a prosperity yet greater to Titus; but still remained the basest of slaves. Brutus would have taught you that a despot may sometimes choose to promote the public happiness; but the magistrates of a free people can have no other wish. The advantages actually enjoyed by a citizen and a slave may be the same: but those of the latter are precarious, having no other foundation than the changeable passions of men; whereas those of the former are secure, being solidly supported on those laws which curb guilty passions in the prince as well as the peasant.

But unfortunately too many faults may be found in your public administration. I shall give you the black list of omissions and oppressions, which, notwithstanding that you will exclaim against my malignity, your own memory will augment by an hundred articles, which I may be either ignorant of, or forget to mention. It is the duty of a sovereign to procure for his people all the happiness of which their condition is susceptible. His public spirited exertions may be suspended by the exigences of defensive war; but as soon as peace is restored, he will be continually and usefully occupied with the interests of religion, laws, morals, sciences, police, commerce, and agriculture. Let us try the merits of the senate of Berne by these maxims. The members of this senate have been masters of the Pays de Vaud since the year 1536. When we consider the deplorable condition in those days of France, England, Holland, and Germany, we can scarcely imagine that they were the same countries with those respectively known at present by the same names. Their barbarism has been civilised, their ignorance enlightened, their poverty enriched; their deserts have become cities, and their forests now wave with yellow harvests. These wonders have been effected by their princes and ministers: a Henry the Fourth, a Sully, a Colbert, an Elizabeth, and a De Witt, and a Frederick William. The comparative condition of the Pays de Vaud at those two remote æras, does not present so pleasing a picture. There the arts still languish, for want of those encouragements which princes only can bestow: the country is still destitute of commerce and manufactures: we hear not of any projects for promoting the public prosperity: we see nothing but the marks of an universal lethargy. Yet the princes above mentioned had but moments for executing their great designs; the senators of Berne have had ages. What benefits might not those patriotic kings have conferred on their subjects, if, instead of having their thrones continually shaken by war and sedition, they had enjoyed during two centuries the advantage of having loyal subjects and pacific neighbours? I appeal to yourself; point out a single useful establishment which the Pays de Vaud owes to the sovereignty of Berne; but do not tell me of the academy of Lausanne, founded on motives of religion during the zeal of reformation, but since totally neglected, though a worthy

magistrate of that city proposed the laudable design of erecting it into an university.

Your masters err not through ignorance. They are not deficient, I know, in political abilities. But while a prince treats with impartial bounty all his subjects, the citizens of an aristocratical capital are apt to behold with jealousy the improvement of the provinces. Their elevation, they think, must pave the way for their downfal; and if they become their equal in point of knowledge and riches, they will soon be tempted, they imagine, to aspire at an equality with themselves in power. Recal to memory the year one thousand six hundred and eighty-five; when the wretched policy of Louis the Fourteenth drove from their country the most industrious portion of his subjects, many of whom sought refuge in the Pays de Vaud, a neighbouring district, and speaking their own language. They requested only an asylum, the benefit of which they would richly have repaid by the wealth which they carried with them, and their skill in manufactures, still more valuable. But the narrow policy of Berne took the alarm. "If we make these men citizens of Berne, their interests will coincide with our own. But is it fit that mortals should be raised to the rank of gods? If they are mixed with the mass of our subjects, our subjects will be enriched by their industry." They concluded, therefore, with the ambassadors of Porsenna—"that it was more desirable for a prince to govern a poor but submissive people, than to contend with the unruly passions of men pampered by prosperity."

The emigrants, disgusted at being repeatedly refused what they ought to have been requested to accept, travelled to Holland, Prussia, and England, whose rulers had the good sense to avail themselves of an emergency as favourable as it was singular. A part of them indeed remained in the Pays de Vaud, but the poorest and the idlest, who had neither money nor spirit to travel farther.

These unhappy fugitives had no sooner begun to forget their past sufferings, than they learned by fatal experience that, in order to avoid persecution, it was necessary to fly from the society of men. The sovereigns of the country in which they had settled had imbibed the severe system of Calvin, a stern theologian, who loved liberty too well, to endure that Christians should wear any other chains than those imposed by himself. His near conformity in opinion with a celebrated German philosopher, interested the honour of the German name in supporting his doctrines. But in the Pays de Vaud the asperity of religious opinions had softened with the improvement of society. It became necessary, therefore, to send thither formulas and inquisitors, designed to make as many hypocrites as possible, not indeed by fire and sword, but by threats and deposition from office.

In supporting the rights of man, I would not carry too far the maxims of toleration. It is just that public rewards should be bestowed only on those who teach the religion of the public; and those bold innovators, who would impart a dangerous light to the people, may very properly be restrained by the arm of the magistrate. But

it surely is absurd, that the sovereign should interfere in t
minutiæ, and take part warmly in questions which are inca
being decided. It is particularly unjust, that he should imp
fessions of faith on old ministers, who wish to avoid disp
leaving them the miserable alternative of falsehood or begga
this persecution has now ceased. What put an end to it?
not shame, nor the tears of the people, but the boldness o
that meritorious enthusiast. Even to the present day, a s
quisition still reigns at Lausanne; where the names of A
and Socinian are often mentioned in the letters written
honest people to their patrons of Berne; and offices are oft
or withheld according to the reports made of the religious
the candidates.

Having made these strictures on your legislature, whic
means exhaust the subject, I proceed to consider the defect
executive power; which is the public force, as the legislatu
to be the public will. But a single council, or a single m
deliberate and resolve for a whole nation; the executive po
the contrary, requires the exertions of many; as it is compo
great variety of branches, many officers, subordinate one
other, must actuate the different parts of the machine, to w
chief magistrate can only communicate the first general mo
The honours and emoluments legally attached to such office
to be open to all those citizens who are properly qualified
charging them. Each individual, as he bears a share of th
burdens, is entitled also to a share of the public rewards. T
arrangement is easily maintained in monarchies; where,
exception of a few courtiers, who by being continually ab
prince's person, have an opportunity of substituting flattery
of real services, all the inhabitants of the kingdom are treat
comparative equity. In France, provided a man has cour
or merit, the question is never asked whether he comes fr
vence or Normandy. D'Epernon was born in Gascony; Ri
in Champagne; Mazarin, in Rome. But in aristocratical re
the citizens of one town are not contented with being so
collectively, unless they individually appropriate all offices of
or emolument. In the canton of Berne talents and info
are not of the smallest use to any one who is not born in the
and in another sense they are useless to those born there;
they *must* make their way without them. Their subjects in t
de Vaud are condemned, by the circumstances of their bir
condition of shameful obscurity. They naturally become, th
a prey to despair; and neglecting to cultivate talents which t
never enjoy an opportunity to display, those who had capac
becoming great men are contented with making themselves a
companions. Should I propose that the subjects obtained
to hold the lucrative employments of *baillis*, or governors of
the aristocratical families of Berne would think me guilty of
little less than sacrilege. "The emoluments of these offi
the patrimony of the state; and we are the state." It is to

ou in the Pays de Vaud may be deputies to the *baillis;* but the dvantages belonging to that subordinate magistracy are obtained on ertain conditions, which, unless the holder of the office lives a certain number of years, renders his bargain a very bad one for his family.

What encouragement is then left for the gentlemen of the Pays de Vaud? That of foreign service. But to them even this road to preferment is extremely difficult, and to attain the higher ranks is impossible. I speak not of the brilliant service of France: in that country, expense is unavoidable; the ensign is ruined, the captain can scarcely live, and the colonel cannot save money. You are therefore obliged to the paternal care of the magistrates of Berne, whose treaties for supplying troops to France do not lead you into temptation. Let us only consider the service of Holland, a service more profitable than showy, where officers have nothing to do but to grow rich. By the treaty of 1712, the canton of Berne granted the use of twenty-four companies to their High Mightinesses, and promised that they should always be allowed to recruit them in their territories. But the command of sixteen of those companies was appropriated by the citizens of Berne, and the remaining eight were left common between them and their subjects in the Pays de Vaud. On the supposition, then, that the interest of both classes of candidates for those companies is equal, the sovereign people will obtain four out of the eight, and twenty out of the whole twenty-four. This proportion appears the more unreasonable, when it is considered that in the canton there are above an hundred thousand men fit to bear arms, of whom scarcely eight hundred are citizens of Berne. Besides, the poorer classes of citizens, proud merely of this title, prefer living in idleness at Berne to honourable exertions abroad, by which they might better their condition. I doubt, therefore, whether fifty citizens of Berne, who are not officers, will be found in the whole of the Dutch troops.

These inconveniencies, you will tell me, are only felt by men of family; that is to say, by the most respectable, but least numerous, portion of the community; and they disappear amidst the general equity and impartiality of the public administration. But does the tyranny of the *bailiffs* disappear also? The people, a name so dear to humanity, feel the full weight of their oppression. I will not have recourse to particular examples; because you might call in question the authenticity of facts, or object with reason, that general conclusions are not to be drawn from particular principles. I shall be contented with pointing out the extent of their power, and leave to your own knowledge of human nature to infer the abuses with which it must be accompanied. In his own district every bailiff is at the head of religion, of the law, the army, and the finances. As judge, he decides, without appeal, all causes to the amount of an hundred francs; a sum of little importance to a gentleman, but which often makes the whole fortune of a peasant; and he decides alone, for the voice of his assessors has not any weight in the scale. He confers, or rather he sells, all the employments in his district. When the injured party wishes to appeal from his sentence, as there is no court

of justice at Moudon, he is obliged to remove the cause to Berne; and how few peasants can bear this expense? But if his eagerness to punish his tyrant carries him thither, it is not without many difficulties on his part that the avoyer, or chief magistrate, grants him admission into the council; where, after all his trouble and expense, he is finally allowed to plead his cause before a tribunal, the members of which are connected with his oppressor by the ties of blood, and still more by a conformity of interests and crimes.

Your taxes, moderate as they are, exhaust the country. This observation requires to be explained. While the great kingdoms of Europe, loaded with expenses and debts, are driven to expedients which would alarm the wildest prodigal, Berne is the only state which has amassed a large treasure. The secret has been so well kept, that it is not easy to ascertain its amount. Stanyan, the British envoy at Berne, a man inquisitive and possessed of good means of information, estimated forty years ago the money belonging to that republic, in the English funds, at three hundred thousand pounds, or seven millions of Swiss livres; and the sums remaining in the treasury of Berne, or dispersed through the other banks or funds of Europe, at eighteen hundred thousand pounds sterling, or forty-three millions Swiss. These treasures have not probably diminished since the year 1722. The canton enriches itself by the simple means of receiving much and expending little. But what is the amount of its receipts? I know not, but I will try to discover it. The twelve bailiwics or districts of the Pays de Vaud pay, one with another, during the six years that they are governed by the same magistrate, five hundred thousand Swiss livres. The contributions, therefore, of all the twelve, amount to a million of livres annually. I have always been told that the bailiffs, or governors, retain ten *per cent.* on the revenues raised within their respective jurisdictions. The million of revenue, diminished by a hundred thousand livres, consumed in the appointments of the *bailiffs*, is reduced to three hundred thousand crowns: of which one hundred thousand may be allowed for the expenses of the state, a sum not chosen at random; and the other two hundred thousand crowns, which in other countries would be employed in the maintenance of a court and army, whose incomes would circulate through the general mass of the people on whom they had been raised, are here buried in the coffers of the sovereignty, or dispersed through the precarious banks of Europe, to become one day a prey to the knavery of a clerk, or the ambition of a conqueror. This continual absorption of specie extinguishes industry, deadens every enterprise that requires the aid of money, and gradually impoverishes the country.

These, sir, are your hardships. But I think you will say to me, "Have you thus probed our wounds merely to make us feel their smart? What advice do you give us?" None, unless you have already anticipated it. I would indeed advise you to remonstrate. But there are evils so deeply rooted in governments, that Plato himself would despair of curing them. What could you expect to obtain from those masters by remonstrances, who have remained during

wo centuries insensible to the merit of your faithful services? here is another remedy more prompt, more perfect, and more lorious. William Tell would have prescribed it: I do not. I know at the spirit of a good citizen is, like that of charity, long-suffer-g, and hoping all things. The citizen is in the right; since he nows the evils resulting from his submission, but knows not the reater evils which might be produced by his resistance. You now me too well to be ignorant how much I respect those prin-iples, so friendly to the interests of peace and of human kind. I ill never, in the language of a seditious tribune, persuade the eople to shake off the yoke of authority, that they may proceed rom murmur to sedition, from sedition to anarchy, and from narchy perhaps to despotism.

Yet, with the freedom which has hitherto guided my pen, I will ndeavour to destroy some giants of romance, which might other-wise inspire you with vain terror. Whether you prefer the road to old enterprise or cautious repose, I wish that reason, not prejudice, hould dictate your choice.

The magistrates of Berne have a right to expect your obedience: ou fear to do them wrong in withholding it.

X.—MR. GIBBON TO MRS. PORTEN.

Lausanne, 1756.

Dear Madam,—Fear no reproaches for your negligence, however great; for your silence, however long. I love you too well to make you any. Nothing, in my opinion, is so ridiculous as some kind of friends, wives, and lovers, who look on no crime so heinous, as the letting slip a post without writing. The charm of friendship is liberty; and he that would destroy the one, destroys, without designing it, the better half of the other. I compare friendship to charity, and letters to alms; the last signifies nothing without the first, and very often the first is very strong, although it does not show itself by the other. It is not good-will which is wanting, it is only opportunities or means. However, one month—two months—three months—four months—I began not to be angry, but uneasy, for fear some accident had happened to you. I was often on the point of writing, but was always stopped by the hopes of hearing from you the next post. Besides, not to flatter you, your excuse is a very bad one:—"You cannot entertain me by your letters." I think I ought to know that better than you; and I assure you that one of *your plain sincere letters* entertains me more than the most polished one of Pliny or Cicero. 'Tis your heart speaks, and I look on your heart as much better in its way than either of their heads.

Out of pure politeness I ought to talk of * * * * * * * * * * * before myself. I was some hours with him in this place, that is to say, almost all the time he was here. I find him always * * * * * always good-natured, always amusing, and always trifling. I asked him some questions about Italy; he told me, he hurried out of it as soon as he could, because there was no French comedy, and he did

not love the Italian opera. I let slip some words of the pleasure he should have of seeing his native country again, on account of the services he could render her in parliament. "Yes," says he, "I want vastly to be at London; there are three years since I have seen Garrick." He spoke to me of you, and indeed not only with consideration, but with affection. Were there nothing else valuable in his character, I should love him because he loves you. He told me he intended to see you as soon as he should be in England; I am glad he has kept his word. I was so taken up with my old friend, that I could not speak a word to * * * * * *: he appeared, however, a good sensible modest young man. Poor Minorca indeed thus lost! but poor Englishmen who have lost it! I think the second exclamation still stronger than the first. Poor Lord Torrington! I cannot help pitying him. What a shameful uncle he has! I shall lose all my opinion of my countrymen, if the whole nation, Whigs, Tories, Courtiers, Jacobites, &c. are not unanimous in detesting that man. Pray, is there any truth in a story we had here, of a brother of Admiral Byng's having killed himself out of rage and shame? I did not think he had any brothers alive. It is thought here that Byng will be acquitted. I hope not. Though I do not love rash judgments, I cannot help thinking him guilty.

You ask me, when I shall come into England? How should I know it? The 14th of June I wrote to my father, and saying nothing of my return, which I knew would have been to no purpose, I desired him to give me a fixed allowance of £200 a-year, or, at least, to allow me a servant. No answer. About a fortnight ago I renewed my request; and I cannot yet know what will be my success. I design to make a virtue of necessity, to keep quiet during this winter, and to put in use all my machines next spring in order to come over.* I shall write the strongest, and at the same time the most dutiful letter I can imagine to my father. If all that produces no effect, I don't know what I can do.

You talk to me of my cousin Ellison's wedding; but you don't say a word of who she is married to. Is it Elliot? Though you have not seen my father yet, I suppose you have heard of him. How was he in town? His wife, was she with him? Has marriage produced any changement in his way of living? Is he to be always at Beriton, or will he come up to London in winter? Pray have you ever seen my mother-in-law, or heard any thing more of her character? Compliments to every body that makes me compliments; to the Gilberts, to the Comarques, to Lord Newnham, &c. When you see the Comarques again, ask them if they did not know, at Putney, Monsieur la Vabre, and his daughters: perhaps you know them yourself. I saw them lately in this country; one of them very well married.

The Englishman who lodges in our house is little sociable, at least for a reasonable person. My health always good, my studies pretty,

* This letter is a curious specimen of the degree in which Mr. Gibbon had lost the English language in a short time.

good. I understand Greek pretty well. I have even some kind of correspondence with several learned men, with Mr. Crevier of Paris, with Mr. Breitinger of Zurich, and with Mr. Allamand, a clergyman of this country, the most reasonable divine I ever knew. Do you never read now? I am a little piqued that you say nothing of Sir Charles Grandison; if you have not read it yet, read it for my sake. Perhaps Clarissa does not encourage you; but, in my opinion, it is much superior to Clarissa. When you have read it, read the letters of Madame de Sevigné to her daughter; I don't doubt of their being translated into English. They are properly what I called in the beginning of my letter, letters of the heart; the natural expressions of a mother's fondness; regret at their being at a great distance from one another, and continual schemes to get together again. All that, won't it please you? There is scarce any thing else in six whole volumes; and notwithstanding that, few people read them without finding them too short. Adieu!—my paper is at an end. I don't dare tell you to write soon. Do it, however, if you can. Yours affectionately,

E. GIBBON.

XI.—REV. DR. WALDGRAVE* TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. JUNIOR.

Washington, near Storrington, Dec. 7th, 1758.

Dear Sir,—I have read nothing for some time (and I kept reading on still) that has given me so much pleasure as your letter which I received by the last post. I rejoice at your return to your country, to your father, and to the good principles of truth and reason. Had I in the least suspected your design of leaving us, I should immediately have put you upon reading Mr. Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants; any one page of which is worth a library of Swiss divinity. It will give me great pleasure to see you at Washington; where I am, I thank God, very well and very happy. I desire my respects to Mr. Gibbon; and am, with very great regard, dear sir, your most affectionate, humble servant,

THO. WALDGRAVE.

XII.—MR. GIBBON TO HIS FATHER.

1760.

Dear Sir,—An address in writing, from a person who has the pleasure of being with you every day, may appear singular. However, I have preferred this method, as upon paper I can speak without a blush, and be heard without interruption. If my letter displeases you, impute it, dear sir, only to yourself. You have treated me not like a son, but like a friend. Can you be surprised that I should communicate to a friend all my thoughts, and all my desires? Unless the friend approve them, let the father never know them; or, at least, let him know at the same time, that however reasonable, how-

* Tutor to Mr. Gibbon when he first went to Magdalen College, Oxford.

ever eligible, my scheme may appear to me, I would rather forget it for ever, than cause him the slightest uneasiness.

When I first returned to England, attentive to my future interest, you were so good as to give me hopes of a seat in parliament. This seat, it was supposed, would be an expense of fifteen hundred pounds. This design flattered my vanity, as it might enable me to shine in so august an assembly. It flattered a nobler passion; I promised myself that by the means of this seat I might be one day the instrument of some good to my country. But I soon perceived how little a mere virtuous inclination, unassisted by talents, could contribute towards that great end; and a very short examination discovered to me, that those talents had not fallen to my lot. Do not, dear sir, impute this declaration to a false modesty, the meanest species of pride. Whatever else I may be ignorant of, I think I know myself, and shall always endeavour to mention my good qualities without vanity, and my defects without repugnance. I shall say nothing of the most intimate acquaintance with his country and language, so absolutely necessary to every senator. Since they may be acquired, to allege my deficiency in them, would seem only the plea of laziness. But I shall say with great truth, that I never possessed that gift of speech, the first requisite of an orator, which use and labour may improve, but which nature can alone bestow. That my temper, quiet, retired, somewhat reserved, could neither acquire popularity, bear up against opposition, nor mix with ease in the crowds of public life. That even my genius (if you will allow me any) is better qualified for the deliberate compositions of the closet, than for the extemporary discourses of the parliament. An unexpected objection would disconcert me; and as I am incapable of explaining to others what I do not thoroughly understand myself, I should be meditating, while I ought to be answering. I even want necessary prejudices of party, and of nation. In popular assemblies, it is often necessary to inspire them; and never orator inspired well a passion, which he did not feel himself. Suppose me even mistaken in my own character; to set out with the repugnance such an opinion must produce, offers but an indifferent prospect. But I hear you say it is not necessary that every man should enter into parliament with such exalted hopes. It is to acquire a title the most glorious of any in a free country, and to employ the weight and consideration it gives in the service of one's friends. Such motives, though not glorious, yet are not dishonourable; and if we had a borough in our command, if you could bring me in without any great expense, or if our fortune enabled us to despise that expense, then indeed I should think them of the greatest strength. But with our private fortune is it worth while to purchase at so high a rate, a title, honourable in itself, but which I must share with every fellow that can lay out fifteen hundred pounds? Besides, dear sir, a merchandise is of little value to the owner, when he is resolved not to sell it.

I should affront your penetration, did I not suppose you now see the drift of this letter. It is to appropriate to another use the sum *with which* you destined to bring me into parliament; to employ it,

not in making me great, but in rendering me happy. I have often heard you say yourself, that the allowance you had been so indulgent as to grant me, though very liberal in regard to your estate, was yet but small, when compared with the almost necessary extravagancies of the age. I have indeed found it so, notwithstanding a good deal of economy, and an exemption from many of the common expenses of youth. This, dear sir, would be a way of supplying these deficiencies, without any additional expense to you.—But I forbear.—If you think my proposals reasonable, you want no entreaties to engage you to comply with them; if otherwise, all will be without effect.

All that I am afraid of, dear sir, is, that I should seem not so much asking a favour, as this really is, as exacting a debt. After all I can say, you will still remain the best judge of my good, and your own circumstances. Perhaps, like most landed gentlemen, an addition to my annuity would suit you better than a sum of money given at once; perhaps the sum itself may be too considerable. Whatever you shall think proper to bestow upon me, or in whatever manner, will be received with equal gratitude.

I intended to stop here; but as I abhor the least appearance of art, I think it will be better to lay open my whole scheme at once. The unhappy war which now desolates Europe, will oblige me to defer seeing France till a peace. But that reason can have no influence upon Italy, a country which every scholar must long to see; should you grant my request, and not disapprove of my manner of employing your bounty, I would leave England this autumn, and pass the winter at Lausanne, with M. de Voltaire and my old friends. The armies no longer obstruct my passage, and it must be indifferent to you, whether I am at Lausanne or at London during the winter, since I shall not be at Beriton. In the spring I would cross the Alps, and after some stay in Italy, as the war must then be terminated, return home through France, to live happily with you and my dear mother. I am now two-and-twenty; a tour must take up a considerable time, and though I believe you have no thoughts of settling me soon, (and I am sure I have not) yet so many things may intervene, that the man who does not travel early, runs a great risk of not travelling at all. But this part of my scheme, as well as the whole, I submit entirely to you.

Permit me, dear sir, to add, that I do not know whether the complete compliance with my wishes could increase my love and gratitude: but that I am very sure, no refusal could diminish those sentiments with which I shall always remain, dear sir, your most dutiful and obedient son and servant,

E. GIBBON, jun.

XIII.—MR. MALLET TO MR. GIBBON.

1761.

Dear Sir,—I could not procure you a ticket for the coronation, without putting you to the expense of ten guineas. But I now send you something more valuable, which will cost you only a groat. When will your father or you be in town? Desire Becket to send me one of your books, well bound, for myself: all the other copies I gave away, as Duke Desenany drunk out ten dozen of Lord Bolingbroke's champagne in his absence—to your honour and glory. I need not tell you that I am, most affectionately, the major's and your very humble servant,

D. MALLET.

Turn over, read, and be delighted. Let your father, too, read.

"I read with as much eagerness as pleasure the excellent and agreeable work with which the author presented me. I speak as if Mr. Gibbon had not praised me, and that too warmly. His work is that of a real man of letters, who loves them for their own sake, without exception or prejudice; and who unites with much talent the more precious gift of good sense, and impartiality that displays his candour and justice, in spite of the bias that he must have received from the innumerable authors whom he has read and studied. I have therefore perused, with the greatest avidity, this little work; and wish it was more extensive, and read universally.

"I would also express my thanks to Lady Hervey, for making me acquainted with an author who proves in every page that learning is hostile only to ignorance and prejudice; who deserves to have a Maty for his friend, and who adds honour and strength to our language by the use which he so ably makes of it. Were I more learned I should dwell on the merit of the discussions, and the justness of the observations.

"CAYLUS."

XIV.—GEO. LEWIS SCOTT, ESQ. TO EDWARD GIBBON, JUN.

Supposing you settled in quarters, dear sir, I obey your commands, and send my thoughts, relating to the pursuit of your mathematical studies. You told me, you had read Clairaut's Algebra, and the three first books of L'Hôpital's Conic Sections. You did not mention the Elements of Geometry you had perused. Whatever they were, whether Euclid's, or by some other, you will do well, if you have not applied yourself that way for some time past, to go over them again, and render the conclusions familiar to your memory. You may defer, however, a very critical inquiry into the principles and reasoning of geometers, till Dr. Simson's new edition of Euclid (now in the press) appears. I would have you study that book well; in the meantime recapitulate Clairaut and L'Hôpital, so far as you have gone, and then go through the remain-

der of the marquis's book with care. The fifth book will be an introduction to the Analyse des Infiniment Petits; to which I would advise you to proceed, after finishing the Conic Sections. The Infiniment Petits may want a comment; Crousaz has written one, but it is a wretched performance: he did not understand the first principles of the science he undertook to illustrate; and his geometry shows, that he did not understand the first principles of geometry. There is a posthumous work of M. Varignon's, called Eclaircissemens sur l'Analyse des Infiniment Petits.—Paris, 1725, 4to. This will be often of use to you. However, it must be owned, that the notion of the *infiniment petits*, or *infinitesimals*, as we call them, is too bold an assumption, and too remote from the principles of the ancients, our masters in geometry; and has given a handle to an ingenious author (Berkeley, late Bishop of Cloyne) to attack the logic of the modern mathematicians. He has been answered by many, but by none so clearly as by Mr. Maclaurin, in his Fluxions, (2 vols. in 4to.,) where you will meet with a collection of the most valuable discoveries in the mathematical and physico-mathematical sciences. I recommend this author to you; but whether you ought to read him immediately after M. de l'Hôpital, may be a question. I think you may be satisfied at first with reading his introduction, and Chap. 1. Book I. of the grounds of the method of fluxions, and then proceed to chap. 12 of the same book, § 495 to § 505 inclusive, where he treats of the method of infinitesimals, and of the limits of ratios. You may then read Chap. 1, Book II., § 697 to § 714 inclusive; and this you may do immediately after reading the first section of the Analyse des Infiniment Petits; or, if you please, you may postpone a critical inquiry into the principles of infinitesimals and fluxions, till you have seen the use and application of this doctrine in the drawing of tangents, and in finding the maxima and minima of geometrical magnitudes. Anal. des Infin. Pet. § 2 and 3.

When you have read the beginning of L'Hôpital's, 4th § to § 65 inclusive, you may read Maclaurin's, chaps. 2, 3, and 4; where he fully explains the nature of these higher orders of fluxions, and applies the notion to geometrical figures. Your principles being then firmly established, you may finish M. de l'Hôpital.

Your next step must be to the inverse method of fluxions, called by the French *calcul integral*. Monsieur de Bougainville has given us a treatise upon this subject, Paris, 1754. 4to. under the title "Traité du Calcul integral pour servir de suite à l'Analyse des Infiniment Petits." You should have it; but though he explains the methods hitherto found out for the determination of fluents from given fluxions, or in the French style, "pour trouver les integrales des differences données," yet as he has not shown the use and application of this doctrine, as De l'Hôpital did, with respect to that part which he treats of, M. de Bougainville's book is, for that reason, not so well suited to beginners as could be wished. You may therefore take Carré's book in 4to., printed at Paris, 1700, and entitled, "Méthode pour la Mesure des Surfaces, &c. par l'Application du Calcul integral." Only I must caution you against depending upon

him in his fourth section, where he treats of the centre of oscillation and percussion; he having made several mistakes there, as M. de Mairan has shown, p. 196, Mém. de l'Acad. Royale des Sciences, edit. Paris, 1735. After Carré, you may read Bougainville.

I have recommended French authors to you, because you are a thorough master of that language, and because, by their studying style and clearness of expression, they seem to me best adapted to beginners. Our authors are often profound and acute, but their laconisms, and neglect of expression, often perplex beginners. I except Mr. Maclaurin, who is very clear; but then he has such a vast variety of matter, that a great part of his book is, on that account, too difficult for a beginner. I might recommend other authors to you, as a course of elements; for instance, you might read Mr. Thomas Simpson's Geometry, Algebra, Trigonometry, and Fluxions; all which contain a great variety of good things. In his Geometry he departs from Euclid without a sufficient reason. However, you may read him after Dr. Robert Simson's Euclid, or together with it, and take notice of what is new in Thomas Simpson. His Algebra you may join with Clairaut; and the rather that Clairaut has been sparing of particular problems, and has, besides, omitted several useful applications of algebra. Simpson's Fluxions may go hand in hand with L'Hôpital, Maclaurin, Carré, and Bougainville. If you come to have a competent knowledge of these authors, you will be far advanced, and you may proceed to the works of Newton, Cotes, the Bernoullis, De Moivre, &c., as your inclination and time will permit. Sir Isaac Newton's treatise of the Quadrature of Curves has been well commented by Mr. Stewart, and is of itself a good institution of fluxions. Sir Isaac's Algebra is commented in several places by Clairaut, and in more in Maclaurin's Algebra; and Newton's famous Principia are explained by the Minims Jacquier et Le Seur, Geneva, 4 vols. 4to. Cotes is explained by Don Walmesley, in his Analyse des Mesures, &c. Paris, 4to. You see you may find work enough. But my paper bids me subscribe myself, dear sir, your most obedient servant,

GEO. LEWIS SCOTT.

Leicester-square, May 7th, 1762.

P. S.—But I recollect, a little late, that the books I have mentioned, excepting Newton's Principia, and the occasional problems in the rest, treat only of the abstract parts of the mathematics; and you are, no doubt, willing to look into the concrete parts, or what is called mixed mathematics, and the physico-mathematical sciences. Of these the principal are, mechanics, optics, and astronomy. As to the principles of mechanics, M. d'Alembert has recommended M. Trabaud's "Principes du Mouvement et de l'Equilibre," to beginners; and you cannot do better than to study this book. In optics we have Dr. Smith's Complete System, 2 vols. 4to. I wish, though, we had a good institution, short and clear; the *Doctor's* book entering into too great details for beginners. How-

ever, you may consider his first book, or popular treatise, as an institution, and you will from thence acquire a good deal of knowledge. In Astronomy I recommend M. le Monnier's Institutions Astronomiques, in 4to. Paris, 1746. It is a translation from Keil's Astronomical Lectures, but with considerable additions. You should also have Cassini's Elemens d'Astronomie, 2 vols. 4to. As to the physical causes of the celestial motions, after having read Maclaurin's account of Sir Isaac Newton's philosophical discoveries, and Dr. Pemberton's View of Sir Isaac's Philosophy, you may read the great author himself, with the comment. But if you read Maclaurin's Fluxions throughout, you will find many points of Sir Isaac's philosophy well explained there. The theory of light and colours should be studied in Sir Isaac himself. In the English edition of his Optics, 8vo. there is a branch of the optical sciences which I have not mentioned, that is, perspective. Dr. Brook Taylor's is the best system, but his style and expression is embarrassed and obscure. L'Abbé de la Caille has also given a good treatise of perspective, at the end of his Optique: these are of use to painters; but the theory of mathematical projection in general is more extensive, and has been well treated of by old writers, Clavius, Aguillonius, Tacquet, and De Chules: and lately M. de la Caille has given a memoir among those of the Acad. Roy. des Sciences of Paris, anno 1741, "sur le Calcul des Projections en general." This subject is necessary for the understanding of the theory of maps and planispheres. Mathematicians have also applied their art to the theory of sounds and music. Dr. Smith's Harmonics is the principal book of the kind.

Thus have I given you some account of the principal elementary authors in the different branches of mathematical knowledge, and it were much to be wished that we had a complete institution, or course, of all these things of a moderate size, which might serve as an introduction to all the good original authors. Wolfius attempted this; his intention was laudable, but his book is so full of errors of the press, besides some of his own, that I cannot recommend him to a beginner. He might be used occasionally for the signification of terms, and for many historical facts relating to mathematics; and, besides, may be considered as a collector of problems, which is useful.

Besides the books I have mentioned, it might be of use to you to have M. Montucla's Histoire des Mathematiques, in 4to. 2 vols. You will there find a history of the progress of the mathematical sciences, and some account of the principal authors relating to this subject.

I mentioned to you in conversation, the superior elegance of the ancient method of demonstration. If you incline to examine this point, after being well versed in Euclid, you may proceed to Dr. Simson's Conic Sections; and to form an idea of the ancient analysis of method of investigating the solution of geometrical problems, read Euclid's Data, which Dr. Simson will publish, together with his new edition of Euclid; and then read his Loci Plani, in 4to. The elegance of the method of the ancients is confessed; but it

seems to require the remembrance of a great multitude of propositions, and in complicated problems it does not seem probable that it can be extended so far as the algebraic method.

XV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BERITON.

Paris, February 12th, 1763.

Dear Madam,—You remember our agreement,—short and frequent letters. The first part of the treaty you have no doubt of my observing. I think I ought not to leave you any of the second. *A propos* of treaty: our definitive one was signed here yesterday, and this morning the Duke of Bridgewater and Mr. Neville went for London with the news of it. The plenipotentiaries sat up till ten o'clock in the morning at the ambassador of Spain's ball, and then went to sign this treaty, which regulates the fate of Europe.

Paris, in most respects, has fully answered my expectations. I have a number of very good acquaintance, which increase every day; for nothing is so easy as the making them here. Instead of complaining of the want of them, I begin already to think of making a choice. Next Sunday, for instance, I have only three invitations to dinner. Either in the houses you are already acquainted, you meet with people who ask you to come and see them, or some of your friends offer themselves to introduce you. When I speak of these connexions, I mean chiefly for dinner and the evening. Suppers, as yet, I am pretty much a stranger to, and I fancy shall continue so; for Paris is divided into two species, who have but little communication with each other. The one, who is chiefly connected with the men of letters, dine very much at home, are glad to see their friends, and pass the evenings till about nine, in agreeable and rational conversation. The others are the most fashionable, sup in numerous parties, and always play, or rather game, both before and after supper. You may easily guess which sort suits me best. Indeed, madam, we may say what we please of the frivolity of the French, but I do assure you, that in a fortnight passed at Paris, I have heard more conversation worth remembering, and seen more men of letters among the people of fashion, than I had done in two or three winters in London.

Amongst my acquaintance I cannot help mentioning M. Helvetius, the author of the famous book De l'Esprit. I met him at dinner at Madame Geoffrin's, where he took great notice of me, made me a visit next day, has ever since treated me, not in a polite but a friendly manner. Besides being a sensible man, an agreeable companion, and the worthiest creature in the world, he has a very pretty wife, an hundred thousand livres a year, and one of the best tables in Paris. The only thing I dislike in him is his great attachment to, and admiration for, ****, whose character is indeed at Paris beyond any thing you can conceive. To the great civility of this foreigner, who was not obliged to take the least notice of me, I must just contrast the behaviour of ******.

XVI.—MR. GIBBON TO HIS FATHER.

Paris, February 24th, 1763.

Dear Sir,—I received your letter about twelve days after its date, owing, as I apprehend, to Mr. Foley's negligence. My direction is A Monsieur Monsieur Gibbon, Gentilhomme Anglais, à l'Hôtel de Londres, rue de Columbier, Fauxbourg St. Germains, à Paris. You see I am still in that part of the town; and indeed, from all the intelligence I could collect, I saw no reason to change, either on account of cheapness or pleasantness. Madame Bontems, Mrs. Mallet's friend, and a Marquis de Mirabeau, (I got acquainted with at her house,) have acted a very friendly part; though all their endeavours have only served to convince me that Paris is unavoidably a very dear place. I am sorry to find my English clothes look very foreign. The French are now excessively long-waisted. At present we are in mourning for the Bishop of Liege, the king's uncle; and expect soon another of a singular nature, for the old Pretender, who is very ill. They mourn for him, not as a crowned head, but as a relation of the king's. I am doubtful how the English here will behave; indeed we can have no difficulties, since we need only follow the example of the Duke of Bedford.

I have now passed nearly a month in this place, and I can say with truth, that it has answered my most sanguine expectations. The buildings of every kind, the libraries, the public diversions, take up a great part of my time; and I have already found several houses, where it is both very easy and very agreeable to be acquainted. Lady Hervey's recommendation to Madame Geoffrin was a most excellent one. Her house is a very good one; regular dinners there every Wednesday, and the best company of Paris, in men of letters and people of fashion. It was at her house I connected myself with M. Helvetius, who, from his heart, his head, and his fortune, is a most valuable man.

At his house I was introduced to the Baron d'Olbach, who is a man of parts and fortune, and has two dinners every week. The other houses I am known in, are the Duchess d'Aiguillon's, Madame la Comtesse de Froulay's, Madame du Bocage, Madame Boyer, M. le Marquis de Mirabeau, and M. de Foncemagne. All these people have their different merit; in some I meet with good dinners; in others, societies for the evening; and in all good sense, entertainment, and civility; which, as I have no favours to ask, or business to transact with them, is sufficient for me. Their men of letters are as affable and communicative as I expected. My letters to them did me no harm, but were very little necessary. My book had been of great service to me, and the compliments I have received upon it would make me insufferably vain, if I laid any stress on them. When I take notice of the civilities I have received, I must take notice too of what I have seen of a contrary behaviour. You know how much I always built upon the Count de Caylus: he has not been of the least use to me. With great difficulty I have seen him, and that is

all. I do not, however, attribute his behaviour to pride, or dislike to me, but solely to the man's general character, which seems to be a very odd one. De la Motte, Mrs. Mallet's friend, has behaved very drily to me, though I have dined with him twice. But I can forgive him a great deal, in consideration of his having introduced me to M. d'Augny (Mrs. Mallet's son.) Her men are generally angels or devils; but here I really think, without being very prone to admiration, that she has said very little too much of him. As far as I can judge, he has certainly an uncommon degree of understanding and knowledge, and, I believe, a great fund of honour and probity. We are very much together, and I think our intimacy seems to be growing into a friendship. Next Sunday we go to Versailles; the king's guard is done by a detachment from Paris, which is relieved every four days; and as he goes upon this command, it is a very good occasion for me to see the palace. I shall not neglect, at the same time, the opportunity of informing myself of the French discipline.

The great news at present is the arrival of a very extraordinary person from the Isle of France in the East Indies. An obscure Frenchman, who was lately come into the island, being very ill, and given over, said, that before he died he must discharge his conscience of a great burden he had upon it, and declared to several people, he was the accomplice of Damien, and the very person who held the horses. Unluckily for him, the man recovered after this declaration, was immediately sent prisoner to Paris, and is just landed at Port L'Orient, from whence he is daily expected here, to unravel the whole mystery of that dark affair. This story (which at first was laughed at) has now gained entire credit, and I apprehend must be founded on real fact.

A lady of Miss Caryll's acquaintance has desired me to convey the enclosed letter to her. You will be so good as to send it over to Lady Holt. I hope I need say nothing of my sentiments towards our friends at Beriton, nor of my readiness to execute any of their commands here. I am, dear sir, most affectionately yours,

E. Gibbon.

XVII.—MR. GIBBON TO MR. HOLROYD AT LAUSANNE.

Borromean Islands, May 16th, 1764.

Dear Holroyd,—Hurry of running about, time taken up with seeing places, &c., are excellent excuses; but I fancy you will guess that my laziness and aversion to writing to my best friend are the real motives, and I am afraid you will have guessed right.

We are at this minute in a most magnificent palace, in the middle of a vast lake; ranging about suites of rooms without a soul to interrupt us, and secluded from the rest of the universe. We shall sit down in a moment to supper attended by all the Count's household. This is the fine side of the medal: turn to the reverse. We are got here wet to the skin; we have crawled about fine gardens

rain and fogs prevented our seeing; and if to-morrow does
ld up a little better, we shall be in some doubt whether we
y we have seen these famous islands. Guise says yes, and I
. The Count is not here; we have our supper from a paltry
alehouse, (excuse the bull,) and the servants have offered us
1 the palace, pursuant to their master's directions.
rdly think you will like Turin; the court is old and dull; and
t country every one follows the example of the court. The
al amusement seems to be, driving about in your coach in the
g and bowing to the people you meet. If you go while the
amily is there, you have the additional pleasure of stopping to
them every time they pass. I had that advantage fifteen
one afternoon. We were presented to a lady who keeps a
assembly, and a very mournful one it is; the few women that
t are each taken up by their cicisbeo; and a poor Englishman,
n neither talk Piedmontese nor play at faro, stands by him-
ithout one of their haughty nobility doing him the honour of
ng to him. You must not attribute this account to our not
; stayed long enough to form connexions. It is a general com-
of our countrymen, except of Lord ***, who has been engaged
out two years in the service of a lady, whose long nose is her
listinguishing fine feature. The most sociable women I have
ith are the king's daughters. I chatted for about a quarter of
r with them, talked about Lausanne, and grew so very free and
that I drew my snuff-box, rapped it, took snuff twice (a crime
known before in the presence-chamber,) and continued my
rse in my usual attitude of my body bent forwards, and my fore
stretched out.* As it might however have been difficult to keep
is acquaintance, I chiefly employ my time in seeing places,
fully repaid me in pleasure the trouble of my journey. What
ained me the most, was the museum and the citadel. The
s under the care of a M. Bartoli, who received us without any
luction, in the politest manner in the world, and was of the
est service to us, as I dare say he will be to you. The citadel
tupendous work; and when you have seen the subterraneous
f it, you will scarcely think it possible such a place can ever
ken. As it is however a regular one, it does not pique my
ity so much as those irregular fortifications hewn out of the
as Exiles, Fenestrelles, and the Brunette would have done,
we have spared the time necessary. Our next stage from
has been Milan, where we were mere spectators, as it was not
while to endeavour at forming connexions for so very few
I think you will be surprised at the great church, but infi-
more so at the regiment of Baden, which is in the citadel.
steadiness, such alertness in the men, and such exactness in

is attitude continued to be characteristic of Mr. Gibbon. The engraving in the
iece of the Memoirs is taken from the figure of Mr. Gibbon cut with scissors by
rown thirty years after the date of this letter. The extraordinary talents of this
re furnished as complete a likeness of Mr. Gibbon, as to person, face, and man-
can be conceived; yet it was done in his absence.—S.

the officers, as exceeded all my expectations. Next Friday I shall see the regiment reviewed by General Serbelloni. Perhaps I may write a particular letter about it. From Milan we proceed to Genoa, and thence to Florence. You stare—But really we find it so inconvenient to travel like mutes, and to lose a number of curious things for want of being able to assist our eyes with our tongues, that we have resumed our original plan, and leave Venice for next year. I think I should advise you to do the same.

Milan, May 18th, 1764.

The next morning was not fair, but however we were able to take a view of the islands, which, by the help of some imagination, we conclude to be a very delightful, though not an enchanted place. I would certainly advise you to go there from Milan, which you may very well perform in a day and a half. Upon our return, we found Lord Tinley and some other English in their way to Venice. We heard a melancholy piece of news from them; Byng died at Bologna a few days ago of a fever. I am sure you will be all very sorry to hear it.

We expect a volume of news from you in relation to Lausanne, and in particular to the alliance of the Duchess with the Frog. Is it already concluded? How does the bride look after her great revolution? Pray embrace her and the adorable, if you can, in both our names; and assure them, as well as all the *Spring*,* that we talk of them very often, but particularly of a Sunday; and that we are so disconsolate, that we have neither of us commenced cicisbeos as yet, whatever we may do at Florence. We have drank the Duchess's health, not forgetting the little woman on the top of Mont Cenis, in the middle of the Lago Maggiore, &c. &c. I expect some account of the said little woman. Who is my successor? I think **** had began to supplant me before I went. I expect your answer at Florence, and your person at Rome; which the Lord grant. Amen.

XVIII.—MR. GIBBON TO MR. HOLROYD, AT BERLIN.

Beriton, October 31st, 1765.

Dear Holroyd,—Why did I not leave a letter for you at Marseilles? For a very plain reason: because I did not go to Marseilles. But, as you have most judiciously added, why did not I send one! Humph! I own that nonplusses me a little. However, hearken to my history. After revolving a variety of plans, and suiting them as well as possible to time and finances, Guise and I at last agreed to pass from Venice to Lyons, swim down the Rhone, wheel round the south of France, and embark at Bourdeaux. Alas! At Lyons I received letters which convinced me that I ought no longer to deprive my country of one of her greatest ornaments. Unwillingly I obeyed, left Guise to execute alone the remainder of our plan, passed about ten delicious days at Paris, and arrived in England about the end of

* The society of young ladies mentioned in the Memoirs.

me. Guise followed me about two months afterwards, as I was formed by an epistle from him, which, to his great astonishment, immediately answered. You perceive there is still some virtue mongst men. *Exempli gratiâ*, your letter is dated Vienna, Octo-er 12th, 1765; it made its appearance at Beriton, Wednesday ening, October the 29th. I am at this present writing, sitting in y library, on Thursday morning, between the hours of twelve and ne. I have ventured to suppose you still at Berlin; if not, I presume ou take care that your letters should follow you. This ideal march o Berlin is the only one I can make at present. I am under com-and; and were I to talk of a third sally as yet, I know some ertain people who would think it just as ridiculous as the third sally f the renowned Don Quixote. All I ever hoped for was, to be able o take the field once more, after lying quiet a couple of years. I ust own that your executing your tour in so complete a manner ives me a little selfish . If I make a summer's escape to erlin, I cannot hope for the companion I flattered myself with. I m sorry however I have said so much; but as it is difficult to crease your honour's proper notions of your own perfections, I ill e'en let it stand. Indeed I owed you something for your account f the favourable reception my book has met with. I see there are eople of taste at Vienna, and no longer wonder at your liking it. ince the court is so agreeable, a thorough reformation must have aken place. The stiffness of the Austrian etiquette, and the aughty magnificence of the Hungarian princes, must have given way to more civilized notions. You have (no doubt) informed your-self of the forces and revenues of the empress. I think (however unfashionably) we always esteemed her. Have you lost or improved that opinion. Princes, like pictures, to be admired, must be seen in their proper point of view, which is often a pretty distant one. I am afraid you will find it peculiarly so at Berlin.

I need not desire you to pay a most minute attention to the Aus-trian and Prussian discipline. You have been bit by a mad serjeant as well as myself; and when we meet, we shall run over every par-ticular which we can approve, blame, or imitate. Since my arrival, I have assumed the august character of Major, received returns, issued orders, &c. &c. I do not intend you shall have the honour of reviewing my troops next summer. Three-fourths of the men will be recruits; and during my pilgrimage, discipline seems to have been relaxed. But I summon you to fulfil another engagement. Make me a visit next summer. You will find here a bad house, a pleasant country in summer, some books, and very little *strange* company. Such a plan of life for two or three months must, I should imagine, suit a man who has been for as many years struck from one end of Europe to the other like a tennis-ball. At least I judge of you by myself. I always loved a quiet, studious, indolent life; but never enjoyed the charms of it so truly, as since my return from an agreeable but fatiguing course of motion and hurry. How-ever, I shall hear of your arrival, which can scarcely be so soon as January, 1766, and shall probably have the misfortune of meeting

you in town soon after. We may then settle any plans for the ensuing campaign.

En attendant, (admire me, this is the only scrap of foreign lingo I have imported into this epistle—if you had seen that of Guise to me!) let me tell you a piece of Lausanne news. Nanette Grand is married to Lieutenant-colonel Prevôt. Grand wrote to me; and by the next post I congratulated both father and daughter. There is exactness for you. The Curchod (Madame Necker) I saw at Paris. She was very fond of me, and the husband particularly civil. Could they insult me more cruelly? Ask me every evening to supper; go to bed, and leave me alone with his wife—what an impertinent security! it is making an old lover of mighty little consequence. She is as handsome as ever, and much genteeler; seems pleased with her fortune rather than proud of it. I was (perhaps indiscreetly enough) exalting Nanette d'Illens's good luck and the fortune. "What fortune?" said she, with an air of contempt—"not above twenty thousand livres a year." I smiled, and she caught herself immediately. "What airs I give myself in despising twenty thousand livres a-year, who a year ago looked upon eight hundred as the summit of my wishes."

I must end this tedious scrawl. Let me hear from you: I think I deserve it. Believe me, dear Holroyd, I share in all your pleasures, and feel all your misfortunes. Poor Bolton! I saw it in the newspaper. Is Ridley with you? I suspect not: but if he is, assure him I do not forget him though he does me. Adieu; and believe me, most affectionately yours,

E. Gibbon, jun.

XIX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Beriton, April 29th, 1767.

Dear Holroyd,—I happened to-night to stumble upon a very odd piece of intelligence in the St. James's Chronicle; it related to the marriage of a certain Monsieur Olroy,* formerly captain of hussars. I do not know how it came into my head that this captain of hussars was not unknown to me, and that he might possibly be an acquaintance of yours. If I am not mistaken in my conjecture, pray give my compliments to him, and tell him from me, that I am at least as well pleased that he is married as if I were so myself. Assure him, however, that though as a philosopher I may prefer celibacy, yet as a politician I think it highly proper that the species should be propagated by the usual method; assure him even that I am convinced, that if celibacy is exposed to fewer miseries, marriage can alone promise real happiness, since domestic enjoyments are the source of every other good. May such happiness, which is bestowed on few, be given to him; the transient blessings of beauty, and the more durable ones of fortune, good sense, and an amiable disposition.

I can easily conceive, and as easily excuse you, if you have thought

* The name was so spelt in the newspapers.

mighty little this winter of your poor rusticated friend. I have been confined ever since Christmas, and confined by a succession of very melancholy occupations. I had scarcely arrived at Beriton, where I proposed staying only about a fortnight, when a brother of Mrs. Gibbon's died unexpectedly, though after a very long and painful illness. We were scarcely recovered from the confusion which such an event must produce in a family, when my father was taken dangerously ill, and with some intervals has continued so ever since. I can assure you, my dear Holroyd, that the same event appears in a very different light when the danger is serious and immediate; or when, in the gaiety of a tavern dinner, we affect an insensibility that would do us no great honour were it real. My father is now much better; but I have since been assailed by a severe stroke—the loss of a friend. You remember, perhaps, an officer of our militia, whom I sometimes used to compare to yourself. Indeed the comparison would have done honour to any one. His feelings were tender and noble, and he was always guided by them: his principles were just and generous, and he acted up to them. I shall say no more, and you will excuse my having said so much, of a man with whom you were unacquainted; but my mind is just now so very full of him, that I cannot easily talk, or even think, of any thing else. If I know you right, you will not be offended at my *weakness*.

What rather adds to my uneasiness, is the necessity I am under of joining our militia the day after to-morrow. Though the lively hurry of such a scene might contribute to divert my ideas, yet every circumstance of it, and the place itself, (which was that of his residence,) will give me many a painful moment. I know nothing would better raise my spirits than a visit from you; the request may appear unseasonable, but I think I have heard you speak of *an uncle* you had near Southampton. At all events, I hope you will snatch a moment to write to me, and give me some account of your present situation and future designs. As you are now fettered, I should expect you will not be such a *hic et ubique*.* as you have been since your arrival in England. I stay at Southampton from the first to the twenty-eighth of May, and then propose making a short visit to town: if you are any where in the neighbourhood of it, you may depend upon seeing me. I shall then concert measures for seeing a little more of you next winter than I have lately done, as I hope to take a pretty long spell in town. I suppose Guise has often fallen in your way: he has never once written to me, nor I to him: in the country we want materials, and in London we want time. I ought to recollect, that you even want time to read my unmeaning scrawl. Believe, however, my dear Holroyd, that it is the sincere expression of a heart entirely yours.

* The motto of the regiment called Royal Foresters, in which Mr. Holroyd had been captain.

XX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Beriton, October 16th, 1769.

Dear Holroyd,—I received your agreeable missive about two days ago; and am glad to find that, after all your *errors*, you are at last a settled man. I do most sincerely regret that it is not in my power to obey your immediate summons. Some very particular business will not at present permit me to be long absent from Beriton. The same business will carry me to town, about the sixth of next month, for some days. On my return, I do really hope and intend to storm your castle before Christmas, as I presume you will hardly remove sooner. I should be glad to meet Cambridge; but the plain dish of friend hip will satisfy me, without the seasoning of Attic wit. Do you know any thing of Guise? Have you no inclination to look at the Russians? We have a bed at your service. *Vale.*

Present my sincere respects to those who are dear to you; believe me, they are so to me.

XXI.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Pall-Mall, December 25th, 1769.

Dear Holroyd,—Some demon, the enemy of friendship, seems to have determined that we shall not meet at Sheffield-place. I was fully resolved to make amends for my lazy scruples, and to dine with you to-morrow; when I received a letter this day from my father, which irresistibly draws me to Beriton for about ten days. The above-mentioned demon, though he may defer my projects, shall not however disappoint them. Since you intend to pass the winter in retirement, it will be a far greater compliment to quit active, gay, political London, than the drowsy desert London of the holidays. But I retract. What is both pleasing and sincere, is above that prostituted word *compliment*. Believe me, most sincerely yours.

A propos, I forgot the compliments of the season, &c. &c.

XXII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

October 6, 1771.

Dear Holroyd,—I sit down to answer your epistle, after taking a very pleasant ride.—A ride! and upon what?—Upon a horse.—"*You lie!*"—I don't. I have got a droll little pony, and intend to renew the long-forgotten practice of equitation, as it was known in the world before the second of June of the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-three. As I used to reason against riding, so I can now argue for it; and indeed the principal use I know in human reason is, when called upon, to furnish arguments for what we have an inclination to do.

What do you mean by presuming to affirm, that I am of no use here? Farmer Gibbon of no use! *Last week* I sold all my hops, and I believe well, at nine guineas a hundred, to a very responsible

man. Some people think I might have got more at Weyhill Fair, but that would have been an additional expense, and a great uncertainty. Our quantity has disappointed us very much; but I think, that besides hops for the family, there will not be less than 500*l.*;—no contemptible sum off thirteen small acres, and two of them planted last year only. *This week* I let a little farm in Petersfield by auction, and propose raising it from 25*l.* to 35*l. per annum:* and Farmer Gibbon of no use!

To be serious; I have but one reason for resisting your invitation and my own wishes; that is, Mrs. Gibbon I left nearly alone all last winter, and shall do the same this. She submits very cheerfully to that state of solitude; but, on sounding her, I am convinced that she would think it unkind were I to leave her at present. I know you so well, that I am sure you will acquiesce in this reason; and let me make my next visit to Sheffield-place from town, which I think may be a little before Christmas. I should like to hear something of the precise time, duration, and extent of your intended tour into Bucks. Adieu.

XXIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Beriton, Nov. 18, 1771.

Most respectable South Saxon,—It would ill become me to reproach a dilatory correspondent: "Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?" especially when that correspondent had given me hopes of undertaking a very troublesome expedition for my sole advantage. Yet thus much I may say, that I am obliged very soon to go to town upon other business, which, in that hope, I have hitherto deferred. If by next Sunday I have no answer, or if I hear that your journey to Denham is put off *sine die,* or to a long day, I shall on Monday set off for London, and wait your future will with *faith, hope, and charity.* Adieu.

XXIV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO JOHN BAKER HOLROYD, ESQ. SHEFFIELD-PLACE.

London, 1772.

Dear Holroyd,—The sudden change from the sobriety of Sheffield-place to the irregularities of this town, and to the wicked company of Wilbraham, Clarke, Damer, &c. having deranged me a good deal, I am forced to employ one of my secretaries to acquaint you with a piece of news I know nothing about myself. It is certain, some extraordinary intelligence is arrived this morning from Denmark, and as certain that the levee was suddenly prevented by it. The particulars of that intelligence are variously and obscurely told. It is said, that the king had raised a little physician to the rank of minister and Ganymede: such a mad administration had so disgusted all the nobility, that the fleet and army had rose, and shut up the king in his palace. *La Reine se trouve mêlée la dedans;* it is reported that she is confined, but whether in consequence of the insurrection, or some other cause, is not agreed. Such is the rough draft of an affair

that nobody yet understands. *Embrassez de ma part madame, et le reste de la chère famille.*

GIBBON.

Et plus bas—WILBRAHAM, &c.

XXV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Boodle's, 10 o'clock, Monday night, Feb. 3rd, 1772.

I love, honour, and respect every member of Sheffield-place; even my great enemy Datch,* to whom you will please to convey my sincere wishes, that no *simpleton* may wait on him at dinner, that his wise papa may not show him any pictures, and that his much wiser mamma may chain him hand and foot, in direct contradiction to Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.

It is difficult to write news, because there is none. Parliament is perfectly quiet; and I think that Barré, who is just now playing at whist in the room, will not have exercise of the lungs, except, perhaps, on a message much talked of, and soon expected, to recommend it to the wisdom of the house of commons to provide a proper future remedy against the improper marriages of the younger branches of the royal family. The noise of * * * * is subsided, but there was some foundation for it. * * * *'s expenses in his bold enterprise were yet unpaid by government. The hero threatened, assumed the patriot, received a sop, and again sunk into the courtier. As to Denmark, it seems now that the king, who was totally unfit for government, has only passed from the hands of his queen wife to those of his queen mother-in-law. * * * * is said to have indulged a very *vague* taste in her amours. She would not be admitted into the Pantheon, whence the gentlemen proprietors exclude all beauty, unless unspotted and immaculate (tautology, by the by.) The gentlemen proprietors, on the other hand, are friends and patrons of the leopard beauties. Advertising challenges have passed between the two great factions, and a bloody battle is expected Wednesday night. *A propos*, the Pantheon, in point of ennui and magnificence, is the wonder of the eighteenth century and of the British empire. Adieu.

XXVI.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Boodle's, Saturday night, Feb. 8, 1772.

Though it is very late and the bell tells me that I have not above ten minutes left, I employ them with pleasure in congratulating you on the late victory of our dear mamma the Church of England. She had last Thursday seventy-one rebellious sons, who pretended to set aside her will on account of insanity: but two hundred and seventeen worthy champions, headed by Lord North, Burke, Hans Stanley, Charles Fox, Godfrey Clarke, &c. &c. though they allowed the thirty-nine clauses of her testament were absurd and unreasonable, supported the validity of it with infinite humour. By the by, * * * * * * prepared himself for that holy war, by passing twenty-

* The name by which the child called himself.

two hours in the pious exercise of hazard; his devotions cost him only about £500 per hour—in all £11,000. * * * * lost £5000. This is from the best authority. I hear, too, but will not warrant it, that * * * *, by way of paying his court to * * * *, has lost this winter £12,000. How I long to be ruined!

There are two county contests, Sir Thomas Egerton and Colonel Townley in Lancashire, after the county had for some time gone a-begging. In Salop, Sir Watkin, supported by Lord Gower, happened by a punctilio to disoblige Lord Craven, who told us last night, that he had not quite £9000 a-year in that county, and who has set up Pigot against him. You may suppose we all wish for Got Amighty against that black devil.

I am sorry your journey is deferred. Compliments to Datch. As he is now in durance, great minds forgive their enemies, and I hope he may be released by this time.——Coming, sir. Adieu.

You see the Princess of W. is gone. Hans Stanley says, it is believed the empress queen has taken the same journey.

XXVII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

London, Feb. 13, 1772.

Dear Holroyd,—The papers and plans arrived safe in town last night, and will be in your hands in their intact virgin state in a day or two. Consider them at leisure, if that word is known in the rural life. Unite, divide, but (above all) *raise*. Bring them to London with you: I wait your orders; nor shall I, for fear of tumbling, take a single step till your arrival, which, on many accounts, I hope will not be long deferred.

Clouds still hover over the horizon of Denmark. The public circumstances of the revolution are related, and, I understand, very exactly, in the foreign papers. The secret springs of it still remain unknown. The town, indeed, seems at present quite tired of the subject. The Princess's death, her character, and what she left, engross the conversation. She died without a will; and as her savings were generally disposed of in charity, the small remains of her personal fortune will make a trifling object when divided among her children. Her favourite, the Princess of B., very properly insisted on the king's immediately sealing up all the papers, to secure her from the idle reports which would be so readily swallowed by the great English monster. The business of Lord and Lady * * * * * is finally compromised, by the arbitration of the Chancellor and Lord * * * * *. He gives her £1200 a year separate maintenance, and £1500 to set out with; but, as her ladyship is now a new face, her husband, who has already bestowed on the public seventy young beauties, has conceived a violent but hopeless passion for his chaste moiety * * * * * * *. Lord Chesterfield is dying. County oppositions subside. Adieu. Entirely yours.

XXVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Feb. 21, 1772.

Dear Holroyd,—* * * * * * * However, notwithstanding my indignation, I will employ five minutes in telling you two or three recent pieces of news.

1. Charles Fox is commenced patriot, and is already attempting to pronounce the words *country*, *liberty*, *corruption*, &c.; with what success, time will discover. Yesterday he resigned the admiralty. The story is, that he could not prevail on ministry to join with him in his intended repeal of the marriage act (a favourite measure of his father, who opposed it from its origin,) and that Charles very judiciously thought Lord Holland's friendship imported him more than Lord North's.

2. Yesterday the marriage message came to both houses of parliament. You will see the words of it in the papers: and, thanks to the submissive piety of this session, it is hoped that * * * *.

3. To-day the house of commons was employed in a very odd way. Tommy Townshend moved, that the sermon of Dr. Knowell, who preached before the house on the 30th of January (*id est*, before the speaker and four members,) should be burnt by the common hangman, as containing arbitrary, tory, high-flown doctrines. The house was nearly agreeing to the motion, till they recollected that they had already thanked the preacher for his excellent discourse, and ordered it to be printed. Knowell's bookseller is much obliged to the Right Honourable Tommy Townshend.

When do you come to town? I want money, and am tired of sticking to the earth by so many roots. *Embrassez de ma part*, &c. Adieu. Ever yours.

XXIX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BERITON.

London, March 21, 1772.

Dear Madam,—I have advanced with some care and some success in gaining an idea of the Lenborough estate. The tenants are at will, and, from a comparison of my rents with the neighbouring ones, particularly Lord * * * *, there is great probability that my estate is much under-let. My friend Holroyd, who is a most invaluable counsellor, is strongly of that opinion. Sir * * * * is just come home. I am sorry to see many alterations, and little improvement. From an honest wild English buck, he is grown a *philosopher*. Lord * * * * displeases every body by the affectation of consequence: the young baronet disgusts no less by the affectation of wisdom. He speaks in short sentences, quotes Montaigne, seldom smiles, never laughs, drinks only water, professes to command his passions, and intends to marry in five months. The two lords, uncle as well as * * *, attempt to show him that such behaviour even were it reasonable, does not suit this country. He remains incorrigible, and is every day losing ground in the good opinion of *the public*, which at his first arrival ran strongly in his favour. De

verdun is probably on his journey towards England, but is not yet come. I am, dear madam, &c.

XXX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Pall Mall, May 26, 1772.

Dear Holroyd,—I wish you lived nearer, or even that you could pass a week at Beriton. When shall you be at Richmond, or would there be any *use* in my going down to Sheffield for a day or two? In you alone I put my trust, and without you I should be perplexed, discouraged, and frightened; for not a single fish has yet bit at the Lenborough bait.

I dined the other day with Mr. Way at Boodle's. He told me, that he was just going down to Sheffield-place. As he has probably unladen all the politics, and Mrs. Way all the scandal of the town, I shall for *the present only* satisfy myself with the needful; among which I shall always reckon my sincere compliments to madame, and my profound respects for Mr. Datch. I am, dear H., truly yours.

It is confidently asserted that the Emperor and King of Prussia are to run for very deep stakes over the Polish course. If the news be true, I back Austria against the aged horse, provided little Laudohn rides the match. *N. B.*—Crossing and jostling allowed.

XXXI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. HOLROYD, SEN.

Beriton, near Petersfield, Hampshire, July the 17th, 1772.

Madam,—There is not any event which could have affected me with greater surprise and deeper concern, than the news in last night's paper, of the death of our poor little amiable friend Master Holroyd, whom I loved, not only for his parents' sake, but for his own. Should the news be true (for even yet I indulge some faint hopes,) what must be the distress of our friends at Sheffield! I so truly sympathise with them, that I know not how to write to Holroyd; but must beg to be informed of the state of the family by a line from you. I have some company and business here, but would gladly quit them, if I had the least reason to think that my presence at Sheffield would afford comfort or satisfaction to the man in the world whom I love and esteem most. I am, madam, your most obedient humble servant, &c.

XXXII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Beriton, July the 30th, 1772.

My dear Holroyd,—It was my intention to set out for Sheffield as soon as I received your affecting letter, and I hoped to have been with you as to-day; but walking very carelessly yesterday morning, I fell down, and put out a small bone in my ancle. I am now under the surgeon's hands, but think, and most earnestly hope, that this little accident will not delay my journey longer than the middle of next week. I share, and wish I could alleviate, your feelings. I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Holroyd. I am, my dear Holroyd, most truly yours.

XXXIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BERITON.

Sheffield-place, August 7th, 1772.

Dear Madam,—I set out at six yesterday morning from Uppark, and got to Brighthelmstone about two; a very thin season, everybody gone to Spa. In the evening I reached this place. My friend appears, as he ever will, in a light truly respectable; concealing the most exquisite sufferings under the show of composure, and even cheerfulness, and attempting, though with little success, to confirm the weaker mind of his partner. I find, my friend expresses so much uneasiness at the idea of my leaving him again soon, that I cannot refuse to pass the month here. If Mr. Scott, as I suppose, is at Beriton, he has himself too high a sense of friendship not to excuse my neglecting him. I had some hopes of engaging Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd to make an excursion to Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Southampton, &c., in which case they would spend a few days at Beriton. A sudden resolution was taken last night in favour of the tour. We set out, Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd, Mr. Fauquier, and myself, next Thursday, and shall dine at Beriton the following day, and stay there, most probably, three or four days. A farm-house, without either cook or housekeeper, will afford but indifferent entertainment; but we must *exert*, and they must *excuse*. Our tour will last about a fortnight; after which my friend presses me to return with him, and in his present situation I shall be at a loss how to refuse him. I am, dear madam, &c.

XXXIV.—DR. HURD (AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF WORCESTER) TO MR. GIBBON.

Thurcaston, August 29th, 1772.

Sir,—Your very elegant letter on the antiquity and authenticity of the book of Daniel, (just now received,) finds me here, if not without leisure, yet without books, and therefore in no condition to enter far into the depths of this controversy; which indeed is the less necessary, as every thing that relates to the subject will come of course to be considered by my learned successors in the new lecture. For as the prophecies of Daniel make an important link in "that chain, which," as you say, "has been let down from heaven to earth," (but not by the author of the late sermons, who brought into view only what he had not invented,) the grounds on which their authority rests will, without doubt, be carefully examined, and, as I suppose, firmly established.

But in the mean time, and to make at least some small return for the civility of your address to me, I beg leave to trouble you with two or three short remarks, such as occur to me on reading your letter.

Your main difficulties are these two: 1. That the author of the book of Daniel is too clear for a prophet; as appears from his prediction of the Persian and Macedonian affairs: and, 2. too fabulous for a contemporary historian; as is evident, you suppose, from his *mistakes*, particularly in the sixth chapter.

1. The first of these difficulties is an extraordinary one. For why may not prophecy, if the inspirer think fit, be as clear as history? Scriptural prophecy, whence your idea of its obscurity is taken, is *occasionally* thus clear, I mean after the event; and Daniel's prophecy of the revolutions in the Grecian empire, would have been obscure enough to Porphyry himself before it.

But your opinion, after all, when you come to explain yourself, really is, as one should expect, that, as a prophet, Daniel is not clear enough; for you enforce the old objection of Porphyry, by observing, that where a pretended prophecy is clear to a certain point of time, and afterwards obscure and shadowy, there common sense leads one to conclude that the author of it was an impostor.

This reasoning is plausible, but not conclusive, unless it be taken for granted, that a prophecy must, in all its parts, be equally clear and precise: whereas, on the supposition of real inspiration, it may be fit, I mean it may suit with the views of the inspirer, to predict some things with more perspicuity, and in terms more obviously and directly applicable to the events in which they were fulfilled, than others. But further, this reasoning, whatever force it may have, has no place here; at least you evidently beg the question when you urge it; because the persons you dispute against maintain that the subsequent prophecies of Daniel are equally distinct with those preceding ones concerning the Persian and Macedonian empires, at least so much of them as they take to have been fulfilled; and that to judge of the rest, we must wait for the conclusion of them.

However, you admit that the suspicion arising from the clearest prophecy may be removed by direct positive evidence that it was composed before the event. But then you carry your notions of that evidence very far, when you require, "that the existence of such a prophecy, prior to its accomplishment, should be proved by the knowledge of its being generally diffused amongst an enlightened nation previous to that period, and its public existence attested by an unbroken chain of authentic writers."

What you here claim as a matter of *right* is, without question, very desirable, but should, I think, be accepted, if it be given at all, as a matter of *favour*. For what you describe is the utmost evidence that the case admits: but what right have we in this, or any other subject whatever of natural or revealed religion, to the utmost evidence? Is it not enough that the evidence be sufficient to induce a reasonable assent? and is not that assent reasonable, which is given to real evidence, though of an inferior kind, when uncontrolled by any greater? And such evidence we clearly have for the authenticity of the book of Daniel, in the reception of it by the Jewish nation down to the time of Jesus, whose appeal to it supposes and implies that reception to have been constant and general: not to observe, that the testimony of Jesus is further supported by all the considerations that are alleged for his own divine character. To this evidence, which is positive, so far as it goes, you have nothing to oppose but surmise and conjectures; that is, nothing

and that an impotent despot might be flattered by it. Certainly, if what we read in the third chapter be admitted, that *one* of these despots required all people, nations, languages, to worship his image on pain of death, there is no great wonder that *another* of them should demand the exclusive worship of himself for a month; nay, perhaps, he might think himself civil, and even bounteous to his gods, when he left them a share of the other eleven. For as to the presumption,

"Nihil est quod credere de se
Non possit, cum laudatur diis æqua potestas."

5. A fifth, and what you seem to think the strongest, objection to the credit of the book of Daniel, is, "that no such person as Darius the Mede is to be found in the succession of the Babylonish princes," (you mean as given in Ptolemy's canon and the Greek writers,) "between the time of Nebuchadnezzar and that of Cyrus." In saying this, you do not forget or disown what our ablest chronologers have said on the subject; but then you object that Xenophon's Cyaxares (to serve a turn) has been made to personate Darius the Mede; and yet that Xenophon's book, whether it be a romance or a true history, overturns the use which they have made of this hypothesis.

I permit myself perhaps to be too much flattered by your civility in referring to my own taste, rather than to the authority of Cicero: but the truth is, I am much disposed to agree with you, that, "if we unravel with any care the fine texture of the Cyropœdia, we shall discover in every thread the Spartan discipline and the philosophy of Socrates." But then, as the judicious author chose to make so recent a story as that of Cyrus, and one so well known, the vehicle of his political and moral instructions, he would be sure to keep up to the truth of the story as far as might be; especially in the leading facts, and in the principal persons, as we may say, of the drama. This obvious rule of decorum such a writer as Xenophon could not fail to observe; and therefore on the supposition that his Cyropœdia is a romance, I should conclude certainly that the outline of it was genuine history. But,

2. If it be so, you conclude that there is no ground for thinking that Darius the Mede ever reigned in Babylon, because Cyaxares himself never reigned there.

Now, on the idea of Xenophon's book being a romance, there might be good reason for the author's taking no notice of the short reign of Cyaxares, which would break the unity of his work, and divert the reader's attention too much from the hero of it: while yet the omission could hardly seem to violate historic truth, since the lustre of his hero's fame, and the real power, which, out of question, he reserved to himself, would make us forget or overlook Cyaxares. But as to the fact, it seems no way incredible that Cyrus should concede to his royal ally, his uncle, and his father-in-law, (for he was all these,) the *nominal* possession of the sovereignty; or that he should *share* the sovereignty with him; or, at least, that he should leave the *administration*, as we say, in his hands at Baby-

lon, while he himself was prosecuting his other conquests at a distance. Any of these things is supposable enough; and I would rather admit any of them than reject the express, the repeated, the circumstantial testimony of a not confessedly fabulous historian.

After all, sir, I should forfeit, I know, your good opinion, if I did not acknowledge that some, at least, of these circumstances are such as one should not, perhaps, expect at first sight. But then such is the condition of things here; and what is true in human life is not always, I had almost said, not often, that which was previously to be expected; whence an ordinary romance is, they say, more *probable* than the best history.

But should any or all of these circumstances convince you perfectly, that some degree of error or fiction is to be found in the book of Daniel, it would be too precipitate to conclude that therefore the whole book was of no authority: for, at most, you could but infer, that the historical part, in which those circumstances are observed, namely, the 6th chapter, is not genuine; just as you know has been judged of some other historical tracts which had formerly been inserted in the book of Daniel. For it is not with these collections, which go under the names of the Prophets, as with some regularly connected system, where a charge of falsehood, if made good against one part, shakes the credit of the whole. Fictitious histories may have been joined to true prophecies, when all that bore the name of the same person, or any way related to him, came to be put together in the same volume: but the detection of such misalliance could not affect the prophecies; certainly not those of Daniel, which respect *the latter times;* for these have an intrinsic evidence in themselves, and assert their own authenticity, in proportion as we see, or have reason to admit, the accomplishment of them.

And now, sir, I have only to commit these hasty reflections to your candour; a virtue which cannot be separated from the love of truth, and of which I observe many traces in your agreeable letter; and if you should indulge this quality still further, so as to conceive the possibility of that being *true and reasonable*, in matters of religion, which may seem strange, or, to so lively a fancy as yours, even ridiculous, you would not hurt the credit of your excellent understanding, and would thus remove one, perhaps a principal, occasion of those mists which, as you complain, *hang over these nice and difficult subjects.* I am with true respect, sir, yours, &c.

(Signed) R. H.

The following Fragment was found with the foregoing Letter, in Mr. Gibbon's handwriting.

Your answer to my five objections against the 6th chapter of Daniel come next to be considered.

1. With regard to Daniel's promotion, I consent to withdraw my opposition, and to allow the cases of Ximenes, Wolsey, and Richelieu as parallel instances; though there is surely some difference between a young foreign soothsayer being *suddenly* rewarded, for

the interpretation of a dream, with the government of Babylon, and a priest of the established church, rising gradually to the great offices of the state.

2. You apprehend, sir, that my second objection scarcely deserves a serious answer; and that it is quite sufficient to appeal to my own reading and experience, whether *the strongest conviction of the mind does not perpetually give way to the inflamed and selfish passions.* Since you appeal to me, I shall fairly lay before you the result of my observations on that subject. 1. It must be confessed that the drunkard often sinks into the grave, and the prodigal into a gaol, without a possibility of checking themselves. But they sink by slow degrees; and, whilst they indulge the ruling passion, attend only to the trifling moment of each guinea, or of each bottle, without calculating their accumulated weight, till they feel themselves irretrievably crushed under it. 2. In most of the hazardous enterprizes of life there is a mixture of chance and good fortune: what is called good fortune is often the effect of skill: and as our vanity flatters us into an opinion of our superior merit, we are neither surprised nor dismayed by the miscarriage of our rash predecessors. *The conspirator turns his eyes from the axe and scaffold, perhaps still streaming with blood,* to the successful boldness of Sylla, of Cæsar, and of Cromwell; and convinces himself that on such a golden pursuit it is even *prudent* to stake a precarious and insipid life. We may add that the most daring flights of ambition are as often the effects of necessity as of choice. The princes of Hindostan must either reign or perish; and when Cæsar passed the Rubicon, it was scarcely possible for him to return to a private station. 3. You think, sir, we may learn from our own experience, that an indifference concerning miracles is very compatible with a full conviction of their truth; and so it undoubtedly is, with such a conviction as we have an opportunity of observing.

XXXV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Beriton, Oct. 13th, 1772.

Dear Holroyd,—I am just arrived, as well as yourself, at my *dii penates*, but with very different intention. You will ever remain a bigot to those rustic deities; I propose to abjure them soon, and to reconcile myself to the catholic church of London.

I am so happy, so exquisitely happy, at feeling so many mountains taken off my shoulders, that I can brave your indignation, and even the three-forked lightning of Jupiter himself. My reasons for taking so unwarrantable a step (approved of by Hugonin) were no unmanly despondency (though it daily became more apparent how much the farm would suffer, both in reality and in reputation, by another year's management) * * * * * * * * * * * I see pleasure but not use in a congress, therefore decline it. I know nothing as yet of a purchaser, and can only give you full and unlimited powers. If you think it necessary, let me know when you sell; but, however, do as you please.

I am sincerely glad to hear Mrs. H. is better. Still think Bath would suit her. She, and you too, I fear, rather want the physic of the mind, than of the body. Tell me something about yourself. If, among a crowd of acquaintances, one friend can afford you any comfort, I am quite at your service. Once more, adieu.

XXXVI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Pall-Mall, Dec. 11th, 1772.

Dear Holroyd,—By this time, I suppose you returned to the Elysian fields of Sheffield. The country (I do not mean any particular reflections on Sussex) must be vastly pleasant at this time of the year! For my own part, the punishment of my sins has at length overtaken me. On Thursday, the third of December, in the present year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-two, between the hours of one and two in the afternoon, as I was crossing St. James's churchyard, I stumbled, and *again sprained my foot*; but, alas! after two days' pain and confinement, a horrid monster, *ycleped the gout*, made me a short visit; and though he has now taken his leave, I am full of apprehensions that he may have liked my company well enough to call again.

The parliament, after a few soft murmurs, is gone to sleep, to awake again after Christmas, safely folded in Lord North's arms. The town is gone into the country, and I propose *visiting Sheffield* about Sunday se'nnight, if by that time I can get my household preparations (I have as good as taken Lady Rous's lease in Bentinck-street) in any forwardness. Shall I *angle for Batt?* No news stirring, except the Duchess of G.'s pregnancy certainly declared. * * * * called on me the other day, and has taken my plan with him to consider it; he still wishes to defer to spring; talks of bad roads, &c. and is very absolute. I remonstrated, *but want to know whether I am to submit.* Adieu. *Godfrey Clarke*, who is writing near me, begs to be remembered. The savage is going to hunt foxes in Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, &c. Yours sincerely.

XXXVII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Boodle's, ten o'clock, Thursday Evening, Dec. 1772.

Dear Holroyd,—My schemes with regard to you have been entirely disappointed. The business that called me to town was not ready before the 20th of last month, and the same business has kept me here till now. I have, however, a very strong inclination to eat a Christmas mince-pie with you; and let me tell you that inclination is no small compliment. What are the trees and waters of Sheffield-place compared with the comfortable smoke, lazy dinners, and inflammatory Junius's, which we can every day enjoy in town? You have seen the last Junius? He calls on the distant legions to march to the Capitol, and free us from the tyranny of the Prætorian guards. I cannot answer for the ghost of the *hic et ubique*, but the Hampshire militia are determined to keep the peace

for fear of a broken head. After all, do I mean to make you a visit next week? Upon my soul, I cannot tell. I tell everybody that I shall; I know that I cannot pass the week with any man in the world with whom the pleasure of seeing each other will be more reciprocal. Yet, *entre nous*, I do not believe that I shall be able to get out of this town before you come into it. At all events, I look forwards with great impatience to Bruton-street* and the Romans.† Believe me most truly yours.

XXXVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

January 12, 1773.

Dear Holroyd,—Lenborough is no more! * * * * acted like a Jew, and I dare say now repents it. In his room * * * * * found me a better man, a rich, brutish, honest horse-dealer, who has got a great fortune by serving the cavalry. On Thursday he saw Lenborough, on Friday he came to town with * * * * *, and this morning, at nine o'clock, we struck at £20,000, after a very hard battle. As times go, I am not dissatisfied. * * * * and the new Lord of Lenborough (by name * * * *) dined with me; and though we did not speak the same language, yet by the help of signs, such as that of putting about the bottle, the natives seemed well satisfied.

The whole world is going down to Portsmouth, where they will enjoy the pleasures of smoke, noise, heat, bad lodgings, and expensive reckonings. For my own part, I have firmly resisted importunity, declined parties, and mean to pass the busy week in the soft retirement of my *bocage* de Bentinck-street. Yesterday, the East India Company positively refused the loan: a noble resolution, could they get money anywhere else. They are violent; and it was moved, and the motion heard with some degree of approbation, that they should abandon India to Lord North, Sujah Dowlah, or the Devil, if he chose to take it. Adieu.

XXXIX.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Boodle's, May 11, 1773.

Dear Holroyd,—I am full of worldly cares, anxious about the great twenty-fourth, plagued with the Public Advertiser, distressed by the most dismal dispatches from Hugonin. Mrs. Lee claims a million of repairs, which will cost a million of money.

The House of Commons sat late last night. Burgoyne made some spirited motions—"That the territorial acquisitions in India belonged to the state (that was the word); that grants to the servants of the company (such as jaghires) were illegal; and that there could be no true repentance without restitution." Wedderburne defended the nabobs with great eloquence, but little argument. The motions were carried without a division; and the hounds go out again next Friday. They are in high spirits; but the more sagacious ones have no idea they shall kill. Lord North spoke for the inquiry, but faintly

* Where Mr. Holroyd's family passed a winter. † The Roman Club.

nd reluctantly. Lady * * * * is said to be in town at her mother's, nd a separation is unavoidable; but there is nothing certain. Adieu. incerely yours.

XL.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ. AT EDINBURGH.

Bentinck-street, Aug. 7th, 1773.

Dear Holroyd,—I beg ten thousand pardons for not being dead, I certainly ought to be. But such is my abject nature, that I d rather live in Bentinck-street, attainted and convicted of the of laziness, than enjoy your applause either at Old Nick's or even the Elysian Fields. After all, could you expect that I should nour with my correspondence a wild barbarian of the bogs of Erin? nd the natives intercepted my letter, the terrors occasioned by such known magic characters might have been fatal to you. But now u have escaped the fury of their hospitality, and are arrived among ee-vi-leezed nation, I may venture to renew my intercourse.

You tell me of a long list of dukes, lords, and chieftains of renown whom you are introduced; were I with you, I should prefer one *wid* to them all. When you are at Edinburgh, I hope you will t fail to visit the stye of that fattest of Epicurus's hogs, and inform rself whether there remains no hope of its recovering the use of right paw. There is another animal of *great*, though not perhaps *equal*, and certainly not of *similar* merit, one Robertson; has he nost created the new world? Many other men you have undoubtly seen, in the country where you are at present, who must have nmanded your esteem: but when you return, if you are not very nest, you will possess great advantages over me in any dispute ncerning Caledonian merit.

Beedle's and Atwood's are now no more. The last stragglers, and dfrey Clarke in the rear of all, are moved away to their several tles; and I now enjoy, in the midst of London, a delicious solitude. y library, Kensington Gardens, and a few parties with new acintance who are chained to London, (among whom I reckon ldsmith and Sir Joshua Reynolds,) fill up my time, and the *nater sanui* preserves a very respectful distance. By the by, r friends Batt, Sir John Russell, and Lascelles, dined with me day before they set off; for I sometimes give the prettiest little ner in the world. But all this composure draws near its conclua. About the sixteenth of this month Mr. Eliot carries me y, and after picking up Mrs. Gibbon at Bath, sets me down at t Eliot: there I shall certainly remain six weeks, or, in other ds, to the end of September. My future motions, whether to dgen, Derbyshire, or a longer stay in Cornwall, (pray is not "mo-stay" rather in the Hibernian style?) will depend on the life Eliot, the time of the meeting of parliament, and perhaps the ace of Mr. * * * * *, Lord of Lenborough. One of my in town I forgot to mention, the unexpected visit of Dey-, who accompanies his young lord (very young indeed!) on a months' tour to England. He took the opportunity of the Earl's

going down to the Duke of * * * * * *, to spend a fortnight (nor do I recollect a more pleasant one) in Bentinck-street. They are now gone together into Yorkshire, and I think it doubtful whether I shall see him again before his return to Leipsic. It is a melancholy reflection that while one is plagued with acquaintance at the corner of every street, real friends should be separated from each other by unsurmountable bars, and obliged to catch at a few transient moments of interview. I desire that you and my lady (whom I most respectfully greet) would take your share of that very new and acute observation; not so large a share, indeed, as my Swiss friend, since nature and fortune give *us* more frequent opportunities of being together. You cannot expect news from a desert, and such is London at present. The papers give you the full harvest of public intelligence; and I imagine that the eloquent nymphs of Twickenham * communicate all the transactions of the polite, the amorous, and the marrying world. The great pantomime of Portsmouth was universally admired; and I am angry at my own laziness in neglecting an excellent opportunity of seeing it. Foote has given us the Bankrupt, a serious and sentimental piece, with very severe strictures on the licence of scandal in attacking private characters. Adieu. Forgive and epistolize me. I shall not believe you sincere in the former, unless you make Bentinck-street your inn. I fear I shall be gone; but Mrs. Ford † and the parrot will be proud to receive you and my lady after your long peregrination, from which I expect great improvements. Has she got the brogue upon the tip of her tongue? ‡

XLI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Port Eliot, Sept. 10th, 1773.

Dear Holroyd,—By this time you have surely finished your tour; touched at Edinburgh, where you found a letter, which you have not answered, and are now contemplating the beauties of the Weald of Sussex. I shall demand a long and particular account of your peregrinations, but will excuse it till we meet; and for the present I expect only a short memorandum of your health and situation, together with that of my much-honoured friend Mrs. Abigail Holroyd. A word, too, if you please, concerning father and sister; to the latter I enclose a receipt from Mrs. G., who is now with me at Port Eliot.

Blind as you accuse me of being to the beauties of nature, I am wonderfully pleased with this country. Of her three dull notes, *ground*, *plants*, and *water*, Cornwall possesses the first and last in very high perfection. Think of a hundred solitary streams peacefully gliding between amazing cliffs on one side and rich meadows on the other, gradually swelling by the aid of the tide into noble rivers, successively losing themselves in each other, and all at length terminating in the harbour of Plymouth, whose broad expanse is

* Miss Cambridges. † His housekeeper.
‡ Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd made a tour to Ireland and Scotland this summer.

XLVI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Boodle's, Wednesday Evening, March 16th, 1774.

I was this morning with * * *. He was positive that the attempt to settle the preliminaries of arbitration by letters, would lead us on to the middle of the summer, and that a meeting was the only practicable measure. I acquiesced, and we blended his epistle and yours into one, which goes by this post. If you can contrive to suit to it your Oxford journey, your presence at the meeting would be received as the descent of a guardian angel.

Very little that is satisfactory has transpired of America. On Monday Lord North moved for leave to bring in a bill to remove the customs and courts of justice from Boston to New Salem; a step so detrimental to the former town, as must soon reduce it to your own terms; and yet of so mild an appearance, that it was agreed to, without a division, and almost without a debate. Something more is, however, intended, and a committee is appointed to inquire into the general state of America. But administration keep their secret as well as that of freemasonry, and, as Coxe profanely suggests, for the same reason.

Don't you remember that in our pantheon walks we admired the *modest beauty* of Mrs. * * * *? *Eh bien!* alas! she is * * *. You ask me with whom? With * * * *, of the guards; both the * * * *'s; * * * *, a steward of * * * *'s, her first love, and half the town besides. A meeting of * * * *'s friends assembled about a week ago, to consult of the best method of acquainting him with his frontal honours. Edmund Burke was named as the orator, and communicated the transaction in a most eloquent speech.

N. B. The same lady, who, at public dinners, appeared to have the most delicate appetite, was accustomed, in her own apartment, to feast on pork steaks and sausages, and to swill porter till she was dead drunk. * * * is abused by the * * * family, has been bullied by * * *, and can prove himself a Cornuto, to the satisfaction of every one but a court of justice. O rare matrimony!

XLVII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

March 29th, 1774.

America.—Had I written Saturday night, as I once intended, fire and sword, oaths of allegiance and high treason tried in England, in consequence of the refusal, would have formed my letter. Lord North, however, opened a most lenient prescription last night; and the utmost attempts towards a new settlement seemed to be no more than investing the governors with a greater share of executive power, nomination of civil officers, (judges, however, for life,) and some regulations of juries. The Boston port bill passed the Lords last night; some lively conversation, but no division.

Bentinck-street.—Rose Fuller was against the Boston port bill, and against his niece's going to Boodle's masquerade. He was

son, John Hume, &c. I am this moment come from Colman's Man of Business. We dined at the Shakespeare, and went in a body to support it. Between friends, though we got a verdict for our client, his cause was but a bad one. It is a very confused miscellany of several plays and tales; sets out brilliantly enough, but as we advance the plot grows thicker, the wit thinner, till the lucky fall of the curtain preserves us from total chaos.

Bentinck-street has visited Welbeck-street. Sappho is very happy that she is there yet: on Sheffield-place she squints with regret and gratitude. Mamma consulted me about buying coals; we cannot get any round ones. Quintus is gone to head the civil war. Of Mrs. * * * * I have nothing to say. I have got my intelligence for insuring, and will immediately get the preservative against fire. Foster has sent me eight-and-twenty pair of Paris silk stockings, with an intimation that my lady wished for half-a-dozen. They are much at her service; but if she will look into David Hume's Essay on National Characters, she will see that I durst not offer them to a Queen of Spain. *Sachez qu'une reine d'Espagne n'a point de jambes.* Adieu.

XLIV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

1774.

We have conquered; * * * was amazed at the tempest just ready to break over his head. He does not desire to go to law, wishes to live in peace, has no complaints to make, hopes for a little indulgence. *Hugonin is now in the attitude* of St. Michael trampling upon Satan; he holds him down, till Andrews has prepared *a little chain of adamant* to bind the foul fiend. In return, receive my congratulation on your Irish victory. Batt told me yesterday, as from good authority, that administration designed a second attempt this session; but to-day I have it from much better, that they always discouraged it and that it was *totally an Hibernian scheme.* You remark that I saw Batt. He passed two hours with me; a pleasant man! He and Sir John Russell dine with me *next week:* you will *have both their portraits; the originals are engaged.*

XLV.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

February, 1774.

Did you get down safe and early? Is my lady in good spirits and humour? You do not deserve that she should, for hurrying her away. Does Maria coquet with Divedown?* Adieu. Bentinck-street looks very dismal. You may suppose that nothing very important has occurred since you left town; but I will send you some account of America after Monday, though indeed my anxiety about an old manor takes away much of my attention from a new Continent. The mildness of Godfrey Clarke is roused into military fury; but he is an old Tory, and you only suppose yourself an old Whig. I alone am true Englishman, Philosopher, and Whig.

* Dr. Downes.

XLVI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Boodle's, Wednesday Evening, March 16th, 1774.

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ntinck-street.—Rose Fuller was against the Boston port bill, gainst his niece's going to Boodle's masquerade. He was

laughed at in the first instance, but succeeded in the second. Sappho and Fanny very indifferent (as mamma says) about going. They seem of a different opinion. Adieu.

XLVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

April 2nd, 1774.

Dear Holroyd,—You owe me a letter; so this extra goes only to acquaint you with a misfortune that has just happened to poor Clarke, and which he really considers as such, the loss of a very excellent father. The blow was sudden; a thin little man, as abstemious as a hermit, was destroyed by a stroke of apoplexy in his coach, as he was going to dinner. He appeared perfectly well, and only two days before had very good-naturedly dined with us at a tavern, a thing he had not done for many years before. I am the only person Clarke wishes to see, except his own family; and I pass a great part of the day with him. A line from you would be kindly received.

Great news, you see, from India. Tanjore four hundred thousand pounds to the company. Sujah Dowlah six hundred thousand. Adieu.

XLIX.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

April 13th, 1774.

At length I am a little more at liberty. Godfrey Clarke went out of town this morning. Instead of going directly into Derbyshire, where he would have been overwhelmed with visits, &c. he has taken his sister, brother, and aunts, to a villa near Farnham, in which he has the happiness of having no neighbourhood. If my esteem and friendship for Godfrey had been capable of any addition, it would have been very much increased by the manner in which he felt and lamented his father's death. He is now in very different circumstances than before; instead of an easy and ample allowance, he has taken possession of a great estate, with low rents and high incumbrances. I hope the one may make amends for the other: under your conduct I am sure they would, and I have freely offered him your assistance, in case he should wish to apply for it.

In the mean time I must not forget my own affairs, which seem to be covered with inextricable perplexity. * * *, as I mentioned about a century ago, promised to see * * * and his attorney, and to oil the wheels of the arbitration. As yet I have not heard from him. I have some thoughts of writing *myself* to the jockey, stating the various steps of the affair, and offering him, with polite firmness, the *immediate* choice of chancery or arbitration.

For the time, however, I forgot all these difficulties, in the present enjoyment of Deyverdun's company; and I glory in thinking, that, although my house is small, it is just of a sufficient size to hold my real friends, male and *female;* among the latter my lady holds the very first place.

We are all quiet.—American business is suspended, and almost forgot. The other day we had a brisk report of a Spanish war. It

we said they had taken one of our Leeward Islands. It since turns out, that we are the invaders, but the invasion is trifling.

Bien obligé non (at present) for your invitation. I wish my lady and you would come up to our masquerade the third of May. The finest thing ever seen. We sup in a transparent temple that costs four hundred and fifty pounds.

L.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

April 21st, 1774.

Dear Holroyd,—I begin to flag, and though you already reproach me as a bad correspondent, I much fear that I shall every week become a more hardened sinner. Besides the occasional obstructions of Clarke and Deyverdun, I must entreat you to consider, with your usual candour, 1. The aversion to epistolary conversation, which it has pleased the demon to implant in my nature. 2. That I am a very fine gentleman, a subscriber to the masquerade, where you and my lady ought to come, and am now writing at Boodle's, in a fine velvet coat, with ruffles of my lady's choosing, &c. 3. That the aforesaid fine gentleman is likewise an historian; and, in truth, when I am writing a page, I do not only think it a sufficient reason for delay, but even consider myself as writing for you, and that much more to the purpose than if I were sending you the little tattle of the town, of which indeed there is none stirring. With regard to America, the minister seems moderate, and the house obedient.

* * *'s last letter, by some unaccountable accident, had never reached me; so that yours, in every instance, amazed me. I immediately dispatched to him groans and approbation. * * *, however, gives me very little uneasiness. I see that he is a bully, and that I have a stick. But the cursed business of Lenborough, in the midst of study, dissipation, and friendship, at times almost distracts me. I am surely in a worse situation than before I sold the estate, and what distresses me is, that

"His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono."—

Both Deyverdun and Clarke wish to be remembered to you. The former, who has more taste for the country than * * * *, could wish to visit you, but he sets out in a few days for the Continent with Lord Middleton. Adieu.

LI.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

May 4th, 1774.

Dear Holroyd,—Last night was the triumph of Boodle's. Our masquerade cost two thousand guineas; a sum that might have fertilised a province, (I speak in your own style,) vanished in a few hours, but not without leaving behind it the fame of the most splendid and elegant fête that was perhaps ever given in a seat of the arts and opulence. It would be as difficult to describe the magnificence of the scene, as it would be easy to record the humour

tinck-street, where you may inhabit two or three nights, and have any advice (Turton, Heberden, &c.) which the town may afford, in a case that most assuredly ought not to be trifled with. Do this as you value our good opinion. The Cantabs are strongly in the same sentiments. There can be no apprehension of late hours, &c. as none of Mrs. H.'s raking acquaintance are in town. * * * * * * * You give me no account of the works. When do you inhabit the library? *Turn over—great things await you.*

It is surely infinite condescension for a senator to bestow his attention on the affairs of a juryman. A senator! Yes, sir, at last

———Quod . . . . Divûm promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.———

Yesterday morning, about half an hour after seven, as I was destroying an army of barbarians, I heard a double rap at the door, and my friend * * * * was soon introduced. After some idle conversation he told me, that if I was desirous of being in parliament, he had an *independent* seat very much at my service. * * * *. This is a fine prospect opening upon me, and if next spring I should take my seat, and publish my book, it will be a very memorable era in my life. I am ignorant whether my borough will be * * *. You despise boroughs, and fly at nobler game. Adieu.

LVI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

December 2nd, 1774.

I send you inclosed a dismal letter from Hugonin. Return it without delay, with observations. A manifesto has been sent to * * *, which must, I think, produce immediate peace or war. Adieu. We shall have a warm day on the address next Monday. A number of young members! Whitshed, *a dry man*, assured me, that he heard one of them ask, whether the king always sat in that chair, pointing to the speaker's. Adieu.

LVII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Boodle's, Jan. 31st, 1775.

Sometimes people do not write because they are too idle, and sometimes because they are too busy. The former was usually my case, but at present it is the latter. The fate of Europe and America seems fully sufficient to take up the time of one man; and especially of a man who gives up a great deal of time for the purpose of public and private information. I think I have sucked Mauduit and Hutcheson very dry; and if my confidence was equal to my eloquence, and my eloquence to my knowledge, perhaps I might make no very intolerable speaker. At all events, I fancy I shall try to expose myself.

Semper ego auditor tantùm? nunquamne reponam?

For my own part, I am more and more convinced that we have both the right and the power on our side, and that, though the event may be accompanied with some melancholy circumstances, we are

now arrived at the decisive moment of preserving, or of losing for ever, both our trade and empire. We expect next Thursday or Friday to be a very great day. Hitherto we have been chiefly employed in reading papers, and rejecting petitions. Petitions were brought from London, Bristol, Norwich, &c., framed by party, and designed to delay. By the aid of some parliamentary quirks, they have been all referred to a separate inactive committee, which Burke calls a committee of oblivion, and are now considered as dead in law. I could write you fifty little house of commons stories, but from their number and nature they suit better a conference than a letter. Our general divisions are about two hundred and fifty to eighty or ninety. Adieu.

LVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BATH.

London, Jan. 31st, 1775.

Dear Madam,—An idle man has no time, and a busy man very little. As yet the house of commons turns out very well to me, and though it should never prove of any real benefit to me, I find it at least a very agreeable coffee-house. We are plunging every day deeper and deeper into the great business of America; and I have hitherto been a zealous, though silent, friend to the cause of government, which, *in this instance*, I think the cause of England. I passed about ten days, as I designed, at Uppark. I found Lord * * * and fourscore fox-hounds.

The troubles of Beriton are perfectly composed, and the insurgents reduced to a state, though not a temper, of submission. You may suppose I heard a great deal of Petersfield. L * * * * means to convict your friend of bribery, to transport him for using a second time old stamps, and to prove that Petersfield is still a part of the manor of Beriton. I remain an impartial spectator. I am, dear madam, most truly yours.

LIX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

February 8th, 1775.

I am not d——d, according to your charitable wishes, because I have not acted; there was such an inundation of speakers, young speakers in every sense of the word, both on Thursday in the grand committee, and Monday on the report to the house, that neither Lord George Germaine nor myself could find room for a single word. The principal men both days were Fox and Wedderburne, on the opposite sides; the latter displayed his usual talents; the former taking the vast compass of the question before us, discovered powers for regular debate, which neither his friends hoped, nor his enemies dreaded. We voted an address (three hundred and four to one hundred and five), of lives and fortunes, declaring Massachusets Bay in a state of rebellion. More troops, but I fear not enough, go to America, to make an army of 10,000 men at Boston; three generals, Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton. In a few days we stop the

the interpretation of a dream, with the government of Babylon, and a priest of the established church, rising gradually to the great offices of the state.

2. You apprehend, sir, that my second objection scarcely deserves a serious answer; and that it is quite sufficient to appeal to my own reading and experience, whether *the strongest conviction of the mind does not perpetually give way to the inflamed and selfish passions*. Since you appeal to me, I shall fairly lay before you the result of my observations on that subject. 1. It must be confessed that the drunkard often sinks into the grave, and the prodigal into a gaol, without a possibility of checking themselves. But they sink by slow degrees; and, whilst they indulge the ruling passion, attend only to the trifling moment of each guinea, or of each bottle, without calculating their accumulated weight, till they feel themselves irretrievably crushed under it. 2. In most of the hazardous enterprizes of life there is a mixture of chance and good fortune: what is called good fortune is often the effect of skill: and as our vanity flatters us into an opinion of our superior merit, we are neither surprised nor dismayed by the miscarriage of our rash predecessors. *The conspirator turns his eyes from the axe and scaffold, perhaps still streaming with blood*, to the successful boldness of Sylla, of Cæsar, and of Cromwell; and convinces himself that on such a golden pursuit it is even *prudent* to stake a precarious and insipid life. We may add that the most daring flights of ambition are as often the effects of necessity as of choice. The princes of Hindostan must either reign or perish; and when Cæsar passed the Rubicon, it was scarcely possible for him to return to a private station. 3. You think, sir, we may learn from our own experience, that an indifference concerning miracles is very compatible with a full conviction of their truth; and so it undoubtedly is, with such a conviction as we have an opportunity of observing.

XXXV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Beriton, Oct. 13th, 1772.

Dear Holroyd,—I am just arrived, as well as yourself, at my *dii penates*, but with very different intention. You will ever remain a bigot to those rustic deities; I propose to abjure them soon, and to reconcile myself to the catholic church of London.

I am so happy, so exquisitely happy, at feeling so many mountains taken off my shoulders, that I can brave your indignation, and even the three-forked lightning of Jupiter himself. My reasons for taking so unwarrantable a step (approved of by Hugonin) were no unmanly despondency (though it daily became more apparent how much the farm would suffer, both in reality and in reputation, by another year's management) * * * * * * * * * * * *
I see pleasure but not use in a congress, therefore decline it. I know nothing as yet of a purchaser, and can only give you full and unlimited powers. If you think it necessary, let me know when you sell; but, however, do as you please.

try), I doubt whether nature, not that in some instances I am ungrateful, has given me the talents of an orator, and I feel that I came into parliament much too late to exert them. Do you hear of Port Eliot coming to Bath? and, above all, do you hear of Charles-street* coming to Bentinck-street, in its way to Essex, &c. Adieu. Dear madam, I am most truly yours.

LXII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON.

House of Commons, May 2nd, 1775.

Dear Madam,—I accept of the Pomeranian lady with gratitude and pleasure, and shall be impatient to form an acquaintance with her. My presentations at St. James's passed graciously. My dinner at Twickenham was attended with less ceremony and more amusement. If they turned out Lord North to-morrow, they would still leave him one of the best companions in the kingdom. By this time I suppose the Eliots are with you. I am sure you will say every thing kind and proper on the occasion. I am glad to hear of the approbation of my constituents for my vote on the Middlesex election. On the subject of America, I have been something more of a courtier. You know, I suppose, that Holroyd is just stepped over to Ireland for a fortnight. He passed three days with me on his way. Deyverdun had left me just before your letter arrived, which I shall soon have an opportunity of conveying to him. Though, I flatter myself, he broke from me with some degree of uneasiness, the engagement could not be declined. At the end of four years he has an annuity of one hundred pounds for life, and may, for the remainder of his days, enjoy a decent independence in that country, which a philosopher would perhaps prefer to the rest of Europe. For my own part, after the hurry of the town and of parliament, I am now retired to my villa in Bentinck-street, which I begin to find a very pleasing solitude, at least as well as if it were two hundred miles from London; because when I am tired of the Roman Empire, I can laugh away the evening at Foote's theatre, which I could not do in Hampshire or Cornwall. I am, dear madam, most truly yours.

LXIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Bentinck-street, August 1st, 1775.

Your apprehensions of a precipitate work, &c., are perfectly groundless. I should be much more addicted to a contrary extreme. The *head* is now printing: true, but it was written last year and the year before. The first chapter has been composed *de nouveau three times;* the second *twice*, and all the others have undergone reviews, corrections, &c. As to the tail, it is perfectly formed and digested (and were I so much given to self-content and haste), it is almost all written. The ecclesiastical part, for instance, is written out in fourteen sheets, which I mean to *refondre* from beginning to

* Mrs. Gibbon's residence at Bath.

for fear of a broken head. After all, do I mean to make you a visit next week? Upon my soul, I cannot tell. I tell everybody that I shall; I know that I cannot pass the week with any man in the world with whom the pleasure of seeing each other will be more reciprocal. Yet, *entre nous*, I do not believe that I shall be able to get out of this town before you come into it. At all events, I look forwards with great impatience to Bruton-street* and the Romans.† Believe me most truly yours.

XXXVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

January 12, 1773.

Dear Holroyd,—Lenborough is no more! * * * * acted like a Jew, and I dare say now repents it. In his room * * * * * found me a better man, a rich, brutish, honest horse-dealer, who has got a great fortune by serving the cavalry. On Thursday he saw Lenborough, on Friday he came to town with * * * * *, and this morning, at nine o'clock, we struck at £20,000, after a very hard battle. As times go, I am not dissatisfied. * * * * and the new Lord of Lenborough (by name * * * *) dined with me; and though we did not speak the same language, yet by the help of signs, such as that of putting about the bottle, the natives seemed well satisfied.

The whole world is going down to Portsmouth, where they will enjoy the pleasures of smoke, noise, heat, bad lodgings, and expensive reckonings. For my own part, I have firmly resisted importunity, declined parties, and mean to pass the busy week in the soft retirement of my *bocage* de Bentinck-street. Yesterday, the East India Company positively refused the loan: a noble resolution, could they get money anywhere else. They are violent; and it was moved, and the motion heard with some degree of approbation, that they should abandon India to Lord North, Sujah Dowlah, or the Devil, if he chose to take it. Adieu.

XXXIX.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Boodle's, May 11, 1773.

Dear Holroyd,—I am full of worldly cares, anxious about the great twenty-fourth, plagued with the Public Advertiser, distressed by the most dismal dispatches from Hugonin. Mrs. Lee claims a million of repairs, which will cost a million of money.

The House of Commons sat late last night. Burgoyne made some spirited motions—"That the territorial acquisitions in India belonged to the state (that was the word); that grants to the servants of the company (such as jaghires) were illegal; and that there could be no true repentance without restitution." Wedderburne defended the nabobs with great eloquence, but little argument. The motions were carried without a division; and the hounds go out again next Friday. They are in high spirits; but the more sagacious ones have no idea they shall kill. Lord North spoke for the inquiry, but faintly

* Where Mr. Holroyd's family passed a winter. † The Roman Club.

nd reluctantly. Lady * * * * is said to be in town at her mother's, nd a separation is unavoidable; but there is nothing certain. Adieu. incerely yours.

XL.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ. AT EDINBURGH.

Bentinck-street, Aug. 7th, 1773.

Dear Holroyd,—I beg ten thousand pardons for not being dead, I certainly ought to be. But such is my abject nature, that I d rather live in Bentinck-street, attainted and convicted of the e of laziness, than enjoy your applause either at Old Nick's or even the Elysian Fields. After all, could you expect that I should nour with my correspondence a wild barbarian of the bogs of Erin? nd the natives intercepted my letter, the terrors occasioned by such known magic characters might have been fatal to you. But now u have escaped the fury of their hospitality, and are arrived among see-vi-leezed nation, I may venture to renew my intercourse.

You tell me of a long list of dukes, lords, and chieftains of renown whom you are introduced; were I with you, I should prefer one *avid* to them all. When you are at Edinburgh, I hope you will t fail to visit the stye of that fattest of Epicurus's hogs, and inform urself whether there remains no hope of its recovering the use of right paw. There is another animal of *great*, though not perhaps *equal*, and certainly not of *similar* merit, one Robertson; has he nost created the new world? Many other men you have undoubtly seen, in the country where you are at present, who must have mmanded your esteem: but when you return, if you are not very nest, you will possess great advantages over me in any dispute ncerning Caledonian merit.

Boodle's and Atwood's are now no more. The last stragglers, and odfrey Clarke in the rear of all, are moved away to their several stles; and I now enjoy, in the midst of London, a delicious solitude. ly library, Kensington Gardens, and a few parties with new acuaintance who are chained to London, (among whom I reckon oldsmith and Sir Joshua Reynolds,) fill up my time, and the onster *ennui* preserves a very respectful distance. By the by, our friends Batt, Sir John Russell, and Lascelles, dined with me ne day before they set off; for I sometimes give the prettiest little inner in the world. But all this composure draws near its conclusion. About the sixteenth of this month Mr. Eliot carries me ay, and after picking up Mrs. Gibbon at Bath, sets me down at rt Eliot: there I shall certainly remain six weeks, or, in other rds, to the end of September. My future motions, whether to ndon, Derbyshire, or a longer stay in Cornwall, (pray is not "moon to stay" rather in the Hibernian style?) will depend on the life Port Eliot, the time of the meeting of parliament, and perhaps the patience of Mr. * * * * *, Lord of Lenborough. One of my leasures in town I forgot to mention, the unexpected visit of Deyrdun, who accompanies his young lord (very young indeed!) on a o months' tour to England. He took the opportunity of the Earl's

going down to the Duke of * * * * * *, to spend a fortnight (do I recollect a more pleasant one) in Bentinck-street. They now gone together into Yorkshire, and I think it doubtful whe I shall see him again before his return to Leipsic. It is a me cholly reflection that while one is plagued with acquaintance at corner of every street, real friends should be separated from e other by unsurmountable bars, and obliged to catch at a few tra ent moments of interview. I desire that you and my lady (wh I most respectfully greet) would take your share of that very and acute observation; not so large a share, indeed, as my Swiss fri since nature and fortune give *us* more frequent opportunities of ing together. You cannot expect news from a desert, and suc London at present. The papers give you the full harvest of publi telligence; and I imagine that the eloquent nymphs of Twick ham * communicate all the transactions of the polite, the amor and the marrying world. The great pantomime of Portsmouth universally admired; and I am angry at my own laziness in negl ing an excellent opportunity of seeing it. Foote has given us Bankrupt, a serious and sentimental piece, with very severe strict on the licence of scandal in attacking private characters. Ad Forgive and epistolize me. I shall not believe you sincere in former, unless you make Bentinck-street your inn. I fear I shal gone; but Mrs. Ford † and the parrot will be proud to receive and my lady after your long peregrination, from which I ex great improvements. Has she got the brogue upon the tip of tongue? ‡

XLI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Port Eliot, Sept. 10th, 177

Dear Holroyd,—By this time you have surely finished your t touched at Edinburgh, where you found a letter, which you h not answered, and are now contemplating the beauties of the We of Sussex. I shall demand a long and particular account of y peregrinations, but will excuse it till we meet; and for the pres expect only a short memorandum of your health and situation, gether with that of my much-honoured friend Mrs. Abigail Holr A word, too, if you please, concerning father and sister; to latter I enclose a receipt from Mrs. G., who is now with me at P Eliot.

Blind as you accuse me of being to the beauties of nature, I wonderfully pleased with this country. Of her three dull no *ground*, *plants*, and *water*, Cornwall possesses the first and las very high perfection. Think of a hundred solitary streams pe fully gliding between amazing cliffs on one side and rich mead on the other, gradually swelling by the aid of the tide into n rivers, successively losing themselves in each other, and all at len terminating in the harbour of Plymouth, whose broad expans

* Miss Cambridges. † His housekeeper.

‡ Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd made a tour to Ireland and Scotland this summer.

rly *dotted* with two-and-forty line of battle ships. In plants, we are deficient; and though all the gentlemen now attend rity, the country will for a long time be very naked. We nt several days agreeably enough in little parties; but in our time rolls away in complete uniformity. Our landlord s neither a pack of hounds, nor a stable of running horses, rge farm, nor a good library. The last only could interest t it is singular that a man of fortune, who chooses to pass nths of the year in the country, should have none of them. rding to our present design, Mrs. G. and myself return to out the beginning of next month. I shall probably make hort stay with her, and defer my Derbyshire journey till year. Sufficient for the summer is the evil thereof, *viz.* one country excursion. Natural inclination, the prosecution of t work, and the conclusion of my Lenborough business, plead in favour of London. However, I desire, and one always ne for what one really desires, to visit Sheffield-place before of October, should it only be for a few days. I know several where I am invited to think myself at home, but I know no here I seem inclined to accept of the invitation. I forgot you, that I have declined the publication of Lord Chester- Letters. The public will see them, and upon the whole, I rith pleasure; but the family were strongly bent against it; ecially on Deyverdun's account, I deemed it more prudent l making them my personal enemies.

XLII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

January, 1774.

e a letter from Hugonin, a *dreadful* one I believe, but it has r days unperused in my drawer. Let me turn it over to

er is playing at what he calls whist; his partner swearing in-

He would write to you to-night, but he thinks he had rrite *next* post; he will think so a good while. Every thing still as death. Our Committee of the Catch Club has done siness this morning than all those of the house of commons eir meeting. Roberts does not petition. This from the best ty, and perhaps totally false. Hare married to Sir Abraham daughter. You see how hard pressed I am for news. Be- t any time, I had rather talk an hour, than write a page. re adieu. I am glad to hear of your speedy removal. Re- r Bentinck-street.

XLIII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

January 29th, 1774.

now getting acquainted with authors, managers, &c. good y to know, but not to live with. Yesterday I dined at the Coffee-house, with Garrick, Colman, Goldsmith, Macpher-

son, John Hume, &c. I am this moment come from Colman's M of Business. We dined at the Shakespeare, and went in a body support it. Between friends, though we got a verdict for our clie his cause was but a bad one. It is a very confused miscellany several plays and tales; sets out brilliantly enough, but as we adva the plot grows thicker, the wit thinner, till the lucky fall of the c tain preserves us from total chaos.

Bentinck-street has visited Welbeck-street. Sappho is very ha that she is there yet: on Sheffield-place she squints with regret gratitude. Mamma consulted me about buying coals; we can get any round ones. Quintus is gone to head the civil war. Mrs. * * * * I have nothing to say. I have got my intellige for insuring, and will immediately get the preservative against f Foster has sent me eight-and-twenty pair of Paris silk stockin with an intimation that my lady wished for half-a-dozen. They much at her service; but if she will look into David Hume's Es on National Characters, she will see that I durst not offer them t Queen of Spain. *Sachez qu'une reine d'Espagne n'a point jambes.* Adieu.

XLIV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

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We have conquered; * * * was amazed at the tempest just re to break over his head. He does not desire to go to law, wishes live in peace, has no complaints to make, hopes for a little indulge *Hugonin is now in the attitude* of St. Michael trampling upon Sat he holds him down, till Andrews has prepared *a little chain adamant* to bind the foul fiend. In return, receive my congratu tion on your Irish victory. Batt told me yesterday, as from g authority, that administration designed a second attempt this sessi but to-day I have it from much better, that they always discoura it and that it was *totally an Hibernian scheme.* You remark th saw Batt. He passed two hours with me; a pleasant man! He Sir John Russell dine with me *next week:* you will *have both t portraits; the originals are engaged.*

XLV.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

February, 17

Did you get down safe and early? Is my lady in good spirits humour? You do not deserve that she should, for hurrying her Does Maria coquet with Divedown?* Adieu. Bentinck-street very dismal. You may suppose that nothing very important occurred since you left town; but I will send you some accou America after Monday, though indeed my anxiety about an old m takes away much of my attention from a new Continent. The ness of Godfrey Clarke is roused into military fury; but he is Tory, and you only suppose yourself an old Whig. I alone true Englishman, Philosopher, and Whig.

* Dr. Downes.

XLVI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Boodle's, Wednesday Evening, March 16th, 1774.

as this morning with * * *. He was positive that the attempt tle the preliminaries of arbitration by letters, would lead us on middle of the summer, and that a meeting was the only prac- measure. I acquiesced, and we blended his epistle and yours ne, which goes by this post. If you can contrive to suit to it xford journey, your presence at the meeting would be received descent of a guardian angel.

y little that is satisfactory has transpired of America. On ay Lord North moved for leave to bring in a bill to remove the s and courts of justice from Boston to New Salem; a step so ental to the former town, as must soon reduce it to your own ; and yet of so mild an appearance, that it was agreed to, with- division, and almost without a debate. Something more is, er, intended, and a committee is appointed to inquire into the l state of America. But administration keep their secret as s that of freemasonry, and, as Coxe profanely suggests, for the reason.

n't you remember that in our pantheon walks we admired the *t beauty* of Mrs. * * * *? *Eh bien!* alas! she is * * *. You e with whom? With * * * *, of the guards; both the * * * *'s; *, a steward of * * * *'s, her first love, and half the town s. A meeting of * * * *'s friends assembled about a week o consult of the best method of acquainting him with his frontal rns. Edmund Burke was named as the orator, and communi- the transaction in a most eloquent speech.

B. The same lady, who, at public dinners, appeared to have ost delicate appetite, was accustomed, in her own apartment, st on pork steaks and sausages, and to swill porter till she was drunk. * * * is abused by the * * * family, has been bullied * *, and can prove himself a Cornuto, to the satisfaction of one but a court of justice. O rare matrimony!

XLVII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

March 29th, 1774.

erica.—Had I written Saturday night, as I once intended, fire word, oaths of allegiance and high treason tried in England, in quence of the refusal, would have formed my letter. Lord h, however, opened a most lenient prescription last night; and most attempts towards a new settlement seemed to be no more investing the governors with a greater share of executive power, nation of civil officers, (judges, however, for life,) and some tions of juries. The Boston port bill passed the Lords last t; some lively conversation, but no division.

ntinck-street.—Rose Fuller was against the Boston port bill, against his niece's going to Boodle's masquerade. He was

laughed at in the first instance, but succeeded in the second. Sappho and Fanny very indifferent (as mamma says) about going. They seem of a different opinion. Adieu.

XLVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

April 2nd, 1774.

Dear Holroyd,—You owe me a letter; so this extra goes only to acquaint you with a misfortune that has just happened to poor Clarke, and which he really considers as such, the loss of a very excellent father. The blow was sudden; a thin little man, as abstemious as a hermit, was destroyed by a stroke of apoplexy in his coach, as he was going to dinner. He appeared perfectly well, and only two days before had very good-naturedly dined with us at a tavern, a thing he had not done for many years before. I am the only person Clarke wishes to see, except his own family; and I pass a great part of the day with him. A line from you would be kindly received.

Great news, you see, from India. Tanjore four hundred thousand pounds to the company. Sujah Dowlah six hundred thousand. Adieu.

XLIX.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

April 13th, 1774.

At length I am a little more at liberty. Godfrey Clarke went out of town this morning. Instead of going directly into Derbyshire, where he would have been overwhelmed with visits, &c. he has taken his sister, brother, and aunts, to a villa near Farnham, in which he has the happiness of having no neighbourhood. If my esteem and friendship for Godfrey had been capable of any addition, it would have been very much increased by the manner in which he felt and lamented his father's death. He is now in very different circumstances than before; instead of an easy and ample allowance, he has taken possession of a great estate, with low rents and high incumbrances. I hope the one may make amends for the other: under your conduct I am sure they would, and I have freely offered him your assistance, in case he should wish to apply for it.

In the mean time I must not forget my own affairs, which seem to be covered with inextricable perplexity. * * *, as I mentioned about a century ago, promised to see * * * and his attorney, and to oil the wheels of the arbitration. As yet I have not heard from him. I have some thoughts of writing *myself* to the jockey, stating the various steps of the affair, and offering him, with polite firmness, the *immediate* choice of chancery or arbitration.

For the time, however, I forgot all these difficulties, in the present enjoyment of Deyverdun's company; and I glory in thinking, that, although my house is small, it is just of a sufficient size to hold a real friends, male and *female;* among the latter my lady holds the very first place.

We are all quiet.—American business is suspended, and almost *forgot*. The other day we had a brisk report of a Spanish war. It

as said they had taken one of our Leeward Islands. It since turns it, that we are the invaders, but the invasion is trifling.

Bien obligé non (at present) for your invitation. I wish my lady d you would come up to our masquerade the third of May. The est thing ever seen. We sup in a transparent temple that costs ur hundred and fifty pounds.

L.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

April 21st, 1774.

Dear Holroyd,—I begin to flag, and though you already reproach e as a bad correspondent, I much fear that I shall every week be- me a more hardened sinner. Besides the occasional obstructions Clarke and Deyverdun, I must entreat you to consider, with your al candour, 1. The aversion to epistolary conversation, which it s pleased the demon to implant in my nature. 2. That I am a y fine gentleman, a subscriber to the masquerade, where you and y lady ought to come, and am now writing at Boodle's, in a fine vet coat, with ruffles of my lady's choosing, &c. 3. That the oresaid fine gentleman is likewise an historian; and, in truth, when am writing a page, I do not only think it a sufficient reason for elay, but even consider myself as writing for you, and that much ore to the purpose than if I were sending you the little tattle of the wn, of which indeed there is none stirring. With regard to merica, the minister seems moderate, and the house obedient.

* * *'s last letter, by some unaccountable accident, had never ached me; so that yours, in every instance, amazed me. I imme- iately dispatched to him groans and approbation. * * *, however, ives me very little uneasiness. I see that he is a bully, and that I ave a stick. But the cursed business of Lenborough, in the midst f study, dissipation, and friendship, at times almost distracts me. I m surely in a worse situation than before I sold the estate, and what istresses me is, that

> "His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono."—

Both Deyverdun and Clarke wish to be remembered to you. The rmer, who has more taste for the country than * * * *, could wish visit you, but he sets out in a few days for the Continent with Lord iddleton. Adieu.

LI.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

May 4th, 1774.

Dear Holroyd,—Last night was the triumph of Boodle's. Our asquerade cost two thousand guineas; a sum that might have rtilized a province, (I speak in your own style,) vanished in a w hours, but not without leaving behind it the fame of the most lendid and elegant fête that was perhaps ever given in a seat of e arts and opulence. It would be as difficult to describe the agnificence of the scene, as it would be easy to record the humour

of the night. The one was above, the other below, all relation. left the Pantheon about five this morning, rose at ten, took a go walk, and returned home to a more rational entertainment of Ba Sir John Russell, and Lascelles, who dined with me. They have left r this moment; and were I to enumerate the things said of Sheffiel it would form a much longer letter than I have any inclination write. Let it suffice, that Sir John means to pass in Sussex t interval of the two terms. Every thing, in a word, goes on ve pleasantly, except the terrestrial business of Lenborough. La Saturday se'nnight I wrote to * * *, to press him to see * * and urge the arbitration. He has not *condescended* to answer m All is a dead calm, sometimes more fatal than a storm. For Go sake send me advice. Adieu.

LII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BATH.

Boodle's, May 24th, 1774.

Dear Madam,—Do you remember that there exists in the wo one Edward Gibbon, a housekeeper in Bentinck-street? If t standard of writing and of affection were the same, I am sure would ill deserve it. I do not wish to discover how many days am sure I ought to use another word) have elapsed since the da of my last, or even of your last letter; and yet such is the sluggi nature of the beast, that I am afraid nothing but the arrival Mrs. Bonfoy, and the expectation of Mr. Eliot, could have rous me from my lethargy. The lady gave me great satisfaction, by h general account of your health and spirits, but communicated so uneasiness, by the mention of a little encounter, in the style of o of Don Quixote's, but which proved, I hope, as trifling as you at fir imagined it. For my own part, I am well in mind and body, busy wit my books, (which may perhaps produce something next year, eith to tire or amuse the world,) and every day more satisfied with m present mode of life, which I always believed was calculated to mak me happy. My only remaining uneasiness is Lenborough, which i not terminated. By Holroyd's advice, I rather try what may b obtained by a little more patience, than rush at once into the horro of chancery. But let us talk of something else. Mrs. Porten grow younger every day. You remember, I think, in Newman-street, a agreeable woman, Miss W * * * *. The under secretary is seriou in love with her, and seriously uneasy that his precarious situati precludes him from happiness. We shall soon see which will get th better, love or reason. I bet three to two on love.

Guess my surprise, when Mrs. Gibbon of Northamptonshire su denly communicated her arrival. I immediately went to Surre street, where she lodged; but though it was no more than half a hour after nine, the saint had finished her evening devotions, and w already retired to rest. Yesterday morning (by appointment) breakfasted with her at eight o'clock, dined with her to-day at te in Newman-street, and am just returned from setting her dow *She is*, in truth, a very great curiosity: her dress and figure exce

anything striking at the masquerade: her language and ideas belong to the last century. However, in point of religion she was rational, that is to say, silent. I do not believe that she asked a single question, or said the least thing concerning it. To me she behaved with great cordiality, and *in her way*, expressed a great regard.

Mrs. Porten tells me, that she has just written to you. She ought to go to a masquerade once a-year. Did you think her such a girl! I am, dear madam, most truly yours.

LIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Boodle's, May 24th, 1774.

I wrote three folio pages to you this morning, and yet you complain. Have reason, and have mercy; consider all the excellent reasons for silence which I gave you in one of my last, and expect my arrival in Sussex, when I shall talk more in a quarter of an hour than I could write in a day. *A propos* of that arrival; never pretend to allure me, by painting in odious colours the dust of London. I love the dust, and whenever I move into the Weald, it is to visit you and my lady, and not your trees. About this day month I mean to give you a *visitation*. I leave it to Guise, Clarke, and the other light horse, to prance down for a day or two. They all talk of mounting, but will not fix the day. Sir John Russell, whom I salute, has brought you, I suppose, all the news of Versailles. Let me only add, that the mesdames, by attending their father, have both got the small-pox. I can make nothing of * * *, or his lawyer. You will swear at the shortness of this letter.—Swear.

LIV.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Saturday evening, August 27th, 1774.

By your submission to the voice of reason, you eased me of a very heavy load of anxiety. I did not like your enterprise. * * * * * * * *. As to papers, I will show you that I can keep them safe till we meet. What think you of the Turks and Russians? Romanzow is a great man. He wrote an account of his amazing success to Mouskin Pouskin here, and declared his intention of retiring as soon as he had conducted the army home; desiring that Pouskin would send him the best plan he could procure of an English gentleman's farm. In his answer, Pouskin promised to get it; but added, that at the same time he should send the Empress *a plan of Blenheim*. A handsome compliment, I think. My lady and Maria, as usual.

LV.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bentinck-street, Sept. 10th, 1774.

Since Heberden is returned, I think the road lies plain before you; I mean the turnpike road. The only party which in good sense can be embraced is, without delay, to bring my lady to Ben-

tinck-street, where you may inhabit two or three nights, and have any advice (Turton, Heberden, &c.) which the town may afford, in a case that most assuredly ought not to be trifled with. Do this as you value our good opinion. The Cantabs are strongly in the same sentiments. There can be no apprehension of late hours, &c. as none of Mrs. H.'s raking acquaintance are in town. * * * * * * * You give me no account of the works. When do you inhabit the library? *Turn over—great things await you.*

It is surely infinite condescension for a senator to bestow his attention on the affairs of a juryman. A senator? Yes, sir, at last

———Quod . . . . Divûm promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.———

Yesterday morning, about half an hour after seven, as I was destroying an army of barbarians, I heard a double rap at the door, and my friend * * * * was soon introduced. After some idle conversation he told me, that if I was desirous of being in parliament, he had an *independent* seat very much at my service. * * * *. This is a fine prospect opening upon me, and if next spring I should take my seat, and publish my book, it will be a very memorable era in my life. I am ignorant whether my borough will be * * *. You despise boroughs, and fly at nobler game. Adieu.

LVI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

December 2nd, 1774.

I send you inclosed a dismal letter from Hugonin. Return it without delay, with observations. A manifesto has been sent to * * *, which must, I think, produce immediate peace or war. Adieu. We shall have a warm day on the address next Monday. A number of young members! Whitshed, *a dry man*, assured me, that he heard one of them ask, whether the king always sat in that chair, pointing to the speaker's. Adieu.

LVII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Boodle's, Jan. 31st, 1775.

Sometimes people do not write because they are too idle, and sometimes because they are too busy. The former was usually my case, but at present it is the latter. The fate of Europe and America seems fully sufficient to take up the time of one man; and especially of a man who gives up a great deal of time for the purpose of public and private information. I think I have sucked Maudnit and Hutcheson very dry; and if my confidence was equal to my eloquence, and my eloquence to my knowledge, perhaps I might make no very intolerable speaker. At all events, I fancy I shall try to expose myself.

Semper ego auditor tantùm? nunquamne reponam?

For my own part, I am more and more convinced that we have both the right and the power on our side, and that, though the event *may* be accompanied with some melancholy circumstances, we are

now arrived at the decisive moment of preserving, or of losing for ever, both our trade and empire. We expect next Thursday or Friday to be a very great day. Hitherto we have been chiefly employed in reading papers, and rejecting petitions. Petitions were brought from London, Bristol, Norwich, &c., framed by party, and designed to delay. By the aid of some parliamentary quirks, they have been all referred to a separate inactive committee, which Burke calls a committee of oblivion, and are now considered as dead in law. I could write you fifty little house of commons stories, but from their number and nature they suit better a conference than a letter. Our general divisions are about two hundred and fifty to eighty or ninety. Adieu.

LVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BATH.

London, Jan. 31st, 1775.

Dear Madam,—An idle man has no time, and a busy man very little. As yet the house of commons turns out very well to me, and though it should never prove of any real benefit to me, I find it at least a very agreeable coffee-house. We are plunging every day deeper and deeper into the great business of America; and I have hitherto been a zealous, though silent, friend to the cause of government, which, *in this instance*, I think the cause of England. I passed about ten days, as I designed, at Uppark. I found Lord * * * and fourscore fox-hounds.

The troubles of Beriton are perfectly composed, and the insurgents reduced to a state, though not a temper, of submission. You may suppose I heard a great deal of Petersfield. L * * * * means to convict your friend of bribery, to transport him for using a second time old stamps, and to prove that Petersfield is still a part of the manor of Beriton. I remain an impartial spectator. I am, dear madam, most truly yours.

LIX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

February 8th, 1775.

I am not d——d, according to your charitable wishes, because I have not acted; there was such an inundation of speakers, young speakers in every sense of the word, both on Thursday in the grand committee, and Monday on the report to the house, that neither Lord George Germaine nor myself could find room for a single word. The principal men both days were Fox and Wedderburne, on the opposite sides; the latter displayed his usual talents; the former taking the vast compass of the question before us, discovered powers for regular debate, which neither his friends hoped, nor his enemies dreaded. We voted an address (three hundred and four to one hundred and five), of lives and fortunes, declaring Massachusets Bay in a state of rebellion. More troops, but I fear not enough, go to America, to make an army of 10,000 men at Boston; three generals, Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton. In a few days we stop the

ports of New England. I cannot write volumes: but I am more and more convinced, that with firmness all may go well; yet I sometimes doubt. I am now writing with ladies (Sir S. Porten and his bride), and two card tables, in the library. As to my silence, judge of my situation by last Monday. I am on the Grenvillian committee of Downton. We always sit from ten to three and a half; after which, that day, I went into the house, and sat till three in the morning. Adieu.

LX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

February 25th, 1775.

We go on with regard to America, if we can be said to go on; for on last Monday a conciliatory motion of allowing the colonies to tax themselves, was introduced by Lord North, in the midst of lives and fortunes, war and famine. We went into the house in confusion, every moment expecting that the Bedfords would fly into rebellion against those measures. Lord North rose six times to appease the storm, but all in vain; till at length Sir Gilbert declared for administration, and the troops all rallied under their proper standard. On Wednesday we had the Middlesex election. I was a patriot; sat by the lord mayor, who spoke well, and with temper, but before the end of the debate fell fast asleep. I am still a mute; it is more tremendous than I imagined; the great speakers fill me with despair, the bad ones with terror.

When do you move? My lady answered like a woman of sense, spirit, and good nature. Neither she nor I could bear it. She was right, and the Duchess of Braganza would have made the same answer. Adieu.

LXI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON.

March 30th, 1775.

Dear Madam,—I hardly know how to take up the pen. I talked in my last of two or three posts, and I am almost ashamed to calculate how many have elapsed. I will endeavour for the future to be less scandalous. Only believe that my heart is innocent of the laziness of my hand. I do not mean to have recourse to the stale and absurd excuse of business, though I have really had a very considerable hurry of new parliamentary business: one day, for instance, of seventeen hours, from ten in the morning till between three and four the next morning. It is, upon the whole, an agreeable improvement in my life, and forms just the mixture of business, of study, and of society, which I always imagined I should, and now find I do, like. Whether the house of commons may ever prove of benefit to myself or country is another question. As yet I have been mute. In the course of our American affairs, I have sometimes had a wish to speak, but though I felt tolerably prepared as to the matter I dreaded exposing myself in the manner, and remained in my seat safe, but inglorious. Upon the whole (though I still believe I sh

try), I doubt whether nature, not that in some instances I am ungrateful, has given me the talents of an orator, and I feel that I came into parliament much too late to exert them. Do you hear of Port Eliot coming to Bath? and, above all, do you hear of Charles-street* coming to Bentinck-street, in its way to Essex, &c. Adieu. Dear madam, I am most truly yours.

LXII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON.

House of Commons, May 2nd, 1775.

Dear Madam,—I accept of the Pomeranian lady with gratitude and pleasure, and shall be impatient to form an acquaintance with her. My presentations at St. James's passed graciously. My dinner at Twickenham was attended with less ceremony and more amusement. If they turned out Lord North to-morrow, they would still leave him one of the best companions in the kingdom. By this time I suppose the Eliots are with you. I am sure you will say every thing kind and proper on the occasion. I am glad to hear of the approbation of my constituents for my vote on the Middlesex election. On the subject of America, I have been something more of a courtier. You know, I suppose, that Holroyd is just stepped over to Ireland for a fortnight. He passed three days with me on his way. Deyverdun had left me just before your letter arrived, which I shall soon have an opportunity of conveying to him. Though, I flatter myself, he broke from me with some degree of uneasiness, the engagement could not be declined. At the end of four years he has an annuity of one hundred pounds for life, and may, for the remainder of his days, enjoy a decent independence in that country, which a philosopher would perhaps prefer to the rest of Europe. For my own part, after the hurry of the town and of parliament, I am now retired to my villa in Bentinck-street, which I begin to find a very pleasing solitude, at least as well as if it were two hundred miles from London; because when I am tired of the Roman Empire, I can laugh away the evening at Foote's theatre, which I could not do in Hampshire or Cornwall. I am, dear madam, most truly yours.

LXIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Bentinck-street, August 1st, 1775.

Your apprehensions of a precipitate work, &c., are perfectly groundless. I should be much more addicted to a contrary extreme. The *head* is now printing: true, but it was written last year and the year before. The first chapter has been composed *de nouveau* three times; the second *twice*, and all the others have undergone corrections, &c. As to the tail, it is perfectly formed and (were I so much given to self-content and haste), it is written. The ecclesiastical part, for instance, is written in ten sheets, which I mean to *refondre* from beginning to

* Mrs. Gibbon's residence at Bath.

end. As to the friendly critic, it is very difficult to find one who has leisure, candour, freedom, and knowledge sufficient. However, Batt and Deyverdun have read and observed. After all, the public is the best critic. I print no more than five hundred copies of the first edition; and the second (as it happens frequently to my betters) may receive many improvements. So much for Rome. We have nothing new from America. But I can venture to assure you, that administration is now as unanimous and decided as the occasion requires. Something will be done this year; but in the spring the force of the country will be exerted to the utmost. Scotch Highlanders, Irish Papists, Hanoverians, Canadians, Indians, &c. will all in various shapes be employed. Parliament meets the first week in November. I think his catholic majesty may be satisfied with his summer's amusement. The Spaniards fought with great bravery, and made a fine retreat; but our Algerine friends surpassed them as much in conduct as in number. Adieu.

The duchess has stopped Foote's piece. She sent for him to Kingston House and threatened, bribed, argued, and wept for about two hours. He assured her that if the chamberlain was obstinate, he should publish it with a dedication to her grace.

LXIV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BATH.

London, August, 1775.

Dear Madam,—Will you accept my present literary business as an excuse for my not writing? I think you will be in the wrong if you do, since I was just as idle before. At all events, however, it is better to say three words, than to be totally a dumb dog. *A propos* of dog, but not of dumb: your Pomeranian is the comfort of my life; pretty, impertinent, fantastical, all that a young lady of fashion ought to be; I flatter myself that our passion is reciprocal. I am just at present engaged in a great historical work; no less than a History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; with the first volume of which I may very possibly oppress the public next winter. It would require some pages to give a more particular idea of it; but I shall only say in general, that the subject is curious, and never yet treated as it deserves; and that during some years it has been in my thoughts, and even under my pen. Should the attempt fail, it must be by the fault of the execution. Adieu. Dear madam, believe me most truly yours.

LXV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Bentinck-street, October 14th, 1775.

I send you two pieces of intelligence from the best authority, and which, unless you hear them from some other quarter, I do not wish you should talk much about. 1st, When the Russians arrive (if they refresh themselves in England or Ireland,) will you go and see their camp? We have great hopes of getting a body of the *barbarians*. In consequence of some very plain advances, King

eorge, with his own hand, wrote a very polite epistle to sister Kitty, requesting her friendly assistance. Full powers and instructions were sent at the same time to Gunning, to agree for any force etween five and twenty thousand men, *carte blanche* for the terms; n condition, however, that they should serve, not as auxiliaries, but s mercenaries, and that the Russian general should be absolutely nder the command of the British. They daily and hourly expect messenger, and hope to hear that the business is concluded. The orst of it is, that the Baltic will be soon frozen up, and that it nust be late next year before they can get to America. 2nd. In the mean time we are not quite easy about Canada; and even if it hould be safe from an attack, we cannot flatter ourselves with the expectation of bringing down that martial people on the Back Settlements. The priests are ours; the gentlemen very prudently wait the event, and are disposed to join the stronger party; but the same lawless spirit and impatience of government which have infected our colonies, are gone forth among the Canadian peasants, over whom, since the conquest, the noblesse have lost much of their ancient influence. Another thing which will please and surprise, is the assurance which I received from a man who might tell me a lie, but who could not be mistaken, that no arts, no management whatsoever have been used to procure the addresses which fill the Gazette, and that Lord North was as much surprised at the first that came up, as we could be at Sheffield. We shall have, I suppose, some brisk skirmishing in parliament, but the business will soon be decided by our superior weight of fire. *A propos*, I believe there has been some vague but serious conversation about *calling out the militia.* The new levies go on very slowly in Ireland. The Dissenters, both there and here, are violent and active. Adieu. I embrace my lady and Maria.

LXVI.—GEORGE LEWIS SCOTT, ESQ. TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.

December 29th, 1775.

Dear Sir,—I am obliged to you for the liberty of perusing part of your work. What I have read has given me a great deal of pleasure. I have found but few slips of the press, or the pen.

The style of the work is clear, and every way agreeable; and I dare say you will be thought to have written with all due moderation and decency with respect to received (at least once received) opinions. The notes and quotations will add not a little to the value of the work. The authority of French writers, so familiar to you, has not infected you, however, with the fault of superficial and careless quotations. I find, since I saw you, that I must be in the chair at the Excise Office to-morrow; which service will confine me too much for a week, to permit me to wait upon you so soon as I could wish. I am very truly, dear sir, your most obedient and most humble servant.

LXVII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

London, January 18th, 1776.

How do you do? Are you alive? Are you buried under mountains of snow? I write merely to triumph in the superiority of my own situation, and to rejoice in my own prudence, in not going down to Sheffield-place, as I seriously, but foolishly, intended to do last week. We proceed triumphantly with the Roman Empire, and shall certainly make our appearance before the end of next month. I have nothing public. You know we have got eighteen thousand Germans from Hesse, Brunswick, and Hesse Darmstadt. I think our meeting will be lively; a spirited minority, and a desponding majority. The higher people are placed, the more gloomy are their countenances, the more melancholy their language. You may call this cowardice, but I fear it arises from their knowledge (a late knowledge) of the difficulty and magnitude of the business. Quebec is not *yet* taken. I hear that Carleton is determined never to capitulate with rebels. A glorious resolution, if it were supported with fifty thousand men! Adieu. I embrace my lady and Maria. Make my excuses to the latter, for having neglected her birthday.

LXVIII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

January 29th, 1776.

Hares, &c. arrived safe; were received with thanks, and devoured with appetite. Send more, *id est* of hares. I believe, in my last I forgot saying any thing of the son of Fergus; his letters reached him. What think you of the season? Siberia, is it not? A pleasant campaign in America. I read and pondered your last, and think that, in the place of Lord G. G. you might perhaps succeed; but I much fear that our leaders have not a genius which can act at the distance of three thousand miles. You know that a large draught of guards are just going to America; poor dear creatures! We are met; but no business. Next week may be busy; Scotch militia, &c. Roman Empire (first part) will be finished in a week or fortnight. At last, I have heard Texier; wonderful! Embrace my lady. The weather too cold to turn over the page. Adieu.

Since this, I received your last, and honour your care of the old women; a respectable name, which, in spite of my lady, may suit judges, bishops, generals, &c. I am rejoiced to hear of Maria's inoculation. I know not when you have done so wise a thing. You may depend upon getting an excellent house. Adieu.

LXIX.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bentinck-street, February 9th, 1776.

You are mistaken about your dates. It is to-morrow *seven-night*, the seventeenth, that my book will decline into the world.

I am glad to find, that by degrees you begin to understand the

antage of a civilised city. Adieu. No public business; parlia-
nt has sat every day, but we have not had a single debate. I
nk you will have *the book* on Monday. The parent is not forgot,
ugh I had not a single one to spare.

.—EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM DR. ROBERTSON TO MR. STRAHAN, DATED EDINBURGH COLLEGE, MARCH 15, 1776.

"Since my last I have read Mr. Gibbon's History with much
ntion and great pleasure. It is a work of very high merit
ed. He possesses that industry of research, without which no
deserves the name of an historian. His narrative is per-
uous and interesting; his style is elegant and forcible, though
ome passages too much laboured, and in others too quaint. But
e defects are amply compensated by the beauty of the general
of language, and a very peculiar happiness in many of his
ressions. I have traced him in many of his quotations, (for
erience has taught me to suspect the accuracy of my brother
men,) and I find he refers to no passage but what he has seen
h his own eyes. I hope the book will be as successful as it
erves to be. I have not yet read the two last chapters, but am
y, from what I have heard of them, that he has taken such a
e in them as will give great offence, and hurt the sale of the book.

LXXI.—MR. FERGUSON TO MR. GIBBON.

Edinburgh, March 19th, 1776.

Dear Sir,—I received, about eight days ago, after I had been
ding your History, the copy which you have been so good as to
d me, and for which I now trouble you with my thanks. But
n if I had not been thus called upon to offer you my respects, I
ld not have refrained from congratulating you on the merit, and
loubted success, of this valuable performance. The persons of
s place whose judgment you will value most, agree in opinion,
t you have made a great addition to the classical literature of
gland, and given us what Thucydides proposed leaving with his own
ntrymen, a *possession in perpetuity*. Men of a certain modesty
l merit always exceed the expectations of their friends; and it
with very great pleasure I tell you, that although you must have
erved in me every mark of consideration and regard, that this is,
vertheless, the case; I receive your instruction, and study your
del, with great deference, and join with every one else in applaud-
; the extent of your plan, in hands so well able to execute it.
me of your readers, I find, were impatient to get at the fifteenth
apter, and began at that place. I have not heard much of their
ticism, but am told that many doubt your orthodoxy. I wish
be always of the charitable side, while I own you have proved
t the clearest stream may become foul when it comes to run over
e muddy bottom of human nature. I have not stayed to make
particular remarks. If any should occur on the second reading,
hall not fail to lay in my claim to a more needed, and more use-

ful admonition from you, in case I ever produce any thing that merits your attention. And am, with the greatest respect, dear sir, your most obliged, and most humble servant,

ADAM FERGUSON.

LXXII.—EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. DAVID HUME TO MR. STRAHAN, DATED EDINBURGH, APRIL 8th, 1776.

* * * * * I am very much taken with Mr. Gibbon's Roman History, which came from your press, and am glad to hear of its success. There will no books of reputation now be printed in London but through your hands and Mr. Cadell's. The author tells me, that he is already preparing a second edition. I resolved to have given him my advice with regard to the manner of printing it; but as I am now writing to you it is the same thing. He ought certainly to print the number of the chapter at the head of the margin; and it would be better if something of the contents could also be added. One is also plagued with his notes, according to the present method of printing the book; when a note is announced, you turn to the end of the volume; and there you often find nothing but a reference to an authority. All these authorities ought only to be printed at the margin, or the bottom of the page. I desire a copy of my new edition should be sent to Mr. Gibbon; as wishing that gentleman, whom I highly value, should peruse me in a form the least imperfect to which I can bring my work.

* * * * * Dr. Smith's performance is another excellent work that has come from your press this winter; but I have ventured to tell him, that it requires too much thought to be as popular as Mr. Gibbon's.

LXXIII.—MR. FERGUSON TO MR. GIBBON.

Edinburgh, April 18th, 1776.

Dear Sir,—I should make some apology for not writing you sooner an answer to your obliging letter: but if you should honour me frequently with such requests, you will find, that, with very good intentions, I am a very dilatory and irregular correspondent. I am sorry to tell you, that our respectable friend* is still declining in his health; he is greatly emaciated, and loses strength. He talks familiarly of his near prospect of dying. His mother, it seems, died under the same symptoms; and it appears so little necessary or proper to flatter him, that no one attempts it. I never observed his understanding more clear, or his humour more pleasant and lively. He has a great aversion to leave the tranquillity of his own house, to go in search of health among inns and hostlers. And his friends here gave way to him for some time; but now think it necessary that he should make an effort to try what change of place and air, or any thing else Sir John Pringle may advise, can do for him. I left him this morning in the mind to comply in this article, and I *hope he will* be prevailed on to set out in a few days. He is just *now sixty-five*.

*Mr. Hume.

am very glad that the pleasure you give us recoils a little on self, through our feeble testimony. I have, as you suppose, employed, at any intervals of leisure or rest I have had for years, in taking notes, or collecting materials, for a History of istractions that broke down the Roman Republic, and ended in stablishment of Augustus and his immediate successors. The liment you are pleased to pay, I cannot accept of, even to ıbject. Your subject now appears with advantages it was not ɔsed to have had; and I suspect that the magnificence of the dering ruin will appear more striking than the same building the view is perplexed with scaffolding, workmen, and dis- ly lodgers, and the ear is stunned with the noise of destructions repairs, and the alarms of fire. The night which you begin to ibe is solemn, and there are gleams of light superior to what is found in any other time. I comfort myself, that as my trade is tudy of human nature, I could not fix on a more interesting r of it than the end of the Roman Republic. Whether my ilations should ever deserve the attention of any one besides lf, must remain to be determined after they are further ıced. I take the liberty to trouble you with the inclosed for Smith, whose uncertain stay in London makes me at a loss to direct for him. You have both such reason to be pleased the world just now, that I hope you are pleased with each r. I am, with the greatest respect, dear sir, your most obedient most humble servant,

ADAM FERGUSON.

LXXIV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

London, May 20th, 1776.

ım angry that you should impede my noble designs of visiting n parts, more especially as I have an advantage which Sir ul had not, that of understanding your foreign lingos. With d to Mrs. Gibbon, her intended visit, to which I was not totally ager, will do me honour; and, though it should delay my emi- on till the end of July, there will still remain the months of st, September, and October. Above all, abstain from giving ast hint to any Bath correspondent, and, perhaps, if I am not ked by opposition, the thing may not be absolutely certain. l events, you may depend on a previous visit. At present, I am busy with the Neckers. I live with her, just as I used to do ty years ago, laugh at her Paris varnish, and oblige her to ne a simple, reasonable Suissesse. The man who might read ish husbands lessons of proper and dutiful behaviour, is a sen- good-natured creature. In about a fortnight I launch again the world in the shape of a quarto volume. Cadell assures me, he never remembered so eager and impatient a demand for a d edition. The town is beginning to break up; the day after rrow we have our last day in the House of Commons, to inquire the instructions of the commissioners. I like the man, and the

motion appears plain. Adieu. I dined with Lord Palmerstone to-day; great dinner of catches. I embrace my lady and the Maria.

LXXV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

To tell you any thing of the change, or rather changes, of governors, I must have known something of them myself; but all is darkness, confusion, and uncertainty, to such a degree, that people do not even know what lies to invent. The news from America have indeed diverted the public attention into another, and far greater, channel. All that you see in the papers, of the repulse of Quebec, as well as the capture of Lee, rests on the authority (a very unexceptionable one) of the provincial papers, as they have been transmitted by Governor Tryon from New York. Howe is well, and eats plentifully; and the weather seems to clear up so fast, that, according to the English custom, we have passed from the lowest despondency to a full assurance of success. My new birth happened last Monday; seven hundred of the fifteen hundred were gone yesterday. I now understand, from pretty good authority, that Dr. * * * *, the friend and chaplain of * * * *, is actually sharpening his goose quill against the last two chapters. Adieu.

June the 6th, 1776, from Almack's, where I was chosen last week.

LXXVI.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Almack's, June 24th, 1776.

Yes, yes, I am alive, and well; but what shall I say? Town grows empty, and this house, where I have passed very agreeable hours, is the only place which still unites the flower of the English youth. The style of living, though *somewhat* expensive, is exceedingly pleasant, and, notwithstanding the rage of play, I have found more entertaining, and even rational society here, than in any other club to which I belong. Mrs. Gibbon still hangs in suspense, and seems to consider a town expedition with horror. I think, however, that she will be soon in motion; and when I have her in Bentinck-street, we shall perhaps talk of a Sheffield excursion. I am now deeply engaged in the reign of Constantine, and, from the specimens which I have already seen, I can venture to promise, that the second volume will not be less interesting than the first. The fifteen hundred copies are moving off with decent speed, and the obliging Cadell begins to mutter something of a third edition for next year. No news of Deyverdun, or his French translation. What a lazy dog! Madame Necker has been gone a great while. I gave her *en partant*, the most solemn assurances of following her *paws* in less than two months; but the voice of indolence begins to whisper a thousand difficulties, and unless your absurd policy should thoroughly provoke me, the Parisian journey may possibly be deferred. I rejoice in the progress of * * * towards light. We are in expectation of American news. Carleton is made a Knight of the Bath. The old report of Washington's resignation, and quarrel with the Congress, seems to revive. Adieu.

LXVII.—EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM DR. GEORGE CAMPBELL, PROFESSOR AT ABERDEEN, TO MR. STRAHAN, DATED ABERDEEN, JUNE 25, 1776.

I have lately read over one of your last winter's publications with very great pleasure, and I hope some instruction. My expectations were indeed high when I began it; but, I assure you, the entertainment I received greatly exceeded them. What made me fall to it with the greater avidity was, that it had in part a pretty close connexion with a subject I had occasion to treat sometimes in my Theological Lectures; to wit, the Rise and Progress of the Hierarchy: and you will believe that I was not the less pleased to discover, in an historian of so much learning and penetration, so great a coincidence with my own sentiments, in relation to some obscure points in the Christian antiquities. I suppose I need not now inform you, that the book I mean is Gibbon's History of the Fall of the Roman Empire; which, in respect of the style and manner, as well as the matter, is a most masterly performance.

LXXVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Saturday, August, 1776.

We expect you at five o'clock, Tuesday, without a sore throat. You have ere this heard of the shocking accident which takes up the attention of the town. Our old acquaintance * * * *. By his own indolence, rather than extravagance, his circumstances were embarrassed, and he had frequently declared himself tired of life. No public news, nor any material expected, till the end of this, or the beginning of the next month, when Howe will probably have collected his whole force. A tough business indeed. You see by their declaration, that they have now passed the Rubicon, and rendered the work of a treaty infinitely more difficult. You will perhaps say, so much the better; but I do assure you, that the *thinking* friends of government are by no means sanguine. I take the opportunity of eating turtle with Garrick at Hampton. Adieu.

LXXIX.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Saturday, ¼ past eleven, 1776.

For the present I am so deeply engaged, that you must renounce the hasty apparition at Sheffield-place; but if you should be very impatient, I will try (after the meeting) to run down, between the Friday and Monday, and bring you the last editions of things. At present *nought* but expectation. The attack on me is begun; an anonymous eighteen-penny pamphlet, which will get the author more glory in the next world than in this. The heavy troops, Watson and mother, are on their march. Adieu.

LXXX.—EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. WALLACE TO MR. STRAHAN, DATED EDINBURGH, AUGUST 30, 1776.

Alas, for David Hume!* His friends have sustained a great loss in his death. He was interred yesterday, at a place he lately purchased in the burying ground on the Calton.

> "For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing, anxious being, e'er resign'd,
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

A monument on that airy elevated cemetery, which, on account of a magnificent terrace now carried round the hill, is greatly frequented, will be extremely conspicuous, and must often call his name to remembrance. It has been remarked, that the same day on which Lucretius died, gave birth to Virgil; and amidst their late severe loss, philosophy and literature will probably find themselves not wholly disconsolate, on reflecting that the same year in which they were deprived of Hume, Gibbon arose; his superior in some respects. This gentleman's History of the Decline of the Roman Empire appears to me, in point of composition, incomparably the finest production in English, without any exception. I hardly thought the language capable of arriving at his correctness, perspicuity, and strength.

LXXXI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

1776.

I hope you bark and growl at my silence; growl and bark. This is not a time for correspondence. Parliament, visits, dinners, suppers, and an hour or two stolen with difficulty for the Decline, leave but very little leisure. I send you the Gazette, and have scarcely anything to add, except that about five hundred of them have deserted to us, and that the New York incendiaries were immediately, and very justifiably, destined to the cord. Lord G. G., with whom I had a long conversation last night, was in high spirits, and hopes to reconquer Germany in America. On the side of Canada, he only fears Carleton's *slowness*, but entertains great expectations that the light troops and Indians, under Sir William Johnson, who are sent from Oswego down the Mohawk River to Albany, will oblige the Provincials to give up the defence of the Lakes, for fear of being cut off. The report of a foreign war subsides. House of commons dull, and opposition talk of suspending hostilities from despair.

An anonymous pamphlet and Dr. Watson out against me; (in my opinion,) the former feeble, and very illiberal; the latter uncommonly genteel. At last I have had a letter from Devverdun; wretched excuses; nothing done; vexatious enough. To-morrow I write to Suard, a very skilful translator of Paris, who was here in the spring with the Neckers, to get him (if not too late) to undertake it. Adieu.

* Mr. Hume died at Edinburgh, August 25, 1776.

LXXII.—MR. GIBBON TO THE REVEREND DR. WATSON (AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF LANDAFF).

Bentinck-street, November 2nd, 1776.

Mr. Gibbon takes the earliest opportunity of presenting his compliments and thanks to Dr. Watson, and of expressing his sense of the liberal treatment which he has received from so candid an adversary. Mr. Gibbon entirely coincides in opinion with Dr. Watson, that as their different sentiments, on a very important period of history, are now submitted to the public, they both may employ their time in a manner much more useful, as well as agreeable, than they could possibly do by exhibiting a single combat in the amphitheatre of controversy. Mr. Gibbon is therefore determined to resist the temptation of justifying, in a professed reply, any passages of his History, which might perhaps be easily cleared from censure and misapprehension; but he still reserves to himself the privilege of inserting in a future edition some occasional remarks and explanations of his meaning. If any calls of pleasure or business should bring Dr. Watson to town, Mr. Gibbon would think himself happy in being permitted to solicit the honour of his acquaintance.

LXXXIII.—DR. WATSON TO MR. GIBBON.

Cambridge, November 4th, 1776.

Dr. Watson accepts with pleasure Mr. Gibbon's polite invitation to a personal acquaintance. If he comes to town this winter, will certainly do himself the honour to wait upon him. Begs, at the same time, to assure Mr. Gibbon, that he will be very happy to have an opportunity of showing him every civility, if curiosity, or other motives, should bring him to Cambridge. Dr. Watson can have some faint idea of Mr. Gibbon's difficulty in resisting the temptation he speaks of, from having been of late in a situation somewhat similar himself. It would be very extraordinary, if Mr. Gibbon did not feel a parent's partiality for an offspring which has justly excited the admiration of all who have seen it; and Dr. Watson would be the last person in the world to wish him to suppress any explanation which might tend to exalt its merits.

LXXXIV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Almack's, November 7th, 1776.

Letters from Burgoyne. They embarked on the Lakes the thirtieth of September, with eight hundred British sailors, six thousand regulars, and a naval force superior to any possible opposition: but the season was so far advanced, that they expected only to occupy and strengthen Ticonderago, and afterwards to return and take up their winter quarters in Canada. Yesterday we had a surprise in the house, from a proclamation of the Howes, which made its first appearance in the Morning Post, and which nobody seems to understand. By this time, my lady may see that I have not much reason to fear my antagonists. *Adieu, till* next Thursday.

LXXXV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Friday evening, November 22nd.

News from the Lakes. A naval combat, in which the Provincials were repulsed with considerable loss. They burnt and abandoned Crown Point. Carleton is besieging Ticonderago. Carleton, I say; for he is there, and it is apprehended that Burgoyne is coming home. We dismissed the Nabobs without a division. Burke and the Attorney General spoke very well. Adieu.

LXXXVI.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bentinck-street, January 18th, 1777.

As I presume, my lady does not make a practice of tumbling down stairs every day after dinner, by this time the colours must have faded, and the high places (I mean the temples) are reduced to a proper level. But what, in the name of the great prince, is the meaning of her declining the urban expedition? Is it the spontaneous result of her own proud spirit? or does it proceed from the secret machinations of her domestic tyrant? At all events, I expect you will both remember your engagement of next Saturday in Bentinck-street, with Donna Catherina, the Mountaineer*, &c. Things go on very prosperously in America. Howe is himself in the Jerseys, and will push at least as far as the Delaware River. The continental (perhaps *now* the rebel) army is in a great measure dispersed, and Washington, who wishes to cover Philadelphia, has not more than six or seven thousand men with him. Clinton designs to conquer Rhode Island in his way home. But what *I* think of much greater consequence, a province made its submission, and desired to be reinstated in the peace of the King. It is indeed only poor little Georgia; and the application was made to Governor Tonyn of Florida. Some disgust at a violent step of the Congress, who removed the President of their Provincial Assembly, a leading and popular man, co-operated with the fear of the Indians, who began to amuse themselves with the exercise of scalping on their back settlements. Town fills, and we are mighty agreeable. Last year, on the Queen's birthday, Sir G. Warren had his diamond star cut off his coat; this day the same accident happened to him again, with another star worth seven hundred pounds. He had better compound by the year. Adieu.

LXXXVII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Almack's, Wednesday evening.

In obedience to thy dread commands I write.

But what shall I say? My life, though more lively than yours, is almost as uniform. A very little reading and writing in the morning, bones or guts† from two to four, pleasant dinners from five to

* *The Honourable* General Simon Fraser.

† *Mr. Gibbon* at this time attended Dr. Hunter's Anatomical Lectures.

eight, and afterwards clubs, with an occasional assembly, or supper. America affords nothing very satisfactory; though we have many flying reports, you may be sure that we are ignorant of the consequences of Trenton, &c. Charles Fox is now at my elbow, declaiming on the impossibility of keeping America, since a victorious army has been unable to maintain any extent of posts in the single province of Jersey. Lord North is out of danger (we trembled for his important existence). I now expect that my lady and you should fix the time for the promised visitation to Bentinck-street. March and April are open—choose. Adieu.

LXXXVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

1777.

You deserve, and we exult in your weather and disappointments. Why would you bury yourself? I dined in Downing-street Thursday last; and I think Wedderburne was at least as agreeable a companion as your timber-surveyor could be. Lee is certainly taken, but Lord North does not apprehend he is coming home. We are not clear whether he behaved with courage or pusillanimity when he surrendered himself; but Colonel Keene told me to-day, that he had seen a letter from Lee since his confinement. "He imputes his being taken, to the alertness of Harcourt, and cowardice of his own guard; hopes he shall meet his fate with fortitude; but laments that freedom is not likely to find a resting-place in any part of the globe." It is said, he was to succeed Washington. We know nothing certain of the Hessians; but there has been a *blow*. Adieu.

LXXXIX.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Saturday night, April 12th, 1777.

Your dispatch is gone to * * *, and I flatter myself that by your assistance I shall be enabled to lose a thousand pounds upon Lenbourgh before I return from Paris. The day of my departure is not absolutely fixed; Sunday seven-night, the twenty-seventh instant, is talked of: but if any India business should come on after the Civil List, it will occasion some delay, otherwise things are in great forwardness. Mrs. Gibbon is an enemy to the whole plan; and I must answer, in a long letter, two very ingenious objections which she has started. 1st, That I shall be confined, or put to death by the priests, and, 2ndly, That I shall sully my *moral* character, by making love to Necker's wife. Before I go, I will consult Newton, about a power of attorney for you. By the by, I wish you would remember a sort of promise, and give me one day before I go. We talk chiefly of the Marquis de la Fayette, who was here a few weeks ago. He is about twenty, with an hundred and thirty thousand livres a year; the nephew of Noailles, who is ambassador here. He has bought the Duke of Kingston's yacht, and is gone to join the Americans. The Court *appear* to be angry with him. Adieu.

XC.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Atwood's, Saturday night, April 19th, 1777.

It is not possible as yet to fix the day of my departure. That circumstance depends on the state of India, and will not be determined till the General Court of next Wednesday. I know from the *first* authority, if the violence of the proprietors about the Pigot, can be checked in the India House by the influence of a government majority, the minister does not wish to exert the omnipotence of Parliament; and I shall be dismissed from hence time enough to set forwards on Thursday the first of May. On the contrary, should we be involved in those perplexing affairs, they may easily detain me till the middle of next month. But as all this is very uncertain, I direct you and my lady to appear in town to-morrow seven-night. I have many things to say. We have been animated this week, and, notwithstanding the strict economy recommended by Charles Fox and John Wilkes, we have paid the royal debts. Adieu.

XCI.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Monday night, April 21st, 1777.

Bad news from Hampshire.———Support Hugonin, comfort me; correct or expel * * * *; sell Lenborough, and remove my temporal cares. When do you arrive?

XCII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Wednesday night, April 23rd, 1777.

It is uncertain whether India comes to Westminster this year, and it is certain that Gibbon goes to Paris next Saturday seven-night. Therefore Holroyd must appear in town the beginning of not week. Gibbon wants the cordial of his presence before the journey. My lady *must* come.

XCIII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Dover, Tuesday evening, May 6th, 1777.

My expedition does not begin very auspiciously. The wind, which for some days had been fair, paid me the compliment of changing on my arrival; and, though I immediately secured a vessel, it has been impossible to make the least use of it during the whole course of this tedious day. It seems doubtful, whether I shall get out to-morrow morning; and the captain assures me, that the passage will have the double advantage of being both cold and rough. Last night a small privateer, fitted out at Dunkirk, with a commission from Dr. Franklin, attacked, took, and carried into Dunkirk road the Harwich packet. The King's messenger had just time to throw his dispatches overboard. He passed through this town about four *o'clock* this afternoon, in his return to London. As the alarm is

now given, our American friend will probably remain quiet, or will be soon caught; so that I have not much apprehension for my personal safety; but if so daring an outrage is not followed by punishment and restitution, it may become a very serious business, and may possibly shorten my stay at Paris.

Adieu. I shall write by the first opportunity, either from Calais or Philadelphia.

XCIV.—MR. GIBBON TO MR. HOLROYD.

Calais, Wednesday, May 7th, 1777.

Post nubila Phœbus. A pleasant passage, an excellent house, a good dinner with Lord * * * *, whom I found here. Easy Custom-house officers, fine weather, &c. I am detained to-night by the temptation of a French comedy, in a theatre at the end of Deseein's garden; but shall be in motion to-morrow early, and hope to dine at Paris Saturday. Adieu. I think I am a punctual correspondent; but this beginning is too good to last.

XCV.—DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON TO MR. GIBBON.

College of Edinburgh, June 5th, 1777.

Sir,—I have desired Mr. Strahan to take the liberty of sending you, in my name, a copy of the History of America, which I hope you will do me the honour of accepting, as a testimony, not only of my respect, but of my gratitude, for the instruction which I have received from your writings, as well as the credit you have done me, by the most obliging manner in which you have mentioned my name. I wish the present work may not diminish sentiments so flattering to me. I have taken much pains to obtain the approbation of those whose good opinion one ought to be solicitous to secure, and I trust that my industry at least will be applauded.

An unlucky indisposition prevented me from executing a scheme which I had formed, of passing two months of last spring in London. The honour of being made known to you was one of the pleasures with which I had flattered myself. But I hope to be more fortunate next year; and beg that you will believe that I am, with great respect, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant.

XCVI.—MR. GIBBON TO DR. ROBERTSON.

Paris, 1777.

Sir,—when I ventured to assume the character of historian, the first, most natural, but at the same time the most ambitious, wish which I entertained, was to obtain the approbation of Dr. Robertson and of Mr. Hume; two names which friendship united, and which posterity will never separate. I shall not therefore attempt to dissemble, though I cannot easily express, the pleasure which I received from your most valuable present. The satisfaction which I should otherwise have enjoyed, in common with the public, will

now be heightened by a sentiment of a more personal and flattering nature; and I shall frequently whisper to myself, that I have in some measure deserved the esteem of the writer whom I admire.

A short excursion which I have made to this place, during the summer months, has occasioned some delay in my receiving your letter, and will prevent my possessing, till my return, the copy of your History, which you so politely desired Mr. Strahan to send me. But I have already gratified the eagerness of my impatience; and although I was obliged to return the book much sooner than I could have wished, I have seen enough to convince me, that the present publication will support, and, if possible, will extend the fame of the author; that the materials are collected with diligence, and arranged with skill; that the first book contains a learned and satisfactory account of the progress of discovery; that the achievements, the dangers, and the crimes, of the Spanish adventurers are related with a temperate spirit; and that the most original, perhaps the most curious, portion of the history of human manners is at length rescued from the hands of sophists and declaimers. Lord Stormont and the few in this capital, who have had an opportunity of perusing the History of America, unanimously concur in the same sentiments. Your work is already become a favourite topic of public conversation; and Mr. Suard is repeatedly pressed, in my hearing, to fix the time when his translation will appear.

I flatter myself you will not abandon your design of visiting London next winter; as I already anticipate, in my own mind, the advantages which I shall derive from so pleasing and so honourable a connexion. In the mean while, I should esteem myself happy, if you could think of any literary commission, in the execution of which I might be useful to you at Paris, where I propose to stay, till very near the meeting of parliament. Let me, for instance, suggest an inquiry, which cannot be indifferent to you, and which might perhaps be within my reach. A few days ago I dined with Bagniouski, the famous adventurer, who escaped from his exile at Kamschatska, and returned into Europe by Japan and China. His narrative was amusing, though I know not how far his veracity, in point of circumstances, may safely be trusted. It was his original design to penetrate through the north-east passage; and he actually followed the coast of Asia as high as the latitude of 67° 35', till his progress was stopped by the ice, in the strait between the two continents, which was only seven leagues broad. Thence he descended along the coast of America, as low as Cape Mendocin; but was repulsed by contrary winds, in his attempt to reach the port of Acapulco. The Journal of his Voyage, with his original Charts, is now at Versailles, in the *Depôt des Affaires Etrangers*; and if you conceived that it would be of any use to you for a second edition, I would try what might be obtained; though I am not ignorant of the mean jealousy which you yourself have experienced, and so deservedly stigmatised. I am, &c.

XCVII.—DR. ROBERTSON TO MR. GIBBON.

Sir,—I had the honour of your obliging letter, and I should be a very proud man indeed, if I were not vain of the approbation which you are pleased to bestow upon me. As you will now have had an opportunity to peruse the book, which you had only seen when you wrote to me, I indulge myself in the hopes, that the favourable opinion you had formed of it, is not diminished. I am much pleased with your mentioning my friendship with Mr. Hume; I have always considered that as one of the most fortunate and honourable circumstances of my life. It is a felicity of the age and country in which we live, that men of letters can enter the same walk of science, and go on successfully, without feeling one sentiment of envy or rivalship. In the intercourse between Mr. Hume and me, we always found *something to blame* as well as *something to commend.* I have received frequently very valuable criticisms on my performances from him; and I have sometimes ventured to offer him my strictures on his works. Permit me to hope for the same indulgence from you. If, in reading the History of America, anything, either in the matter or style, has occurred to you as reprehensible, I will deem it a most obliging favour if you will communicate it freely to me. I am certain of profiting by such a communication.

I return you thanks for your frank offer of executing any literary commission for me. I accept of it without ceremony, and am flattered with the idea of receiving such aid from your hands. I know nothing of Bagniouski's adventures, but what was published in some newspaper. If one can rely on his veracity, what he relates must be very interesting to me. If you had been writing the History of America, the question concerning the mode of peopling it might not perhaps have occupied your attention very much. But it was proper for me to consider it more fully. Bagniouski (if he may be credited) has seen what it may be useful for me to know. I can see no reason why the court of France should be shy about communicating his Journal, and the Charts which illustrate it; possibly my name may operate somewhat towards obtaining a copy of both; your interposition, I am confident, will do a great deal. It will be very illiberal, indeed, if such a communication were refused. My Lord Stormont (by whose attention I have been much honoured) would not decline to give his aid, were that necessary. But if your court resembles that of Spain, I am afraid every proposal from an ambassador is received with some degree of jealousy. Your own private application will, I apprehend, be more effectual. As it is probable that a second edition may go to press early in the winter, it will add to the favour, if you can soon inform me concerning the success of your negotiation. As this is something in the style of the *corps diplomatique*, allow me to recommend one of its members to you. Mr. Fullarton, the new secretary of the embassy, is a particular friend of mine. He is a young man of such qualities both of head and heart, that I am sure

you will esteem and love him. Please remember me to him. I have the honour to be, with great respect, your obliged, humble servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

XCVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Paris, June 16th, 1777.

I told you what would infallibly happen, and you know enough of the nature of the beast not to be surprised at it. I have now been at Paris exactly five weeks; during which time I have not written to any person whatsoever within the British dominions, except two lines of notification to Mrs. Gibbon. The demon of procrastination has at length yielded to the genius of friendship, assisted indeed by the powers of fear and shame. But when I have seated myself before a table, and begin to revolve all that I have seen and tasted during this busy period, I feel myself oppressed and confounded, and I am very near throwing away the pen, and resigning myself to indolent despair. A complete history would require a volume, at least, as corpulent as the Decline and Fall; and if I attempt to select and abridge, besides the difficulty of the choice, there occur so many things which cannot properly be entrusted to paper, and so many others of too slight a texture to support the journey, that I am almost tempted to reserve for our future conversations the detail of my pleasures and occupations. But as I am sensible that you are *rigid* and impatient, I will try to convey, in a few words, a general idea of my situation as a man of the world, and as a man of letters. You remember that the Neckers were my principal dependence; and the reception which I have met with from them very far surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I do not indeed lodge in their house (as it might excite the jealousy of the husband and procure me a *lettre de cachet*), but I live very much with them, and dine and sup whenever they have company, which is almost every day, and whenever I like it, for they are not in the least *exigeans*. Mr. Walpole gave me an introduction to Madame du Deffand, an agreeable young lady of eighty-two years of age who has constant suppers and the best company in Paris. When you see the Duke of Richmond, he will give you an account of that house, where I meet him almost every evening. Ask him about Madame de Cambis. I have met the Duke of Choiseul at his particular request, dined by *accident* with Franklin, conversed with the Emperor, been presented at court, and gradually, or rather rapidly, I find my acquaintance spreading over the most valuable parts of Paris. They pretend to like me, and whatever you may think of French professions, I am convinced that some at least are sincere. On the other hand, I feel myself easy and happy in their company, and only regret that I did not come over two or three months sooner. Though Paris throughout the summer promises me a very agreeable society, yet I am hurt every day by the departure of men and women whom I begin to know with some familiarity, the departure of officers

to their governments and garrisons, of bishops for their dioceses, and even of country gentlemen for their estates, as a rural taste gains ground in this country. So much for the general idea of my acquaintance; details would be endless, yet unsatisfactory. You may add to the pleasures of society those of the spectacles and promenades, and you will find that I lead a very agreeable life; let me just condescend to observe, that it is not extravagant. After decking myself out with silks and silver, the ordinary establishment of coach, lodging, servants, eating, and pocket expenses, does not exceed sixty pounds per month. Yet I have two footmen in handsome liveries behind my coach, and my apartment is hung with damask. Adieu for the present: I have more to say, but were I to attempt any farther progress, you must wait another post; and you have already waited long enough, of all conscience.

Let me just in two words give you an idea of my day. I am just now going (nine o'clock) to the King's library, where I shall stay till twelve; as soon as I am dressed, I set out to dine with the Duke de Nivernois; shall go from thence to the French comedy, into the Princess de Beauveau's *loge grillée*, and cannot quite determine whether I shall sup at Madame du Deffand's, Madame Necker's, or the Sardinian Ambassadress's. Once more adieu.

I embrace my lady and *Bambini*. I shall with cheerfulness execute any of her commissions.

XCIX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Paris, August 13th, 1777.

Well, and who is the culprit now?—Thus far had I written in the pride of my heart, and fully determined to inflict an epistle upon you, even before I received any answer to my former; I was very near a bull. But this forward half line lay ten days barren and inactive, till its generative powers were excited by the missive which I received yesterday. What a wretched piece of work do we seem to be making of it in America! The greatest force which any European power ever ventured to transport into that continent, is not strong enough even to attack the enemy; the naval strength of Great Britain is not sufficient to prevent the Americans (they have almost lost the appellation of Rebels) from receiving every assistance that they wanted; and in the mean time you are obliged to call out the militia to defend your own coasts against their privateers. You possibly may expect from me some account of the designs and policy of the French court, but I choose to decline that task for two reasons: 1st, because you may find them laid open in every newspaper; and 2ndly, because I live too much with their courtiers and ministers to know anything about them. I shall only say that I am not under any immediate apprehensions of a war with France. It is much more pleasant as well as profitable to view in safety the raging of the tempest, occasionally to pick up some pieces of the wreck, and to improve their trade, their agriculture, and their finances, while the two countries are *lento collisa duello*. Far from taking any

step to put a speedy end to this astonishing dispute, I should not be surprised if next summer they were to lend their cordial assistance to England, as the weaker party. As to my personal engagement with the D. of R., I recollect a few slight skirmishes, but nothing that deserves the name of a general engagement. The extravagance of some disputants, both French and English, who have espoused the cause of America, sometimes inspires me with an extraordinary vigour. Upon the whole, I find it much easier to defend the justice than the policy of our measures; but there are certain cases, where whatever is repugnant to sound policy ceases to be just.

The more I see of Paris, the more I like it. The regular course of society in which I live is easy, polite, and entertaining; and almost every day is marked by the acquisition of some new acquaintance, who is worth cultivating, or who, at least, is worth remembering. To the great admiration of the French, I regularly dine and regularly sup, drink a dish of strong coffee after each meal, and find my stomach a citizen of the world. The spectacles, (particularly the Italian, and above all the French comedies) which are open the whole summer, afford me an agreeable relaxation from company; and to show you that I frequent them from taste, and not from idleness, I have not yet seen the Colisee, the Vauxhall, the Boulevards, or any of those places of entertainment which constitute Paris to most of our countrymen. Occasional trips to dine or sup in some of the thousand country-houses which are scattered round the environs of Paris, serve to vary the scene. In the mean while the summer insensibly glides away, and the fatal month of October approaches, when I must change the house of Madame Necker for the house of commons. I regret that I could not choose the winter, instead of the summer, for this excursion: I should have found many valuable persons, and should have preserved many others whom I have lost as I began to know them. The Duke de Choiseul, who deserves attention both for himself, and for keeping the best house in Paris, passes seven months of the year in Touraine; and though I have been tempted, I consider with horror a journey of sixty leagues into the country. The Princess of Beauveau, who is a most superior woman, has been absent above six weeks, and does not return till the 24th of this month. A large body of recruits will be assembled by the Fontainbleau journey; but in order to have a thorough knowledge of this splendid country, I ought to stay till the month of January; and if I could be sure that Opposition would be as tranquil as they were last year——I think your life has been as animated, or, at least, as tumultuous, and I envy you Lady Payne, &c. much more than either the Primate, or the Chief Justice. Let not the generous breast of my lady be torn by the black serpents of envy. She still possesses the first place in the sentiments of her slave: but the adventure of the fan was a mere accident, owing to Lord Carmarthen. Adieu. I think you may be satisfied. I say nothing of my terrestrial affairs.

C.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Bentinck-street, Saturday, November, 1777.

Had you four horns as well as four eyes and four hands, I should ill maintain that you are the most unreasonable monster in the nation. My pain is lively, my weakness excessive, the season cold, nd only twelve days remain to the meeting. Far from thinking of ips into the country, I shall be well satisfied if I am on my legs e 20th, in the medical sense of the word. At present I am a rpse, carried about by four arms which do not belong to me. Yet try to smile: I salute the hen and chickens. Adieu. Writing is ally painful.

CI.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Friday, November 14th, 1777.

I do not like this disorder on your eyes: and when I consider your emperance and activity, I cannot understand why any spring of the nachine should ever be deranged. With regard to myself, the gout as behaved in a very honourable manner; after a complete conquest, nd after making me feel his power for some days, the generous nemy has disdained to abuse his victory, or to torment any longer n unresisting victim. He has already ceased to torture the lower extremities of your humble servant; the swelling is so amazingly diminished, that they are no longer above twice their ordinary size. Yesterday I moved about the room with the laborious majesty of crutches; to-day I have exchanged them for a stick; and by the beginning of next week, I hope, with due precaution, to take the air, and to inure myself for the interesting representation of Thursday. How cursedly unlucky; I wanted to see you both: a thousand things to say and hear, and every thing of that kind broken to pieces. If you are not able to come to Bentinck-street, I must contrive to steal three or four vacant days during the session, and run down to Sheffield. The town fills, and I begin to have numerous levees, and couchees; more properly the latter. We are still in expectation, but in the mean while we believe (I mean ministers), that the news of Howe's victory and the taking of Philadelphia are true.

CII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

December 2nd, 1777.

By the inclosed you will see that America is not *yet* conquered. Opposition are very lively; and, though in the house we keep our numbers, there seems to be an universal desire of peace, even on the most humble conditions. Are you still fierce?

CIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Monday night, December, 1777.

I congratulate your noble firmness, as I suppose it must arise from the knowledge of some hidden resources, which will enable us to open the next campaign with new armies of fifty or sixty thousand men. But I believe you will find yourself obliged to carry on this glorious war almost alone. It would be idle to dispute any more about politics, as we shall soon have an opportunity of a personal combat. Your journey gives me some hopes that you have not entirely lost your reason. Your bed shall be ready.

CIV.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

House of Commons, Thursday, Dec. 4, 1778.

Dreadful news indeed! You will see them partly in the papers, and we have not yet any particulars. An English army of nearly ten thousand men laid down their arms, and surrendered prisoners of war, on condition of being sent to England, and of never serving against America. They had fought bravely, and were three days without eating. Burgoyne is said to have received three wounds. General Fraser, with two thousand men, killed. Colonel Ackland likewise killed. A general cry for peace. Adieu. We have constant late days.

CV.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

February 28th, 1778.

* * * * * * * * As to politics, we should easily fill pages, and therefore had better be silent. You are mistaken in supposing that the bills are opposed; some particular objections have been stated, and in the *only* division I voted with government.

CVI.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

February 23rd, 1778.

You do not readily believe in preternatural miscarriages of letters, nor I neither. Listen, however, to a plain and honest narrative. The morning after breakfast, as I was ruminating on *your* silence, Thomas, my new footman, with confusion in his looks, and stammering on his tongue, produced a letter reasonably soiled, which he was to have brought me the day of his arrival, and which had lain that time in his pocket. To shorten as much as possible the continuance, I immediately inquired, whether any method of conveyance could be devised more expeditious than the post, and was fortunately informed of your coachman's intentions. You probably know the head of the plan; an act of parliament, to declare that we never *had intention* of taxing America: another act, to empower the crown

name commissioners, authorised to suspend hostilities by sea and land, as well as all obnoxious acts; and, in short, to grant every thing, except independence. Opposition, after expressing their doubts whether the lance of Achilles could cure the wound which it had inflicted, could not refuse their assent to the principles of conduct which they themselves had always recommended. Yet you must acknowledge, that in a business of this magnitude there may arise several important questions, which, without a spirit of faction, will deserve to be debated: whether parliament ought not to name the commissioners? whether it would not be better to repeal the obnoxious acts ourselves? I do not find that the world, that is, a few people whom I happen to converse with, are much inclined to praise Lord N.'s ductility of temper. In the service of next Friday, you will, however, take notice of the injunction given by the Liturgy: "And all the people shall say after the *minister*, Turn us again, O Lord, and so shall we be turned." While we consider whether we shall negotiate, I fear the French have been more diligent. It is positively asserted, both in private and in parliament, and not contradicted by the ministers, that on the 5th of this month a treaty of commerce (which naturally leads to a war) was signed at Paris with the independent States of America. Yet there still remains a hope that England may obtain the preference. The two greatest countries in Europe are fairly running a race for the favour of America. Adieu.

CVII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Almack's, Saturday night, March 21st, 1778.

As business thickens, and you may expect me to write sometimes, I shall lay down one rule; totally to avoid political argument, conjecture, lamentation, declamation, &c. which would fill pages, not to say volumes; and to confine myself to short, authentic pieces of intelligence, for which I may be able to afford moments and lines. Hear then—The French ambassador went off yesterday morning, not without some slight expressions of ill humour from John Bull. Lord Stormont is probably arrived to-day. No *immediate* declaration, except on our side. A report (but vague) of an action in the Bay, between La Motte Piquet and Digby; the former has five ships and three frigates, with three large store ships under convoy; the latter has eleven ships of the line. If the Frenchman should sail to the mouth of the Delaware, he may possibly be followed and shut up. When Franklin was received at Versailles, Deane went in the same character to Vienna, and Arthur Lee to Madrid. Notwithstanding the reports of an action in Silesia, they subside; and I have seen a letter from Eliot at Berlin of the tenth instant, without any mention of actual hostilities, and even speaking of the impending war as not absolutely inevitable. Last Tuesday the first payment of the loan of six hundred thousand pounds was certainly made; and as it would otherwise be forfeited, *it is a security* for the remainder. I have not *yet got the intelligence you want*, about former prices of stock in

critical times. There are surely such. *Dixi. Vale.* Send me some good news from Bucks; in spite of the war, I must sell. We want you in town. Simon Fraser is impatient: but if you come without my lady, every door will be shut.

CVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Almack's, Friday, June 12th, 1778.

* * * *'s letter gave me that sort of satisfaction which one may receive from a good physician, who, after a careful examination, pronounces your case incurable. But no more of that. I take up the pen, as I suppose by this time you begin to swear at my silence. Yet literally (a bull) I have not a word to say. Since D'Estaing's fleet has passed through the Gut (I leave you to guess where it must have got out) it has been totally forgotten, and the most wonderful lethargy and oblivion, of war and peace, of Europe and of America, seems to prevail. Lord Chatham's funeral was meanly attended, and government ingeniously contrived to secure the double odium of suffering the thing to be done, and of doing it with a good grace. The chief conversation at Almack's is about tents, drill-serjeants, divisions, firings, &c. and I am revered as a veteran. Adieu. When do you return? If it suits your evolutions, aunt Kitty and myself meditate a Sussex journey next week. I embrace my lady.

CIX.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Wednesday evening, July 1st, 1778.

Your plan of operations is clear and distinct; yet, notwithstanding your zeal, and the ideas of ducal discipline, I think you will be more and longer at Sheffield-place than you imagine. However, I am disposed to advance my journey as much as possible. I want to see you; my martial ardour makes me look to Coxheath, necessity obliges me to think of Beriton, and I feel something of a very new inclination to taste the sweets of the country. Aunt Kitty shares the same sentiments; but various obstacles will not allow us to be with you before Saturday, or perhaps Sunday evening; I say *evening*, as we mean to take the cool part of the day, and shall probably arrive after supper. Keppel's return has occasioned infinite and inexpressible consternation, which gradually changes into discontent against him. He is ordered out again with three or four large ships; two of ninety, two of seventy-four, and the fiftieth regiment as marines. In the mean time the French, with a superior fleet, are masters of the sea; and our outward-bound East and West India trade is in the most imminent danger. Adieu.

CX.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bentinck-street, July 7th, 1778.

Expect me——when you see me; and do not regulate your

active motions by my uncertainty. Saturday is impossible. The most probable days are, Tuesday or Friday. I live not unpleasantly, in a round of ministerial dinners; but I am rather impatient to see my white house at Brighton. I cannot find that Sheffield has the same attractions for you.* Lord North, as a mark of his gratitude, observed the other day, that your regiment would make a very good figure in North Carolina. Adieu. I wrote two lines to Mitchel, lest he should think me dead.

CXI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

Saturday night, September 25th, 1778.

No news from the fleets; we are so tired of waiting, that our impatience seems gradually to subside into a careless and supine indifference. We sometimes yawn, and ask, just by way of conversation, Whether Spain will join? I believe you may depend on the truth, not the sincerity, of an answer from their court, that they will not support or acknowledge the independence of the Americans. But on the other hand, magazines are forming, troops marching, in a style which threatens Gibraltar. Gib is, however, a hard morsel; five thousand effectives, and every article of defence in the most complete state. We are certainly courting Russia. So much for the Republic. Adieu.

CXII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Tuesday night, November, 1778.

You sometimes complain that I do not send you early news; but you will now be satisfied with receiving a full and true account of all the parliamentary transactions of *next* Thursday. In town we think it an excellent piece of humour† (the author is Tickell). Burke and C. Fox are pleased with their own speeches, but serious patriots groan that such things should be turned to farce. We seem to have a chance of an additional Dutch war: you may depend upon its being a very important business, from which we cannot extricate ourselves without either loss or shame. *Vale.*

CXIII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Almack's, Wednesday evening, 1778.

I delayed writing, not so much through indolence as because I expected every post to hear from you. The state of Beriton is uncertain, incomprehensible, tremendous. It would be endless to send you the folios of Hugonin, but I have enclosed you one of his most picturesque epistles, on which you may meditate. Few offers; one, promising enough, came from a gentleman at Camberwell: I detected him, with masterly skill and diligence, to be only an attorney's clerk, without money, credit, or experience. I have written

* *Mr. Holroyd was then in quarters at* Brighthelmstone.
† *The title of the pamplet—Anticipation.*

as yet in vain to Sir. John Shelley, about Hearsay; perhaps you might get intelligence. I much fear that the Beriton expedition is necessary; but it has occurred to me, that if I *met*, instead of *accompanying* you, it would save me a journey of above one hundred miles. That reflection led to another of a very impudent nature; *viz.* that if I did not accompany you, I certainly could be of no use to you or myself on the spot; that I had much rather, while you examined the premises, pass the time in a horse-pond; and that I had still rather pass it in my library with the Decline and Fall. But that would be an effort of friendship worthy of Theseus or Pirithous: modern times would hardly credit, much less imitate, such exalted virtue. No news from America, yet there are people, large ones too, who talk of conquering it next summer with the help of twenty thousand Russians. I fancy you are better satisfied with private than public war. The Lisbon packet in coming home met forty of our privateers. Adieu. I hardly know whether I direct right to you, but I think Sheffield-place the surest.

CXIV.—DR. WATSON (AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF LLANDAFF) TO MR. GIBBON.

Cambridge, January 14th, 1779.

Sir,—It will give me the greatest pleasure to have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Mr. Gibbon. I beg he would accept my sincere thanks for the too favourable manner in which he has spoken of a performance, which derives its chief merit from the elegance and importance of the work it attempts to oppose. I have no hope of a future existence, except that which is grounded on the truth of Christianity. I wish not to be deprived of this hope; but I should be an apostate from the mild principle of the religion I profess, if I could be actuated with the least animosity against those who do not think with me upon this, of all others, the most important subject. I beg your pardon for this declaration of my belief; but my temper is naturally open, and it ought assuredly to be without disguise to a man whom I wish no longer to look upon as an antagonist, but as a friend. I have the honour to be, with every sentiment of respect, your obliged servant,

RD. WATSON.

CXV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

February 6th, 1779.

You are quiet and peaceable, and do not bark, as usual, at my silence. To reward you, I would send you some news; but we are asleep; no foreign intelligence, except the capture of a frigate; no certain account from the West Indies, and a dissolution of parliament, which seems to have taken place since Christmas. In the papers you will see negotiations, changes of departments, &c. and I have *some* reason to believe, that those reports are not entirely without foundation. Portsmouth is no longer an object of speculation; *the whole* stream of all men, and all parties, runs one way. Sir Hugh

s disgraced, ruined, &c. &c.; and as an old wound has broken out gain, they say he must have his leg cut off as soon as he has time. n a night or two we shall be in a blaze of illumination, from the al of naval heroes, land patriots, tallow-chandlers; the last are ot the least sincere. I want to hear some details of your mili- ary and familiar proceedings. By your silence I suppose you admire avis, and dislike my pamphlet; yet such is the public folly, that e have a second edition in the press; the fashionable style of the ergy, is to say they have not read it. If Maria does not take care, shall write a much sharper invective against her, for *not* answering y diabolical book. My lady carried it down, with a solemn pro- ise that I should receive an *unassisted* French letter. Yet I mbrace the little animal, as well as my lady, and the *Spes altera omæ*. Adieu.

There is a buz about a peace, and Spanish mediation.

CXVI.—DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON TO MR. GIBBON.

College of Edinburgh, March 10th, 1779.

Dear Sir,—I should have long since returned you thanks for the amphlet you took the trouble of sending me. I hope you are not ne of those who estimate kindness by punctuality in correspondence. read your little performance with much eagerness, and some soli- itude. The latter soon ceased. The tone you take with your dversary in this *impar congressus* appears to me perfectly proper; nd, though I watched you with some attention, I have not observed ny expression which I should, on your own account, wish to be ltered. Davis's book never reached us here. Our distance from he capital operates somewhat like time. Nothing but what has ntrinsic value comes down to us. We hear sometimes of the worth- ess and vile things that float for a day on the stream, but we seldom ee them. I am satisfied, however, that it was necessary for you to nimadvert on a man who had brought accusations against you, which no gentleman can allow to be made without notice. I am persuaded, that the persons who instigated the man to such an illiberal attack, will now be ashamed of him. At the same time I applaud your resolution, of not degrading yourself by a second con- flict with such antagonists.

I am ashamed to tell you how little I have done since I had the pleasure of seeing you. I have been prevented, partly by ill health, partly by causes which I shall explain when we meet: I hope that may be next spring. Believe me to be with great truth, your affec- tionate and faithful servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

CXVII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

May 7th, 1779.

By some of the strangest accidents, (Lord G. G.'s indiscretion, ligby's boldness, &c.) which it would require ten pages to explain,

our wise resolution of last Thursday is changed, and Lord Cornwallis will be examined; Sir William Howe's inquiry will proceed, and we shall be oppressed by the load of information. You have heard of the Jersey invasion; every body praises Arbuthnot's decided spirit. Conway went last night to throw himself into the island.

CXVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. B. HOLROYD, ESQ.

May, 1779.

Alas! alas! fourteen ships of the line: you understand by this, that you have not got a single long-boat. Ministry are more crest-fallen than ever I knew them, with the last intelligence; and I am sorry to say, that I see a smile of triumph on some opposition faces. Though the business of the West Indies may still produce something, I am much afraid that we shall have a campaign of immense expense, and little or no action. The most busy scene is at present in the house of commons; and we shall be involved, during a great part of next month, in tedious, fruitless, but, in my opinion, proper inquiries. You see how difficult it would be for me to visit Brighton; and I fancy I must content myself with receiving you on your passage to Ireland. Indeed, I much want to have a *very serious* conversation with you. Another reason, which must in a great measure pin me to Bentinck-street, is the Decline and Fall. I have resolved to bring out the *suite* in the course of next year; and, though I have been tolerably diligent, so much remains to be done, that I can hardly spare a single day from the shop. I can guess but one reason which should prevent you from supposing that the picture in Leicester Fields was intended for the Sheffield library; *viz.* my having told you some time ago that I was under a formal engagement to Mr. Walpole.* Probably I should not have been in any great hurry to execute my promise, if Mr. Cadell had not strenuously urged the curiosity of the public, who may be willing to repay the exorbitant price of *fifty* guineas. It is now finished, and my friends say, that, in every sense of the word, it is a good head. Next week it will be given to Hall the engraver, and I promise you a first impression. Adieu. I embrace my lady, and infants.

CXIX.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

1779.

When do you come to town? You gave me hopes of a visit, and I want to talk over things in general with you, before you march to the extremities of the west, where the sun goes to sleep in the sea. Mrs. Trevor told me your destination was Exeter;† and I suppose that nothing but truth can proceed from a pretty mouth. I have been, and am still very diligent; and, though it is a huge beast, (the Roman Empire,) yet, if I am not mistaken, I see it move a little. You seem surprised that I was able to get off Bath: very easily,

* The portrait, one of the best of Sir Joshua's, is in the library at Sheffield-place.

† *With the* Sussex militia, of which Mr. Holroyd was major.

e extreme shortness of our holidays was a fair excuse; her recovery health, spirits, &c. made it less necessary, and she accepted my ology, which was however accompanied with an offer, if she chose in the prettiest manner possible. A load of business in this house, write from it,) will be the amusement of the spring; motions, quiries, taxes, &c. &c. We are now engaged in Lord Pigott's lair, brought on by a motion from the admiral, that the attorney neral should prosecute Mr. Stratton and council; all the masters, harles, Burke, Wedderburne, are of the same side, for it; Lord orth seems to make a feeble stand, for the pleasure of being in a inority. The day is hot and dull; will be long: some curious idence; one man who refused three lacks of rupees, (thirty-seven ousand five hundred pounds,) merely not to go to council; our ouths watered at such royal corruption; how pitiful is our insular ibery! A letter from aunt Hester. Adieu.

CXX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO J. HOLROYD, ESQ.

July 2nd, 1779.

The inclosed will inform you of an event,* not the most disagreeble of those which I have lately experienced. I have only to add, hat it was effected by the firm and sincere friendship of the attorney eneral. So many incidents have happened, that I hardly know ow to talk of news. You will learn that the lords have strangely astrated the new Militia Bill. The Ferrol squadron, eight or nine hips, have joined the French. The numbers stand on our side hirty-two, on theirs thirty-seven; but our force is at least equal, nd the general consternation much dispelled. If you do not Hiberize, you might at least Bentinckize. I embrace, &c. Parliament will be prorogued to-morrow.

CXXI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BATH.

Bentinck-street, September 17th, 1779.

Dear Madam,—I am well and happy; two words which you will accept as the substance of a very long letter; and even as a sufficient excuse for a very long silence. Yet I really do intend to behave better; and to prevent the abominable consequence of hours and days and posts stealing away, till the sum total amounts to a formidable account, I have a great mind to enter into an agreement, of sending you regularly every month, a *miniature* picture of my actual state and condition on the first day of the aforesaid month.

I am glad to hear of the very beneficial effects you have derived from your recent friendship with the goats;† and as I cannot discover in what respect this poor country is more prosperous or secure than it was last year, I must consider your present confidence as a proof that you view the prospect through a purer medium, and a glass of a more cheerful colour. I find myself so much more susceptible

* His appointment as lord of trade. † At Abergavenny.

of private friendship than of public spirit, that I am very well satisfied with that conclusion. My summer has been passed in the town and neighbourhood, which I still maintain to be the best society, and the best retirement; the latter, however, has been sometimes interrupted by the colonel of dragoons* with a train of serjeants, trumpets, recruits, &c. &c. My own time is much and agreeably employed in the prosecution of my business. After doing much more than I expected to have done within the time, I find myself much less advanced than I expected: yet I begin to reckon, and as well as I can calculate, I believe, that in twelve or fourteen months I shall be brought to bed, perhaps of twins; may they live, and prove as healthy as their eldest brother. With regard to the little foundling which so many friends or enemies chose to lay at my door, I am perfectly innocent, even of the knowledge of that production; and all the faults or merits of the History of Opposition must, as I am informed, be imputed to Macpherson, the author or translator of Fingal. Dear madam, most truly yours.

CXXII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO COLONEL HOLROYD, AT COVENTRY.

London, Monday, February 7th, 1780.

When the attorney general informed me of the express he had just sent down to Coventry, I had not the least doubt of your embracing the bolder resolution. You are indeed obliged to him for his real friendship, which he feels and expresses warmly; on this occasion I hope it will be successful, and that in a few days you will find yourself among us at St. Stephen's in the heat of the battle. But you know that I am a dastardly, pusillanimous spirit, more inclined to fear than to hope, and not very eager in the pursuit of *expensive* vanity. On this vacancy the celerity of your motions may probably prevent opposition; but at the general election, your enemy, the corporation, will not be asleep, and I wish, if it be not too late, to warn you against any promises or engagements which may terminate in a defeat, or at least a contest of ten thousand pounds. Adieu. I could believe (without seeing it under her paw) that my lady wishes to leave Coventry. No news! foreign or domestic. I did not forget to mention the *companies*, but find people, as I expected, torpid. Burke makes his motion Friday; but I think the rumours of a civil war subside every day: petitions are thought less formidable; and I hear your Sussex protest gathers signatures in the country.

CXXIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BATH.

Bentinck-street, March 10th, 1780.

Dear Madam,—When you awakened me with your pen, it was my intention to have shown some signs of life by the next post. But so uncertain are all human affairs, that I found myself arrested by a mighty unrelenting tyrant, called the gout; and though my feet were the part on which he chose to exercise his cruelty, he left me

* *Colonel* Holroyd at that time was raising a regiment of light dragoons.

either strength nor spirits to use my hand in relating the melancholy tale. At present I have the pleasure of informing you, that the fever and inflammation have subsided; but the absolute weakness and monstrous swelling of my two feet confined me to my chair and annels; and this confinement most unluckily happens at a very *nice* and important moment of parliamentary affairs. Col. H. pursues those affairs with eager and persevering zeal; and has the pleasure of undertaking more business than any three men could possibly execute. He is much obliged to you for your kind congratulation. Mrs. Eliot is in town; but I am quite ignorant (not more so than they are themselves) of their intentions. I will write again very soon. I am, dear madam, most truly yours.

CXXIV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BATH.

June 6th, 1780.

Dear Madam,—As the old story of religion has raised most *formidable* tumults in this town, and as they will of course seem much more formidable at the distance of an hundred miles, you may not be sorry to hear that I am perfectly safe and well: my known attachment to the Protestant religion has most probably saved me. Measures, and effectual measures, are taken to suppress those disorders, and every street is filled with horse and foot. Mrs. Holroyd went out of town yesterday morning; the colonel remains, and shows his usual spirit. I am sincerely yours.

CXXV.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

London, June 8th, 1780.

Dear Madam,—As a member of parliament, I cannot be exposed to any danger, as the house of commons has adjourned to Monday sen'night; as an individual, I do not conceive myself to be obnoxious. I am not apt, without duty or necessity, to thrust myself into a mob: and our part of the town is as quiet as a country village. So much for personal safety; but I cannot give the same assurances of public tranquillity; forty thousand Puritans, such as they might be in the time of Cromwell, have started out of their graves; the tumult has been dreadful; and even the remedy of military force and martial law is unpleasant. But government with fifteen thousand regulars in town, and every gentleman (but one) on their side, must extinguish the flame. The execution of last night was severe; perhaps it must be repeated to-night: yet upon the whole the tumult subsides. Colonel Holroyd was all last night in Holborn among the flames, with the Northumberland militia, and performed very bold and able service. I will write again in a post or two. I am, dear madam, ever yours.

CXXVI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BATH.

June 10th, 1780.

Dear Madam,—I should write with great pleasure, to say that this audacious tumult is perfectly quelled; that Lord George Gordon is sent to the Tower; and that instead of safety or danger, we are now at leisure to think of justice; but I am now alarmed on your account, as we have just got a report, that a similar disorder has broken out at Bath. I shall be impatient to hear from you; but I flatter myself that your pretty town does not contain much of that scum which has boiled up to the surface in this huge cauldron. I am, dear madam, most sincerely yours.

CXXVII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bentinck-street, June 27th, 1780.

Dear Madam,—I believe we may now rejoice in our common security. All tumult has perfectly subsided, and we only think of the justice which must be properly and severely inflicted on such flagitious criminals. The measures of government have been seasonable and vigorous; and even opposition has been forced to confess, that the military power was applied and regulated with the utmost propriety. Our danger is at an end, but our disgrace will be lasting, and the month of June 1780, will ever be marked by a dark and diabolical fanaticism, which I had supposed to be extinct, but which actually subsists in Great Britain, perhaps beyond any other country in Europe. Our parliamentary work draws to a conclusion; and I am much more pleasingly, though laboriously engaged in revising and correcting for the press, the continuation of my History, two volumes of which will actually appear next winter. This business fixes me to Bentinck-street more closely than any other part of my literary labour; as it is absolutely necessary that I should be in the midst of all the books which I have at any time used during the composition. But I feel a strong desire (irritated, like all other passions, by repeated obstacles) to escape to Bath. Dear madam, most truly yours.

CXXVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO COLONEL HOLROYD.

July 25th, 1780.

As your motions are spontaneous, and the stations of the Lord Chief* unalterably fixed, I cannot perceive the necessity of your sending or receiving intelligence. However, your commands are obeyed. You wish I would write, as a sign of life. I am alive; but, as I am immersed in the Decline and Fall, I shall only make the sign. It is made. You may suppose that we are not pleased with the junction of the fleets; nor can an ounce of West India loss be compensated by a pound of East India success; but the circuit will roll down all the news and politics of London. I rejoice to hear that the Sussex regiment of dragoons† are such well-disciplined cannibals; but I want to know when the chief cannibal

* *Lord Mansfield.* † Commanded by Colonel Holroyd.

will return to his den. It would suit me better that it should happen soon. Adieu.

CXXIX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO COLONEL HOLROYD.

Brookes's, November 28th, 1780.

Perhaps the sheriffs,* the tools of your enemies, may venture to make a false and hostile return, on the presumption that they shall have a whole year of impunity; and that the merits of your petition cannot be heard this session. Some of your most respectable friends in the house of commons are resolved, (if the return should be such) to state it forcibly as a special and extraordinary case; and to exert all proper strength for bringing on the trial of your petition without delay. The knowledge of such a resolution may awe the sheriffs; and it may be prudent to admonish them of the *impending* danger, in the way that you judge most advisable. Adieu. God send you a good deliverance.

CXXX.—MR. GIBBON TO MRS. GIBBON, BELVEDERE, BATH.

Bentinck-street, December 21st, 1780.

Dear Madam,—The constant attendance on the board of trade almost every day this week, has obliged me to defer till next Monday a visit of inclination and propriety to Lord Loughborough (at Mitcham, in Surry). I shall not return till Wednesday or Thursday; and, instead of my Christmas, I shall eat my new year's dinner, at the Belvedere, Bath. May that new year prove fortunate to you, to me, and to this weary country, which is this day involved in a new war! I shall write again about the middle of next week, with a precise account of my motions. I think the gallant colonel, who is now Lord Sheffield, will succeed at Coventry; *perhaps* on the return, *certainly* on the petition. I am, dear madam, ever yours.

CXXXI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BATH.

Bentinck-street, February 24th, 1781.

Dear Madam,—As you have probably received my last letter of thirteen hundred pages,† I shall be very concise; read, judge, pronounce: and believe that I sincerely agree with my friend Julian, in esteeming the praise of those only who will freely censure my defects. Next Thursday I shall be delivered to the world, for whose inconstant and malicious levity I am coolly but firmly prepared. Excuse me to Sarah. I see more clearly than ever the absolute necessity of confining my presents to my own family; *that*, and that only, is a determined line, and Lord S. is the first to approve his exclusion. He has a strong assurance of success, and some hopes of a speedy decision. How suddenly your friend General Pierson disappeared! You thought him happy. What is happiness? My dear madam, ever yours.

* The sheriffs of Coventry.

† Second and third volumes of the Decline and Fall.

CXXXII.—DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON TO MR. GIBBON.

College of Edinburgh, May 12th, 1781.

Dear Sir,—I am ashamed of having deferred so long to thank you for the agreeable presents of your two new volumes; but just as I had finished the first reading of them, I was taken ill, and continued, for two or three weeks, nervous, deaf, and languid. I have now recovered as much spirit as to tell you, with what perfect satisfaction I have not only perused, but studied, this part of your work. I knew enough of your talents and industry to expect a great deal, but you have gone far beyond my expectations. I can recollect no historical work from which I ever received so much instruction; and, when I consider in what a barren field you had to glean and pick up materials, I am truly astonished at the connected and interesting story you have formed. I like the style of these volumes better than that of the first; there is the same beauty, richness, and perspicuity of language, with less of that quaintness, into which your admiration of Tacitus sometimes seduced you. I am highly pleased with the reign of Julian. I was a little afraid that *you* might lean with some partiality towards him; but even bigots, I should think, must allow, that you have delineated his most singular character with a more masterly hand than it was ever touched before. You set me a reading his works, with which I was very slenderly acquainted; and I am struck with the felicity wherewith you have described the odd infusion of heathen fanaticism and philosophical coxcombry, which mingled with the great qualities of a hero and a genius. Your chapter concerning the pastoral nations is admirable; and, though I hold myself to be a tolerably good general historian, a great part of it was new to me. As soon as I have leisure, I purpose to trace you to your sources of information; and I have no doubt of finding you as exact there, as I have found you in other passages where I have made a scrutiny. It was always my idea that an historian should feel himself a witness giving evidence upon oath. I am glad to perceive by your minute scrupulosity, that your notions are the same. The last chapter in your work is the only one with which I am not entirely satisfied. I imagine you rather anticipate, in describing the jurisprudence and institutions of the Franks; and should think that the account of private war, ordeals, chivalry, &c. would have come in more in its place about the age of Charlemagne, or later: but with respect to this, and some other petty criticisms, I will have an opportunity of talking fully to you soon, as I propose setting out for London on Monday. I have, indeed, many things to say to you: and as my stay in London is to be very short, I shall hope to find your door (at which I will be very often) always open to me. I cannot conclude without approving of the caution with which the new volumes are written; I hope it will exempt you from the illiberal abuse the first volume drew upon you. I ever am, yours faithfully and affectionately,

William Robertson.

CXXXIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO LADY SHEFFIELD, AT SHEFFIELD-PLACE.

Bentinck-street, Friday evening, 10 o'clock, 1781.

Oh, oh! I have given you the slip; saved thirty miles, by proceeding this day directly from Eartham to town, and am now *comfortably* seated in my library, in *my own* easy chair, and before *my* own fire; a style which you understand, though it is unintelligible to your lord. The town is empty; but I am surrounded with a thousand old acquaintance of all ages and characters, who are ready to answer a thousand questions which I am impatient to ask. I shall not easily be tired of their company; yet I still remember, and will honourably execute, my promise of visiting you at Brighton about the middle of next month. I have seen nobody, nor learned anything, in four hours of a town life; but I can inform you, that Lady * * * * * is now the declared mistress of Prince Henry of Prussia, whom she encountered at Spa; and that the emperor has invited the amiable couple to pass the winter at Vienna; fine encouragement for married women who behave themselves properly! I spent a very pleasant day in the little paradise of Eartham, and the hermit expressed a desire (no vulgar compliment) to see and to know Lord S. Adieu. I cordially embrace, &c.

CXXXIV.—SIR WILLIAM JONES TO MR. GIBBON.

Lamb's Buildings, June 30th, 1781.

Dear Sir,—I have more than once sought, without having been so fortunate as to obtain, a proper opportunity of thanking you very sincerely for the elegant compliment which you pay me, in a work abounding in elegance of all kinds.

My "Seven Arabian Poets" will see the light before next winter, and be proud to wait upon you in their English dress. Their wild productions will, I flatter myself, be thought interesting, and not venerable merely on account of their antiquity.

In the mean while, let me request you to honour me with accepting a copy of a Law Tract, which is not yet published: the subject is so generally important, that I make no apology for sending you a professional work.

You must pardon my inveterate hatred of C. Octavianus, basely surnamed Augustus. I feel myself unable to forgive the death of Cicero, which, if he did not promote, he might have prevented. Besides, even Mæcenas knew the cruelty of his disposition, and ventured to reproach him for it. In short I have not *Christian* charity for him.

With regard to Asiatic letters, a necessary attention to my profession will compel me wholly and eternally to abandon them, *unless* Lord North (to whom I am already under no small obligation) should think me worthy to concur in the *improved* administration of justice in Bengal, and should appoint me to supply the vacancy of the India Bench. Were that appointment to take place this year, I should

probably travel, for speed, through part of Egypt and Arabia, *and* should be able, in my way, to procure many Eastern tracts of literature and jurisprudence. I might become a good *Mahomedan* lawyer before I reached Calcutta, and, in my vacations, should find leisure to explain, in my native language, whatever the Arabs, Persians, and Turks, have written on science, history, and the fine arts.

My happiness by no means depends on obtaining this appointment, as I am in easy circumstances without my profession, and have flattering prospects in it; but if the present summer and the ensuing autumn elapse without my receiving any answer, favourable or unfavourable, I shall be forced to consider that silence as a polite refusal, and, having given sincere thanks for past favours, shall entirely drop all thoughts of *Asia*, and, "deep as ever plummet sounded, shall drown my *Persian* books." If my politics have given offence, it would be manly in ministers to tell me so. I shall never be *personally* hostile to them, nor enlist under party banners of any colour; but I will never resign my opinions for *interest*, though I would cheerfully abandon them on *conviction*. My reason, such as it is, can only be controlled by better reason, to which I am ever open. As to my freedom of thought, speech, and action, I shall ever say what Charles XII. wrote under the map of Riga, "Dieu me l'a donnée; le diable ne me l'ôtera pas."* But the fair answer to this objection is, that my system is purely speculative, and has no relation to my seat on the bench in India, where I should hardly think of instructing the Gentoos in the maxims of the Athenians. I believe I should not have troubled you with this letter, if I did not fear that your attendance in parliament might deprive me of the pleasure of meeting you at the club next Tuesday; and I shall go to Oxford a few days after. At all times, and in all places, I shall ever be, with undissembled regard, dear sir, your much obliged and faithful servant,

W. Jones.

CXXXV.—LORD HARDWICKE TO MR. GIBBON.

Wimple, September 20th, 1781.

Sir,—As I have perused your History of the Decline, &c., with the greatest pleasure and instruction, I cannot help wishing that, as health and leisure permit, you would gratify your numerous readers and admirers, by continuing it at least, till the irruption of the Arabs after Mahomet. From that period the History of the East is not very interesting, and often disgusting. I particularly wish to see the reigns of Justin, Justinian, and I think Justin the Second, written by so masterly a hand. There are striking facts and remarkable characters in all those reigns, which have not yet met with an able and sagacious *historian*. You seemed (as well as I recollect) to think the anecdotes of Procopius spurious; there are strange anecdotes in them, and of a very different cast from his History. Can it be traced up when they first came to light?

* "God has given it me; the devil shall not take it from me."

Excuse this short interruption from much better employments amusements; and believe me, sir, with the greatest regard, your t obedient humble servant,

HARDWICKE.

P.S. It has occurred to me, that a map of the progress and re seat of the northern hives would greatly elucidate and explain part of your History. It may be done in a second edition.

CXXXVI.—DR. ROBERTSON TO MR. GIBBON.

College of Edinburgh, November 6th, 1781.

ear Sir,—Soon after my return I had a long conversation with friend Mr. Smith, in which I stated to him every particular mentioned to me, with respect to the propriety of going on with great work. I was happy to find, that his opinion coincided ctly with that which I had ventured to give you. His decisions, know, are both prompt and vigorous: and he would not allow you ought to hesitate a moment in your choice. He promised rite his sentiments to you very fully. But as he may have neg- d to do this, for it is not willingly that he puts pen to paper, ought it might be agreeable to you to know his opinion, though agine you could hardly entertain any doubt concerning it. I you have brought such a stock of health and spirits from hthelmstone, that you are set seriously at your desk, and that wo winters or so, you will display the crescent of Mahomet on lome of St. Sophia. I met t'other day, in a work addressed to self, a sensible passage from F. Paul, which perfectly removes of your chief difficulties, as to the barrenness of some parts of period. Hayley's Essay on History, p. 133. By the by, who is Mr. Hayley? His poetry has more merit than that of most is contemporaries; but his whiggism is so bigoted, and his stianity so fierce, that he almost disgusts one with two very things.

have got quite well long ago, and am perfectly free from deaf- ; but I cannot yet place myself in any class but that of the *a et præclara minantes*. Be so kind as to remember me to l Loughborough and Mr. Craufurd, and believe me to be, with sincere respect and attachment, yours, very faithfully,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

CXXXVII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BATH.

Brighthelmstone, Nov. 2nd, 1781.

ear Madam,—I returned to this place with Lord and Lady field, with the design of passing two or three weeks in a situation h had so highly delighted me. But how vain are all sublunary s! I had forgot that there is some difference between the sun- of August and the cold fogs (though we have uncommon good her) of November. Instead of my beautiful sea-shore, I am

confined to a dark lodging in the middle of the town; for the place is still full, and our time is now spent in the dull imitation of a London life. To complete my misfortunes, Lord Sheffield was hastily ordered to Canterbury and Deal, to suppress some disturbances, and I was left almost alone with my lady, in the servile state of a married man. But he returns to-day, and I hope to be seated in my own library by the middle of next week. However, you will not be sorry to hear that I have refreshed myself by a very *idle* summer, and indeed a much idler and more pleasant winter than the house of commons will ever allow me to enjoy again. I had almost forgot Mr. Hayley; ungratefully enough, since I really passed a very simple, but entertaining day with him. His place, though small, is elegant as his mind, which I value much more highly. Mrs. * * * * wrote a melancholy story of an American mother, a friend of her friend, who in a short time had lost three sons: one killed by the savages, one run mad from the fright at that accident, and the third taken at sea, now in England, a prisoner in Forton hospital. For *him* something perhaps might be done. Your humanity will prompt you to obtain from Mrs. * * * * a more accurate account of names, dates, and circumstances; but you will prudently suppress my request, lest I should raise hopes which it may not be in my power to gratify. Lady S. begs to send her kindest compliments to you. I am, dear madam, ever yours.

CXXXVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BATH.

July 3rd, 1782.

Dear Madam,—I hope you have not had a moment's uneasiness about the delay of my midsummer letter. Whatever may happen, you may rest fully secure, that the materials of it shall always be *found*. But on this occasion I have missed four or five posts; postponing, as usual, from morning to the evening bell, which now rings, till it has occurred to me, that it might not be amiss to enclose the two essential lines, if I only added that the influenza has been known to me only by the report of others. Lord Rockingham is at last dead; a good man, whatever he might be as a minister: his successor is not yet named, and divisions in the cabinet are suspected. If Lord Shelburne should be the man, as I think he will, the friends of his predecessor will quarrel with him before Christmas. At all events, I foresee much tumult and strong opposition, from which I should be very glad to extricate myself, by quitting the house of commons with honour. Whatever you may hear, I believe there is not the least intention of dissolving parliament, which would indeed be a rash and dangerous measure. I hope you like Mr. Hayley's poem; he rises with his subject, and since Pope's death, I am satisfied that England has not seen so happy a mixture of strong sense and flowing numbers. Are you not delighted with his address to his mother? I understand that she was in plain prose, every thing that he speaks her in verse. This summer I shall stay *in town*, and work at my trade, till I make some holidays for my

Bath excursion. Lady Sheffield is at Brighton, and he is under tents, like the wild Arabs; so that my country house is shut up. I am, dear madam, ever yours.

CXXXIX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD, CAMP, COXHEATH.

Bentinck-street, 1782.

I sympathise with your fatigues; yet Alexander, Hannibal, &c. have suffered hardships almost equal to yours. At such a moment it is disagreeable (besides laziness) to write, because every hour teems with a new lie. As yet, however, only Charles has formally resigned; but Lord John,* Burke, Keppel, Lord Althorpe, &c. certainly follow; your lord lieutenant stays. In short, three months of prosperity has dissolved a phalanx, which had stood ten years of adversity. Next Tuesday, Fox will give his reasons, and possibly be encountered by Pitt, the new secretary, or chancellor,† at three and twenty. The day will be rare and curious, and, if I were a light dragoon, I would take a gallop on purpose to Westminster. Adieu. I hear the bell. How could I write before I knew where you dwelt?

CXL.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

September 29th, 1782.

I should like to hear sometimes, whether you survive the scenes of action and danger in which a dragoon is continually involved. What a difference between the life of a dragoon and that of a philosopher! and I will freely own that I (the philosopher) am much better satisfied with my own independent and tranquil situation, in which I have always something to do, without ever being obliged to do any thing. The Hampton Court villa has answered my expectation, and proved no small addition to my comforts; so that I am resolved next summer to hire, borrow, or steal, either the same, or something of the same kind. Every morning I walk a mile or more before breakfast, read and write *quantum sufficit*, mount my chaise and visit in the neighbourhood, accept some invitations, and escape others, use the Lucans as my daily bread, dine pleasantly at home or sociably abroad, reserve for study an hour or two in the evening, lie in town regularly once a week, &c. &c. &c. I have announced to Mrs. G. my new arrangements; the certainty that October will be fine, and my increasing doubts whether I shall be able to reach Bath before Christmas. Do you intend (but how can you intend any thing?) to pass the winter under canvas? Perhaps under the veil of Hampton Court I may lurk ten days or a fortnight at Sheffield, if the enraged lady does not shut the doors against me. The Warden‡ passed through in his way to Dover. He is not so fat, and more cheerful than ever. I had not any private conversation with him; but he clearly holds the balance; unless he lets it drop

* Lord John Cavendish. † Chancellor of the Exchequer.
‡ Lord North.

out of his hand. The Pandæmonium (as I understand) does no meet till the twenty-sixth of November. Town is more a deser than I ever knew it. I arrived yesterday, dined at Sir Joshua' with a tolerable party; the chaise is now at the door; I dine a Richmond, lie at Hampton, &c. Adieu.

CXLI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO LORD SHEFFIELD AT COXHEATH CAMP.

Bentinck-street, October 14th, 1782.

On the approach of winter, my paper house at Hampton becomes less comfortable; my visits to Bentinck-street grow longer and more frequent, and the end of next week will restore me to the town, with a lively wish, however, to repeat the same, or a similar experiment, next summer. I admire the assurance with which you propose a month's residence at Sheffield, when you are not sure of being allowed three days. Here it is currently reported, that camps will not separate till Lord Howe's *return* from Gibraltar, and as yet we have no news of his arrival. Perhaps, indeed, you may have more intimate correspondence with your old friend Lord Shelburne, and already know the hour of your deliverance. I should like to be informed. As Lady S. has entirely forgotten me, I shall have the pleasure of forming a new acquaintance. I have often thought of writing, but it is now too late to repent.

I am at a loss what to say or think about our parliamentary state. A certain late secretary of Ireland reckons the house of commons thus: Minister one hundred and forty, Reynard ninety, Boreas one hundred and twenty, the rest unknown, or uncertain. The last of the three, by self or agents, talks too much of absence, neutrality, moderation. I still think he will discard the game.

I am not in such a fury with the letter of American independence; but I think it seems ill-timed and useless; and I am much entertained with the metaphysical disputes between Government and Secession about the meaning of it. Lord Loughborough will be in town Sunday seven-night. I long to see him and Co. I think he will take a very decided part. If he could throw aside his gown, he would make a noble leader. The East India news are excellent. The French gone to the Mauritius, Hyder desirous of peace, the Nizam and Mahrattas our friends, and seventy lacks of rupees in the Bengal treasury, while we were voting the recal of Hastings. Adieu. Write soon.

CXLII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO LORD SHEFFIELD.

1782.

I have designed writing every post. The air of London is admirable; my complaints have vanished, and the gout still respects me. Lord Loughborough, with whom I passed an entire day, is very well satisfied with his Irish expedition, and found the barbarous people very kind to him. The castle is strong, but the volunteers *are formidable*. London is dead, and all intelligence so tot

extinct, that the loss of an army would be a favourable incident. We have not even the advantage of shipwrecks, which must soon, with the society of you and Gerard Hamilton, become the only pleasures of Brighton. My lady is precious, and deserves to shine in London, when she regains her palace. The workmen are slow, but I hear that the minister talks of hiring another house after Christmas.* Adieu, till Monday seven-night.

CXLIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO LORD SHEFFIELD.

January 17th, 1783.

As I arrived about seven o'clock on Wednesday last, we were some time in town in mutual ignorance. Unlucky enough: yet our loss will be speedily repaired. Your reason for not writing is worthy of an Irish baron. You thought Sarah might be at Bath, because you directed letters to her at Clifton, near Bristol; where indeed I saw her in a delightful situation, swept by the winter winds, and scorched by the summer sun. A nobler reason for your silence would be the care of your papers, to record your steps, words, and actions. I was pleased with your Coventry oration: a panegyric on * * * * is a subject entirely new, and which no orator before yourself would have dared to undertake. You have acted with prudence and dignity in casting away the military yoke. This next summer you will sit down (if you can sit) in the long-lost character of a country gentleman.

For my own part, my late journey has only confirmed me in the opinion, that number seven in Bentinck-street is the best house in the world. I find that peace and war alternately, and daily, take their turns of conversation, and this (Friday) is the pacific day. Next week we shall probably hear some questions on that head very strongly asked, and very foolishly answered, &c. Give me a line by return of post, and probably I may visit Downing-street on Monday evening; late, however, as I am engaged to dinner and cards. Adieu.

CXLIV.—MR. GIBBON TO DR. PRIESTLEY.†

January 23rd, 1783.

Sir,—As a mark of your esteem, I should have accepted with pleasure your History of the Corruptions of Christianity. You have been careful to inform me, that it is intended, not as a gift, but as a challenge, and such a challenge you must permit me to decline. At the same time you glory in outstripping the zeal of the Mufti and the Lama, it may be proper to declare, that I should equally refuse the defiance of those venerable divines. Once, and once only, the just defence of my own veracity provoked me to descend into the amphitheatre;

* Lord North, while his house was repairing, inhabited Lord Sheffield's in Downing-street.

† Although Dr. Priestley may not be justified for publishing the following letters, yet as he thought fit to print them with a volume of sermons soon after Mr. Gibbon's death, it will not be improper to insert them in this collection.

but as long as you attack opinions which I have never maintained, or maintain principles which I have never denied, you may safely exult in my silence and your own victory. The difference between us, (on the credibility of miracles,) which you choose to suppose, and wish to argue, is a trite and ancient topic of controversy, and, from the opinion which you entertain of yourself and of me, it does not appear probable that our disputes would either edify or enlighten the public.

The public will decide to whom the *invidious* name of unbeliever more justly belongs; to the historian, who, without interposing his own sentiments, has delivered a simple narrative of authentic facts, or to the disputant who proudly rejects all natural proofs of the immortality of the soul, overthrows (by circumscribing) the inspiration of the evangelists and apostles, and condemns the religion of every Christian nation, as a fable less innocent, but not less absurd, than Mahomet's journey to the third heaven.

And now, sir, since you assume a right to determine the objects of my past and future studies, give me leave to convey to your ear the almost unanimous, and not offensive wish, of the philosophic world: —that you would confine your talents and industry to those sciences in which real and useful improvements *can* be made. Remember the end of your predecessor Servetus, not of his life, (the Calvins of our days are restrained from the use of the same fiery arguments,) but, I mean, the end of his reputation. His theological writings are lost in oblivion; and if his book on the Trinity be still preserved, it is only because it contains the first rudiments of the discovery of the circulation of the blood. I am, sir, your obedient humble servant.

CXLV.—DR. PRIESTLEY TO MR. GIBBON.

Birmingham, 3rd February, 1783.

Sir,—It would have been impertinent in me, especially considering the object of my *History*, to have sent you a copy of it as a mark of my *esteem* or *friendship*. What I meant was to act the part of a fair and open *adversary*, and I am truly sorry that you decline the discussion I proposed: for, though you are of a different opinion, I do not think that either of us could be better employed: and, should the Mufti and the Lama, whose challenge, you say, you would also decline, become parties in the business, I should rejoice the more. I do not well know what you can mean by intimating, that I am a greater unbeliever than yourself; that I attack opinions which you never maintained, and maintain principles which you never denied. If you mean to assert that you are a believer in Christianity, and meant to recommend it, I must say, that your mode of writing has been very ill adapted to gain your purpose. If there be any certain method of discovering a man's real object, yours has been to discredit Christianity in fact, while in words you represent yourself as a friend to it: a conduct which I scruple not to call highly unworthy and mean; an insult on the common sense of the *Christian* world; as a method of screening you from the notice of

the law, (which is as hostile to me as it is to you,) you must know that it could avail you nothing; and, though that mode of writing might be deemed ingenious and witty in the first inventor of it, it has been too often repeated to deserve that appellation now.

According to your own rule of conduct, this charge ought to provoke you to descend into the amphitheatre once more, as much as the accusation of Mr. Davis: for it is a call upon you to defend, not your *principles* only, but also your *honour*. For what can reflect greater dishonour on a man, than to say one thing and mean another? You have certainly been very far from confining yourself, as you pretend, to a simple narrative of authentic facts, without interposing your own sentiments. I hold no opinions, obnoxious as they are, that I am not ready both to *avow* in the most explicit manner, and also to defend with any person of competent judgment and ability. Had I not considered you in this light, and also as fairly open, by the strain of your writings, to such a challenge, I should not have called upon you as I have done. The public will form its own judgment both of that and of your silence on the occasion; and finally decide between you, the *humble historian*, and me, the *proud disputant*.

As to my *reputation*, for which you are so very obligingly concerned, give me leave to observe, that, as far as it is an object with any person, and a thing to be enjoyed by himself, it must depend upon his particular notions and feelings. Now, odd as it will appear to you, the esteem of a very few rational Christian friends (though I know that it will insure me the detestation of the greater part of the present nominally Christian world that happen to hear me) gives me more real satisfaction, than the applause of what you call the philosophic world. I admire Servetus, by whose example you wish me to take warning, more for his courage in dying for the cause of important truth, than I should have done, if, besides the certain discovery of the circulation of the blood, he had made any other the most celebrated discovery in philosophy.

However, I do not see what my philosophical friends (of whom I have many, and whom I think I value as I ought,) have to do with my metaphysical or theological writings. They may, if they please, consider them as my particular whims or amusements, and accordingly neglect them. They have, in fact, interfered very little with my application to philosophy, since I have had the means of doing it. I was never more busy, or more successfully so, in my philosophical pursuits, than during the time that I have been employed about the History of the Corruptions of Christianity. I am at this very time, *totus in illis*, as my friends know, and as the public will know in due time, which with me is never long; and if you had thought proper to enter into the discussion I proposed, it would not have made me neglect my laboratory, or omit a single experiment that I should otherwise have made. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

J. PRIESTLEY.

CXLVI.—MR. GIBBON TO DR. PRIESTLEY.

Bentinck-street, February 6th, 1783.

Sir, —As I do not pretend to judge of the sentiments or intentions of another, I shall not enquire how far you are inclined to suffer or inflict martyrdom. It only becomes me to say, that the style and temper of your last letter have satisfied me of the propriety of declining all farther correspondence, whether public or private, with such an adversary. I am, sir, your humble servant.

CXLVII.—DR. PRIESTLEY TO MR. GIBBON.

Birmingham, February 10th, 1783.

Sir,—I neither requested nor wished to have any *private correspondence* with you. All that my MS. card required, was a simple acknowledgment of the receipt of the copy of my work. You chose, however, to give me a specimen of your temper and feelings; and also, what I thought to be an opening to a further call upon you for a justification of yourself *in public*. Of this I was willing to take advantage; and at the same time to satisfy you that my philosophical pursuits, for which, whether in earnest or not, you were pleased to express some concern, would not be interrupted in consequence of it.

As this correspondence, from the origin and nature of it, cannot be deemed *confidential*, I may, especially if I resume my observations on your conduct as an historian, give the public an opportunity of judging of the propriety of my answer to your first extraordinary letter, and also to this last truly *enigmatical* one; to interpret which requires much more sagacity, than to discover your real intentions with respect to Christianity, though you might think you had carefully concealed them from all human inspection.

Wishing to hear from you just as little as you please in private, and just as much as you please in public, I am, sir, your humble servant.

CXLVIII.—MR. GIBBON TO DR. PRIESTLEY.

February 22nd, 1783.

If Dr. Priestley consults his friends, he will probably learn, that a single copy of a paper, addressed under a seal to a single person, and not relative to any public or official business, must always be considered as *private* correspondence; which a man of honour is not at liberty to print without the consent of the writer. That consent in the present instance, Mr. Gibbon thinks proper to withhold; and, as he desires to escape all further altercation, he shall not trouble Dr. Priestley or himself with explaining the motives of his refusal.

CXLIX.—DR. PRIESTLEY TO MR. GIBBON.

Birmingham, February 25th, 1783.

Dr. Priestley is as unwilling to be guilty of any real impropriety as Mr. Gibbon can wish him to be: but as the correspondence between them relates not to any *private*, but only to a *public matter*, he apprehends that it may, according to Mr. Gibbon's own distinction, at the pleasure of either of the parties be laid before the public; who, in fact, are interested to know, at least, the result of it. Dr. Priestley's conduct will always be open to the animadversion of Mr. Gibbon, or of any other person. His appeal is to men of honour, and even men of the world: and he desires no favour.

Dr. Priestley has sent a single copy of the correspondence to a friend in London, with leave to show it to any other common friends, but with a prohibition to take any other copy; but between this and *printing* there is no difference, except in *mode* and *extent*. In the eye of the law and of reason both are equally publications; and has Mr. Gibbon never thought himself at liberty to show a copy of a letter to a third person?

Mr. Gibbon may easily escape all further altercation by discontinuing this mutually disagreeable correspondence, by leaving Dr. Priestley to act as his own discretion or indiscretion my dictate; and for this, himself only, and not Mr. Gibbon, is responsible.

CL.—MR. GIBBON TO MR. DEYVERDUN, AT LAUSANNE.

London, May 20th, 1783.

How I love the sweet and free communication of our reciprocal feelings! We love each other during distance and silence, and we find it mutually sufficient to hear from time to time news of each other's health and welfare. To-day I want to write to you, and I begin without reproaches or apologies, as if we were about to resume the familiar conversation of yesterday. If I intended to give you a perfect account of my studies, my pleasures, my new connexions, my political course (still silent but rather nearer to great events) I should multiply my quarto volumes, and I do not yet know your opinion of those I have already sent you. This modern "History" would always treat of the "Decline of Empires," and so far as I can judge from my own recollections and from the communications of our friend Bugnon, you are no fonder of the English power than that of the "Roman." Our "Fall" has, however, been more gradual. After an unsuccessful war, and an inglorious peace, we still have enough left to make us live contented and happy; and when I shall have laid down my character of member of parliament to reassume that of a man, a philosopher, and a historian, we shall find ourselves very well agreed upon the greatest part of the astonishing scenes that have just passed before our eyes, and which will furnish plenty of employment for the most skilful of our successors.

But at the present moment let us attend to a subject, less illustrious, undoubtedly, but more interesting to both of us; and it is a considerable matter that the same object can be interesting to two mortals, who have not seen, and scarcely even written to each other for—yes, I declare—eight years. My pen, which is very lazy at the beginning, or rather before the beginning, travels along quick enough when it is once set a-going; but one reason that prevents my giving it its full scope, is the hope of soon being able to communicate with you by a still more convenient instrument—the tongue. What a foolish animal is a man, an Englishman, the man Gibbon! I hope it, I wish for it, I can accomplish it, and yet I do not know whether I will it, still less whether I shall execute that will. Here is my history as far as it can enlighten you, as far as it can enlighten myself on my real intentions, which appear to me to be very uncertain and equivocal: and you will have the goodness to tell me what shall be the course of my future conduct. You will recollect, sir, that my grandfather made his fortune, and that my father devoured it with rather too good an appetite, and that I am now enjoying the fruit, or rather the remainder, of their labours. You have not forgotten that I went into parliament without patriotism, and without ambition, and that all my views tended to the convenient and respectable place of a lord of trade. This situation I at length obtained; I possessed it for three years, from 1779 to 1782, and the net produce, which amounted to £750 sterling, augmented my income to the level of my wants and desires. But in the spring of last year, the storm burst over our heads; Lord North was overthrown, your humble servant turned out, and even the board of which I was a member, abolished and broken up for ever by Mr. Burke's reform, together with several other offices of the state and the king's household. To complete my misfortune I still remain a member of the lower house. At the end of the last parliament (in 1780) Mr. Eliot withdrew his nomination, but the favour of Lord North facilitated my re-election, and gratitude imposed on me the duty of making available for his service, the rights which I held in part from him. That winter we fought under the allied standards (you are acquainted with our history) of Lord North and Mr. Fox; we triumphed over Lord Shelburne and the peace; and my friend (I do not like to profane that name) remounted his steed in quality of secretary of state. Now he can easily say to me "it was a great deal for me; it was nothing for you;" and in spite of the strongest assurances, I have too much reason to allow me to have much faith. With great genius, and very respectable talents, he has now neither the title nor credit of prime minister; more active colleagues carry off the most savoury morsels, which their voracious creatures immediately devour; our misfortunes and reforms have diminished the number of favours; either through pride or through indolence, I am but a bad suitor; and, if at last I obtain something, it may perhaps be on the eve of a fresh revolution, which will, in an instant, snatch from me that which has cost me so many cares

and pains. If I consulted only my heart and my reason, I should immediately break this unworthy chain of dependence; quit the parliament, London, and England, and seek, under a milder sky and in a quieter country, repose, liberty, ease, and an amiable and enlightened society. I should spend a few years of my life without hope and without fear, finish my History, and return to my own land as a free man, rich, and respectable by station as well as by character. My friends, and particularly Lord Sheffield, will not permit me to be happy according to my own taste and apprehension. Their prudence demands that I should make every effort to obtain an employment which is, indeed, sure to be permanent, and which would afford me an annual income of a thousand guineas, but it would occupy me five days in every week. I have given in to their zeal, and have promised not to start till autumn, after having devoted the summer to this last attempt. Still, however, success is uncertain, and I do not know that I cordially desire it.

Should I be exiled, my choice will not be dubious. Lausanne had my first-fruits; it will always be endeared to me by the sweet recollections of my youth. After thirty years I recall to mind the young rakes who are now judges, the little maidens of the "Spring" society, who are now become grandmothers. Your country is delightful, and in spite of Jean Jacques Rousseau's disgust, the manners and genius of its inhabitants appear to me to be very well suited to the banks of the Lake of Leman. But there is a treasure which I could find only at Lausanne; which is a friend who agrees with me in ideas and feelings, and with whom I have never experienced a moment of tedium, coolness, or reserve. Formerly, in the freedom of our mutual communications, we formed a hundred times the design of living together, and a hundred times have we decked it in all the details of romance, with a warmth that has astonished even ourselves. At present he dwells, or rather *you* dwell, (for I am tired of this studied style) in a convenient and delightful house; I can see from hence my apartment, our common parlours, our table, our walks; but this marriage will be useless unless it is equally convenient to both the espoused, and I am sensible how many local circumstances, new tastes, and fresh connexions may stand in the way of the fulfilment of those designs, which appeared to us, in the distance, most agreeable. To settle my ideas, and to prevent our after regrets, you must disclose to me, with the frankness of which I have given you the example, the external and internal picture of George Deyverdun. My affection is too delicate to bear indifference and cold respect, and I should be ashamed of a happiness for which I should be indebted not to my friend's inclination but to his fidelity. To arm myself against possible, and alas! but too probable misfortunes, I endeavoured to detach my thoughts from this favourite project, and to fancy myself at Lausanne as your good neighbour, without being altogether your table companion. Were I compelled to that, I would not begin housekeeping, as well on account of economy as to avoid the disagreeableness of eating alone. On the other hand a boarding-house,

if it were established on the former plan of that of Mesery, would be no longer suitable either to my age or disposition. Shall I pass my life amidst a crowd of young Englishmen just escaped from college, when I should love Lausanne a hundred times as well, if I could be the only individual of my nation there? I must, then, have a convenient and cheerful house, of a superior class to those of the trades-people, an intelligent host, a hostess who shall not resemble Madame Pavilliard, and the assurance of being received as the only son, or rather as the brother, of the family. That we may make our arrangements without difficulty, I will very willingly furnish a pretty apartment under the same roof or in the vicinity; and since the most sparing economy still leaves sufficient means for good cheer, I should not be obliged to squabble about the pecuniary terms. Should I be disappointed of this last hope, I shall renounce with a sigh, my second native country, to seek a new asylum, not at Geneva, that sorrowful abode of labour and discord, but on the banks of the Lake of Neufchatel, among the good Savoyards of Chambery, or under the fine atmosphere of the south of France. I finish abruptly, for I have a thousand things to say to you. I think in our correspondence we are very much like each other. For learned or even for friendly chit-chat I am of all men the most indolent, but when it concerns a real object or an essential service, the first post always bears my answer. At the end of a month I shall begin to count the weeks, the days, and the hours. Do not make me count too many of them. *Vale.*

CLI.—MR. DEYVERDUN TO MR. GIBBON.

Strasburg, June 10, 1783.

Sir, and my dear Friend,—I know not how to communicate to you the variety and strength of the sensations which were occasioned me by your letter, and which have ended in a depth of hope and pleasure that will remain in my heart until you drive them thence.

A singular analogy of circumstances contributes to make me hope that we are destined to live for some time agreeably together. I am not disgusted with an ambition which I never knew; but, owing to other circumstances, I find myself in the same embarrassing and uncertain situation as you yourself are at the present moment. A year ago, your letter, my dear friend, would doubtless have given me pleasure, but at the present moment it does much more, it, in some sort, comes to my assistance.

Since my return from Italy, not being willing to sell my house, tired of being alone (for like you, sir, I hate to eat without company), and unwilling to let it to strangers, I took the resolution of arranging my dwelling very prettily on the first floor, and giving up the second to a family of my friends, who would board me while I lodged them. This arrangement has now for a long time appeared to contribute to the happiness of both the parties concerned. But in this world every thing is transitory. My house will be empty, to all appearance, about the end of the summer, and I find myself beforehand as em-

barrassed and undecided as I was a few years ago, knowing not what new society to choose, and very much inclined at last to sell this property, which has been the cause of many pleasures and many troubles. My house is, then, at your disposal this autumn, and you will arrive like a god who, in poetical machinery, disentangles the intricacies of the plot. So much for myself. Now let us talk about yourself with the same sincerity.

One word by way of preamble. However much interested I may be in your resolution, convinced of the necessity of loving our friends for their own sake, and persuaded moreover how dreadful it would be to me to see you regretting it, I give you my word and honour that my interest does not in the slightest degree influence what I am going to write to you, and that I shall not say a single word to you which I should not, if the hermit of the grot was a different person from myself. Your English friends love you for their own sake; I only wish for your own happiness. Recollect, my dear friend, that I saw with regret your entrance into parliament, and I think I have been but too true a prophet. I am sure that this cause has occasioned you more privations than enjoyments, and more pains than pleasures. I have always thought, ever since I have known you, that you were destined to be made happy by the pleasures of the study and of society, that every other course was a departure from the path of felicity, and that only the united qualities of a man of letters and an amiable man in society, could procure you glory, honour, pleasures, and a continual succession of enjoyments. At the end of a few turns in your parlour, you will clearly feel that I have seen it in the right light, and that the event has justified my opinions. When I learnt that you were a lord of trade, I was grieved at it; when I knew that you had lost that place, I rejoiced for you; when I heard that Lord North had remounted his steed, I fancied I could see you, very ill at your ease, on the crupper behind him, and I was in trouble on your account. I am, therefore, delighted to know, my dear friend, that you are still on foot, and I very sincerely advise you to remain in that position, and, far from soliciting the office in question, to refuse it, if it were offered you. Will a thousand guineas recompense you for five days taken out of the week? Supposing, what I can, however, scarcely believe, that you will tell me yes; yet do the variations and perpetual inconstancy of your ministry allow you to hope for a constant enjoyment of it for any length of time, and is it not more unpleasant, my dear sir, to lose an income of £1000 sterling, than it was agreeable to have had the enjoyment of it? Besides, will not you always be able to re-enter on the career, when ambition or the desire of serving your country should again taken possession of you; and would not you re-enter it with more honour when, your income being spontaneously increased, you will be a rich and independent man?

By making this retreat into Switzerland, besides the beauty of the country and the pleasures of society, you will acquire two possessions that you have lost, liberty and wealth. You will not, moreover, be

useless; your works will continue to enlighten us, and, independently of your talents, the polite and gallant man is never useless.

It remains that I should present you with the picture of what you will meet with. You were once fond of my house and garden, but they are very different now. On the first floor, which overlooks the descent towards Ouchy, I have formed a range of apartments which will be sufficiently commodious for myself. I have a servant's room, two parlours, and two studies. I have, on a level with the terrace, two other parlours, one of which serves as a dining-room in summer, and the other as a drawing-room. I have made a new wing of three rooms, in the space between the house and the coach-house, so that I can offer you all the large wing, which now consists of eleven rooms, large and small, facing to the east and south, furnished without misplaced magnificence, but with a sort of elegance which, I hope, will please you. The terrace is a little altered; but it is terminated by a large study, better proportioned than the preceding one, and is garnished throughout its whole length with orange trees in boxes of earth. The overhanging vine, which you are not indifferent to, has grown handsomer, prospered, and reaches almost to the very end. Arriving at this end, you find a little path, which leads you to a cottage placed in a corner, and from this corner following, along another path made in the English style, the wall of a riding-house, you reach, at the end, a small lodge, with stable, dairy, small door, small study, small library, and a gallery of gilded wood, from whence you may see all who go out and in at the gate of the Oak, and all that passes in that quarter of the town. I have bought the vineyard at the bottom of the garden, I have cleared away all that is before the house, and have made out of it a smooth carpet of green sward watered by a fountain; and, all around this little park, I have made a walk, very much diversified by different prospects and even by interior objects, first kitchen-garden, then flower-garden, then vineyard, then meadows, and afterwards lodge, cottage, and small hill; in short, strangers come to see and admire it, and in spite of the pompous description I have given you, you will be very well pleased with it.

N. B. I have planted a number of excellent fruit trees.

To come to myself;—you understand very well that I have grown older in every thing, except in sensibility; I am in the fashion—my nerves are affected; I am more melancholy, but have no more whims; you will only suffer negatively, at any rate, from my troubles. Living together, yet separated from each other by our apartments, we shall enjoy the greatest freedom towards each other. We will engage a good-tempered and intelligent housekeeper, more for convenience than through necessity; for I should not be afraid of taking the superintendence upon myself. I have, for some time, conducted the housekeeping of a family of four; I have conducted my own, and I find that it all goes on very well alone, when it is once set a-going. Young ladies, who have only this one qualification, make a great noise about nothing. My garden will furnish us with abundance of fruit and of excellent vegetables. As for the

rest of the table, and for the domestic expenditure, I would not ask for any thing better than to receive you at my house in the same manner that you received me at yours; but our situations are different in this respect; however, if you were even still nearer to ruin, I would undoubtedly offer it to you, and indeed I ought to do so; but with the income you had when I was with you, or even supposing it to be diminished, you will live very agreeably at Lausanne. In short, with respect to this, we will arrange it as you please, and in proportion to our incomes. However, you will always, I hope, be more decently and comfortably accommodated in this way, than you would be at any other place at the same expense.

As to society, though it be infinitely agreeable, I shall begin this chapter by telling you that I should avoid inviting you if you were entirely disengaged; the days are then long, and leave many voids; but as you are a man of letters, I know of no society that will suit you better. We shall have a circle around us, such as it would be impossible to find any where else within so small a space. Mme. de Corcelles, Mlle. Sulens, and M. de Montolieu (his lady is dead), Messrs. Polier and their ladies, Mme. de Severy, and M. and Mme. de Nassau, Mlle. de Chandieu, M. and Mme. de St. Cierge, with their two pretty and amiable daughters, Mmes. de Crousaz, Polier, de Charrieres, &c. form a host of good company, which cannot tire, and with which M. de Servan is so much pleased, that he always regrets the necessity of returning to his estates, and only longs to dwell entirely at Lausanne. He spent the whole winter of 1782 with us, and was as comfortable as possibly could be. You will find manners much altered and more conformable to our ages and characters; but few large parties or grand feasts, but a great many little suppers and small parties, where you do as you please, converse, read, &c. and from which the disagreeable of every kind are carefully excluded. On Sunday there is a party, to which all foreigners of any distinction, both ladies and gentlemen, are invited. This consists of an assembly of about forty or fifty persons, whom we rarely see all the rest of the week, and these "routs" are sometimes pleasant. We are greatly averse to foreigners, particularly the young, and we carefully exclude them from our little meetings, unless they possess some particular merit or talents. One of our little peculiarities is enthusiastic fondness; you will profit by it, my dear sir, both as Edward Gibbon and as my friend; you will, from the first, be the perfect gentleman, and you will well sustain that part, without being angry, even should they require a little too much of you.

"I feel you flatter me; but still you please,"

is perhaps one of Destouches' best verses.

Thus, then, will be the winter; the morning study, a little conversation, when you are tired, with some man of letters, or amateur, or one, at least, who has seen something; dinner at what hour you please; no farmer-general of feeding, but the honest Epicurean, with one or two friends whom you may choose, then some visits, an evening party, and often a supper. As for the summer, considering

your taste for the country, it would seem that my coach-house was made expressly for you; and while you walk up and down in it like a senator, I shall, like a good Swiss peasant, be either before my lodge, or in my cottage; presently we shall on a sudden meet, and endeavour again to stand on a level with each other. We shall keep our doors shut in general, excepting to foreigners proceeding on their travels; but whenever we please, we can have whoever we like to see there, for nobody wishes any thing better than to come there and enjoy themselves. One fine April day this spring, I gave a breakfast which cost me a few louis, and at which there were more than forty persons; there were I know not how many small tables, a good band of music in the middle of the orchard, and a large number of young and handsome ladies and gentlemen dancing cotillions and marking out cyphers in harmonious time. I have seen a great many *fêtes*, but few prettier than this. When my park tires you, we will either purchase or hire in partnership (and in this way it will be a cheap pleasure) a light chaise with two quiet horses, and we will go and visit our friends who are dispersed abroad in the country, and who will receive us with open arms. You will be more pleased with our country scenery the more you see of it, and you will in general find a change for the better in the pleasures of society, and a sort of simple yet elegant refinement. The shepherdesses of the "Spring," excepting Mme. de Vanberg, are, certainly, no longer passable; but there are others gentle enough yet, and though they are not very numerous, yet there will always, my dear sir, be sufficient for *you*. By little and little I have been led away by my imagination, and my style has got very gay, in the same manner as it often used to happen to us in our aerial castle building. It is high time to put a stop to this strain, and now let us begin again in a more serious manner.

If you execute the plan you have devised, I should feel pleasure in saying—especially after what you have yourself remarked, "If I consulted only my heart and my reason, I should immediately break this unworthy chain," &c. Well! what would you consult but your heart and your reason? If, I say, you execute this plan, you will recover a liberty and an independence which you ought never to have lost, and which you deserve to enjoy, an ease which will cost you only a few days' journey, a tranquillity which you cannot have at London, and, lastly, a friend who has, perhaps, never passed a single day without thinking about you, and who, notwithstanding his faults, his weaknesses, and his inferiority, is yet one of the most suitable companions you could have.

It remains that I should inform you why I have so long delayed answering your letter; you now already know that it is not through want of friendship or of zeal in the business; but your letter was sent from Lausanne here, to Strasburg, and I have only missed one post without answering it, which is not too much, you will acknowledge, for such a long gossip as this. I left Lausanne on Easter eve, and came to see a M. Bourcard of Basle, the principal of my friends; he is now with the Comte de Cagliostro, for the benefit of his medi-

cines. You have perhaps heard of that man, so extraordinary in every respect. As I have been rather indifferent myself all the winter, I have been also availing myself of his medicines; but as the Count's stay here is any thing but certain, your best way will be to write to me, to the care of M. Bourcard du Kirshgarten, at Basle.

You will understand how necessary it is, in every respect, that you should write to me, without loss of time, as soon as you have made up your mind. Adieu, my dear friend.

CLII.—MR. GIBBON TO MR. DEYVERDUN.

I received your letter of the 10th of June on the 21st of that month, and to-day, the 24th, I put my hand to my pen (as M. Fréron says) to answer it, though my missive cannot start, owing to the time of the post, till next Friday, the 27th instant. Oh the wonders of efficacious grace! It acts no less efficaciously upon you, and by making use of the ever ready and prompt assistance of our couriers, one month is sufficient for our question and answer. I return a thousand thanks to the Genius of Friendship who impelled me, after a thousand useless efforts, to write to you at the most critical and favourable moment. Never did any transaction so perfectly answer all my wishes and hopes. I reckoned undoubtingly upon the duration and sincerity of your sentiments; but I did not know (such is the weakness of human nature) how far they might have been cooled by time and absence, and I was still more uncertain as to what might be the present state of your health, circumstances, and connexions, which might oppose so many obstacles to our union. You write to me, you still love me; you desire with zealous ardour the realisation of our former projects; you can do it, you will do it; you offer me in the autumn your house, and what a house! your terrace, and what a terrace! your society, and what society! The arrangement is convenient for both of us; I shall again find at once the companion of my youth, a sage counsellor, and a delineator who can represent, and even exaggerate the most cheerful objects. These exaggerations give at least as much pleasure as the simple truth. If your description was precisely exact, these embellishments would exist only exteriorly to ourselves, and I like still better to find them in the vivacity of your spirits and imagination. It is not because I do not recognise a great depth of truth in your picture of Lausanne; I know the scene, I transport myself in fancy to our terrace, I see those small hills, that lake, those mountains, the favourite works of nature, and I can, without difficulty, conceive of the embellishments which your taste is pleased to add to them. I can recall from the period of thirty years ago, the manners, spirit, and ease of the society there, and I can comprehend that this truly genteel and good company is still perpetuated, and grows more refined from father to son, or rather from mother to daughter; for it has always appeared to me that at Lausanne, as well as in France, the women are greatly superior to the men. In such a dwelling I should fear dissipation much more than *ennui*, and the vortex of bustle at Lausanne would

astonish a philosopher accustomed, for so many years, to the tranquillity of London. You are too well-informed to regard this assertion merely as a bad joke; it is in narrow straits that we are drawn away by rapid currents, while there are none in the open sea. Whenever one no longer seeks for riotous pleasures, and willingly escapes from laborious duties, then the tranquillity of a single individual is assured by the immensity of the metropolis. As for myself, my application to my great work, the habit, and the reward of labour, have made me more studious, more sedentary, and fonder of seclusion. The house of commons and grand dinners take up a great deal of time; and the *temperance* of an English meal allows you to taste five or six different sorts of wine, and compels you to drink a bottle of claret after the dessert. But after all, I never take supper, I go to bed early, I receive but few visits; the mornings are long, the summers are free, and as soon as I shut my door I am forgotten by all the world. In a more limited and friendly state of society, proceedings are public and rights are reciprocal, dinner is early, and the pleasures of each other's society are too fully tasted not to pass the afternoon together; supper is taken, one sits up late, and the evening's pleasures do not fail to break in upon the night's rest, and to derange the next day's work. What, however, is the result of my complaints? It comes to this;—that the bride is too beautiful, and that I may dare to make use of the honest excuse of my state of health, and the privilege of a man of letters: it will only depend upon myself to moderate the excess of my enjoyments. As for that enthusiastic fondness which you mention to me, and which is always the fault of the most lively of nations, I have already experienced it on a larger stage. It is now six years since the friend of Mme. Necker was received at Paris in the same manner as that of George Deyverdun would be at Lausanne. I know nothing more flattering than this favourable reception from a refined and enlightened public. But is not this favour, so pleasant to a visitor, a little dangerous to a settled inhabitant, who is exposed to the danger of seeing his laurels fade, either by the fault or the inconstancy of his judges? No; one is always sustained, if not exactly, yet nearly at the same point of elevation. Under the shelter of three thick quarto volumes in a foreign language (which is no small advantage), I shall always preserve a literary reputation, and that reputation will enhance social qualifications, if they find the historian without whims, affectation, or overbearing pretensions. I shall, then, be much pleased and well satisfied with your company; and I could have said in two words all that I have been prating about through two pages; but, then, there is so much pleasure in chatting with a friend; for, at last, I do possess at Lausanne a *real* friend; and ordinary acquaintances will, without much difficulty, replace all that is called connexion, and even friendship in this vast desert of London. But while I am writing, I can see on every side a crowd of objects, the loss of which would be rather more difficult to repair. You know what my library was, but I may reply *what you* say of your house, "it is very different now;" formed by

a little and little, but with a great deal of care and expense, it may now be called a very good private collection. Not contented with filling in double ranks the best apartment, which had been assigned to it, it has crept out into the front chamber (your former bed-room) into mine, into all the recesses of the house in Bentinck-street, and even into a little cottage, that I have treated myself with, at Hampton Court.

> " J'ai mille courtisans rangés autour de moi ;
> Ma retraite est ma Louvre, et j'y commande en roi."*

The principal part of it consists of the best company, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English; and those authors which are least valued by a man of taste, ecclesiastics, Byzantines, and Orientals, are the most necessary to the historian of The Decline and Fall, &c. You cannot but perceive the disagreeableness of leaving behind, and the impossibility of transporting five or six thousand volumes; more especially as Heaven has not thought proper to make Switzerland a maritime country. Nevertheless, my zeal for the success of our mutual projects makes me imagine that these obstacles may be surmounted, and that I can either ameliorate or sustain these grievous privations. The good classic authors, that library of the nations, are to be met with in every country. Lausanne is not totally destitute of books or of politeness, and I have it my mind that perhaps one might get, for a certain length of time, the library of some old gentleman, or of some minor, which the family might not perhaps wish entirely to get rid of. As for my working tools, we will begin by examining the state of our respective wealth; after which, we must make a little calculation of the value, weight, and rarity of each work, to judge what it will be necessary to take from London, and what may be more conveniently purchased in Switzerland. In regard to this expense, it ought to be looked upon as the first outlays on a manufacture, transplanted into a foreign country, and from which a reasonable profit may in the end be expected. Unfortunately, your public library, even with the addition of that of M. de Bochat, is pitiable enough; but those of Berne and Basle are very extensive; and I reckon with so much confidence on Helvetian kindness, as to hope that, by making use of recommendations and cautions, I may be permitted to take from them such books as I may indispensably want. You are very well situated to obtain information and determine on the most suitable measures, but you see how I turn myself on every side to encounter the most formidable difficulties.

" Let us now come to less exalted subjects, which are, however, very important to the existence and well-being of the animal nature; ...ng, servants, and board. For my own private use, a bed-room, a large study, and an antechamber, will be sufficient for all my ...uts; but, if you can allow it, I shall with pleasure walk through ... immensity of your eleven apartments, which are accommodated, no doubt, to the different times of the day and year. The particular

> * " A thousand courtiers ranged around me stand ;
> And in my *room I royally* command."

of servants involves a considerable difficulty, on which I wish to consult you. You know and esteem Caplin, my valet de chambre, maître d'hôtel, &c., who was brought up in our house, and there expected to end his days. Since your departure, his talents and virtues have been increasingly developed, and I consider him much less on the footing of a servant than on that of a friend. Unfortunately, he only understands English, and will never learn a foreign language. He accompanied me, six years ago, in my journey to Paris, but he brought back to England all the ignorance and all the prejudices of a good patriot. At Lausanne he would cost me a good deal to keep, and, excepting personal service, would be of very little use. Nevertheless I would willingly bear that expense, were I not very sure that, if his attachment induced him to follow me, he would be tired to death in a country where every thing was strange and disagreeable to him. I must, therefore, part with a man whose zeal and fidelity I know, break off suddenly little habits that are connected with my daily and hourly comfort, and resolve to replace him by a new face, perhaps a bad character, or at any rate some Swiss adventurer picked up on the London pavements. You recollect one George, a Swiss, who formerly made, along with me, the tour through France and Italy? I think he is married and settled at Lausanne; if he is still alive, you may ask him to come here, to take me back into Switzerland; the company of a good former servant will not fail to alleviate the loss, and he may perhaps remain with me till we have chosen a young man of the country, skilful, modest, and well educated, to whom I could give an advantageous situation. Other servants, as housekeeper, footman, cook, &c. are engaged and changed without difficulty. An article much more important is our board; for, after all, we are not hermits enough to be contented with the vegetables and fruits of your garden, however excellent they may be; but I have scarcely any thing to add to the kindness of your proposals, which gave me much more pleasure than surprise. Were I quite destitute, instead of being ashamed of the favours of friendship, I would accept your offers in the same simple spirit in which they are made. But we are not yet reduced to that extremity, and you understand very well that the wreck of an English fortune would form a decent property in the Pays de Vaud; and, to tell you something more precise on this point, I could very well and without inconvenience spend five or six hundred louis.* You are acquainted with the sum total as well as with the details of household expense; suppose now a little table for two Epicurean philosophers, four, five, or six servants, friends pretty often, feasts pretty rarely, much enjoyment and little luxury, how much do you suppose will be the gross expense for a month and for a year? The division you have already made appears to me to be very reasonable: you shall lodge me and I will board you. To your calculation I shall add my personal expenditure, clothes, spending money, servants' wages, &c., and I shall then see in a very clear manner the *total* expense of my little establishment.

* The louis was of about the value of £1 sterling.

After having gone through so many minute details, the beloved reader doubtless imagines that my resolution of settling myself for some time on the banks of Lake Leman is perfectly fixed. Alas! nothing is farther from the truth; but I have yielded myself up to the delightful charm of reckoning, sounding, and feeling that happiness, all whose value I can perceive, which is within my reach, and which I shall perhaps yet have the stupidity to renounce. You are right in thinking, but you do not know how right you are, that my political career has been strewn rather with thorns than with roses. Well! what object or individual could repay me for the annoyances of business, and the shame of dependence? Fame? As a man of letters I already enjoy it, as an orator I shall never have it, and private soldiers' names are forgotten in victories as well as in defeats. Duty? In these blind combats, where the chiefs seek only for their own private emolument, the odds are that the subalterns will always do more harm than good. Personal attachment? Ministers are very seldom worthy of it; up to the present time Lord North has had no cause to complain of me, and if I retire from parliament, he will very easily get another silent member in my place, who will be quite as faithful as his old servant. I am perfectly convinced, both by reason and feeling, that no course will suit me so well as to live with you or near you at Lausanne; and if I obtain the place I am seeking for (commissioner of excise or customs), there will be five long mornings every week, that will remind me of the folly of my choice. You are, indeed, deceived as to the stability of these employments; they are almost the only ones that never experience ministerial revolutions. However, if this place should offer itself soon, I should not have the good sense and courage to refuse it. What other counsellors would I take but my heart and my reason? There are some most powerful and always listened to; prudence, false shame, all my friends, or professed friends, will cry out that I am a lost and ruined man, a fool who leaves his protectors, a misanthrope who exiles himself to the end of the world; and then such exaggerations about all that would be done in his favour, so surely, so promptly, so liberally! Lord Sheffield will vote to have me arrested and locked up; my two aunts and my mother-in-law will deplore my leaving them for ever, &c. "What a trouble it is to take my night-cap," says the sage Fontenelle, "when the only point is, whether to go to bed;" and how many night-caps must not I take, and take them all alone? for every body, friends, relations, and servants, will oppose my flight. Truly, these are obstacles but little to be dreaded, and while I describe them I find them growing fainter in my mind. Thanks to this long gossip, you know my mind as well as I do myself; that is to say, badly enough; but this uncertainty, which is very pleasant to me, will be very annoying to you. Your answer to this will not reach me till about the end of July, and in a week after, I promise a plain and decisive reply, either "I come," or "I stop." If I come, it will be about the middle of September; I shall eat the grapes off your vine on the

first days of October; and you will, meanwhile, have time enough to charge me with any commissions. Do not again say, "Sir, and dear friend;" the first is cold, the second is superfluous.

CLIII.—MR. GIBBON TO MR. DEYVERDUN.

Hampton Court, July 1st, 1783.

After having made up my mind, honour and, what is still better, friendship, forbid me to leave you a moment in uncertainty. *I come.* I give you my word for it, and, as I am very glad to strengthen myself by a new bond, I pray you very seriously not to release me from it. The possession of me will not, doubtless, be so valuable as that of Julia, but you will be more inexorable than St. Preux. My only feeling now, is that of a lively impatience for our union. But the month of October is still far distant; ninety-two days; and we shall have plenty of time to give and receive all the elucidations we may want. After mature consideration, I give up the Swiss George's journey, which appears to me uncertain, expensive, and difficult. After all, my valet and my library are the two most troublesome articles. If I did not restrain my pen, I could easily fill a sheet; but I must not pass from silence to an inexhaustible chatter. Only if I knew the Comte de Cagliostro, that extraordinary man, &c. Do you understand Latin? Yes, no doubt; but act as though I did not understand it. When shall you return to Lausanne yourself? I think you will there find a lovely little creature, but a rather wicked one, named Lady Elizabeth Foster; speak to her about me, but do it with discretion; she has correspondences in every place. *Vale.*

CLIV.—MR. DEYVERDUN TO MR. GIBBON.

Truly now I am a little puzzled; I must neither call you "Sir" nor "Friend." Well! you must know that, having set out on Saturday from Strasburg, while I came here, your second letter went there; and so I received your third on Sunday, and your second yesterday. The mention you made in the third of the Swiss George, of whom I could find nothing said in the first, gave me to understand that there was a second, and I thought I had better wait the arrival of another courier, as the third did not require any answer.

As for your word of honour, allow me again to release you from it, and so even up to the last day; I know very well that a contrary proceeding would suit you, but certainly it would not suit me at all. This is, as you say, a sort of marriage, and do you think that, notwithstanding the most solemn engagements, I would not [illegible] conduct to her own house, from the very foot of the altar, the most amiable woman who should testify regret at the transaction. I shall never be comfortable if I see you at last discontented, and [illegible] the mind to reproach me. It is for you to take any steps you deem necessary on your side, which may strengthen your resolution;

myself, I shall make no essential difference till I have received one more letter from you. After this little preamble, we will talk as if the business was decided upon; and let us go over your letter again. All that you say about large and small towns, is very true, and nothing can be more just or appropriate than your comparison of straits and the open sea; but, after all, "As you make your bed, so you must lie," said Sancho Panza of pleasant memory, and who is better able to make his bed to his own liking than a stranger, who, having no duties, either of occupation or consanguinity to fulfil, can live entirely isolated, without any one's having a right to find fault with it? I myself, though a burgess and a citizen of the town, am almost entirely free. In summer, for example, I hate to shut myself in hot rooms to make one of a party. Well! I was a little persecuted the first year; now they leave me in peace. There will, undoubtedly, be some alteration in your manner of living, but it appears to me that it will be easy to accommodate yourself to it. Dinners, particularly to ladies, are very rare; suppers not large; they are more for the sake of being together than for eating, and many persons do not sit down. I think that, after every allowance and deduction, you will have more time in your study than at London. There is little going out during the morning, and when our mutual friends come to my house and ask for you, I shall say, "He is not idle like you fellows, he is at work in his study," and they will observe a respectful silence.

As for public libraries, your idea could not, I think, be realised for a reader, or even for an ordinary writer; but a man who sustains a part in the republic of letters, a man loved and had in reputation, will find, I should imagine, many facilities; moreover, I have good friends at Berne, and I will obtain some information on this point.

Let us pass on to our living. If I were at Lausanne this particular might be more certain and precise, I could look over my papers and reckon: I have a most wretched memory. At a guess, I should say it might be from 20 to 30 louis a month, more or less, you will of course perceive, according to its quality, and the number of guests. Let me know in your next how much yours costs.

I can very well understand all the "night-caps." There are no great changes made without trouble or even without regret; you will, doubtless, sometimes experience this. For instance, if your dining and drawing rooms are more cheerful, you will miss the dust of your library. As for that part which consists in persuasions, at best but useless talk, the best way would be, I think, to disguise your grand operations, and to speak only of a tour, of a visit to me for six months, more or less. You would do well, I think, to go to my friend Louis Teissier; he is a good, honest man, who is attached to me and loves our country; he will zealously give you plenty of good advice, and will keep your secret.

You will sometimes have a poet on your table—yes, sir, a poet; —we have one at last. Get an octavo volume, Poësies Helvetiennes, imprimées l'année passée chez Mouser, à Lausanne. You

will find, among others, in "the epistle to the gardener of the grot," your friend and your park. All the prose is your humble servant's, who hopes it will find favour in your sight.

The Comte de Cagliostro has taken up his abode at London. Nobody knows who he is, or where he gets his money from; he exercises his medical talents gratis, and has performed some wonderful cures; but in other respects he is the strangest composition. I have left off his medicines, for they heated me;—besides, the man, in him, disgusted me with the physician. I am come back to Basle with my friend. Adieu. Write to me again as soon as you possibly can.

CLV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

July 10th, 1783.

You will read the following lines with more patience and attention than you would probably give to a hasty conference, perpetually interrupted by the opening of the door, and perhaps by the quickness of our own tempers. I neither expect nor desire an answer on a subject of extreme importance to myself, but which friendship alone can render interesting to you. We shall soon meet at Sheffield.

It is needless to repeat the reflections which we have sometimes debated together, and which I have often seriously weighed in my silent solitary walks. Notwithstanding your active and ardent spirit, you must allow that there is some perplexity in my present situation, and that my future prospects are distant and cloudy. I have lived too long in the world to entertain a very sanguine idea of the friendship or zeal of ministerial patrons; and we are all sensible how much the powers of patronage are reduced. * * * * * * At the end of the parliament, or rather long before that time (for their lives are not worth a year's purchase), our ministers are kicked down stairs, and I am left their disinterested friend to fight through another opposition, and to expect the fruits of another revolution. But I will take a more favourable supposition, and conceive myself, in six months, firmly seated at the board of customs; before the end of the next six months, I should infallibly hang myself. Instead of regretting my disappointment, I rejoice in my escape; as I am satisfied that no salary could pay me for the irksomeness of attendance, and the drudgery of business so repugnant to my taste, (and I will dare to say) so unworthy of my character. Without looking forwards to the possibility, still more remote, of exchanging that laborious office for a smaller annuity, there is surely another plan, more reasonable, more simple, and more pleasant; a temporary retreat to a quiet and less expensive scene. In a four years' residence at Lausanne, I should live within my income, save, and even accumulate, my ready money; finish my history, an object of profit as well as fame, expect the contingencies of elderly lives, and return *to England* at the age of fifty, to form a lasting independent estab-

shment, without courting the smiles of a minister, or apprehending ie downfall of a party. Such have been my serious sober reflec- ons. Yet I much question whether I should have found courage follow my reason and my inclination, if a friend had not stretched s hand to draw me out of the dirt. The twentieth of last May I rote to my friend Deyverdun, after a long interval of silence, to pose my situation, and to consult in what manner I might best range myself at Lausanne. From his answer, which I received out a fortnight ago, I have the pleasure to learn, that his heart d his house are both open for my reception; that a family which had lodged for some years is about to leave him, and that at no her time my company would have been so acceptable and conve- ient. I shall step, at my arrival, into an excellent apartment and delightful situation; the fair division of our expenses will render em very moderate, and I shall pass my time with the companion f my youth, whose temper and studies have always been congenial my own. I have given him my word of honour to be at Lau- nne in the beginning of October, and no power or persuasion can vert me from this IRREVOCABLE resolution, which I am every day oceeding to execute.

I wish, but I scarcely hope, to convince you of the propriety of y scheme; but at least you will allow, that when we are not able prevent the *follies* of our friends, we should strive to render them easy and harmless as possible. The arrangement of my house, rniture and books will be left to meaner hands, but it is to your al and judgment alone that I can trust the more important dis- sal of Lenborough[1] and * * * * *. On these subjects we ay go into a committee at Sheffield-place, but you know it is the le of a committee not to hear any arguments against the *principle* the bill. At present I shall only observe, that neither of these gotiations ought to detain me here; the former may be dis- tched as well, the latter much better, in my absence. *Vale.*.

CLVI.—MR. GIBBON TO MR. DEYVERDUN.

Sheffield-place, July 31st, 1783.

Your paper is furiously clipped; you have retrenched the super- ous with such vigour that you have forgotten the essential; and is only by learned and refined conjectures that I can divine the te of time and place. As for myself, I am now at Lord Sheffield's untry seat, forty miles from London, which adds two days to the rival and departure of intelligence. I received your letter (of hat date I know not) on the 30th of July in the year of grace 783, I answer it on the 31st of the said month, and in the aforesaid ar. My zeal for the consummation of our grand design is not at l abated. I feel the delicacy and generosity of your proceedings, d though I should not have been sorry to have found in your firm- s a support for my own, my resolution is now so firmly established the immovable basis of inclination and reason, that I am no longer raid either of internal or external obstacles. As soon as I dared

to fix on my departure, the clouds that hung over it vanished, the mountains sunk down before me, and the dragons that stood in my way, grew tame. Last week I struck the grand stroke, by cancelling the lease of my house in Bentinck-street, and after the month of September if I do not sleep at Lausanne, I must lie in the street. My different night-caps are every day arranged with more order and facility. Lord Sheffield himself, that terrible St. George, the true champion of England, has yielded to my reasons, or rather to yours. He is delighted with the picture in your first letter, and notwithstanding the activity of his mind, instead of condemning he envies me: and we debate (a little aerially perhaps) about a projected visit, which he, his amiable wife, and his eldest daughter, intend to make us, in about two years' time, on the banks of Lake Leman. Far from opposing my design, he advises and assists me in its execution, and I shall not want to have recourse to the instructions of your friend Louis Teissier, more especially as in the minor details of foreign communication, I have in the bookseller Elmsly a wise, experienced, and discreet counsellor. * * * * *

Your calculation of the expense of housekeeping surpasses, not exactly my means, but my hopes and conjectures. Consumption in Switzerland is not burdened with taxes; wine is as plentiful there as spring water: your garden produces fruit and vegetables. Can it be possible that 20 or 30 louis are spent every month for bread, meat, wood, candles, a little foreign wine, kitchen servants, &c.! I flatter myself that in a state of uncertainty you have leaned to the most considerable sum; but, after all, this detail will be regulated by our tastes and means; and one month's experience will be of more use than a hundred pages of calculations. The comparison you ask for, of my expenses at London, will be of no service. Strictly speaking, I do not keep house; I scarcely ever give entertainments; in winter I very seldom dine at home; I never take supper; and a considerable part of my expenditure (that of clubs and taverns) does not enter into the household account. My private board does not, however, exceed your Lausannese calculation; but I am aware of the difference between the small, mean, and pitiful dinner of a bachelor, and the decent and hospitable table of two friends who will have other friends, &c.

Your idea of disguising my grand operations is most profound and politic; but the declarations, and even the preparatory steps necessary for my retiring from the house of commons, would too prematurely disclose the extent of my projects. Nevertheless, one may borrow a part of this honest dissimulation, to quiet the scruples and regrets of those elderly ladies, whom you do, and whom you do not know. But the most efficacious method of stopping or avoiding disagreeable speeches, is to escape from them by a rapid flight, and since I have taken my resolution I count every day and every moment. The tenth of next month I shall return to London, where I shall labour assiduously to prepare for this great change of condition. I am looking every day for Mrs. Gibbon's answer, whom I have endeavoured to persuade that an interview of three or four

days at Bath would be more sad than agreeable to both of us. If she yields, or appears to yield, to my reasoning, I expect that all will be finished by the first, or at farthest by the second, week in September; and as I shall cut straight through Champagne and Franche Compté, I shall be very well able to be at Lausanne towards the 20th or 25th of that month, always supposing that this speed suits you, that your house will be at liberty, and that you will be there yourself. I had some idea of turning aside to Strasburg, meeting you at Basle, and passing with you through Berne, &c.; but after maturely considering every thing, I would rather shorten the long journey, and reserve this tour (if we should be inclined to make it) till a more tranquil season. I shall look for your answer in a month; but without waiting for that, I shall write from London, to continue the thread of the story, and perhaps to commission you with a few purchases of books, which may be more conveniently made at Basle than at Lausanne. You do not send me any commissions. Nevertheless, this country is not destitute of industry. Lord and Lady Sheffield greet you very affectionately. They will be my most grievous loss.

CLVII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ., TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Monday, August 18th, 1783.

In the preparations of my journey I have not felt any circumstance more deeply than the kind concern of Lady Sheffield, and the silent grief of Mrs. Porten. Yet the age of my friends makes a very essential difference. I can scarcely hope ever to see my aunt again; but I flatter myself, that in less than two years, my *sister* will make me a visit, and that in less than four, I shall return it with a cheerful heart at Sheffield-place. Business advances; this morning my books were shipped for Rouen, and will reach Lausanne almost as soon as myself. On Thursday morning the bulk of the library moves from Bentinck-street to Downing-street. I shall escape from the noise to Hampton Court, and spend three or four days in taking leave. I want to know your precise motions, what day you arrive in town, whether you visit Lord * * * * before the races, &c. I am now impatient to be gone, and shall only wait for a last interview with you. Your medley of judges, advocates, politicians, &c., is rather *useful* than pleasant. Town is a vast solitude. Adieu.

CLVIII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bentinck-street, August 20th, 1783.

I am now concluding one of the most unpleasant days of my life. Will the day of our meeting again be accompanied with proportionable satisfaction? The business of preparation will serve to agitate and divert *my* thoughts; but I do not like your brooding over melancholy ideas in your solitude, and I heartily wish that both you and my dear Lady S. would immediately go over and pass a

week at Brighton. Such is our imperfect nature, that dissipation is a far more efficacious remedy than reflection. At all events, let me hear from you soon. I have passed the evening at home, without gaining any intelligence.

CLIX.—MR. DEYVERDUN TO MR. GIBBON.

Neufchatel, August 20th, 1783.

It is a long while since I have been so angry with myself as I am now; I have, it turns out, made a prodigious blunder; I have been wanting in duty both towards those who are leaving me, and him who is coming to join me; in short, I have behaved myself very badly. Mr. ****, who lives at my house, appeared to me to be so well inclined to leave it, when I started in the spring, that I already looked on it beforehand as empty, never doubting but what he would find time enough to arrange everything during the summer. The extreme pleasure that I felt in offering it to you, perhaps contributed to the support of this illusion; at last, however, not hearing any thing said about it, I wrote to him six days after receiving your last, and he has just answered me, that he has met with nothing yet to suit him; but that he will spare neither pains nor expense to get out. Besides, I did not inform him of what was in hand, but entreated him to tell me at what time he thought my house might be disengaged. I shall write to him again to-morrow, for he seems to be offended; and I have reason to know that, in spite of all I shall be able to say to him, he will be in a great hurry to decamp. But, notwithstanding this, we cannot reckon on having the whole house ready against your arrival.

I beg a thousand pardons, my dear friend, I throw myself on your mercy; and truly, if you could see me at the present moment, you would pity me. What is to be done? For, after all, I must not finish by going out of my senses. I have a suite of two chambers without beds, and two little studies, where you may live tolerably enough until the whole house is at liberty; the whole of them are on a level with the terrace. I will take up my abode at the bottom of my garden, and we can have our meals brought for us; a thing done by a number of the nobility, among others by the Margrave of Anspach. Or otherwise hire furnished lodgings, which we will occupy together. Or, lastly, spend the winter in some other city on the Continent, whichever you may choose, where I will join you, and bring you my apologies. One thought strikes me at this moment, and comforts me a little; it is that in your first letter, your mind was not fixed on my house or even on the thought of boarding and lodging with me. This second particular will always be realised, and the first will only be deferred: so be appeased, my dear friend; pardon me, and write me immediately, which of these courses you prefer, that I may conform myself to it; or if you think of another, tell me so. One more reflection which again helps to comfort me is, that during the period *we* shall thus, as it were, encamp together, we shall have time *enough to look* round us, and to arrange ourselves at our ease in a

settled manner, appropriate to our future establishment. Once more, my dear friend, I beg a thousand pardons.

Lord Sheffield has shown himself more reasonable than I could have supposed; deuce take it! don't go and tell his lordship so; but tell him, I pray you, how much I am pleased with the hope of becoming acquainted with him. I fancy I see from hence his fine park and the delightful rivulet. His suffrage, under circumstances which could not but prejudice him against me, has given me the greatest pleasure; for I regard it as a strong proof that you are taking a course calculated to promote your happiness. As to commissions, I know not what to tell you at the present moment; as you have a furnished house, you may see if you have any English goods that you are accustomed to, and that you would be glad to have with you. A service of that Bath china, for example, would, I think, suit us very well.

One of my fears now is, that this letter may not perhaps reach you before your departure; this would be very sad. However, at all events, I shall be careful to be at Lausanne about the middle of next month. Couriers, such as you will bring with you, are generally true noblemen's servants, dear and important; but you will be acquainted with them in the course of your journey. Do not be too angry with me on account of the cross accident I have been informing you of, and remember there is, after all, a comfortable bachelor's room, my terrace, my garden, and your friend, which cannot be wanting. Yours very truly, &c.

CLX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Friday, August 22nd, 1783.

I am astonished with your apparition and flight, and am at a loss to conjecture the mighty and sudden business of * * * * *, which could not be delayed till next week. Timeo * * * *, their selfish cunning, and your sanguine unsuspecting spirit. Not dreaming of your arrival, I thought it unnecessary to apprise you, that I delayed Hampton to this day; on Monday I shall return, and will expect you Tuesday evening, either in Bentinck or Downing-street, as you like best. You have seen the piles of learning accumulated in your parlour; the transportation will be achieved to-day, and Bentinck-street is already reduced to a light, ignorant habitation, which I shall inhabit till about the first of September; four days must be allowed for clearing and packing; these I shall spend in Downing-street, and after seeing you a moment on your return, I shall start about Saturday the sixth. London is a desert, and life, without books, business, or society, will be somewhat tedious. From this state, you will judge that your plan coincides very well, only I think you should give me the whole of Wednesday in Bentinck-street. With regard to Bushy, perhaps as a compliment to Lord L. you had better defer it till your return. I admire Gregory Way, and should envy him, if I did not possess a disposition somewhat similar to his own. My lady *will be* reposed and restored at Brighton;

the torrent of lords, judges, &c. a proper remedy for you, was a medicine ill-suited to her constitution. I *tenderly* embrace her.

CLXI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY SHEFFIELD.

Bentinck-street, August 30th, 1783.

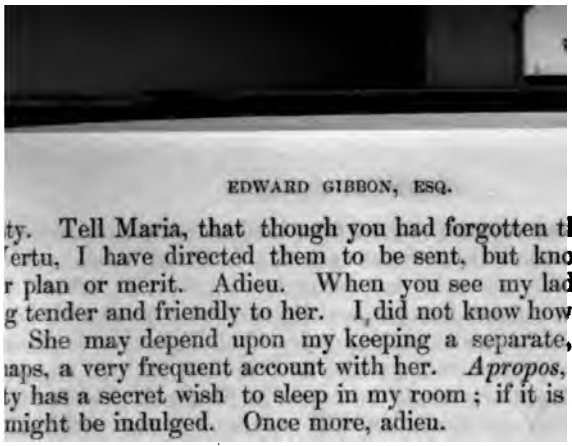
My dear Friend,—For the names of Sheffelina, &c. are too playful for the serious temper of my mind. In the whole period of my life I do not recollect a day in which I felt more unpleasant sensations, than that on which I took my leave of Sheffield-place. I forgot my friend Deyverdun, and the fair prospect of quiet and happiness which awaits me at Lausanne. I lost sight of our almost certain meeting at the end of a term, which, at our age, cannot appear very distant; nor could I amuse my uneasiness with the hopes, the more doubtful prospect, of your visit to Switzerland. The agitation of preparing every thing for my departure has, in some degree, diverted these melancholy thoughts; yet I still look forwards to the decisive day (to-morrow se'nnight) with an anxiety of which yourself and Lord S. have the principal share.

Surely never any thing was so unlucky as the unseasonable death of Sir John Russell on his passage to his friend at Sheffield-place, which so strongly reminded us of the instability of human life and human expectations. The inundation of the assizes must have distressed and overpowered you; but I hope and I wish to hear from yourself, that the air of your favourite Brighton, the bathing, and the quiet society of two or three friends, have composed and revived your spirits. Present my love to Sarah, and compliments to Miss Carter, &c. Give me a speedy and satisfactory line. I am most truly yours.

CLXII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Downing-street, September 8th, 1783.

As we are not unconscious of each other's feelings, I shall only say, that I am glad you did not go alone into Sussex; an American rebel to dispute with, gives a diversion to uneasy spirits, and I heartily wished for such a friend or adversary during the remainder of the day. No letter from Deyverdun; the post is arrived, but two Flanders mails are due. Æolus does not seem to approve of my designs, and there is little merit in waiting till Friday. I should wait with more reluctance, did I think there was much chance of success. I dine with Craufurd, and if anything is decided will send an extraordinary gazette. You have obliged me beyond expression, by your kindness to aunt Kitty; she will drink her afternoon tea at Sheffield next Friday. For my sake, Lady S. will be kind to the old lady, who will not be troublesome, and will vanish at the first idea of Brighton. Has not that salubrious air already produced some effects? Peace will be proclaimed to-morrow; odd! as war was never declared. *The buyers of stock* seem as indifferent as yourself about the definitive



ty. Tell Maria, that though you had forgotten the Annales de
'ertu, I have directed them to be sent, but know nothing of
r plan or merit. Adieu. When you see my lady, say every-
g tender and friendly to her. I did not know how much I loved
She may depend upon my keeping a separate, though not,
aps, a very frequent account with her. *Apropos*, I think aunt
ty has a secret wish to sleep in my room; if it is not occupied,
might be indulged. Once more, adieu.

CLXIII.—MR. GIBBON TO MR. DEYVERDUN.

Downing-street, London, September 9th, 1783.

With my usual diligence I answered, on the 31st of July, your un-
d letter, which I received the day before. I saw the month of
ust glide by, strongly persuaded that it would not come to a
e without bringing me your ultimatum. Now here is the 9th of
tember, forty days since my missive, and I have no news yet from
It is true that two Flanders mails are detained by contrary
ls, and that your despatches may and must be there. But if
bring me nothing from you I shall be very much surprised and
ally embarrassed. Can it be possible that either your letters or
e have miscarried? Are you dead? are you ill? have you changed
r mind? I wrote to you again on the 19th of August; but my
ertainty and fears impel me to hazard this note. After unheard-
ains I have broken all my fetters, and, since making up my mind,
ave not regretted it for a moment. My lively impatience grows
nger every day; and since I have given up my house and library,
ui has lent wings to hope and friendship. At last I have fixed
departure for Friday next, the 12th of this month, supposing,
ourse, that I receive a letter from you, for I shall not be able to
ertake my journey, without knowing what sort of a reception I
meet with at the end of it. I shall send on before me a little
e; but the weather is so stormy that it will be impossible for me
fix the day of my arrival at Lausanne, till I see myself safely
oss the sea. Adieu. You must now be on your return to Lau-
ne. Remember me to the children of my former acquaintances.

CLXIV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Thursday, September 11th, 1783.

The scheme (which you may impart to my lady) is completely
ished, and I support the disappointment with heroic patience.
* goes down to Chatsworth to-morrow, and * * * does not
ommend my waiting for the event; yet the appointment is not
declared, and I am ignorant of the name and merits of my suc-
sful competitor. Is it not wonderful that I am still in suspense,
hout a letter from Deyverdun? No, it is not wonderful, since no
nders mail is arrived: to-morrow three will be due. I am there-
in a miserable state of doubt and anxiety; in a much better

house indeed than my own, but without books, or business, or society. I send or call two or three times each day to Elmsly's, and can only say that I shall fly the next day, Saturday, Sunday, &c. after I have got my *quietus*. Aunt Kitty was delighted with my lady's letter; at her age, and in her situation, every kind attention is pleasant. I took my leave this morning; and as I did not wish to repeat the scene, and thought she would be better at Sheffield, I suffer her to go to-morrow. Your discretion will communicate or withhold any tidings of my departure or delay as you judge most expedient. Christie writes to you this post; he talks, in his rhetorical way, of many purchasers. Do you approve of his fixing a day for the auction? To us he talked of an indefinite advertisement. No news, except that we keep Negapatnam. The other day the French Ambassador mentioned that the Empress of Russia, a precious ——, had proposed to ratify the principles of the armed neutrality, by a definitive treaty, but that the French, obliging creatures! had declared that they would neither propose nor accept an article so disagreeable to England. Grey Elliot was pleased with your attention, and says you are a perfect master of the subject.* Adieu. If I could be sure that no mail would arrive to-morrow, I would run down with my aunt. My heart is not light. I embrace my lady with true affection, but I need not repeat it.

CLXV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Downing-street, September 12th, 1783.

Since my departure is near, and inevitable, you and Lady S. will be rather sorry than glad to hear that I am detained, day after day, by the caprice of the winds. *Three* Flanders mails are now due. I know not how to move without the final letter from Deyverdun, which I expected a fortnight ago, and my fancy (perfectly unreasonable) begins to create strange phantoms. A state of suspense is painful, but it will be alleviated by the short notes which I mean to write, and hope to receive, every post. A separation has some advantages, though they are purchased with bitter pangs; among them is the pleasure of knowing how dear we are to our friends, and how dear they are to us. It will be a kind office to soothe aunt Kitty's sorrows, and to "rock the cradle of declining age." She will be vexed to hear that I am not yet gone; but she is reasonable and cheerful. Adieu. Most truly yours.

CLXVI.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Downing-street, Saturday, September 13th, 1783.

The bomb is burst at last.—The three Flanders mails are arrived this day, but without any letters from Deyverdun. Most incomprehensible! After many adverse reflections, I have finally resolved to begin my journey on Monday; a heavy journey, with much apprehension, and much regret. Yet I consider, first, That if he is alive

* American commerce.

and well, (an unpleasant *if*,) scarcely any event can have happened to disappoint our mutual wishes; and, secondly, That, supposing the very worst, even that worst would not overthrow my general plan of living abroad, though it would derange my hopes of a quiet and delightful establishment with my friend. Upon the whole, without giving way to melancholy fears, my reason conjectures that his indolence thought it superfluous to write any more, that it was my business to act and move, and his duty to sit still and receive me with open arms. At least he is well informed of my operations, as I wrote to him (since his last) July thirty-first, from Sheffield-place; August nineteenth; and this week, September ninth. The two first have already reached him.

As I shall not arrive at, or depart from, Dover till Tuesday night, (alas! I may be confined there a week,) you will have an opportunity, by dispatching a parcel *per* post to Elmsly's, to catch the Monday's post. Let us improve these last short moments: I want to hear how poor Kitty behaves. I am really impatient to be gone. It is provoking to be so near, yet so far from, certain persons. London is a desert. I dine to-morrow with the Paynes, who pass through. Lord Loughborough was not returned from Buxton yesterday. Sir Henry Clinton found me out this morning: he talks with rapture of visits to be made at Sheffield, and returned at Brighton. I envy him those visits more than the red ribbon. Adieu.

CLXVII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Dover, Wednesday, September 17th, 1783, ten o'clock in the morning.

The best laws are useless without proper guardians. Your letter *per* Sunday's post is not arrived, (as its fate is uncertain, and irrevocable, you must repeat any material article,) but that *per* Monday's post reached me last night. Oliver is more insolent than his great grandfather; but you will cope with one, and would not have been much afraid of the other. Last night the wind was so high, that the vessel could not stir from the harbour; this day it is brisk and fair. We are flattered with the hope of making Calais harbour by the same tide, in three hours and a half; but any delay will leave the disagreeable option of a tottering boat or a tossing night. What a cursed thing to live in an island! this step is more awkward than the whole journey. The triumvirate of this memorable embarkation will consist of the grand Gibbon, Henry Laurens, Esquire, President of Congress, and Mr. Secretary, Colonel, Admiral, Philosopher Thompson, attended by three horses, who are not the most agreeable fellow-passengers. If we survive, I will finish and seal my letter at Calais. Our salvation shall be ascribed to the prayers of ly and aunt; for I do believe they both pray.

Boulogne, Thursday morning, ten o'clock.

Instead of Calais, the wind has driven us to Boulogne, where we ded in the evening, without much noise and difficulty. The night

is passed, the customhouse is dispatched, the post-horses are ordered, and I shall start about eleven o'clock. I had not the least sympton of sea sickness, while my companions were spewing round me. Laurens has read the pamphlet,* and thinks it has done much mischief. A good sign! Adieu. The captain is impatient. I shall reach Lausanne by the end of next week, but may probably write on the road.

CLXVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Langres, September 23rd, 1783.

Let the geographical Maria place before you the map of France, and trace my progress as far as this place, through the following towns: Boulogne, (where I was forced to land,) St. Omer, (where I recovered my road,) Aire, Bethune, Douay, Cambray, St. Quentin, La Fère, Laon, Rheims, Chalons, St. Dizier, and Langres, where I have just finished my supper. The inns, in general, more agreeable to the palate, than to the sight or smell. But, with some short exceptions of time and place, I have enjoyed good weather and good roads, and at the end of the ninth day, I feel so little fatigued, that the journey appears no more than a pleasant airing. I have generally conversed with Homer and Lord Clarendon, often with Caplin and Muff;† sometimes with the French postillions—of the abovementioned animals the least rational. To-morrow I lie at Besançon, and, according to the arrangement of post or hired horses, shall either sup at Lausanne on Friday, or dine there Saturday. I feel some suspense and uneasiness with regard to Deyverdun; but in the scale both of reason and constitution, my hopes preponderate very much above my fears. From Lausanne I will immediately write. I embrace my lady. If aunt Kitty's gratitude and good breeding have not driven her away upon the first whisper of Brighton, she will share this intelligence; if she is gone, a line from you would be humane and attentive. "Sir, the horses will be ready at five." Adieu. I am going into an excellent bed, about six feet high from the ground.

CLXIX.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Lausanne, September 30th, 1783.

I arrived safe in harbour last Saturday, the 27th instant, about ten o'clock in the morning; but as the post only goes out twice a week, it was not in my power to write before this day. Except one day, between Langres and Besançon, which was laborious enough, I finished my easy and gentle airing without any fatigue, either of mind or body. I found Deyverdun well and happy, but much more happy at the sight of a friend, and the accomplishment of a scheme which

* Lord Sheffield's Observations on the Commerce of the American States.
† His dog.

ad so long and impatiently desired. His garden, terrace, and , have even exceeded the most sanguine of my expectations and mbrances; and you yourself cannot have forgotten the charm- rospect of the lake, the mountains, and the declivity of the Pays aud. But as human life is perpetually chequered with good and I have found some disappointments on my arrival. The easy e of Deyverdun, his indolence, and his impatience, had prompted to reckon too positively that his house would be vacant at aelmas; some unforeseen difficulties have arisen, or have been vered when it was already too late, and the consummation of opes is (I am much afraid) postponed to next spring. At first s knocked down by the unexpected thunderbolt, but I have ally been reconciled to my fate, and have granted a free and ous pardon to my friend. As his own apartment, which afford- e a temporary shelter, is much too narrow for a settled resid- we hired for the winter a convenient ready furnished apartment e nearest part of the Rue de Bourg, whose back door leads in steps to the terrace and garden, as often as a tolerable day tempt us to enjoy their beauties; and this arrangement has its advantage, of giving us time to deliberate and provide, before nter on a larger and more regular establishment. But this is he sum of my misfortunes; hear, and pity! The day after my al (Sunday) we had just finished a very temperate dinner, and ded to begin a round of visits on foot, hat in hand, when, most tunately, Deyverdun proposed to show me something in the ; we boldly and successfully ascended a flight of stone steps, n the descent I missed my footing, and strained, or sprained, my in a painful manner. My old latent enemy, (I do not mean levil,) who is always on the watch, has made an ungenerous use s advantage, and I much fear that my arrival at Lausanne will arked with a fit of the gout, though it is quite unnecessary that ntelligence or suspicion should find its way to Bath. Yesterday noon I lay, or at least sat, in state to receive visits, and at the moment my room was filled with four different nations. The st of these nations was the single voice of the Abbé Raynal, like your friend, has chosen this place for the asylum of freedom history. His conversation, which might be very agreeable, is erably loud, peremptory, and insolent; and you would imagine he alone was the monarch and legislator of the world. Adieu. brace my lady, and the infants. With regard to the important actions for which you are constituted plenipotentiary, I expect some impatience, but with perfect confidence, the result of your rs. You may remember what I mentioned of my conversation * * * * * about the place of minister at Berne: I have talked r with Deyverdun, who does not dislike the idea, provided this was allowed to be my villa, during at least two-thirds of the ; but for my part, I am sure that * * * * * are worth more ministerial friendship and gratitude; so I am inclined to think, they are preferable to an office which would be procured with lty, enjoyed with constraint and expense, and lost, perhaps, next

April, in the annual revolutions of our domestic government. Ag
adieu.

CLXX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, October 28th, 178

The progress of my gout is in general so regular, and there is
much uniformity in the History of its Decline and Fall, that I h
hitherto indulged my laziness, without much shame or remorse, wi
out supposing that you would be very anxious for my safety, wh
has been sufficiently provided for by the triple care of my friend D
verdun, my humbler friend Caplin, and a very conversable physic
(not the famous Tissot), whose ordinary fee is ten batz, about fift
pence English. After the usual increase and decrease of the mem
(for it has been confined to the injured part), the gout has retired
good order, and the remains of weakness, which obliged me to m
on the rugged pavement of Lausanne with a stick, or rather sm
crutch, are to be ascribed to the sprain, which might have bee
much more serious business. As I have now spent a month at La
sanne, you will inquire with much curiosity, more kindness, and so
mixture of spite and malignity, how far the place has answered my
pectations, and whether I do not repent of a resolution which
appeared so rash and ridiculous to my ambitious friends? To t
question, however natural and reasonable, I shall not return an i
mediate answer, for two reasons: 1. *I have not yet made a fair tri*
The disappointment and delay with regard to Deyverdun's house,
confine us this winter to lodgings, rather convenient than spaci
or pleasant. I am only beginning to recover my strength and liber
and to look about on persons and things; the greatest part of th
persons are in the country taken up with their vintage: my boo
are not yet arrived, and, in short, I cannot look upon myself as sett
in that comfortable way which you and I understand and relish. Y
the weather has been heavenly, and till this time, the end of Octob
we enjoy the brightness of the sun, and somewhat gently compl
of its immoderate heat. 2. If I should be too sanguine in explaini
my satisfaction in what I have done, you would ascribe that sat
faction to the novelty of the scene, and the inconstancy of man; a
I deem it far more safe and prudent to postpone any positive deci
tion, till I am placed by experience beyond the danger of repentan
and recantation. Yet of one thing I am sure, that I possess in t
country, as well as in England, the best cordial of life, a sincere, tend
and sensible friend, adorned with the most valuable and pleas
qualities both of the heart and head. The inferior enjoyments
leisure and society are likewise in my power; and in the short
cursions which I have hitherto made, I have commenced or renew
my acquaintance with a certain number of persons, more especia
women, (who, at least in France and this country, are undoubte
superior to our prouder sex,) of rational minds and elegant manne
I breakfast alone, and have declared that I receive no visits i

morning, which you will easily suppose is devoted to study. I find it impossible, without inconvenience, to defer my dinner beyond two o'clock. We have got a very good woman cook. Deyverdun, who is somewhat of an Epicurean philosopher, understands the management of a table, and we frequently invite a guest or two to share our luxurious, but not extravagant repasts. The afternoons are (and will be much more so hereafter) devoted to society, and I shall find it necessary to play at cards much oftener than in London: but I do not dislike that way of passing a couple of hours, and I shall not be ruined at shilling whist. As yet I have not supped, but in the course of the winter I must sometimes sacrifice an evening abroad, and in exchange I hope sometimes to steal a day at home, without going into company * * * * * * * * * I have all this time been talking to Lord Sheffield; I hope that he has dispatched my affairs, and it would give me pleasure to hear that I am no longer member for Lymington, nor Lord of *Lenborough*. Adieu. I feel every day that the distance serves only to make me think with more tenderness of the persons whom I love.

CLXXI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, November 14th, 1783.

Last Tuesday, November eleventh, after plaguing and vexing yourself all the morning, about some business of your fertile creation, you went to the house of commons, and passed the afternoon, the evening, and perhaps the night, without sleep or food, stifled in a close room by the heated respiration of six hundred politicians, inflamed by party and passion, and tired of the repetition of dull nonsense, which, in that illustrious assembly, so far outweighs the proportion of reason and eloquence. On the same day, after a studious morning, a friendly dinner, and a cheerful assembly of both sexes, I retired to rest at eleven o'clock, satisfied with the past day, and certain that the next would afford me the return of the same quiet and rational enjoyments. *Which has the better bargain?* Seriously, I am every hour more grateful to my own judgment and resolution, and only regret that I so long delayed the execution of a favourite plan, which I am convinced is the best adapted to my character and inclinations. Your conjecture of the revolutions of my face, when I heard that the house was for this winter inaccessible, is probable, but false. I bore my disappointment with the temper of a sage, and only used it to render the prospect of next year still more pleasing to my imagination. You are likewise mistaken, in imputing my fall to the awkwardness of my limbs. The same accident might have happened to Slingsby himself, or to any *hero* of the age, the most distinguished for his *bodily activity*. I have now resumed my entire strength, and walk with caution, yet with speed and safety, through the streets of this mountainous city. After a month of the finest autumn I ever saw, the *bise** made me feel my old acquaintance; the

* The north-east wind.

weather is now milder, and this present day is dark and rainy, not much better than what you probably enjoy in England. The town is comparatively empty, but the noblesse are returning every day from their chateaux, and I already perceive that I shall have more reason to complain of dissipation than of dulness. As I told Lady S., I am afraid of being too rash and hasty in expressing my satisfaction; but I must again repeat, that appearances are extremely favourable. I am sensible that general praise conveys no distinct ideas, but it is very difficult to enter into particulars where the individuals are unknown, or indifferent to our correspondent. You have forgotten the *old* generation, and in twenty years a new one is grown up. Death has swept many from the world, and chance or choice has brought many to this place. If you enquire after your old acquaintance Catherine, you must be told, that she is solitary, ugly, blind, and universally forgotten. Your later flame, and our common goddess, the Eliza, passed a month at the inn. She came to consult Tissot, and was acquainted with Cerjat. And now to business. * * * * * * * * * With regard to meaner cases, these are two, which you can and will undertake. 1. As I have not renounced my country, I should be glad to hear of your parliamentary squabbles, which may be done with small trouble and expense. After an interesting debate, my lady in due time may cut the speeches from Woodfall. You will write or dictate any curious anecdote, and the whole, inclosed in a letter, may be dispatched to Lausanne. 2. A set of Wedgewood china, which we talked of in London, and which would be most acceptable here. As you have a *sort* of a taste, I leave to your own choice the colour and the pattern; but as I have the inclination and means to live very handsomely *here*, I desire that the size and number of things may be adequate to a plentiful table. If you see Lord North, assure him of my gratitude; had he been a more successful friend, I should now be drudging at the board of customs, or vexed with business in the amiable society of * * * *. To Lord Loughborough present an affectionate sentiment; I am satisfied with his intention to serve me, if I had not been in such a fidget. I am sure you will not fail, while you are in town, to visit and comfort poor aunt Kitty. I wrote to her on my first arrival, and she may be assured that I will not neglect her. To my lady I say nothing; we have now our private correspondence, into which the eye of an husband should not be permitted to intrude. I am really satisfied with the success of the pamphlet;* not only because I have a sneaking kindness for the author, but as it shows me that plain sense, full information, and warm spirit, are still acceptable in the world. You talk of Lausanne as a place of retirement, yet from the situation and freedom of the Pays de Vaud, all nations, and all extraordinary characters, are astonished to meet each other. The Abbé Raynal, the grand Gibbon, and Mercier, author of the Tableau de Paris, have been in the same room. The other day, the Prince and Princess de Ligne, the Duke and Duchess d'Ursel, &c. came from Brussels *on purpose* (literally true) to act a comedy at * * * * * *, in the

* Observations on the Commerce with the American States.

ountry. He was dying, and could not appear; but we had comedy, all, and supper. The event seems to have revived him; for that reat man is fallen from his ancient glory, and his nearest relations efuse to see him. I told you of poor Catherine's deplorable state; ut Madame de Meeery, at the age of sixty-nine, is still handsome. Adieu.

CLXXII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, December 20th, 1783.

I have received both your epistles; and as any excuse will serve man who is at the same time very busy and very idle, I patiently xpected the second, before I entertained any thoughts of answering he first * * * * * * * * * * * * therefore conclude, that on every principle of common sense, be- ore this moment your active zeal has expelled me from the house, o which, without regret, I bid an everlasting farewell. The agree- ble hour of five o'clock in the morning, at which you commonly etire, does not tend to revive my attachment; but if you add the soft ours of your morning committee,* in the discussion of taxes, frauds, mugglers, &c. I think I should beg to be released and quietly sent o the galleys, as a place of leisure and freedom. Yet I do not de- art from my general principles of toleration. Some animals are made o live in the water, others on the earth, many in the air, and some, s it is now believed, even in fire. Your present hurry of parlia- ent I perfectly understand; when opposition make the attack,

——Horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.

ut when the minister brings forward any strong and decisive mea- ure, he at length prevails; but his progress is retarded at every tep, and in every stage of the bill, by a pertinacious, though unsuc- essful, minority. I am not sorry to hear of the splendour of Fox; am proud, in a foreign country, of his fame and abilities, and our ittle animosities are extinguished by my retreat from the English tage. With regard to the substance of the business, I scarcely now what to think: the vices of the company,† both in their ersons and their constitution, were manifold and manifest; the anger was imminent, and such an empire, with thirty millions f subjects, was not to be lost for trifles. Yet, on the other hand, he faith of charters, the rights of property! I hesitate and emble. Such an innovation would at least require that the emedy should be as certain as the evil, and the proprietors ay perhaps insinuate, that *they* were as competent guardians of heir own affairs, as either * * * * * or * * * * * *. heir acting without a salary seems childish, and their not being emovable by the crown is a strange and dangerous precedent. ut enough of politics, which I now begin to view through a thin,

* A select committee for enquiring into frauds committed in respect to the revenue.
† East India Company.

cold, distant cloud, yet not without a reasonable degree of curiosity and patriotism. From the papers (especially when you add an occasional slice of the Chronicle) I shall be amply informed of facts and debates. From you I expect the causes rather than the events, the true springs of action, and those interesting anecdotes which seldom ascend the garret of a Fleet-street editor. You say that many friends (alias acquaintance) have expressed curiosity and concern; I should not wish to be immediately forgotten; that others (you once mentioned Gerard Hamilton) condemn government, for suffering the departure of a man who might have done them some credit and some service, perhaps as much as * * * * * himself. To you, in the confidence of friendship, and without either pride or resentment, I will fairly own that I am somewhat of Gerard's opinion; and if I did not compare it with the rest of his character, I should be astonished that * * * * suffered me to depart, without even a civil answer to my letter. Were I capable of hating a man, whom it is not easy to hate, I should find myself amply revenged by * * * * *. But the happy souls in paradise are susceptible only of love and pity, and though Lausanne is not a paradise, more especially in winter, I do assure you, in sober prose, that it has hitherto fulfilled, and even surpassed, my warmest expectation. Yet I often cast a look toward Sheffield-place, where you now repose, if you can repose, during the Christmas recess. Embrace my lady, the young baroness, and the gentle Louisa, and insinuate to your silent consort, that separate letters require separate answers. Had I an air balloon, the great topic of modern conversation, I would call upon you till the meeting of parliament. *Vale.*

CLXXIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. PORTEN.

Lausanne, December 27th, 1783.

Dear Madam,—The unfortunate are loud and loquacious in their complaints, but real happiness is content with its own silent enjoyment; and if that happiness is of a quiet uniform kind, we suffer days and weeks to elapse without communicating our sensations to a distant friend. By you, therefore, whose temper and understanding have extracted from human life, on every occasion, the best and most comfortable ingredients, my silence will always be interpreted as an evidence of content, and you would only be alarmed (the danger is not at hand) by the too frequent repetition of my letters. Perhaps I should have continued to slumber, I don't know how long, had I not been awakened, by the anxiety which you express in your last letter. * * * * *

From this base subject I descend to one which more seriously and strongly engages your thoughts, the consideration of my health and happiness. And you will give me credit when I assure you with sincerity, that I have not repented a single moment of the step which I have taken, and that I only regret the not having executed the same design, two, or five, or even ten years ago. By *this time* I might have returned independent and rich to my native

country; I should have escaped many disagreeable events that have happened in the meanwhile, and I should have avoided the parliamentary life, which experience has proved to be neither suitable to my temper, nor conducive to my fortune. In speaking of the happiness which I enjoy, you will agree with me in giving the preference to a sincere and sensible friend; and though you cannot discern the full extent of his merit, you will easily believe that Deyverdun is the man. Perhaps two persons so perfectly fitted to live together, were never formed by nature and education. We have both read and seen a great variety of objects; the lights and shades of our different characters are happily blended; and a friendship of thirty years has taught us to enjoy our mutual advantages, and to support our unavoidable imperfections. In love and marriage some harsh sounds will sometimes interrupt the harmony, and in the course of time, like our neighbours, we must expect some disagreeable moments: but confidence and freedom are the two pillars of our union, and I am much mistaken if the building be not solid and comfortable. One disappointment I have indeed experienced, and patiently supported. The family who were settled in Deyverdun's house started some unexpected difficulties, and will not leave it till the spring; so that you must not yet expect any poetical, or even historical, description of the beauties of my habitation. During the dull months of winter we are satisfied with a very comfortable apartment in the middle of the town, and even derive some advantage from this delay; as it gives us time to arrange some plans of alteration and furniture which will embellish our future and more elegant dwelling. In this season I rise (not at four in the morning, but) a little before eight; at nine I am called from my study to breakfast, which I always perform alone, in the English style; and, with the aid of Caplin,* I perceive no difference between Lausanne and Bentinck-street. Our mornings are usually passed in separate studies; we never approach each other's door without a previous message, or thrice knocking, and my apartment is already sacred and formidable to strangers. I dress at half past one, and at two (an early hour, to which I am not perfectly reconciled), we sit down to dinner. We have hired a female cook, well skilled in her profession, and accustomed to the taste of every nation; as for instance, we had excellent mince-pies yesterday. After dinner and the departure of our company, one, two, or three friends, we read together some amusing book, or play at chess, or retire to our rooms, or make visits, or go to the coffee-house. Between six and seven the assemblies begin, and I am oppressed only with their number and variety. Whist, at shillings or half-crowns, is the game I generally play, and I play three rubbers with pleasure. Between nine and ten we withdraw to our bread and cheese, and friendly converse, which sends us to bed at eleven; but these sober hours are too often interrupted by private or numerous suppers, which I have not the courage to resist, though I practise a laudable abstinence at the

* His English valet de chambre.

best furnished tables. Such is the skeleton of my life; it is impossible to communicate a perfect idea of the vital and substantial parts, the characters of the men and women with whom I have very easily connected myself in looser and closer bonds, according to their inclination and my own. If I do not deceive myself, and if Deyverdun does not flatter me, I am already a general favourite; and as our likings and dislikes are commonly mutual, I am equally satisfied with the freedom and elegance of manners, and (after proper allowances and exceptions) with the worthy and amiable qualities of many individuals. The autumn has been beautiful, and the winter hitherto mild, but in January we must expect some severe frost. Instead of rolling in a coach, I walk the streets, wrapped up in a fur cloak; but this exercise is wholesome, and except an accidental fit of the gout of a few days, I never enjoyed better health. I am no longer in Pavilliard's house, where I was almost starved with cold and hunger, and you may be assured that I now enjoy every benefit of comfort, plenty, and even decent luxury. You wish me happy; acknowledge that such a life is more conducive to happiness, than five nights in the week passed in the house of commons, or five mornings spent at the custom house. Send me, in return, a fair account of your own situation in mind and body. I am satisfied your own good sense would have reconciled you to inevitable separation; but there never was a more suitable diversion than your visit to Sheffield-place. Among the innumerable proofs of friendship which I have received from that family, there are none which affect me more sensibly than their kind civilities to you, though I am persuaded that they are at least as much on your account as on mine. At length Madame de * * * * is delivered by her tyrant's death; her daughter, a valuable woman of this place, has made some enquiries, and though her own circumstances are narrow, she will not suffer her father's widow to be left totally destitute. I am glad you derived so much melancholy pleasure from the letters, yet had I known it, I should have withheld * * * * *

CLXXIV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, January 24th, 1784.

Within two or three days after your last *gracious* epistle, your complaints were silenced, and enquiries were satisfied, by an ample dispatch of four pages, which overflowed the inside of the cover, and in which I exposed my opinions of things in general, public as well as private, as they existed in my mind, in my state of ignorance and error, about the eighteenth or twentieth of last month. Within a week after that date I epistolised, in the same rich and copious strain, the two venerable females of Newman-street and Bath, whose murmurings must now be changed into songs of gratitude and applause. My correspondence with the holy matron of Northamptonshire has been less lively and loquacious. You have not *forgotten* the author's vindication of himself from the foul calum-

nies of pretended Christians. Within a fortnight after his arrival at Lausanne, he communicated the joyful event to Mrs. Esther Gibbon. She answered *per* return of post, both letters at the same time, and in very dutiful language, almost excusing her advice, which was intended for my spiritual, as well as temporal, good, and assuring me that *nobody should be able to injure me with her*. Unless the saint is an hypocrite, such an expression must convey a favourable and important meaning. At all events, it is worth giving ourselves some trouble about her, without indulging any sanguine expectations of inheritance. So much for my females. With regard to my male correspondents, you are the only one to whom I have given any signs of my existence, though I have formed many a generous resolution. Yet I am not insensible of the kind and friendly manner in which Lord Loughborough has distinguished me. He could have no inducements of interest, and now that I view the distant picture with impartial eyes, I am convinced that (for a statesman) he was sincere in his wishes to serve me. When you see *him*, the Paynes, Eden, Crauford, &c., tell them that I am well, happy, and ashamed. On your side, the zeal and diligence of your pen has surprised and delighted me, and your letters, at this interesting moment, are exactly such as I wished them to be—authentic anecdotes, and rational speculations, worthy of a man who acts a part in the great theatre, and who fills a seat, not only in the general pandæmonium, but in the private council of the princes of the infernal regions. With regard to the detail of parliamentary operations, I must repeat my request to you, or rather to my lady, who will now be on the spot, that she will write, not with her pen, but with her scissars, and that after every debate which deserves to pass the sea and the mountains, she will dissect the faithful narrative of Woodfall, and send it off by the next post, as an agreeable supplement to the meagre accounts of our weekly papers. The wonderful revolutions of last month have sounded to my ear more like the shifting scenes of a comedy or comic opera, than like the sober events of real and modern history; and the irregularity of our winter posts, which sometimes retarded, and sometimes hastened, the arrival of the dispatches, has increased the confusion of our ideas. Surely the Lord has blinded the eyes of Pharaoh and of his servants; the obstinacy of last spring was nothing compared to the headstrong and headlong madness of this winter. I expect with much impatience the first days of your meeting: the purity and integrity of the coalition will suffer a fiery trial; but if they are true to themselves and to each other, a majority of the house of commons must prevail; the rebellion of the young gentlemen will be crushed, and the masters will resume the government of the school. After the address and answer, I have no conception that parliament can be dissolved during the session; but if the present ministry can outlive the storm, I think the death warrant will infallibly be signed in the summer. *Here* I blush for my country, without confessing her shame. Fox acted like a man of honour,

yet surely his union with Pitt affords the only hope of salvation. How miserably are we wasting the season of peace!

I have written three pages before I come to my own business and feelings. In the first place, I most sincerely rejoice that I left the ship, and swam ashore on a plank; the daily and hourly agitation in which I must have lived would have made me truly miserable; and if I had obtained a place during pleasure, * * *, for instance. On the first news of the dissolution, I considered my seat as so totally and irrecoverably gone, that I have been less afflicted with * * *'s obstinacy. * * * On this occasion remember you are acting for a *poor* friend; dismiss a little of the spirit of faction and patriotism, and stoop to a prudential line of conduct, which in your own case you might possibly disdain. * * * Perhaps you will abuse my prudence and patriotism, when I inform you, that I have already vested a part (thirty thousand livres, about one thousand three hundred pounds) in the new loan of the King of France. I get eight per cent. on the joint lives of Deyverdun and myself, besides thirty tickets in a very advantageous lottery, of which the highest prize is an annuity of forty thousand livres (one thousand seven hundred pounds) a year. At this moment, the beginning of a peace, I think (and the world seems to think) the French funds at least as solid as our own. I have empowered my agent, M. de Lessart, a capital banker at Paris, to draw upon Gosling for the money two months hence; and to avoid all accidents that may result from untoward delays, and mercantile churlishness, I expect that you will support my credit in Fleet-street with your own more respectable name. * * * What say you now? Am I not a wise man? My letter is enormous, and the post on the wing. In a few days I will write to my lady herself, and enter something more into the details of domestic life. Suffice it to say, that the scene becomes each day more pleasant and comfortable, and that I complain only of the dissipation of Lausanne. In the course of March or April we shall take possession of Deyverdun's house. My books, which by some strange neglect, did not leave Paris till the third of this month, will arrive in a few weeks; and I shall soon resume the continuation of my History, which I shall prosecute with the more vigour, as the completion affords me a distant prospect of a visit to England. Adieu. Ever yours.

CLXXV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, February 2nd, 1784.

Baron!—After my last enormous dispatch, nothing can remain, except some small gleanings, or occasional hints; and thus in order: I am not conscious that any of your valuable MSS. have miscarried, or that I have omitted to answer any essential particulars. They stand in my bureau carefully arranged, and docketed under the following dates; September twenty-three, October twenty-three, *November* eighteen, December two, December fifteen, December

nineteen, December twenty-three, December twenty-nine, January sixteen, which last I have received this day, February the 2nd. For greater perspicuity, it will not be amiss (on either side) to number our future epistles, by a conspicuous Roman character inscribed in the front, to which we may at any time refer. But instead of writing by Ostend, the shorter and surer way, especially on all occasions that deserve celerity, will be to enclose them to my banker, M. de Lessart, at Paris, who will forward them to me. Through Germany the passage by sea is more uncertain, the roads worse, and the distance greater: we often complain of delay and irregularity at this interesting moment. By your last I find that you have boldly and generously opened a treaty with the enemy, which I proposed with fear and hesitation. I impatiently expect the result; and again repeat, that *whatever* you can obtain for * * *, I shall consider it as so much saved out of the fire, &c. &c. Do you remember Dunning's motion (in the year 1780) to address the crown against a dissolution of Parliament? a simple address we rejected, as an infringement on the prerogative; yet how far short of these strong democratical measures, for which you have probably voted, as I should have probably have done: such is the contagion of party. Fox drives most furiously, yet I should not be surprised if Pitt's moderation and character should insensibly win the nation, and even the house, to espouse his cause. * * * Unless when I look back on England with a selfish or a tender regard, my hours roll away very pleasantly, and I can again repeat with truth, that I have not regretted one single moment the step which I have taken. We are now at the height of the winter dissipation, and I am peculiarly happy when I can steal away from great assemblies, and suppers of twenty or thirty people, to a more private party, of some of those persons whom I begin to call my friends. Till we are settled in our house little can be expected on our side; yet I have already given two or three handsome dinners; and though everything is grown dearer, I am not alarmed at the general view of my expense. Deyverdun salutes you; and we are agreed that few married couples are better entitled to the flitch of bacon than we shall be at the end of the year. When I had written about half this epistle my books arrived; at our first meeting all was rapture and confusion, and two or three posts, from the second to this day, the fourteenth, have been suffered to depart unnoticed. Your letter of the twenty-seventh of January, which was not received till yesterday, has again awakened me, and I thought the surest way would be to send off this single sheet without any farther delay.

I sincerely rejoice in the stability of parliament;* and the first faint dawn of reconciliation, which must however be effected by the equal balance of parties, rather than by the wisdom of the country gentlemen.†

My lady!—But it would be highly incongruous to begin my letter at the bottom of the page. Adieu, therefore, till next post.

* This supposition was founded on Mr. Banks's declaration in the name of Mr. Pitt.
† At the St. Alban's Tavern.

CLXXVI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, May 11th, 1784.

Alas! alas! alas! We may now exchange our mutual condolence. Last Christmas, on the change of administration, I was struck with the thunderbolt of the unexpected event, and in the approaching dissolution I foresaw the loss of * * *. The long continuance and various changes of the tempest rendered me by degrees callous and insensible: when the art of the mariners was exhausted, I felt that we were sinking; I expected the ship to founder; and when the fatal moment arrived, I was even pleased to be delivered from hope and fear, to the calmness of despair. I now turn my eyes, not on the past, but on the present and the future; what is lost I try to consider as if it never had existed; and every day I congratulate my own good fortune, let me say my prudence and resolution, in migrating from your noisy stage to a scene of repose and content. But even in this separate state, I was still anxious for my friend upon English earth, and at first was much delighted with your hint, that you were setting off for Coventry, without any prospect of an opposition. Every post, Wednesdays and Saturdays, I eagerly looked for the intelligence of your victory; and in spite of my misbehaviour, which I do not deny, I must abuse *my lady*, rather than you, for leaving me in so painful a situation. Each day raised and increased my apprehension; the Courier de l'Europe first announced the contest, the English papers proclaimed your defeat, and your last letter, which I received four days ago, showed me that you exerted first the spirit, and at last the temper, of a hero. I am not much surprised that you should have been swept away in the general unpopularity, since even in this quiet place, your friends are considered as a factious crew, acting in direct opposition both to the king and people. For yourself I am at a loss what to say. If this repulse should teach you to renounce all connexion with kings and ministers, and patriots, and parties, and parliaments; for all of which you are by many degrees too honest; I should exclaim, with Teague of respectable memory, "By my shoul, dear joy, you have *gained* a loss." Private life, whether contemplative or active, has surely more solid and independent charms; you have *some* domestic comforts; Sheffield-place is still susceptible of useful and ornamental improvements, (alas! how much better might even the last * * * have been laid out!) and if these cares are not sufficient to occupy your leisure, I can trust your restless and enterprising spirit to find new methods to preserve you from the insipidity of repose. But I much fear your discontent and regret at being excluded from that pandæmonium which we have so often cursed, as long as you were obliged to attend it. The leaders of the party will flatter you with the opinion of their friendship and your own importance; the warmth of your temper makes you credulous and unsuspicious; and, *like the rest* of our species, male and female, you are not absolutely

leaf to the voice of praise. Some other place will be suggested, asy, honourable, certain, where nothing is wanted but a man of haracter and spirit to head a superior interest; the opposition, if ny, is contemptible, and the expense cannot be large. You will go own, find almost every circumstance falsely stated, repent that you ad engaged yourself, but you cannot desert those friends who are rmly attached to your cause; besides, the money you have already ent would have been thrown away; another thousand will com-lete the business: deeper and deeper will you plunge, and the last il will be worse than the first. You see I am a free-spoken unsellor; may I not be a true prophet! Did I consult my own ishes, I should observe to you, that as you are no longer a slave, u might soon be transported, as you seem to desire, to one of the lpine hills. The purity and calmness of the air is the best calcu-ted to allay the heat of a political fever; the education of the two rincesses might be successfully conducted under your eye and that f my lady; and if you had resolution to determine on a residence, t a visit, at Lausanne, your worldly affairs might repose them-lves after their late fatigues. But you know that *I* am a friend to leration, and am always disposed to make the largest allowance r the different natures of animals; a lion and a lamb, an eagle d a worm. I am afraid we are too quiet for you; here it would t be easy for you to create any business; you have for some time eglected books, and I doubt whether you would not think our ppers and assemblies somewhat trifling and insipid. You are r more difficult than I am; you are in search of information, and u are not content with your company, unless you can derive from em information or extraordinary amusement. For my part, I te to draw knowledge from books, and I am satisfied with polite tention and easy manners. Finally, I am happy to tell, and you will happy to hear, that this place has in every respect exceeded my st and most sanguine hopes. How often have you said, as often as expressed any ill-humour against the hurry, the expense, and the ecarious condition of my London life, "Ay, that is a nonsensical heme of retiring to Lausanne that you have got into your head a pretty fancy; you remember how much you liked it in your uth, but you have now seen more of the world, and if you were try it again, you would find yourself woefully disappointed!" I d it in my head, in my heart; I have tried it; I have not been appointed; and my knowledge of the world has served only to nvince me, that a capital and a crowd may contain much less real ciety, than the small circle of this gentle retirement. The nter has been longer, but, as far as I can learn, less rigorous an in the rest of Europe. The spring is now bursting upon us, d in our own garden it is displayed in all its glory. I already cupy a temporary apartment, and we live in the lower part of the use; before you receive this we shall be in full possession. We ve much to enjoy and something to do, which I take to be the ppiest condition of human life. Now for business, the kind of

subject which I always undertake with the most reluctance, leave with the most pleasure. * * * Adieu.

And now, my lady.

Let me approach your gentle, not grimalkin, presence, with remorse. You have indirectly been informed of my sta mind and body; (the whole winter I have not had the slig return of the gout, or any other complaint whatsoever;) you been apprised, and are now apprised, of my motions, or rat my perfect and agreeable repose; yet I must confess (and I that something of a direct and personal exchange of sentimen been neglected on my side, though I still *persuade* myself that I am settled in my new house I shall have more subject, as w leisure to write. Such tricks of laziness your active spirit stranger to, though Mrs. * * * complains that she has neve an answer to her last letters. Poor Lady Pembroke! *you* feel for her; after a cruel alternative of hope and fear, her daughter, Lady Charlotte, died at Aix in Provence; they have suaded her to come to this place, where she is intimately conn with the Cerjat family. She has taken an agreeable house, three miles from the town, and lives retired. I have seen her behaviour is calm, but her affliction ******. I accept with tude your friendly proposal of Wedgewood's ware, and shou glad to have it bought and packed, and sent without delay thr Germany; and I shall only say, that I wish to have a very com service for two courses and a dessert, and that our supper numerous, frequently fifteen or twenty persons. Adieu. I d mean this as your letter. You are very good to poor Kitty. you I do not condole about Coventry.

CLXXVII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BATH.

Lausanne, May 28th, 1

Dear Madam,—I begin without preface or apology, as if received your letter by the last post. In my own defence I not what to say; but if I were disposed to recriminate, I might ob that you yourself are not perfectly free from the sin of laziness procrastination. I have often wondered why we are not fond letter-writing. We all delight to talk of ourselves, and it is in letters, in writing to a friend, that we can enjoy that conversa not only without reproach or interruption, but with the highest priety and mutual satisfaction; sure that the person whom we ad feels an equal, or at least a strong and lively interest in the deration of the pleasing subject. On the subject therefore o I will entertain a friend, to whom none of my thoughts or ac none of my pains or pleasure, can ever be indifferent. When I cherished the design of retiring to Lausanne, I was much apprehensive of wounding your tender attachment, than of offe Lord Sheffield's manly and vehement friendship. In the abs of the board of trade, the motives for my retreat became

t and forcible; I wished to break loose, yet I delayed above
r before I could take my final resolution; and the letter in
I disclosed it to you cost me one of the most painful struggles
life. As soon as I had conquered that difficulty, all meaner
les fell before me, and in a few weeks I found myself at
nne, astonished at my firmness and my success. Perhaps
ill blame or still lament the step which I have taken: if on
wn account, I can only sympathise with your feelings, the re-
ion of which often costs me a sigh; if on mine, let me fairly
what I have escaped in England, and what I have found at
nne. Recollect the tempests of this winter, how many
s days I should have passed, how many noisy, turbulent, hot,
lesome nights, while my political existence, and that of my
s, was at stake; yet these feeble efforts would have been un-
g; I should have lost my seat in parliament, and after the
rdinary expense of another year, I must still have pursued
ad of Switzerland, unless I had been tempted by some selfish
, or by Lord S.'s aspiring spirit, to incur a most inconvenient
e for a new seat; and once more, at the beginning of an
tion, to engage in new scenes of business. As to the im-
e prospect of any thing like a quiet and profitable retreat, I
not know where to look; my friends are no longer in power.
* * * * and his party I have no connexion; and were he
ed to favour a man of letters, it is difficult to say what he
give, or what I would accept; the reign of pensions and sine-
s at an end, and a commission in the excise or customs, the
t of my hopes, would give me income at the expense of leisure
erty. When I revolve these circumstances in my mind, my
egret, I repeat it again and again, is, that I did not embrace
alutary measure three, five, ten years ago. Thus much I
t it necessary to say, and shall now dismiss this unpleasing
f the subject. For my situation here, health is the first
eration; and on that head your tenderness had conceived
legree of anxiety. I know not whether it has reached you
had a fit of the gout the day after my arrival. The deed is
ut the cause was accidental; carelessly stepping down a
f stairs, I sprained my ancle; and my ungenerous enemy
ly took advantage of my weakness. But since my breaking
louble chain, I have enjoyed a winter of the most perfect
that I have perhaps ever known, without any mixture of the
lying incommodities which in my best days have sometimes
ed the tranquillity of my English life. You are not ignorant
Tissot's reputation, and his merit is even above his reputa-
He assures me, that in his opinion, the moisture of England
lolland is most pernicious; the dry pure air of Switzer-
ost favourable to a gouty constitution: that experience
s the theory; and that there are fewer martyrs of that
r in this, than in any other country in Europe. This winter
ery where been most uncommonly severe; and you seem in
d to have had your full share of the general hardship: but

in this corner, surrounded by the Alps, it has rather been long than rigorous; and its duration stole away our spring, and left us an interval between furs and silks. We now enjoy the genial influence of the climate and the season; and no station was ever more calculated to enjoy them than Deyverdun's house and garden, which are now become my own. You will not expect that the pen should describe, what the pencil would imperfectly delineate. A few circumstances may, however, be mentioned. My library is about the same size with that in Bentinck-street, with this difference, however, that instead of looking on a paved court twelve feet square, I command a boundless prospect of vale, mountain, and water, from my three windows. My apartment is completed by a spacious light closet, or store-room, with a bed-chamber and dressing-room. Deyverdun's habitation is pleasant and convenient, though less extensive: for our common use we have a very handsome winter apartment of four rooms; and on the ground-floor, two cool saloons for the summer, with a sufficiency, or rather superfluity, of offices, &c. A terrace, one hundred yards long, extends beyond the front of the house, and leads to a close impenetrable shrubbery; and from thence the circuit of a long and various walk, carries me round a meadow and vineyard. The intervals afford abundant supply of fruit, and every sort of vegetables; and if you add, that this villa (which has been much ornamented by my friend) touches the best and most sociable part of the town, you will agree with me, that few persons, either princes or philosophers, enjoy a more desirable residence. Deyverdun, who is proud of his own works, often walks me round, pointing out, with acknowledgement and enthusiasm, the beauties that change with every step and with every variation of light. I share, or at least I sympathise, with his pleasure. He appears contented with my progress, and has already told several people, that he does not despair of making me a gardener. Be that as it may, you will be glad to hear that I am, by my own choice, infinitely more in motion, and in the open air, than I ever have been formerly; yet my perfect liberty and leisure leave me many studious hours; and as the circle of our acquaintance retire into the country, I shall be much less engaged in company and diversion. I have seriously resumed the prosecution of my History; each day and each month adds something to the completion of the great work. The progress is slow, the labour continual, and the end remote and uncertain; yet every day brings its amusement, as well as labour; and though I dare not fix a term, even in my own fancy, I advance, with the pleasing reflection, that the business of publication (should I be detained here so long) must enforce my return to England, and restore me to the best of mothers and friends. In the mean while, with health and competence, a full independence of mind and action, a delightful habitation, a true friend, and many pleasant acquaintance, you will allow, that I am rather an object of envy than of pity; and if you were more conversant with the use of the French language, I would seriously propose to you to repose yourself with us in this *fine country*. My indirect intelligence (on which I sometimes

depend with more implicit faith than on the kind dissimulation of your friendship) gives me reason to hope that the last winter has been more favourable to your health than the preceding one. Assure me of it yourself honestly and truly, and you will afford me one of the most lively pleasures.

CLXXVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, June 19th, 1784.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * In this glorious season I frequently give tea and supper to a dozen men and women with ease and reputation, and heartily wish you and my lady were among them. In this corner of Europe we enjoy, or shall speedily enjoy, (besides threescore English, with Lady Pembroke, and forty French, with the Duchess de Sivrac at their head), M. and Madame Necker, the Abbé Raynal, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, Prince Henry of Prussia, perhaps the Duke of Cumberland; yet I am still more content with the humble natives, than with *most* of these *illustrious* names. Adieu. The post is on the wing, and you owe me a long epistle. I am, as usual, in the firm intention of writing next week to my lady.

CLXXIX.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Lausanne, October 18th, 1784.

Since my retreat to Lausanne our correspondence has never received so long an interruption; and as I have been equally taciturn with the rest of the English world, it may now be a problem among that sceptical nation, whether the historian of the Decline and Fall be a living substance or an empty name. So tremendous is the sleepy power of laziness and habit, that the silence of each post operated still more strongly to benumb the hand, and to freeze the *epistolary* ink. How or when I should have naturally awakened, I cannot tell; but the pressure of my affairs, and the arrival of your last letter, compel me to remember that you are entrusted with the final amputation of the best limb of my property. The subject is in itself so painful, that I have postponed it, like a child's physic, from day to day; and losing whole mornings, as I walked about my library, in useless regret and impotent resolution, you will be amazed to hear that (after peeping to see if you are all well, and returned from Ireland) I have not yet had the courage to peruse your letter, for fear of meeting with some gloomy intelligence; and I will now finish what I have to say of pecuniary matters, before I know whether its contents will fortify or overthrow my unbiassed sentiments. * * * * * * * To what purpose (will you say) are these tardy and useless repinings? To arraign your manager? No, I am satisfied with the skill and firmness of the pilot, and complain only of the untoward violence of the tempest. To repent of your retreat into Switzerland? No, surely, every subsequent event has tended to make it as necessary as it has proved agreeable. Why then these lamentations?

Here and attend—It is to interest (if possible more strongly) your zeal and friendship, to justify a sort of avarice, a love of money, very foreign to my character, but with which I cling to these last fragments of my fortune. * * * * * * * * * As far as I can judge from the experience of a year, though I find Lausanne much more expensive than I imagined, yet my style of living (and a very handsome style it is) will be brought *nearly* within my ordinary revenues. I wish our poor country could say as much! But it was always my favourite and rational wish, that at the winding up of my affairs I might possess a sum from one to two thousand pounds, neither buried in land, nor locked up in the funds, but free, light, and ready to obey any call of interest, or pleasure, or virtue; to defray any extraordinary expense, support any delay, or remove any obstacle. For the attainment of this object, I trust in your assistance. * * * * * * * * * Thus much for this money transaction; to you I need add no other stimulative, than to say that my ease and comfort very much depend on the success of this plan.

As I thought every man of sense and fortune in Ireland must be satisfied, I did not conceive the cloud so dark as you represent it. I will seriously peruse the octavo and in due time the quarto edition;* it would become a classic book, if you could find leisure (will you ever find it?) to introduce order and ornament. You must negotiate *directly* with Deyverdun; but the state will not hear of parting with their only Reynolds.† I embrace my lady; let her be angry, provided she be well. Adieu. Yours.

P. S. The care of Ireland may have amused you in the summer; but how do you mean to employ the winter? Do you not cast a longing, lingering look at St. Stephen's chapel? With your fiery spirit, and firm judgment, I almost wish you there; not for your benefit, but for the public. If you resolve to recover your seat, do not listen to any fallacious and infinite projects of interest, contest, return, petition, &c. but limit your expense.

CLXXX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, October 22nd, 1784.

A few weeks ago, as I was walking on our terrace with M. Tissot, the celebrated physician, M. Mercier the author of the Tableau de Paris; Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle Necker, the Abbé de Bourbon, a natural son of Lewis the Fifteenth, the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, Prince Henry of Prussia, and a dozen counts, barons, and extraordinary persons, among whom was a natural son of the Empress of Russia——Are you satisfied with this list? which I could enlarge and embellish, without departing from truth; and we not the Baron of Sheffield (profound as he is on the subject of the American trade) doubly mistaken with regard to Gibbon and La

* Observations on the Commerce with the American States.
† Alluding to his portrait.

same! Whenever I used to hint my design of retiring, that illustrious baron, after a proper effusion of d—d fools, condescended to observe, that such an obscure nook in Switzerland might please me in the ignorance of youth, but that after tasting for so many years the various society of Paris and London, I should soon be tired with the dull and uniform round of a provincial town. In the winter, Lausanne is indeed reduced to its native powers; but during the summer, it is possibly, after Spa, one of the most favourite places of general resort. The tour of Switzerland, the Alps, and the glaciers, is become a fashion; Tissot attracts the invalids, especially from France; and a colony of English have taken up the habit of spending their winters at Nice, and their summers in the Pays de Vaud. Such are the splendour and variety of our summer visitors; and *you* will agree with me more readily than the baron, when I say that this variety, instead of being a merit, is, in my opinion, one of the very few objections to the residence of Lausanne. After the dissipation of the winter, I expected to have enjoyed, with more freedom and solitude, myself, my friend, my books, and this delicious paradise; but my position and character make me here a sort of public character, and oblige me to see and be seen. However, it is my firm resolution for next summer to assume the independence of a philosopher, and to be visible only to the persons whom I like. On that principle I should not, most assuredly, have avoided the Neckers and Prince Henry. The former have purchased the barony of Coppet near Geneva; and as the buildings were very much out of repair, they passed this summer at a country-house at the gates of Lausanne. They afford a new example, that persons who have tasted of greatness, can seldom return with pleasure to a private station. In the moments when we were alone he conversed with me freely, and I believe truly, on the subject of his administration and fall; and has opened several passages of modern history, which would make a very good figure in *the* American book.* If they spent the summers at the castle of Coppet, about nine leagues from hence, a fortnight or three weeks visit would be a pleasant and healthful excursion; but, alas! I fear there is little appearance of its being executed. *Her* health is impaired by the agitation of her mind: instead of returning to Paris, she is ordered to pass the winter in the southern provinces of France, and our last parting was solemn; as I very much doubt whether I shall ever see her again. They have now a very troublesome charge, which you will experience in a few years—the disposal of a baroness. Mademoiselle Necker,† one of the greatest heiresses in Europe, is now about eighteen—wild, vain, but goodnatured, with a much larger provision of wit than of beauty; what increases their difficulties is their religious obstinacy of marrying her only to a protestant. It would be an excellent opportunity for a young Englishman of a great name and a fair reputation. Prince Henry must be a man of sense; for he took more notice, and expressed more esteem for me, than any body else. He is certainly (without touching his military character) a very lively

* Observations on the Commerce with the American States.

† Afterwards Madame de Staël.

and entertaining companion. He talked with freedom, and generally with contempt, of most of the princes of Europe; with respect of the Empress of Russia; but never mentioned the name of his brother, except once, when he hinted that it was *he himself* that won the battle of Rosbach. His nephew, and our nephew, the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, is here for his education. Of the English, who live very much as a national colony, you will like to hear of Mrs. Fraser and *one* more. Donna Catherina* pleases every body by the perfect simplicity of her state of nature. You know she has had the resolution to return from England (where she told me she saw you) to Lausanne, for the sake of Miss Bristow, who is in bad health, and in a few days they set off for Nice. *The other* is the Eliza; she passed through Lausanne, in her road from Italy to England; poorly in health, but still adorable, (nay, do not frown!) and I enjoyed some delightful hours by her bed-side. She wrote me a line from Paris, but has not executed her promise of visiting Lausanne in the month of October. My pen has run much faster, and much farther, than I intended on the subject of others; yet, in describing them, I have thrown some light over myself and my situation. A year, a very short one, has now elapsed since my arrival at Lausanne; and after a cool review of my sentiments, I can sincerely declare, that I have never, during a single moment, repented of having executed my *absurd* project of retiring to Lausanne. It is needless to dwell on the fatigue, the hurry, the vexation which I must have felt in the narrow and dirty circle of English politics. My present life wants no foil, and shines by its own native light. The chosen part of my library is now arrived, and arranged in a room full as good as that in Bentinck-street, with this difference indeed, that instead of looking on a stone court, twelve feet square, I command, from three windows of plate glass, an unbounded prospect of many a league of vineyards, of fields, of wood, of lake, and of mountains; a scene which Lord Sheffield will tell you is superior to all you can imagine. The climate, though severe in winter, has perfectly agreed with my constitution; and the year is accomplished without any return of the gout. An excellent house, a good table, a pleasant garden, are no contemptible ingredients in human happiness. The general style of society hits my fancy; I have cultivated a large and agreeable circle of acquaintance, and I am much deceived if I have not laid the foundations of two or three more intimate and valuable connexions; but their names would be indifferent, and it would require pages, or rather volumes, to describe their persons and characters. With regard to my standing dish, my domestic friend, I could not be much disappointed, after an intimacy of eight and twenty years. His heart and his head are excellent; he has the warmest attachment for me, he is satisfied that I have the same for him: some slight imperfections must be mutually supported; two bachelors, who have lived so long alone and independent, have their peculiar fancies and humours, and when the mask of form and cere-

* The Honourable Mrs. Fraser.

many in full guide, every moment in a family life has not the sweetness of the honey moon, even between the husbands and wives who have the truest and most tender regard for each other. Should you be very much suprised to hear of my being married? Amazing as it may seem, I do assure you that the event is less improbable than it would have appeared to myself a twelvemonth ago. Deyverdun and I have often agreed, in jest and in earnest, that a house like ours would be regulated, and graced, and enlivened, by an agreeable female companion; but each of us seems desirous that his friend should sacrifice himself for the public good. Since my residence here I have lived much in women's company; and, to your credit be it spoken, I like you the better the more I see of you. Not that I am in love with any particular person. I have discovered about half a dozen wives who would please me in different ways, and by various merits: one as a mistress (a widow, vastly like *the* Eliza: if she returns I am to bring them together); a second, a lively entertaining acquaintance; a third, a sincere good-natured friend; a fourth, who would represent with grace and dignity at the head of my table and family; a fifth, an excellent economist and housekeeper; and a sixth, a very useful nurse. Could I find all these qualities united in a single person, I should dare to make my addresses, and should deserve to be refused. You hint in some of your letters, or rather postscripts, that you consider me as having renounced England, and having fixed myself for the rest of my life in Switzerland, and that you suspect the sincerity of my vague or insidious schemes of purchase or return. To remove, as far as I can, your doubts and suspicions, I will tell you, on that interesting subject, fairly and simply as much as I know of my own intentions. There is little appearance that I shall be suddenly recalled by the offer of a place or pension. I have no claim to the friendship of your young minister, and should he propose a commissioner of the customs, or secretary at Paris, the supposed objects of my low ambition, Adam in Paradise would refuse them with contempt. *Here* therefore I shall certainly live till I have finished the remainder of my History; an arduous work, which does not proceed so fast as I expect, amidst the avocations of society, and miscellaneous study. As soon as it is completed, most probably in three or *four* years, I shall infallibly return to England, about the month of May or June; and the necessary labour of printing with care two or three quarto volumes, will detain me till their publication, in the ensuing spring. Lord Sheffield and yourself will be the loadstone that most forcibly attracts me; and as I shall be a vagabond on the face of the earth, I shall be the better qualified to domesticate myself with you, both in town and country. Here, then, at no very extravagant distance, we have the certainty (if we live) of spending a year together, in the peace and freedom of a friendly intercourse; and a year is no very contemptible portion of this mortal existence. Beyond that period all is dark, but not gloomy. Whether, after the final completion of my History, I shall return to Lausanne, or settle in England, must depend on a thousand events which lie beyond the reach of human foresight, the state of public and private affairs, my own health, the health and life of

Deyverdun, the various changes which may have rendered Lausanne more dear, or less agreeable, to me than at present. But without losing ourselves in this distant futurity, which perhaps we may never see, and without giving any positive answer to Maria's parting question, whether I shall be buried in England or Switzerland, let me seriously and earnestly ask you, whether you do not mean to visit me next summer? The defeat at Coventry would, I should think, facilitate the project; since the baron is no longer detained the whole winter from his domestic affairs, nor is there any attendance on the house that keeps him till Midsummer in dust and dispute. I can send you a pleasant route, through Normandy, Paris, and Lyons, a visit to the glaciers, and your return down the Rhine, which would be commodiously executed in three or four months, at no very extravagant expense, and would be productive of health and spirits to you, of entertainment to you both, and of instruction to *the* Maria. Without the smallest inconvenience to myself, I am able to lodge yourselves and family, by arranging you in the winter apartment which in the summer season is not of any use to us. I think you will be satisfied with your habitation, and already see you in your dressing-room; a small pleasant room, with a delightful prospect to the west and south. If poor aunt Kitty (you oblige me beyond expression by your tender care of that excellent woman) if she were only ten years younger, I would desire you to take her with you, but much fear we shall never meet again. You will not complain of the brevity of this epistle; I expect, in return, a full and fair account of yourself, your thoughts and actions, soul and body, present and future, in the safe, though unreserved, confidence of friendship. The baron in two words hinted but an indifferent account of your health: you are a fine machine; but as he was absent in Ireland, I hope I understand the cause and the remedy. Next to yourself, I want to hear of the two baronesses. You must give me a faithful picture (and though a mother you can give it) of their present external and interna forms; for a year has now elapsed, and in *their* lives a year is an age. Adieu. Ever yours.

CLXXXI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, March 13th, 1785.

My long silence (and it has been long) must not, on this occasion, be imputed to laziness, though that little devil may likewise have been busy. But you cannot forget how many weeks I remained in suspense, expecting every post the final sentence, and not knowing what to say in that passive uncertainty. It is now something more than a fortnight since your last letter, and that of Gosling informed me of the event. I have intended every day to write, and every day I have started back with reluctance and disgust, from the consideration of the wretched subject. Lenborough irrecoverably gone for three-fourths of its real, at least of its ancient, value; my seat *in parliament* sunk in the abyss of your cursed politics, and a balance

neatly cyphered and summed by Gosling, which shows me a very shallow purse, in which others have a clearer right to dip than myself.

March 21st.

Another week is now elapsed, and though nothing is changed in this too faithful state of my affairs, I feel myself able to encounter them with more spirit and resolution; to look on the future, rather than the past; on the fair, rather than on the foul side of the prospect. I shall speak in the confidence of friendship, and while you listen to the more doleful tale of my wants and wishes, you will have the satisfaction of hearing some circumstances in my present situation of a less unpleasing nature. 1. In the first place, I most heartily rejoice in the sale, however unfavourable, of the Bucks estate. Considering the dullness of the times, and the high interest of money, it is not a little to obtain even a tolerable price, and I am sensible how much your patience and industry have been exercised to extort the payment. 2. Your resistance to my Swiss expedition was more friendly than wise. Had I yielded, after eighteen months of suspense and anxiety, I should now, a still poorer man, be driven to embrace the same resource, which has succeeded according to, or even beyond, my most sanguine expectations. I do not pretend to have discovered the terrestrial paradise, which has not been known in this world since the fall of Adam; but I can truly declare, (now the charms of novelty are long since faded,) that I have found the plan of life the best adapted to my temper and my situation. I am now writing to you in a room as good as that in Bentinck-street, which commands the country, the lake, and the mountains, and the opening prospect of the spring. The aforesaid room is furnished without magnificence, but with every conveniency for warmth, ease, and study, and the walls are already covered with more than two thousand volumes, the choice of a chosen library. I have health, friends, an amusing society, and perfect freedom. A commissioner of the excise! the idea makes me sick. If you ask me what I have saved by my retreat to Lausanne, I will fairly tell you (in the two great articles of a carriage and a house in town, both which were indispensable, and are now annihilated, with the difference of clubs, public places, servants' wages, &c.) about four hundred pounds, or guineas, a year; no inconsiderable sum, when it must be annually found as addition to an expense which is somewhat larger than my present revenue. 3. "What is then," you will ask, "my present establishment?" *This* is not by any means a cheap country; and, except in the article of wine, I could give a dinner, or make a coat, perhaps for the same price in London as at Lausanne. My chief advantage arises from the things which I do not want; and in some respects my style of living is enlarged by the increase of my relative importance—an obscure bachelor in England, the master of a considerable house at Lausanne. Here I am expected to return entertainments, to receive ladies, &c. and to perform many duties of society, which, though agreeable enough in themselves, contribute to inflame the housekeeper's bills. From the disbursements of the first year I

cannot form any just estimate; the extraordinary expenses of the journey, carriage of heavy goods from England, the acquisition of many books, which it was not expedient to transport, the purchase of furniture, wine, fitting up my library, and the irregularity of a new ménage, have consumed a pretty large sum. But in a quiet, prudent, regular course of life, I think I can support myself with comfort and honour for six or seven hundred pounds a year, instead of a thousand or eleven hundred in England.

Besides these uncertainties, (uncertain at least as to the time,) I have a sure and honourable supply from my own pen. I continue my History with pleasure and assiduity; the way is long and laborious, yet I see the end, and I can almost promise to land in England next September twelvemonth, with a manuscript of the current value of about four thousand pounds, which will afford either a small income or a large capital. 5. It is in the meanwhile that my situation is somewhat difficult. * * * * * * * * * * * * * Such are the services and revenues of the year; proceed we now, in the style of the budget, to the ways and means of extraordinary supplies. * * * * * * * * * * * I will not affront your friendship, by observing that you will incur little or no risk on this occasion. Read, consider, act, and write.

It is the privilege of friendship to make our friend a patient hearer, and active associate in our own affairs; and I have now written five pages on my private affairs, without saying a word either of the public, or of yourself. Of the public I have little to say; I never was a very warm patriot, and I grow every day a citizen of the world. The scramble for power or profit at Westminster or at St. James's, and the names of Pitt and Fox, become less interesting to me than those of Cæsar and Pompey. You are not a friend of the young minister, but he is a great favourite on the Continent, as he appears to be still; and you must own that the fairness of his character, his eloquence, his application to business, and even his youth, must prepossess at least the ignorant in his favour. Of the merit or defects of his administration I cannot pretend to speak; but I find, from the complaints of some interested persons, that his restraints on the smuggling of tea have already ruined the East India Companies of Antwerp and Sweden, and that even the Dutch will scarcely find it worth their while to send any ships to China. Your Irish friends appear to be more quiet, at least the volunteers and national congress seem to subside. How far that tranquillity must be purchased on our side, by any pernicious sacrifices, you will best decide; and from some hint in your last letters, I am inclined to think that you are less affected than might be supposed with national or local prejudice. Your introduction I have attentively read; the matter, though most important in itself, is out of the line of my studies and habits, and the subordinate beauties of style you disclaim. Yet I can say with truth, that I never met with more curious and diligent investigation, more *strong* sense, more liberal spirit, and more cool and impartial temper *in the* same number of pages. By this time you have probably read

Necker's book on the finances. Perhaps for you there is too much French enthusiasm and paint; but in many respects you must have gained a knowledge of his country, and on the whole, you must have been pleased with the picture of a great and benevolent mind. In your attack on Deyverdun for my picture I cannot promise you much success; he seems resolved to maintain his right of possession, and your only chance would be a personal assault. The next summer (how time slips away!) was fixed for your visit to Lausanne. We are prepared at all points to receive *you*, my lady, and a princess or two, with their train; and if you have proper contempt for St. Stephen's chapel, you are perfectly free, and at leisure (can you ever be at leisure?) for the summer season. As you are now in a great measure disengaged from any affairs, you may find time to inform me of your proceedings and your projects. At present I do not even know whether you pass the winter at Sheffield-place or in Downing-street. My lady revenges herself on my long silence; yet I embrace her and the infants. Adieu. You have deranged the Decline and Fall this morning. I have finished my epistle since dinner, and am now going to a pleasant party and good supper.

CLXXXII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, September 5th, 1785.

Extract from a weekly English paper, September 5th, 1785.—"It is reported, but we hope without foundation, that the celebrated Mr. Gibbon, who had retired to Lausanne in Switzerland to finish his valuable History, lately died in that city."

The hope of the newspaper writer is very handsome and obliging to the historian; yet there are several weighty reasons which would incline me to believe that the intelligence may be true. *Primo*, It must one day be true; and therefore may very probably be so at present. *Secundo*, We may always depend on the impartiality, accuracy, and veracity of an English newspaper. *Tertio*, which is indeed the strongest argument, we are credibly informed that for a long time past the said celebrated historian has not written to any of his friends in England; and as that respectable personage had always the reputation of a most exact and regular correspondent, it may be fairly concluded from his silence, that he either is, or ought to be, dead. The only objection that I can foresee, is the assurance that Mr. G—— himself read the article as he was eating his breakfast, and laughed very heartily at the mistake of his brother historian; but as he might be desirous of concealing that unpleasant event, we shall not insist on his apparent health and spirits, which might be affected by that subtle politician. He affirms, however, not only that he is alive, and was so on the fifth of September, but that his head, his heart, his stomach, are in the most perfect state, and that the climate of Lausanne has been congenial both to his mind and body. He confesses, indeed, that after the last severe winter, the gout, his old enemy, from whom he hoped to have escaped, pursued him to his retreat among the mountains of Hel-

vetia, and that the siege was long, though more languid than in his precedent attacks; after some exercise of patience he began to creep, and gradually to walk; and though he can neither run, nor fly, nor dance, he supports himself with firmness on his two legs, and would willingly kick the impertinent gazetteer; impertinent enough, though more easily to be forgiven than the insolent Courier du Bas Rhin, who about three years ago amused himself and his readers with a fictitious epistle from Mr. Gibbon to Dr. Robertson.

Perhaps now you think, baron, that I shall apologise in humble style for my silence and neglect. But, on the contrary, I do assure you that I am truly provoked at your lordship's not condescending to be in a passion. I might really have been dead, I might have been sick; if I were neither dead nor sick, I deserved a volley of curses and reproaches for my infernal laziness, and you have defrauded me of my just dues. Had I been silent till Christmas, till doomsday, you would never have thought it worth your while to abuse me. "Why, then," (let me ask in your name) "did you not write before?" That is indeed a very curious question of natural and moral philosophy. Certainly I am not lazy; elaborate quartos have proved, and will abundantly prove my diligence. I *can* write; spare my modesty on that subject. I like to converse with my friends by pen or tongue, and as soon as I can set myself a going, I know no moments that run off more pleasantly. I am so well convinced of that truth, and so much ashamed of forcing people that I love to forget me, that I have now resolved to set apart the first hour of each day for the discharge of my obligations; beginning *comme de raison*, with yourself, and regularly proceeding to Lord Loughborough and the rest. May Heaven give me strength and grace to accomplish this laudable intention! Amen. Certainly (yet I do not know whether it be so certain) I should write much oftener to you if we were not linked in business, and if my business had not always been of the unpleasant and mortifying kind. Even now I shove the ugly monster to the end of this epistle, and will confine him to a page by himself, that he may not infect the purer air of our correspondence. Of my situation here I have little new to say, except a very comfortable and singular truth, that my passion for my wife or mistress (Fanny Lausanne) is not palled by satiety and possession of two years. I have seen her in all seasons and in all humours, and though she is not without faults, they are infinitely overbalanced by her good qualities. Her face is not handsome, but her person, and every thing about her, has admirable grace and beauty: she is of a very cheerful, sociable temper; without much learning, she is endowed with taste and good sense; and though not rich, the simplicity of her education makes her a very good economist; she is forbid by her parents to wear any expensive finery; and though her limbs are not much calculated for walking, she has not yet asked me to keep her a coach. Last spring (not to wear the metaphor to rags) I saw Lausanne in a new light, during my long fit of the gout; and must boldly declare, that either *in health* or sickness I find it far more comfortable than your huge *metropolis*. In London my confinement was sad and solitary; the

many forgot my existence when they saw me no longer at Brookes's; and the few, who sometimes cast a thought or an eye on their friend, were detained by business or pleasure, the distance of the way, or the hours of the house of commons; and I was proud and happy if I could prevail on Elmsly to enliven the dullness of the evening. Here the objects are nearer, and much more distinct, and I myself am an object of much larger magnitude. People are not kinder, but they are more idle, and it must be confessed that, of all nations on the globe, the English are the least attentive to the old and infirm; I do not mean in acts of charity, but in the offices of civil life. During three months I have had round my chair a succession of agreeable men and women, who came with a smile, and vanished at a nod; and as soon as it was agreeable I had a constant party at cards, which was sometimes dismissed to their respective homes, and sometimes detained by Deyverdun to supper, without the least trouble or inconvenience to myself. In a word, my plan has most completely answered; and I solemnly protest, after two years' trial, that I have never in a single moment repented of my transmigration. The only disagreeable circumstance is the increase of a race of animals with which this country has been long infested, and who are said to come from an island in the northern ocean. I am told, but it seems incredible, that upwards of forty thousand English, masters and servants, are now absent on the Continent; and I am sure we have our full proportion, both in town and country, from the month of June to that of October. The occupations of the closet, indifferent health, want of horses, in some measure plead my excuse; yet I do too much to please myself, and probably too little to satisfy my countrymen. What is still more unlucky is, that a part of the colony of this present year are really good company, people one knows, &c.; the Astons, Hales, Hampdens, Trevors, Lady Clarges and Miss Carter, Lord Northington, &c. I have seen Trevor several times, who talks of you, and seems to be a more exact correspondent than myself. *His wife* is much improved by her diplomatic life, and shines in every company, as a woman of fashion and elegance. But those who have repaid me for the rest were Lord and Lady Spencer. I saw them almost every day, at my house or their own, during their stay of a month; for they were hastening to Italy, that they might return to London next February. He is a valuable man, and where he is familiar, a pleasant companion; she a charming woman, who, with sense and spirit, has the simplicity and playfulness of a child. You are not ignorant of her talents, of which she has left me an agreeable specimen, a drawing of the Historic Muse, sitting in a thoughtful posture to compose. So much of Self and Co. Let us now talk a little of your house and your two countries. Does my lady ever join in the abuse which I have merited from you? Is she satisfied with her own behaviour, her unpardonable silence, to one of the prettiest, most obliging, most entertaining, most &c. epistles that ever was penned since the epistles of * * * * * *? Will she not *mew* one word of reply? I want some account of her spirits,

health, amusements, of the elegant accomplishments of Maria, and the opening graces of Louisa: of yourself I wish to have some of those details which she is most likely to transmit. Are you patient in your exclusion from the house? Are you satisfied with legislating with your pen? Do you pass the whole winter in town? Have you resumed the pursuits of farming, &c.? What new connexions, public or private, have you formed? A tour to the Continent would be the best medicine for the shattered nerves of a soldier and politician. By this expression you will perceive that your letter to Deyverdun is received; it landed last post, after I had already written the two first pages of this composition. On the whole, my friend was pleased and flattered: but instead of surrendering or capitulating, he seems to be making preparations for an obstinate defence. He already talks of the right of possession,* of the duties of a good citizen, of a writ *ne exeat regnum*, and of a vote of the two hundred, that whomsoever shall, directly or indirectly, &c., is an enemy to his country. Between you be the strife, while I sit with my scales in my hand, like Jupiter on Mount Ida. I begin to view with the same indifference the combat of Achilles Pitt and Hector Fox; for such as it should now seem, must be the comparison of the two warriors. * * * * * * * * * * *

At this distance I am much less angry with bills, taxes, and propositions, than I am pleased with Pitt for making a friend and a deserving man happy, for releasing Batt from the shackles of the law, and for enhancing the gift of a secure and honourable competency, by the handsome manner in which it was conferred. This I understand to be the case, from the unsuspicious evidence of Lord Northington and Chief Baron Skinner; and if I can find time (*resolution*) I will send him a hearty congratulation; if I fail, you may at least communicate my intentions. Of Ireland I know nothing, and while I am writing the Decline of a great Empire, I have not leisure to attend to the affairs of a remote and petty province. I see that your friend Foster has been hooted by the mob, and unanimously chosen speaker of the house of commons. How could Pitt expose himself to the disgrace of withdrawing his propositions after a public attempt? Have ministers no way of computing beforehand the sense or nonsense of an Irish parliament? I am quite in the dark; your pamphlet, or book, would probably have opened my eyes; but whatever may have been the reason, I give you *my word of honour* that I have never seen nor heard of it. Here we are much more engaged with continental politics. In general we hate the emperor, as the enemy of peace, without daring to make war. The old lion of Prussia acts a much more glorious part, as the champion of public tranquillity, and the independence of the German states.

And now for the bitter and nauseous pill of pecuniary business, upon which I shall be as concise as possible in the two articles of my discourse, land and money. * * * * * *

It is impossible to hate more than I do this odious necessity of owing, borrowing, anticipating; and I look forwards with impatience to the

* His portrait, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

happy period when the supplies will always be raised within the year, with a decent and useful surplus in the treasury. I now trust to the conclusion of my History, and it will hasten and secure the principal comforts of my life. You will believe I am not lazy; yet I fear the term is somewhat more distant than I thought. My long gout lost me three months in the spring; in every great work unforeseen dangers, and difficulties, and delays will arise; and I should be rather sorry than surprised if next autumn was postponed to the ensuing spring. If my lady (a good creature) should write to Mrs. Porten, she may convey news of my life and health, without saying anything of this *possible* delay. Adieu. I embrace, &c.

Lausanne, October 1st, 1785.

CLXXXIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, January 17th, 1786.

Hear all ye nations! An epistle from Sheffield-place, received the seventeenth of January, is answered the same day; and to say the truth, this method, which is the best, is at the same time the most easy and pleasant. Yet I do not allow that on the last past silence and delay you have any more reason to swear than myself. Our letters crossed each other, our claims were equal, and if both had been stiffly maintained, our mutual silence must have continued till the day of judgment. The balance was doubtless in my favour, if you recollect the length, the fulness, the variety of pleasant and instructive matter of my last dispatch. Even at present, of myself, my occupations, my designs, I have little or nothing to add; and can only speak drily and briefly to very dry and disagreeable business. * * * * * But we shall both agree that the true criminal is my lady; and though I do suppose that a letter is on the road, which will make some amends, her obstinate, contumacious, dilatory silence, so many months or years since my valuable letter, is worthy a royal tigress. * * * * * * * * Notwithstanding your gloomy politicians, I do love the funds; and were the next war to reduce them to half, the remainder would be a better and pleasanter property, than a similar value in your dirty acres. We are now in the height of our winter amusements; balls, great suppers, comedies, &c.; and, except St. Stephen's, I certainly lead a more gay and dissipated life here, among the Alps, (by the by, a most extraordinary mild winter,) than in the midst of London. Yet my mornings, and sometimes an afternoon, are diligently employed. My work advances, but much remains, indeed much more than I imagined; but a great book, like a great house, was never yet finished at the given time. When I talk of the spring of eighty-seven, I suppose all my time well bestowed; and what do you think of a fit of the gout, that may disqualify me for two or three months? You may growl, but if you calmly reflect on my pecuniary and sentimental state, you will believe that I most earnestly desire to complete my labour, and *visit* England. Adieu.

CLXXXIV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, May 10th, 1786.

By the difference, I suppose, of the posts of France and Germany, Sir Stanier's letter, though first written, is still on the road, and yours, which I received yesterday morning, brought me the first account of poor Mrs. Porten's departure. There are few events that could afflict me more deeply, and I have been ever since in a state of mind more deserving of your pity than of your reproaches. I certainly am not ignorant that we have nothing better to wish for ourselves than the fate of that best-humoured woman, as you very justly style her; a good understanding, and an excellent heart, with health, spirits, and a competency, to live in the midst of her friends till the age of fourscore, and then to shut her eyes without pain or remorse. Death can have deprived her only of some years of weakness, perhaps of misery; and for myself it is surely less painful to lose her at present, than to find her in my visit to England next year sinking under the weight of age and infirmities, and perhaps forgetful of herself and of the persons once the dearest to her. All this is perfectly true: but all these reflections will not dispel a thousand sad and tender remembrances that rush upon my mind. To her care I am indebted in earliest infancy for the preservation of my life and health. I was a puny child, neglected by my mother, starved by my nurse, and of whose being very little care or expectation was entertained; without her maternal vigilance I should either have been in my grave, or imperfectly lived a crooked rickety monster, a burden to myself and others. To her instructions I owe the first rudiments of knowledge, the first exercise of reason, and a taste for books, which is still the pleasure and glory of my life; and though she taught me neither language nor science, she was certainly the most useful preceptor I ever had. As I grew up, an intercourse of thirty years endeared her to me, as the faithful friend and the agreeable companion. You have seen with what freedom and confidence we lived together, and have often admired her character and conversation, which could alike please the young and the old. All this is now lost, finally, irrecoverably lost! I will agree with my lady, that the immortality of the soul is at sometimes a very comfortable doctrine. A thousand thanks to her for her constant kind attention to that poor woman who is no more. I wish I had as much to applaud and as little to reproach in my own behaviour towards Mrs. Porten since I left England; and when I reflect that my letters would have soothed and comforted her decline, I feel more deeply than I can express, the real neglect, the seeming indifference, of my silence. To delay a letter from the Wednesday to the Saturday, and then from the Saturday to the Wednesday, appears a very slight offence; yet in the repetition of such delay, weeks, months, and years will elapse, till the omission may become *irretrievable*, and the consequence mischievous or fatal. After a

long lethargy, I had roused myself last week, and wrote to the three old ladies; my letter for Mrs. Porten went away last post, Saturday night, and yours did not arrive till Monday morning. Sir Stanier will probably open it, and read the true picture of my sentiments for a friend who, when I wrote, was already extinct. There is something sad and awful in the thought, yet on the whole, I am not sorry that even this tardy epistle preceded my knowledge of her death: but it did not precede (you will observe) the information of her dangerous and declining state, which I conveyed in my last letter, and her anxious concern that she should never see or *hear* from me again. This idea, and the hard thoughts which you must entertain of me, press so much on my mind, that I must frankly acknowledge a strange inexcusable supineness, on which I desire you would make no comment, and which in some measure may account for my delays in corresponding with you. The unpleasant nature of business, and the apprehension of finding something disagreeable, tempted me to postpone from day to day, not only the answering, but even the opening, your penultimate epistle; and when I received your last, yesterday morning, the seal of the former was still unbroken. Oblige me so far as to make no reflections; my own may be of service to me hereafter. Thus far (except the last sentence) I have run on with a sort of melancholy pleasure, and find my heart much relieved by unfolding it to a friend. And the subject so strongly holds me, so much disqualifies me for other discourse, either serious or pleasant, that here I would willingly stop, and reserve all miscellaneous matter for a second volunteer epistle. But we both know how frail are promises, how dangerous are delays, and there are some pecuniary objects on which I think it necessary to give you an immediate, though now tardy, explanation.

I do not return you any formal thanks for * * * I have really a hundred things to say of myself, of you and Co., of your works, of mine, of my books in Downing-street, of Lausanne, of politics, &c. &c. After this, some epistolary debts must and SHALL be paid; and to proceed with order, I have fixed this day fortnight (May twenty-fifth) for the date and dispatch of your second epistle. Give me credit once more. Pray, does my lady think herself absolved from all obligation of writing to me? To her, at least, I am not in arrear. Adieu.

CLXXXV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO SIR STANIER PORTEN, KENSINGTON-PALACE.

Lausanne, May 12th, 1786.

My dear Sir,—The melancholy event which you have communicated, in your last obliging letter of the twenty-fourth of April, might indeed be too naturally feared and expected. If we consult our reason, we can wish nothing better for ourselves than the lot of that dear and valuable friend whom we have now lost.* A warm

* His aunt, Mrs. Catherine Porten.

heart, a strong and clear understanding, a most invaluable happiness of temper, which showed her the agreeable or comfortable side of every object, and every situation; an easy competency, the reward of her own attention; private friendship, general esteem, a mature age, and a placid decline. But these rational motives of consolation are insufficient to check a thousand soft and sad remembrances that rush into my mind; the intimacy of a whole life; of mine, at least, from the earliest dawn of my infancy; the maternal and assiduous care of my health, and afterwards of my mind; the freedom and frequency of our conversations; the regret which I felt in our last separation, and the hope, however faint and precarious, of seeing her again. Time alone can reconcile us to this irreparable loss, and to his healing power I must recommend your grief, as well as my own. I sincerely applaud her very proper and natural disposal of her effects, and am proud of the pre-eminence which she has allowed me in a list of dear and worthy relations.

I am too full of a single idea to expatiate, as I should otherwise do, on indifferent matters; yet not totally indifferent to my friends, since they relate to my present situation. My health is in general perfectly good, and the only drawbacks some occasional visits of the gout, which abate, however, in strength, and are grown, I think, less frequent and lasting. The life which I lead is temperate and tranquil, and the distemper itself is not common in the purity and dryness of the climate. After a long trial, I can now approve my own choice of retiring to Switzerland. My delightful habitation, at once in town and country; my library, and the society of agreeable men and women, compose a very eligible plan of life, which is shaded with very few, and very slight exceptions. I prosecute with ease, and regular diligence, the conclusion of my History; and, as far as I can judge, I may hope to deliver it to the press in the course of next year. That important business will recall me to England, and detain me there some months; and I shall rejoice in the opportunity of revisiting my country and my friends; among them those of Kensington Palace hold a high and distinguished place.

I truly sympathise, my dear sir, in your paternal feelings, in the health and progress of your very promising children. May that, and every other blessing, attend both yourself and Lady Porten. My friend, M. Deyverdun, desires to assure you of his respect and good wishes. I am, dear sir, most affectionately yours.

CLXXXVI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, July 22nd, 1786.

* * Since I have another page, and some leisure moments, we may as well employ it in friendly converse; the more so, as the great letter to which I alluded is wonderfully precarious and uncertain: the more so likewise, as our correspondence for some time past has been of an abrupt and disagreeable cast. Let us first t *of* Sheffield's works; they are of two sorts: *Primo*, Two nymphs,

whom I cannot decline to see; the sprightly Maria and the gentle Louisa. I perfectly represent them both in the eye of fancy; each of them accomplished according to her age and character, yet totally different in their external and internal forms. *Secundo*, three pamphlets; pamphlets! I cry your mercy; three weighty treatises, almost as useful as an inquiry into the state of the primitive church. And here let me justify, if I have not before, my silence on a subject which wo authors do not easily forgive. The first, whose first editions had seen the light before I left England, followed me here in a more complete edition; and that Treatise on the American Trade has been read, judged, approved, and reported. The second, on Ireland, I have seen by accident the copy you sent to Mr. Trevor, who passed last summer (eighty-five) here. The third, and in my present situation the most interesting, on the French Commerce,* I have not yet seen by any means whatsoever, and you who know what orders you have given to Elmsly or others, will best discern on whom should be laid the fault and the blame. By the by, Mrs. Trevor is now here without her husband, and I am just going to see her, about a mile out of town: she is judged elegant and amiable. But to return to your books, all that I have seen must do you honour, and might do the public service; you are above the trifling decorations of style; but your sense is strong, your views impartial, and your industry laudable. I find that your American Tract is just translated into German. Do you still correspond with * *? If he could establish a beneficial intercourse between the two first nations in the world, I would excuse him some little political tergiversation. At some distance of time and place, those domestic squabbles lose much of their importance; and though I should not forgive him any breach of private friendship or confidence, I cannot much blame him if he chose rather to serve his family and his country, than to persevere in a hopeless and, as I suspect, an unpopular opposition. You have never told me clearly and correctly how you support your inactive retreat from the house of commons; whether you have resumed your long forgotten taste for rural and domestic pleasures, and whether you have never cast a look towards Coventry, or some other borough equally pure and respectable. In the short space that is left I will only repeat more distinctly, that in the present contemplation of my work, June or July of next year is the earliest term at which I can hope to see England; and if I have a fit of the gout—I have, indeed, been free from the monster this last twelvemonth; but he is most arbitrary and capricious. Of my own situation let me say with truth that it is tranquil, easy, and well adapted to my character. All enthusiasm is now at an end; I see things in their true light, and I applaud the judgment and choice of my retirement. I am well, happy, and diligent; but your kind hint of the London house is perfectly superfluous; as instead of the *spring*, we must already read the *summer* of next year. Do not be childish or passionate; trust me, I wish to appear in England; but it must be with my book in my hand; and

* A mistake—Lord Sheffield did not PUBLISH any tract on French Commerce.

a book takes more time in making than a pudding. Adieu. Will my lady never write?

You see why I have left a blank in the first page; and when I begun I had no design of going beyond it; and now, unless I have some extraordinary fit of diligence and zeal, shall probably wait till the return of your epistle. A word before we part, about the least unpleasant of my business; my library in Downing-street. Excuse the accidental derangement; I shall send for no more books, and only beg you to give them shelter in your uninhabited parlour till my arrival. Two or three mornings will suffice for personal review, and the subsequent steps of sale or travel will most properly be executed under my own eye. Once more adieu.

CLXXXVII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MR. CADELL, BOOKSELLER, LONDON.

Lausanne, December 16th, 1786.

Dear Sir,—I received your letter this morning (the 16th instant), and answer it the same day. I am a sad correspondent, but it has been my constant endeavour that my negligence should never affect the interest or happiness of my friends.

The report you so kindly mention is somewhat incorrect. I never could fix a particular day for dining with Lord Sheffield, nor should I think of performing the journey in the winter month of February. The last autumn was the term which I had fixed in my hopes, and long since in my letters to him. It has been changed to next spring, and by the spring I must now understand the middle of the summer, which I can at present ascertain with some confidence, from a nearer prospect of the end of my work, which I shall bring over for the press. It will consist of three more quarto volumes, somewhat thinner, perhaps, than their predecessors; but as that difference cannot be enough to affect the price, it will be so much saved on the author's pains, and the printer's expenses. I am happy to understand the public entertain the same opinion of the past, and the same impatience for the remainder; and, unless I am strangely deceived, their expectation will not be disappointed. The three last volumes are laboured at least with equal diligence; they contain a longer period of time, and a far greater variety of events; and the whole will comprise a general series of history, from the reign of Trajan and the Antonines, to the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet the Second; with a review of Mahomet and his successors, the Crusades and the Turks, as far as in their utmost latitude they are connected with the fate of the Eastern or Western Empire. With regard to our pecuniary arrangements, I persuade myself that we shall have no more difficulties, now than heretofore; that you will cheerfully assign the same value to the three younger as to the three elder brothers; and that so important a transaction will have been concluded in the first instance by three minutes conversation, and in the second by three lines of a letter; a memorable example *the annals* of authors and booksellers. If you agree with me on th

subject, you may provide paper, &c. as soon as you please in the spring, in the full confidence of seeing me with my book in the summer; and I should not be sorry to learn what time (in using the utmost expedition) would be sufficient for printing, and how late you would consent to publish in the ensuing spring. At this moment, when I am straining every nerve to comclude my living labours, I am ill disposed to lose any time in the dull dead work of correcting a new edition. When I am in England, quiet in the country, there would be room and leisure, for a complete revision; and I should have no objection to place at the end of the sixth volume a string of amendments and improvements, which hereafter might be inserted in their proper places. We shall likewise have occasion for a good and general index to the whole.

I sincerely condole with you in your various losses: Rose and Strahan were indeed valuable men. For myself, you will rejoice to hear that I am satisfied with my Swiss retirement; and that except some mild and transient fits of the gout, I enjoy as much health and happiness as is compatible with the lot of man. I expect with much impatience Dr. Robertson's improved edition. There are three or four books which I should like to have without delay: that work, Pennant's Arctic Zoology, White's Sermons (the Arabic professor), the Annual Registers since the year 1782. With Elmsly's assistance (he is a sad dog, but I will write to him soon) could you not inclose them in a small box, with any other recent publications of merit, and dispatch them instantly by some more costly and expeditious mode of conveyance? I am, most faithfully yours.

CLXXXVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, January 20th, 1787.

After some sallies of wrath, you seem at length to have subsided n sullen silence, and I must confess not totally without reason. Yet if your mind be still open to truth, you will confess that I am ot so black as I appear. 1. Your lordship has shown much less ctivity and eloquence than formerly, and your last letter was an nswer to mine, which I had expected some time with impatience. ad examples are dangerous to young people. 2. Formerly I have eglected answering your epistles on essential, though unpleasant, usiness; and the *res-publica* or *privata* may have suffered by my eglect. Supposing, therefore, we had no transactions, why should write so often? To exchange sentimental compliments, or to elate the various and important transactions of the republic of ausanne. As long as I do not inform you of my death, you have od grounds to believe me alive and well. You have a general, nd will soon have a more particular, idea of my system and arrangeent here. One day glides away after another in tranquil uniformity. very object must have sides and moments less luminous than hers; but, upon the whole, the life and the place which I have osen are most happily adapted to my character and circumstances;

and I can now repeat, at the end of three years, what I soon and sincerely affirmed, that never, in a single instant, have I repented of my scheme of retirement to Lausanne; a retirement which was judged by my best and wisest friend a project little short of insanity. The place, the people, the climate, have answered or exceeded my warmest expectations. And though I truly rejoice in my approaching visit to England, Mr. Pitt, were he your friend and mine, would not find it an easy task to prevent my return. 3. And now let me add a third reason, which often diverted me from writing; namely, my impatience to see you this next summer. I am building a great book, which, besides the three stories already exposed to the public eye, will have three stories more before we reach the roof and battlements. You too have built or altered a great Gothic castle with baronial battlements. Did you finish it within the time you intended? As that time drew near, did you not find a thousand nameless and unexpected works that must be performed; each of them calling for a portion of time and labour? and had you not despised, nobly despised, the minute diligence of finishing, fitting up, and furnishing the apartments, you would have discovered a new train of indispensable business. Such, at least, has been my case. A long while ago, when I contemplated the distant prospect of my work, I gave you and myself some hopes of landing in England last autumn; but, alas! when autumn grew near, hills began to rise on hills, Alps on Alps, and I found my journey far more tedious and toilsome than I had imagined. When I look back on the length of the undertaking, and the variety of materials, I cannot accuse, or suffer myself to be accused, of idleness; yet it appeared that unless I doubled my diligence, another year, and perhaps more, would elapse before I could embark with my complete manuscript. Under these circumstances I took, and am still executing, a bold and meritorious resolution. The mornings in winter, and in a country of early dinners, are very concise: to them, my usual period of study, I now frequently add the evenings, renounce cards and society, refuse the most agreeable evenings, or perhaps make my appearance at a late supper. By this extraordinary industry, which I never practised before, and to which I hope never to be again reduced, I see the last part of my History growing apace under my hands; all my materials are collected and arranged; I can exactly compute, by the square foot, or the square page, all that remains to be done; and after concluding text and notes, after a general review of my time and my ground, I can now decisively ascertain the final period of the Decline and Fall, and can boldly promise that I will dine with you at Sheffield-place in the month of August, or perhaps of July, in the present year; within less than a twelvemonth of the term which I had loosely and originally fixed; and perhaps it would not be easy to find a work of that size and importance in which the workman has so tolerably kept his word with himself and the public. But in this situation, oppressed with this particular object, and stealing every hour from my amusement, to the fatigue of the pen and the eyes, you will conceive, or you *might conceive*, how little stomach I have for the epistolary style;

:hat instead of idle, though friendly, correspondence, I think it
ıore agreeable to employ my time in the effectual measures that
hasten and exhilarate our personal interview. About a month
I had a voluntary, and not unpleasing epistle from Cadell; he
ms me that he is going to print a new octavo edition, the for-
being exhausted, and that the public expect with impatience
conclusion of that excellent work, whose reputation increases
r day, &c. I answered him by the return of the post, to inform
e period and extent of my labours, and to express a reasonable
that he would set the same value on the three last as he had
on the three former volumes. Should we conclude in this easy
ıer a transaction so honourable to the author and bookseller,
vay is clear and open before me; in pecuniary matters I think
ı assured for the rest of my life of never troubling my friends,
eing troubled myself; a state to which I aspire, and which I
ed deserve, if not by my management, at least by moderation.
ı your last, you talk more of the French treaty than of yourself
your wife and family; a true English *quid nunc!* For my part,
ıis remote, inland, neutral country, you will suppose, that after a
ıt glance on the papers, I have neither had the means nor the
nation to think very deeply about it. As a citizen of the world,
aracter to which I am every day rising or sinking, I must rejoice
ery agreement that diminishes the separation between neighbour-
countries, which softens their prejudices, unites their interest and
ıstry, and renders their future hostilities less frequent and less im-
able. With regard to the present treaty, I hope both nations
gainers; since otherwise it cannot be lasting; and such double
ual gain is surely possible in fair trade, though it could not
ly happen in the mischievous amusements of war and gaming.
What a delightful hand have these great statesmen made of it
e my departure! without power, and, as far as I can see, without
e. When we meet I shall advise you to digest all your political
commercial knowledge, (England, Ireland, France, America,)
, with some attention to style and order, to make the whole a
sic book, which may preserve your name and benefit your coun-

I know not whether you have seen Sir Henry Clinton since
return: he passed a day with me, and seemed pleased with my
ption and place. We talked over you and the American war.
ıbrace the *silent my lady* and the two houourable misses, whom
;h to behold and admire. Adieu. Ever yours.

hough I can part with land, you find I cannot part with books:
remainder of my library has so long embarrassed your room,
it may now await my presence and final judgment. Has my
read a novel intitled Caroline de Lichfield, of our home manu-
ıre; I may say of ours, since Deyverdun and myself were the
es and patrons of the manuscript. The author, who is since
ried a second time, (Madame de Crousaz, now Montolieu), is a
ming woman. I was in some danger. Once more, bar a long
f the gout, and the historian will land at Dover before the end
uly. Adieu.

CLXXXIX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MR. CADELL, LONDON.

Lausanne, February 24th, 1787.

Dear Sir,—I am perfectly satisfied with yours and Mr. Strahan's cheerful and liberal assent to my proposal, and am glad to find that your partner has not degenerated from his worthy father, whose loss I sincerely lament. The sole remaining difficulty (of the volume falling below the guinea price) is unnecessary for the present to discuss, as I think it unlikely to happen. As I am resolved to finish and revise the work before I leave Lausanne, it will depend on yourself to arrange your preparations of paper, &c. in such a manner that we may lose no time, but go to press the first week after my arrival. But in the meanwhile I wish you to reflect and inquire; 1st. In how many months the impression of the three volumes may be completed, either with ordinary or extraordinary diligence. And, 2dly, How late in the next year you would be desirous or willing to publish. On my revisal I may find more alterations and improvements to make than I at present foresee; I may be disabled by a fit of the gout; and your speedy answer will inform me of the utmost latitude in which I may be indulged, without totally disconcerting our common interest. You probably agree with me in the necessity of a good general index for the six volumes. If you are possessed of an intelligent workman, he might, without delay, take in hand the first three volumes; but in that case I must desire him to send me as soon as possible a *short* specimen by the post. I have thought on the subject of index making, and can give him some advice, which will abridge the size, without impairing the use and value of his alphabetical table. By a letter of the thirteenth instant, Elmsly informs me that he is on the point of sending the books; and I hope to have them here before the end of next month. I propose writing to him very soon; but as the events of life are uncertain, it may be safer to answer his question through your channel: "The author of Caroline (Madame de Crousaz) is now become Madame la Baronne de Montolieu by second marriage, and has other cares and pleasures besides those of writing. Her pen is not idle, but her new schemes of romance are not in any degree of forwardness or maturity. Perhaps a handsome proposal from an English bookseller might stimulate her diligence." I am sincerely yours.

In our style of negotiation it is almost superfluous to say that I reserve about a score of copies for myself and my friends.

CXC.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, June 2nd, 1787.

I begin to discover that if I wait till I could achieve a just and satisfactory epistle, equally pleasant and instructive, you would have a poor chance of hearing from me. I will therefore content myself with a simple answer to a question, which (I love to believe) you *repeat* with some impatience: "When may we expect you in Eng

land?" My great building is, as it were, completed, and some slight ornaments, the painting and glazing of the last finished rooms, may be dispatched without inconvenience in the autumnal residence of Sheffield-place. It is therefore my sincere and peremptory intention to depart from Lausanne about the twentieth of July, and to find myself *(me trouver)* in London on or before the glorious first of August. I know of nothing that can prevent it but a fit of the gout, the capricious tyrant, who obeys no laws either of time or place; and so unfortunately are we circumstanced, that such a fit, if it came late and lasted long, would effectually disable me from coming till next spring; since thereby I should lose the season, the monsoon, for the impression of three quarto volumes, which will require nine months (a regular parturition), and cannot advantageously appear before the beginning or middle of May. At the same time do not be apprehensive that I mean to play you a dog's trick. From a thousand motives it is my wish to come over this year; the desire of seeing you, and the *silent sullen* my lady; the family arrangements, discharge of servants, which I have already made; the strong wish of settling my three youngest children in a manner honourable to them and beneficial to their parents. Much miscellaneous matter rises to my pen, but I will not be tempted to turn the leaf. Expect me therefore at Sheffield-place, with strong probability, about the fifteenth of August. Adieu. Yours.

CXCI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, July 21st, 1787.

The twentieth of July is past, and I am still at Lausanne; but the march of heavy bodies, such as armies and historians, can seldom be seen or fixed to a precise day. Some particular reasons have engaged me to allow myself another week; and the day of my departure is now *(I believe)* determined for Sunday the twenty-ninth instant. You know the road and the distance. I am no rapid English traveller, and my servant is not accustomed to ride post. I was never fond of deeds of darkness, and if the weather be hot, we must repose in the middle of the day. Yet the roads are in general good: between sun and sun the interval is long; and, barring the accidents of winds and waves, I think it possible to reach London in ten or twelve days; *viz.* on or before the ninth of August. With your active spirit, you will scarce understand how I can look on this easy journey with some degree of reluctance and apprehension; but after a tranquil, sedentary life of four years, (having lain but a single night out of my own bed,) I see mountains and monsters in the way; and so happy do I feel myself *at home*, that nothing but the strongest calls of friendship and interest could drag me from hence. You ingeniously propose that I should turn off at Sittingbourne, and seem to wonder what business I can find, or make, for an immediate residence in the capital. Have you totally forgot that I bring over three quarto volumes for the press? and are you ignorant that not

a moment must be lost, if we are desirous of appearing at a proper season; and that I must set the machine in motion before I can secede to Sheffield-place with an easy mind, and for a reasonable term! Of this be assured, that I shall not be less impatient than yourself, and that, of human two-legged animals, yourself and yours are the first whom I shall wish to see in England. For myself, I do not regret the occupancy of Downing-street; in my first visit to London, a lodging or hotel in the Adelphi will be more convenient; but I have some anxiety about my books, and must try whether I can approach those holy relics, without offending the delicacy of an amiable duchess. Our interview is so near, that I have little more to add, except a caution about my own concerns, in which you will confess, that from * * *, and * * *, to * * *, I have been generally unlucky. If any thing remains, present or future, it must be agitated and decided; but all retrospects are useless and painful, and we have so many pleasant subjects of conversation, that all such odious matters may be buried in oblivion. Adieu. I embrace my lady and Louisa, but I no longer presume, even on paper, to embrace the blooming Maria. Ever yours.

CXCII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Adelphi Hotel, August 8th, 1787.

Intelligence extraordinary.—This day (August the seventh) the celebrated E. G. arrived with a numerous retinue (one servant.) We hear that he has brought over from Lausanne the remainder of his history for immediate publication. The post had left town before my arrival. I am pleased, but indeed astonished, to find myself in London, after a journey of six hundred miles, and hardly yet conceive how I had resolution to undertake it. I find myself not a little fatigued, and have devoted this hot day to privacy and repose, without having seen any body except Cadell and Elmsly, and my neighbour Batt, whose civility amounts to kindness and real friendship. But you may depend on it, that instead of sauntering in town, or giving way to every temptation, I will dispatch my necessary work, and hasten with impatience to the groves of Sheffield-place; a project somewhat more rational than the hasty, turbulent visit which your vigour had imagined. If you come up to quicken my diligence we shall meet the sooner; but I see no appearance of my leaving town before the end of next week. I embrace, &c. Adieu.

CXCIII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Monday afternoon, 1787.

I precipitate, I inconvenience! Alas! alas! I am a poor miserable cripple, confined to my chair. Last Wednesday evening I felt some flying symptoms of the gout: for two succeeding days I struggled bravely, and went in a chair to dine with Batt and Lord Loughborough: but on Saturday I yielded to my conqueror. I have now

passed three wearisome days without amusement, and three miserable nights without sleep. Yet my acquaintance are charitable; and as virtue should never be made too difficult, I feel that a man has more friends in Pall-mall than in Bentinck-street. This fit is remarkably painful; the enemy is possessed of the left foot and knee, and how far he may carry the war, God only knows. Of futurity it is impossible to speak; but it will be fortunate if I am able to leave town by the end, not of this, but of the ensuing week. What may be the future progress, whether slow or rapid, fluctuating or steady, time alone will determine; and to that master of human knowledge I must leave our Bath journey. Pity me, magnanimous baron; pity me, tender females; pity me, Swiss exile;* and believe me, it is far better to be learning English at Uckfield. I write with difficulty, as the least motion or constraint in my attitude is repeated by all the nerves and sinews in my knee. But you shall find each day a note or bulletin of my health. To-morrow I must give pain to Mrs. G. Adieu. Ever yours.

CXCIV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY SHEFFIELD.

Bath, December 18th, 1787.

Alas! alas! alas! How vain and fallacious are all the designs of man. This is now the eighteenth of December, precisely one month since my departure from Sheffield-place; and it was firmly my wish, my hope, my resolution, that after dispatching some needful business in London, and accomplishing a pious duty at Bath, I should by this day be restored to the tranquil leisure, and friendly society, of Sheffield-place. A cruel tyrant has disconcerted all my plans; my business in town has been neglected, my attendance at Bath is just begun, and my return is yet distant. I was not a little edified to hear of some expressions of regret and discontent on my departure; and though I am not able to produce as good evidence, you will perhaps believe that in the solitude of a London lodging I often railed at the gout for maliciously delaying his attack till I was removed from a place where my sufferings would have been alleviated by every kind and comfortable attention. I grew at last so desperately impatient, as to resolve on immediate flight, without waiting till I had totally expelled the foe, and recovered my strength. I performed the journey with tolerable ease, but the motion has agitated the remains of the humour. I am very lame, and a second fit may possibly be the punishment of my rashness.

As yet I have seen nothing of Bath except Mrs. G.; and weakness, as well as propriety, will confine me very closely to her. Lord Sheffield, with Mrs. Holroyd and Maria, dined with us yesterday. We begin to throw out hints of the shortness of our stay, and indispensable business; and, unless I should be confined by the gout, it is resolved in our cabinet to leave Bath on Thursday the

* M. Wilhelm de Severy.

twenty-sixth, and passing through Lord Loughborough's and town, to settle at Sheffield-place, most assuredly, before the end of the year. For my own part I can say with truth, that did not the press loudly demand my presence, I could, without a sigh, allow the duchess to reign in Downing-street the greatest part of the winter, and should be happy in the society of two persons (no common blessing) whom I love, and by whom I am beloved.

Adieu, dear madam, and believe me, with the affection of a friend and a brother, ever yours.

CXCV.—DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON TO MR. GIBBON.

College of Edinburgh, February 27th, 1788.

My dear Sir,—Though you have now been some time in London, yet as I heard of your welfare by different channels, and as I know from experience how much a man has to do who is printing three quartos, even after he thinks they are altogether ready for the press, I have hitherto forborne to interrupt you by any letter or inquiry of mine. But there is such a general impatience to see your new publication among people of letters here; and, as your friend, I am so frequently interrogated about the length it has advanced, and the time when it will appear, that I begin to be ashamed of knowing nothing more about it than other people. I must request of you then to furnish me with such information as may both preserve my credit, and gratify my own curiosity. My expectations from this part of your work are, indeed, very high. Your materials begin to improve, and are certainly much more copious than during a great part of the period you have gone through. You have three or four events as great, and splendid, and singular, as the heart of an historian could wish to delineate. The contemporary writers will furnish you with all the necessary facts. To adorn them as elegant writers, or to account for them as philosophers, never entered into their heads. This they have left to you.

Since you went to the Continent I have not done so much as I wished. My health, until lately, has been more shattered; and as I advance in life, (I am now sixty-six,) though my faculties, I imagine, are still entire, yet I find my mind less active and ardent. I have, however, finished a very careful revise of all my works, and have given them the last polish they will receive from my hand. I have made some additions to each of them, and in the History of Scotland pretty considerable ones. I have desired Mr. Strahan to send you a copy of them uniformly bound, and hope you will accept of them, as a memorial of my esteem and affection. You will see that I have got in Mr. Whitaker an adversary so bigoted and zealous, that though I have denied no article of faith, and am at least as orthodox as he himself, yet he rails against me with all the asperity of theological hatred. I shall adhere to my fixed maxim of making no reply. May I hope that when you see Lord Loughborough you will remember me to him with kindness and respect. Our friend Mr. Smith, whom we were in great danger of losing, is

now almost perfectly re-established. I have the honour to be, with great truth, your most faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

CXCVI.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Downing-street, June 21st, 1788.

Instead of the historian, you receive a short letter; in your eyes an indispensable tribute. This day, at length, after long delay and frequent expostulation, I have received the writings, which I am now in the act of signing, sealing, and delivering, according to the lawyer's directions. * * * * * * * * I long to be at Sheffield-place. You see my departure is not postponed a moment by idleness or pleasure, but the precise day still hangs on contingencies, and we must all be patient, if our wishes should be thwarted. I say our wishes, for I sincerely desire to be with you. I have had many dinners, some splendid and memorable, with Hastings last Thursday, with the Prince of Wales next Tuesday at Craufurd's. But the town empties, Texier is silent, and in an evening, I *desiderate* the resources of a family or a club. Caplin has finished the Herculean labour, and seven majestic boxes will abdicate on Monday your hall. Severy has likewise dispatched his affairs, and secured his companion Clarke, who is arrived in town; but his schemes are abridged by the inexorable rigour of Lord Howe, who has assured our great and fair intercessors, that by the king's orders the dock-yards are shut against all strangers. We therefore give up Portsmouth, and content ourselves with two short trips; one to Stowe and Oxford, the other to Chatham; and if we can catch a launch and review, *encore vit on*. He (Severy, not Lord Howe) salutes with me the family. Adieu. Yours.

CXCVII.—THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Downing-street, Saturday.

According to your imperious law I write a line, to postpone my arrival till Friday, or perhaps Saturday, but I hope Friday, and I promise you that not a moment shall be wasted. And now let me add a cool word as to my final departure, which is irrevocably fixed between the tenth and fifteenth of July. After a full and free enjoyment of each other's society, let us submit, without a struggle, to reason and fate. It would be idle to pretend business at Lausanne; but a complete year will elapse before my return. Severy and myself are now expected with some impatience. I am thankful for your hospitable entertainment; but I wish you to remember Homer's admirable precept:

"Welcome the coming, *speed* the parting guest."

Spare me, therefore, spare yourself, the trouble of a fruitless contest, n which, according to a great author, I foresee a certain loss of time, nd a probable loss of temper. I believe we shall have both Craufurd nd Hugonin at Sheffield-place. Adieu.

CXCVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SHEFFIELD.

Downing-street, Saturday, June, 1788.

I have but a moment between my return home and my dressing, and heartily tired I am; for I am now involved in the horrors of shopping, packing, &c.; yet I must write four lines to prevent a growl, which might salute the arrival of an empty-handed post on Sunday. I hope the whole caravan, christians and pagans, arrived in good health at the castle; that the turrets begin to rise to the third heaven; that each has found a proper occupation; and that Tuft* enjoys the freedom and felicity of the lawn. Yesterday the august scene was closed for this year. Sheridan surpassed himself; and though I am far from considering him as a perfect orator, there were many beautiful passages in his speech, on justice, filial love, &c.; one of the closest chains of argument I ever heard, to prove that Hastings was responsible for the acts of Middleton; and a compliment, much admired, to a certain historian of your acquaintance. Sheridan, in the close of his speech, sunk into Burke's arms; but I called this morning, he is perfectly well. I fear that I shall not be able to dine at home a single day. To-morrow Severy and myself go to Bushy. I hope to be with you by Sunday the twenty-second instant. The casing of my books is a prodigious operation. Adieu.

CXCIX.—DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON TO MR. GIBBON.

College of Edinburgh, July 30th, 1788.

Dear Sir,—Long before this I should have acknowledged the receipt of your most acceptable present; but for several weeks I have been afflicted with a violent fit of deafness, and that unsocial malady is always accompanied with such a degree of languor, as renders even the writing of a letter an effort. During my solitude, the perusal of your book has been my chief amusement and consolation. I have gone through it once with great attention, and am now advanced to the last volume in my second reading. I ventured to predict the superior excellence of the volumes lately published, and I have not been a false prophet. Indeed, when I consider the extent of your undertaking, and the immense labour of historical and philosophic research requisite towards executing every part of it, I am astonished that all this should have been accomplished by one man. I know no example, in any age or nation, of such a vast body of valuable and elegant information communicated by any individual. I feel, however, some degree of mortification mingled with my astonishment. Before you began your historic career, I used to pride myself in being at least the most illustrious historian of the age; but now, alas! I can pretend no longer even to that praise, and must say, as Pliny did of his uncle, "Si comparer illi sum desidiosissimus." Your style appears to me improved in these new

* Lady Sheffield's lap-dog.

volumes; by the habit of writing, you write with greater ease. I am sorry to find that our ideas on the effects of the crusades do not altogether coincide. I considered that point with great care, and cannot help thinking still that my opinion was well founded. I shall consult the authorities to which I refer; for when my sentiments differ from yours, I have some reason to distrust them, and I may possibly trouble you with a letter on the subject. I am much flattered with the manner in which you have so often mentioned my name. "Lætus sum laudari a te laudato viro." I feel much satisfaction in having been distinguished by the two historians of my own times, whose favourable opinion I was most ambitious of obtaining.

I hope this letter may find you still in England. When you return to Lausanne, permit me to recommend to your good offices my youngest son, who is now at Yverdun on account of his health, and lives with M. Herman, a clergyman there. You will find the young man (if you can rely on the partial testimony of a father) sensible, modest, and well-bred, and though no great scholar, he has seen much; having returned from India, where he served last war, by Bassora, Bagdat, Moussel, and Aleppo. He is now a captain in the twenty-third regiment. If you have a friend at Yverdun, be so good as to recommend him. It will do him credit to have your countenance. I have desired him to pay his respects to you at Lausanne. Farewell, my dear sir. I ever am yours most faithfully,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

CC.—DR. ADAM SMITH TO MR. GIBBON.

Edinburgh, December 10th, 1788.

My dear Friend,—I have ten thousand apologies to make, for not having long ago returned you my best thanks, for the very agreeable present you made me of the three last volumes of your history. I cannot express to you the pleasure it gives me to find, that by the universal assent of every man of taste and learning, whom I either know or correspond with, it sets you at the very head of the whole literary tribe at present existing in Europe. I ever am, my dear friend, most affectionately yours,

ADAM SMITH.

CCI.—MR. GIBBON TO MR. CADELL, BOOKSELLER, LONDON.

Lausanne, February 11th, 1789.

I should be much more ashamed of my silence, were I not satisfied that you have received a recent and favourable account of me from some of our friends who have visited this place since my return. But I should be inexcusable, did I not thank you for your kind and seasonable wishes, which I can return with equal sincerity: I do not propose making any improvements or corrections in the octavo edition which you meditate; some slight alterations would give me more trouble than pleasure. A thorough revision of the whole work would be the labour of many months; it may be the amusement of

my old age, and will be a valuable legacy to renew your copyrigh at the expiration of the last fourteen years. In the meanwhile, some expedition may be useful to guard your property from the unexpected invasion of *foreign* pirates. Eight volumes in octavo are already printed at Basle, and the remainder is expected every day. I am both glad and sorry to inform you, that the type is neat, the paper tolerable, and the text *wonderfully* correct. I hear of another English edition in Saxony, and of two French translations advancing with speed and emulation at Paris. Of the success of the work at home, you are best qualified, and most interested, to judge; and I am happy to find, that you express yourself, with some reserve, satisfied with the sale. From some reports of angry criticisms, and from the use and abuse of my name in the papers, I perceive that I am not forgotten. Before a year has elapsed from the time of publication, my history will have been perused by some thousands of readers of various characters and understandings. Each will probably find something to blame, and I hope something to commend; and the balance of their private judgments will fix the public estimate of its merit and reputation. Since my return, I have been, as I promise in the preface, very busy and very idle in my library: several ideal works have been embraced and thrown aside; but if the warm weather should ripen any project to form and maturity, you may depend on the earliest intelligence. I have received a very friendly and flattering letter from Dr. Robertson, and have had the pleasure of showing some civilities to his son, during his residence in this place. If you can, send me a good account of Adam Smith; there is no man more sincerely interested in his welfare than myself. I beg you will present my compliments to all our friends, particularly to Mr. Strahan and Dr. Gillies. Tell Elmsly, that I have received, with due contrition, his *third* letter: unless you are speedy, my answer *will* anticipate your information. I am most faithfully yours.

CCII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO LADY PORTEN, KENSINGTON PALACE.

Lausanne, June 27th, 1789.

Dear Madam,—I received with more concern than surprise, your kind notification of my poor uncle's departure. My own knowledge of his many valuable qualities teaches me to sympathise in your loss; but his long infirmities and gradual decay must have prepared you for the melancholy event, and your own reason will suggest the best and strongest motives of consolation: among these is your regard for the amiable children whom he has left behind. Your labours for their future happiness will be assisted by all your friends, who are attached to his memory; and, for my own part, I beg leave to assure you, that on every occasion I shall consider them as my near and dear relations. When I had last the pleasure of seeing Charlotte at Kensington, I was delighted with her innocent cheerfulness, with her assiduous care of her poor father, and with an appearance *of sense* and discretion far beyond her years. How happy should I

think myself, if I had a daughter of her age and disposition, who in a short time would be qualified to govern my family, and to be my companion and comfort in the decline of life!

You will, I am sure, be pleased to hear, that my situation at Lausanne continues, almost in every respect, as agreeable as I could wish. The only circumstance which embitters my happiness, is the declining health of my friend M. Deyverdun. I cannot long flatter myself with the hope of possessing him. I am, dear madam, &c.

CCIII.—MR. GIBBON TO MR. CADELL.

Lausanne, November 17th, 1790.

I should indeed be inexcusable for my long neglect of your last obliging letter, had it not reached me in a moment of pain and weakness, in a fit of the gout, the longest and most severe that I have ever known. A letter with me is no trifling enterprise; and before I could find strength, and time, and resolution, the occasion on which you so handsomely consulted me was already past. I suppose that the abridgment of my history is now freely circulated, either with or without your name; nor can I foresee any possible mischief, either for *my* reputation or *your* interest. A translation, an abridgment, or even a criticism, always proves the success, and consequently extends the sale, of any popular work.

As I am inclined to flatter myself that you have no reason to be displeased with your purchase, I now wish to ask you, whether you feel yourself disposed to add a seventh or supplemental volume to my history? The materials of which it will be composed will naturally be classed under the three following heads: 1. A series of fragments, disquisitions, digressions, &c. more or less connected with the principal subject. 2. Several tables of geography, chronology, coins, weights and measures, &c.; nor should I despair of obtaining from a gentleman at Paris some accurate and well adapted maps. 3. A critical review of all the authors whom I have used and quoted.* I am convinced such a supplement might be rendered entertaining, as well as useful; and that few purchasers would refuse to *complete* their Decline and Fall. But as the writer could not derive either fame or amusement from these obscure labours, he must be encouraged by other motives; and, in plain English, I should expect the same reward for the seventh, as for any of the preceding volumes. You think and act with too much liberality, to confound such a large original supplement with the occasional improvements of a new edition, which are already your property by the terms of our former covenant. But as I am jealous of standing clear, not only in law and equity, but in your esteem and my own, I shall instantly renounce the undertaking, if it appears by your answer that you have the shadow of an objection. Should you tempt me to proceed, this

* Mr. Gibbon soon became tired of this plan, and expressed a wish it had not been mentioned. He said his history was a critical review of the authors he had used.—S.

supplement will be only the employment of my leisure hours; and I foresee that full two years will elapse before I can deliver it into the hands of the printer.

Our friend Elmsly, who possibly thinks me dead and buried, will be, or will not be, surprised when you inform him that I have now a letter of two pages in my bureau addressed to him, dated the twenty-sixth of May, and not yet finished. Hunger, literary hunger, will soon, however, compel me to write; as I have many questions to ask, and many commissions to give. In the meanwhile, I thirst for Mr. Burke's Reflections on the Revolutions of France. Entreat Elmsly, in my name, to dispatch it to Lausanne with care and speed, by *any* mode of conveyance less expensive than the post. He may add to the parcel the new edition of Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments. I heard of his death with more concern than surprise. What a loss to letters, philosophy, and mankind!

I beg you will remember me to Mr. Strahan and all our friends. In my happy exile, my public and private affections remind me that I am an Englishman. Pray thank Dr. Moore, in my name, for the pleasure which I have received from Zeluco, the best philosophical romance of the age. If he cultivates his talents by any similar publications, I only wish that he would place the scene at home; we may describe the characters, but we can never paint the *manners* of foreigners; and the quarrel of the two Scotchmen is doubtless the best chapter in the book. I am, dear sir, most faithfully yours.

CCIV.—MR. GIBBON TO MR. CADELL.

Lausanne, April 27th, 1791.

Dear Sir,—Too many posts have slipped away since my receipt of your last letter, without my assuring you that every shadow of misapprehension has vanished from my mind, and that I am perfectly satisfied with the liberality of your sentiments and conduct. But I am every day more inclined to believe, that, on the present occasion, they will not be put to the trial. On a closer inspection, I discover more difficulty and less advantage than I had at first imagined in the plan of a supplement; and I feel the objection, which you so handsomely decline, against increasing the weight and price of so voluminous a work. Perhaps it would have been better, if my crude idea had not been so hastily announced to the public; but even this venial indiscretion is a proof of your zeal and regard. The intelligence of any new design shall be delayed till they are ripe for execution; but you may be assured that I am now awake.

I am very happy to hear that our respectable friend Dr. Robertson is not asleep; and much do I expect from the subject and the pen. I had once a design not totally unconnected with his own, but it is now in far abler hands. Boswell's book will be curious, or at least whimsical: his hero, who can so long detain the public curiosity, must be no common animal. I see you now advertise an *octavo* edition of Dr. Henry's History of England. Is not the

author dead? His plan is excellent, and I wish you could engage some diligent and sensible man to undertake the continuation. Alas! if Dr. Campbell were still alive! I have desired Elmsly to ask you for three octavo copies of my own work. Whenever he sends me a box of books, I should be glad if you would enrich it with any of your own valuable publications. Your name is a recommendation; but the chastity of that name cannot be too religiously preserved. My health and spirits are now remarkably good, and it will give me great pleasure to receive as favourable an account of yourself. I am most faithfully yours.

CCV.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ., TO MRS. GIBBON, BELVEDERE, BATH.

Lausanne, May 18th, 1791.

Dear Madam,—As much as I am accustomed to my own sins, I am shocked, really shocked, when I think of my long and most inexcusable silence; nor do I dare to compute how many months I have suffered to elapse without sending a single line—Oh shame! shame!—to the best and dearest of my friends, who indeed has been very seldom out of my thoughts. I have sometimes imagined, that if the opportunities of writing occurred less frequently, they would be seized with more diligence; but the unfortunate departure of the post twice every week encourages procrastination, and each short successive delay is indulged without scruple, till the whole has swelled to a tremendous account. I will try, alas! to reform; and although I am afraid that writing grows painful to you, I have the confidence to solicit a *speedy line*, to say that you love and forgive me. After a long experience of the unfeeling doubts and delays of the law, you will probably soon hear from Lord Sheffield that the Beriton transaction is at last concluded, and I hope you will be satisfied with the full and firm security of your annuity. That you may long continue to enjoy it is the first and most sincere wish of my heart.

In the placid course of our lives, at Lausanne and Bath, we have few events to relate, and fewer changes to describe; but I indulge myself in the pleasing belief that we are both as well and as happy as the common order of nature will allow us to expect. I should be satisfied, had I received from time to time some indirect, but agreeable information of your health. For myself, I have no complaint, except the gout; and though the visits of my old enemy are somewhat longer, and more enfeebling, they are confined to my feet and knees; the pain is moderate, and my imprisonment to my chamber, or my chair, is much alleviated by the daily kindness of my friends. I wish it were in my power to give you an adequate idea of the conveniency of my house, and the beauty of my garden: both of which I have improved at a considerable expense since the death of poor Deyverdun. But the loss of a friend is indeed irreparable. Were I ten years younger, I might possibly think of a female companion; but the choice is difficult, the success doubtful, the engagement perpetual, and at fifty-four a man should never

think of altering the whole system of his life and habits. The disposal of Beriton, and the death of my aunt Hester, who has left me her estate in Sussex, makes me very easy in my worldly affairs; my income is equal to my expense, and my expense is adequate to my wishes. You may possibly have heard of literary projects which are ascribed to me by the public without my knowledge: but it is much more probable that I have closed the account: and though I shall never lay aside the pleasing occupations of study, you may be assured that I have no serious settled thoughts of a new work. Next year I shall meditate, and I trust shall execute, a visit to England, in which the Belvedere is one of my powerful loadstones. I often reflect, with a painful emotion, on the imperious circumstances which have thrown us at such a distance from each other.

In the moving picture of the world, you cannot be indifferent to the strange revolution which has humbled all that was high, and exalted all that was low, in France. The irregular and lively spirit of the nation has disgraced their liberty, and instead of building a free constitution, they have only exchanged despotism for anarchy. This town and country are crowded with noble exiles; and we sometimes count in an assembly a dozen princesses and duchesses. Burke, if I remember right, is no favourite of yours; but there is surely much eloquence and much sense in his book. The prosperity of England forms a proud contrast with the disorders of France; but I hope we shall avoid the folly of a Russian war. Pitt, in this instance, seems too like his father. Mr. Helrard, a sensible man, and his pupil, have left us. They found, as your friends will always find, the weight of your recommendation with me. I am, dearest madam, ever most affectionately yours.

CCVI.—DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON TO MR. GIBBON.

Lennel-house, August 25th, 1791.

Dear Sir,—Some time before the publication of my Historical Disquisition concerning India, I desired our friend Mr. Cadell to send a copy of it to you in my name. I hope you received it long ago, and will allow it to remain in your library, as a memorial of my respect and friendship. No man had formed a more decided resolution of retreating early from public view, and of spending the eve of life in the tranquillity of professional and domestic occupations; but, directly in the face of that purpose, I step forth with a new work, when just on the brink of threescore and ten. The preface of the book gives a fair and simple account how this happened. Hitherto I have no cause to repent of a step which I took with hesitation and anxiety. My book has met with a reception beyond what the *spe lentus, pavidusque futuri* dared to expect. I find, however, like other parents, that I have a partial fondness for this child of my old age; and cannot set my heart quite at ease, until I know your opinion of it. I need not say with what perfect confidence I rest upon your judgment, and how happy it will make me to find that this production meets with your approbation. Nothing will add

so much to that pleasure, as your communicating to me any remarks that occurred to you in perusing it. While I was engaged in composing the Disquisition, it often occurred to me, that I was more upon your ground than in any of my former works; and I often wished that I had been so near to you as to profit by your advice and information. Next to that will be the benefit I may derive from your friendly strictures. Be so kind, then, as to mention to me any error or omission you have observed; every criticism of yours will be instructive.

Permit me to request another favour. You allowed me to hope, that as soon as you fixed upon a new subject you would let me know, and give me the satisfaction of indulging the hopes of living until you finished it. I trust that you are not idle still. I may now tell you with authority, that you are yet far from that period of life when you should lay down your pen. I can say from experience, that the busiest season of life is the most happy; and I have no doubt that you will concur with me in this sentiment. Let me know, then, my dear sir, how you are, what you are doing, and what progress you make. As for my part, I enjoy good health; and, except some fits of deafness, am little troubled with the infirmities of old age. I write this at my son-in-law's, Mr. Brydone, who, if he had not a wife and family, loves Switzerland so well, and has so many friends in Lausanne, that I believe he would gladly join you there. Believe me to be, with great respect, your most faithful and obedient servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

CCVII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO MRS. GIBBON, BATH.

Lausanne, August 1st, 1792.

My dearest Madam,—Notwithstanding all the arts of our great enemy, the demon of procrastination, I should not have postponed for so many months a pleasing duty, which may at any time be performed in a single hour, had I not for some time past entertained a lively and probable hope of visiting you this autumn in person; had I not flattered myself, that the very next post I might be able to fix the day of my departure from Lausanne, and almost of my arrival at the Belvedere. That hope is now vanished, and my journey to England is unavoidably delayed till the spring or summer of next year. The extraordinary state of public affairs in France opposes an insuperable bar to my passage; and every prudent stranger will avoid that inhospitable land, in which a people of slaves is suddenly become a nation of tyrants and cannibals. The German road is indeed safe, but, independent of a great addition of fatigue and expense, the armies of Austria and Prussia now cover that frontier; and though the generals are polite, and the troops well disciplined, I am not desirous of passing through the clouds of hussars and pandours that attend their motions. These public reasons are fortified by some private motives, and to this delay I resign myself with a sigh for the present, and a hope for the future.

What a strange wild world do we live in! You will allow n
be a tolerable historian, yet, on a fair review of ancient and mo
times, I can find none that bear any affinity with the present.
knowledge of your discerning mind, and my recollection of
political principles, assure me, that you are no more a *democrat*
myself. Had the French improved their glorious opportunit
erect a free constitutional monarchy on the ruins of arbitrary p
and the bastile, I should applaud their generous effort; but
total subversion of all rank, order, and government, could be
ductive only of a popular monster, which after devouring every
else, must finally devour itself. I was once apprehensive that
monster would propagate some imps in our happy island, but
seem to be crushed in their cradle; and I acknowledge with
sure and pride the good sense of the English nation, who seem
conscious of the blessings which they enjoy: and I am happy t
that the most respectable part of opposition has cordially join
the support of "things as they are." Even this country has
somewhat tainted with the democratical infection: the vigilan
government has been exerted, the malcontents have been awed
misguided have been undeceived, the fever in the blood has grad
subsided, and I flatter myself that we have secured the tra
enjoyment of obscure felicity, which we had been almost tem
to despise.

You have heard, most probably, from Mrs. Holroyd, of the
expected though transient satisfaction which I received from
visit of Lord Sheffield's family. He appeared highly satisfied
my arrangements here, my house, garden, and situation, at on
town and country, which are indeed singular in their kind, and w
have often made me regret the impossibility of showing them t
dearest friend of the Belvedere. Lord Sheffield is still, and will
continue, the same active being, always employed for himself
friends, and the public, and always persuading himself that he w
for leisure and repose. There are various roads to happiness;
when I compare his situation with mine, I do not, upon the w
repent that I have given the preference to a life of celibacy
retirement. Although I have long been a spectator of the
world, my unambitious temper has been content with the occupa
and rewards of study; and although my library be still my favo
room, I am now no longer stimulated by the prosecution of any
rary work. The society of Lausanne is adapted to my taste
house is open to many agreeable acquaintance, and some real fri
the uniformity of the natives is enlivened by travellers of all nat
and this summer I am happy in a familiar intercourse with
Spencer, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Elizabeth Foster,
Lady Duncannon, who seems to be gradually recovering from
severe complaints. My health is remarkably good. I have
enjoyed a long interval from the gout; and I endeavour to use
moderation Dr. Cadogan's best remedies, temperance, exercise
cheerfulness. Adieu, dear madam; may every blessing that n
can allow be attendant on your latter season! Your age an

nabits will not permit a very close correspondence; but I wish to hear, and I *presume* to ask, a speedy *direct* account of your own situation. May it be such as I shall hear with pleasure! Once more adieu; I live in hopes of embracing you next summer at the Belvedere, but you may be assured that I bring over nothing for the press.

CCVIII.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY **** AT FLORENCE.

Lausanne, November 8th, 1792.

I remember it has been observed of Augustus and Cromwell, that they should never have been born, or never have died; and I am sometimes tempted to apply the same remark to certain beings of a softer nature, who, after a short residence on the banks of the Leman Lake, are now flown far away over the Alps and the Apennines, and have abandoned their votaries to the insipidity of common life. The remark, however, would be unreasonable, and the sentiment ungrateful. The pleasures of the summer, the lighter and the graver moments of the society of Petit Ouchy,* are indeed past, perhaps never to return; but the remembrance of that delightful period is itself a pleasure, and I enjoy, I cherish the flattering persuasion that it is remembered with some satisfaction in the gallery of Florence, as well as in *the library* of Lausanne. Long before we were reduced to seek a refuge from the savages of Gaul, I had secretly indulged the thought, or at least the wish, of asking leave to attend *mes bonnes amies* over Mount Cenis, of basking once more in an Italian sun, and of paying once more my devotions to the Apollo of the Vatican. But my aged and gouty limbs would have failed me in the bold attempt of scaling St. Bernard, and I wanted patience to undertake the tedious circumitineration of the Tyrol. Your return to the Pays de Vaud next summer I hold to be extremely doubtful; but my anxiety on that head is somewhat diminished by the sure and certain hope of our all meeting in England the ensuing winter. I flatter myself that the porter of Devonshire House will not be inexorable; yet I am afraid of losing you amidst the smoke and tumult of fashionable London, in which the night is devoted to pleasure and the morning to sleep. My ambition may perhaps aspire to pass some hours in the palladian Chiswick, or even some days at Chatsworth; but these princely mansions will not recal the freedom, the ease, the *primitive* solitude of dear little Ouchy. Indeed! indeed! your fair friend was made for something better than a duchess.

Although you most magnanimously abandoned us in the crisis of our fate, yet as you seem to interest yourself in the hopes and fears of this little country, it is my duty to inform you, that we still hang in a state of suspense; inclining, however, to the side of hope rather than of despair. The garrison, and even the bourgeoisie, of Geneva, showed a vigorous resolution of defending the city; and our frontiers have been gradually covered with fifteen thousand intrepid Swiss.

* A beautiful villa near the lake, about a mile from Lausanne.

But the threats of a bombardment, the weight of expense, and, above all, the victorious ascendant of the French republic, have abated much of the first heroic ardour. Monsieur de Montesquiou displayed a pacific, and even yielding, temper; and a treaty was signed, dismissing the Swiss garrison from Geneva, and removing the French troops to the distance of ten leagues. But this last condition, which is indeed objectionable, displeased the convention, who refused to ratify the agreement. New conferences were held, new messengers have been dispatched; but unless they are determined to find or to make a subject of quarrel, it is probable that we shall purchase peace by submission. As Geneva has a very dangerous democratical party within her walls, and as the national guards are already allowed to enter the city, and to tamper with the inhabitants and the garrison, I will not insure that poor little republic from one week to another. For ourselves, the approaches of danger must be more gradual. I think we are now safe for this winter, and I no longer run to the window to see whether the French are coming. But with so many enemies without, and so many within, the government of Berne, and the tranquillity of this happy country, will be suspended by a very slender twig; and I begin to fear that Satan will drive me out of the possession of Paradise. My only comfort will be, that I shall have been expelled by the power, and not seduced by the arts, of the blackest demon in hell, the demon of democracy. Where indeed will this tremendous inundation, this conspiracy of numbers against rank and property, be finally stopped? Europe seems to be universally tainted, and wherever the French can light a match, they may blow up a mine. Our only hope is now in their devouring one another; they are furious and hungry monsters, and war is almost declared between the convention and the city of Paris, between the moderate republicans and the absolute levellers. A majority of the convention wishes to spare the royal victims, but they must yield to the rage of the people and the thirst of popularity, and a few hours may produce a trial, a sentence, and a guillotine. M. Necker is publishing a pamphlet in defence of the august sufferers; but his feeble and tardy efforts will rather do credit to himself, than service to his clients. You kindly ask after the situation of poor Severy. Alas! it is now hopeless; all his complaints are increased, all his resources are exhausted; where nature cannot work, the effect of art is vain, and his best friends begin to wish him a quiet release. His wife, I had almost said his widow, is truly an object of compassion. The dragoon is returned for a few days; and if his domestic sorrows gave him leave, he would almost regret the want of an occasion to deserve his feather and cockade. Your note has been communicated to Madame de Montelieu; but as she is engaged with a dying aunt, I have not yet seen her. Madame d'Agaisseau has hastily left us; the last decrees seemed to give the *emigrés* only the option of starving abroad or hanging at home; yet she has ventured into France, on some faint glimpse of clemency for the women and children. Madame de Bouillon does not appear to move. Madame de Stael, whom I saw last week at Rolle, is still

uncertain where she shall drop her burthen; but she must soon resolve, for the young lady or gentleman is at the door;

——— Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

By this time you have joined the Ladies Spencer and Duncannon, whom I beg leave to salute with the proper shades of respect and tenderness. You may, if you please, be *belle comme un ange;* but I do not like your comparison of the archangel. Those of Milton, with whom I am better acquainted at present than with Guido, are all masculine manly figures, with a great sword by their side, and six wings folding round them. The heathen goddesses would please me as little. Your friend is less severe than Minerva, more decent than Venus, less cold than Diana, and not quite so great a vixen as the ox-eyed Juno. To express that infallible mixture of grace, sweetness, and dignity, a new race of beings must be invented, and I am a mere prose narrator of matter of fact. Bess is much nearer the level of a mortal, but a mortal for whom the wisest man, historic or medical, would throw away two or three worlds, if he had them in his possession. From the aforesaid Bess I have received three marks of kind remembrance, from the foot of St. Bernard with an exquisite monument of art and friendship, from Turin, and finally from Milan with a most valuable insertion from the duchess. At birds in the air it is difficult to take aim, and I fear or hope that I shall sustain some reproaches on your not finding this long epistle at Florence. I will mark it No. 1; and why should I despair of my future since I can say with truth, that since your departure I have not spent so agreeable a morning. To each of the dear little Caro's pray deliver nine kisses for me, which shall be repaid on demand. My best compliments to Mr. Pelham, if he is with you.

CCIX.—EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY **** AT FLORENCE.

Lausanne, April 4th, 1793.

Had I not given previous notice of my own unworthiness, the plea of being an old incorrigible offender would serve only to aggravate my guilt; it is still sufficiently black, and I can patiently hear every reproach, except the cruel and unjust imputation of having forgotten my fair friends of the Arno and the Tiber. They would indeed have been less present to my thoughts, had I maintained a regular *weekly* correspondence; since, by the effect of my negligence, not a *day* has elapsed without a serious, though fruitless, resolution of writing by the very next post. What may have somewhat contributed, besides original sin, to this vile procrastination, is the course of events that has filled this abominable winter. As long as the poor king's fate was in suspense, one waited from post to post, between hope and fear, and when the blow was struck, even Shakespeare's language was inadequate to express our grief and indignation. I have never approved the execution of Charles the First; yet Charles had invaded, in many respects, the ancient constitution of England, and the question had been judged in the field of Naseby before it

was tried in Westminster Hall. But Louis had given and suffer
every thing. The cruelty of the French was aggravated by ingra
tude, and a life of innocence was crowned by the death of a sai
or, what is far better, of a virtuous prince, who deserves our p
and esteem. He might have lived and reigned, had he possessed
much active courage as he was endowed with patient fortitu
When I read the accounts from home, of the universal grief and
dignation which that fatal event excited, I indeed gloried in t
character of an Englishman. Our national fame is now pure a
splendid; we have nobly stood forth in the common cause of m
kind; and although our armaments are somewhat slow, I still p
suade myself that we shall give the last deadly wound to the Ga
hydra. The King of Prussia is likewise slow, and your poor frie
the Duke of Brunswick, is now not censured but forgotten. V
turn our eyes to the Prince of Coburg and his Austrians, and
must be confessed, that the deliverance of Holland and Braba
from such a dragon as Dumourier is a very tolerable employme
for the month of March. These blossoms of the spring will
followed, it may be fairly hoped, by the fruits of the summer; a
in the meanwhile the troubles of Paris, and the revolt of the p
vinces, may promote, by the increase of anarchy, the restoration
order. I see that restoration through a dark cloud; but if France
lost, the rest of Europe, I believe and trust, will be saved. B
amidst the hurricane, I dare not fix my eyes on the *Temple*.
much for politics, which now engross the waking and sleepi
thoughts of every feeling and thinking animal. In this country
are tranquil, and I believe safe, at least for this summer; thou
peace has been purchased at some expense of national honour,
the old reputation of Swiss courage; we have crouched before t
tiger, and stroked him till he has sheathed his claws, and ceased
a moment to roar. My journey to England this year must depe
upon the events of the campaign; as I am fully resolved rather
remain quiet another autumn and winter in my sweet habitatio
than to encounter the dangers of the sea and land. I envy t
pleasures which you and your companions have enjoyed at Flore
and Rome: nor can I decide which have tasted the most perfe
delight, those to whom such beauties were new, or those to wh
they were familiar. A fine eye, correct judgment, and elegant s
sibility, are requisite to qualify the studious traveller; and th
gifts have been liberally dispensed among the Ouchy caravan. B
when you have been gratified, though not satiated, with the H
perian prospect, to what fortunate clime will you direct your fo
steps? Have we any hopes of meeting (for my journey, at
events, would be late) in the shades, or rather in the sunshine,
Ouchy? Should Mount Cenis be still imperious, you have tramp
on St. Bernard in a more rigorous season; and whatsoever may
the state of the world, the Pays de Vaud will afford you a sec
asylum, or a pleasant station. I rejoice to hear of Lady Besboroug
improvement. Will that new title make any difference in the pl
Is the duchess very impatient to revisit England? Except as

trifling considerations of children, &c. all countries may be indifferent to her; as she is sure of being loved and admired in all. I am anxious and impatient to learn the result of your counsels; but I feel myself unworthy of a regular correspondence, and am not desirous of heaping fresh coals of fire on my head.

I am happy to find that you forgive and pity my friend Necker, against whom you all entertained some Versailles prejudices. As his heart has been always pure, he cannot feel remorse; but as his conduct has been unsuccessful, he is penetrated with grief and regret. Madame de Stael has written to me from England; she likes the country, but means to fly over again in May.

CCX.—MR. GIBBON TO LORD ***.

Rolle,* February 23rd, 1793.

My Lord,—I do not merely congratulate your lordship's promotion to an office which your abilities have long deserved. My satisfaction does not arise from an assurance of the wisdom and vigour which administration will derive from the support of so respectable an ally. But as a friend to government in general, I most sincerely rejoice that you are now armed in the common cause against the most dangerous fanatics that have ever invaded the peace of Europe; against the new barbarians, who labour to confound the order and happiness of society; and who, in the opinion of thinking men, are not less the enemies of subjects than of kings. The hopes of the wise and good are now fixed on the success of England; and I am persuaded that my personal attachment to your lordship will be amply gratified by the important share which your counsels will assume in that success. I could wish that some of your former associates possessed sufficient strength of mind to extricate themselves from the toils of prejudice and party. But I grieve that a man, whom it is impossible for me not to love and admire, should refuse to obey the voice of his country; and I begin to fear that the powerful genius of Mr. ****, instead of being useful, will be adverse to the public service. At this momentous crisis we should inlist our whole force of virtue, ability, and spirit; and without any view to his private advantage, I could wish that **** might be properly stationed in some part of the line.

M. Necker, in whose house I am now residing on a visit of some days, wishes me to express the sentiments of esteem and consideration which he entertains for your lordship's character. As a friend to the interest of mankind, he is warmly attached to the welfare of Great Britain, which he has long revered as the first, and perhaps as the last, asylum of genuine liberty. His late eloquent work, Du Pouvoir Executif, which your lordship has assuredly read, is a valuable testimony of his esteem for our constitution; and the testimony of a sagacious and impartial stranger may have taught some of our

* A town between Lausanne and Geneva, where M. Necker then resided.

countrymen to value the political blessings which they have been tempted to despise.

I cherish a lively hope of being in England, and of paying my respects to your lordship before the end of the summer: but the events of the year are so uncertain, and the sea and land are encompassed with so many difficulties and dangers, that I am doubtful whether it will be practicable for me to execute my purpose.

I am, my lord, most respectfully, and your lordship will permit me to add most affectionately, your most faithful humble servant.

ABSTRACT OF MY READINGS;

WITH REFLECTIONS.

Dover, March 14th, 1761.—"READING is to the mind," said the Duke of Vivonne to Louis XIV., "what your partridges are to my chops." It is, in fact, the nourishment of the mind; for by reading we know our Creator, his works, ourselves chiefly, and our fellow-creatures. But this nourishment is easily converted into poison. Salmasius had read as much as Grotius, perhaps more. But their different modes of reading made the one an enlightened philosopher; and the other, to speak plainly, a pedant, puffed up with an useless erudition.

Let us read with method, and propose to ourselves an end to which all our studies may point. Through neglect of this rule, gross ignorance often disgraces great readers; who, by skipping hastily and irregularly from one subject to another, render themselves incapable of combining their ideas. So many detached parcels of knowledge cannot form a whole. This inconstancy weakens the energies of the mind, creates in it a dislike to application, and even robs it of the advantages of natural good sense.

Yet, let us avoid the contrary extreme; and respect method, without rendering ourselves its slaves. While we propose an end in our reading, let not this end be too remote; and when once we have attained it, let our attention be directed to a different subject. Inconstancy weakens the understanding: a long and exclusive application to a single object, hardens and contracts it. Our ideas no longer change easily into a different channel, and the course of reading to which we have too long accustomed ourselves, is the only one that we can pursue with pleasure.

We ought, besides, to be careful not to make the order of our thoughts subservient to that of our subjects; this would be to sacrifice the principal to the accessory. The use of our reading is to aid us in thinking. The perusal of a particular work gives birth, perhaps,

to ideas unconnected with the subject of which it treats. I wish to pursue these ideas; they withdraw me from my proposed plan of reading, and throw me into a new track, and from thence, perhaps into a second, and a third. At length I begin to perceive whither my researches tend. Their result, perhaps, may be profitable; it is worth while to try: whereas had I followed the high road, I should not have been able, at the end of my long journey, to retrace the progress of my thoughts.

This plan of reading is not applicable to our early studies, since the severest method is scarcely sufficient to make us conceive objects altogether new. Neither can it be adopted by those who read in order to write; and who ought to dwell on their subject, till they have sounded its depths. These reflections, however, I do not absolutely warrant. On the supposition that they are just, they may be so, perhaps, for myself only. The constitution of minds differs like that of bodies. The same regimen will not suit all. Each individual ought to study his own.

To read with attention, exactly to define the expressions of our author, never to admit a conclusion without comprehending its reason, often to pause, reflect, and interrogate ourselves; these are so many advices which it is easy to give, but difficult to follow. The same may be said of that almost evangelical maxim of forgetting friends, country, religion, of giving merit its due praise, and embracing truth wherever it is to be found.

But what ought we to read? Each individual must answer this question for himself, agreeably to the object of his studies. The only general precept that I would venture to give, is that of Pliny,* "to read much, rather than many things;" to make a careful selection of the best works, and to render them familiar to us by attentive and repeated perusals. Without expatiating on the authors so generally known and approved, I would simply observe, that in matters of reasoning, the best are those who have augmented the number of useful truths; who have discovered truths, of whatever nature they may be: in one word, those bold spirits, who quitting the beaten track, prefer being in the wrong alone, to being in the right with the multitude. Such authors increase the number of our ideas, and even their mistakes are useful to their successors. With all the respect due to Mr. Locke, I would not, however, neglect the works of those academicians, who destroy errors without hoping to substitute truth in their stead. In works of fancy, invention ought to bear away the palm; chiefly that invention which creates a new kind of writing; and next, that which displays the charms of novelty, in its subject, characters, situation, pictures, thoughts, and sentiments. Yet this invention will miss its effect, unless it be accompanied with a genius, capable of adapting itself to every variety of the subject; successively sublime, pathetic, flowery, majestic, and playful; and with a judgment which admits nothing indecorous, and a style which expresses well, whatever *ought* to be said. As to compilations, which

* Plinii Secundi Epist. lib. vii. epist. 9.

are intended merely to treasure up the thoughts of others, I whether they are written with perspicuity, whether superfluities lopped off, and dispersed observations skilfully collected; and ag ably to my answers to those questions, I estimate the merit of performances.

When we read with attention, there is nothing more useful t memory than extracts. I speak not of those collections, or a saria, which may be serviceable in their own way, but of ext made with reflection, such as those of Photius, and of several o modern journalists. I purpose in this manner to give an accou myself of my reading. My method will vary with the subject. works of reasoning, I will trace their general plan, explain the ciples established, and examine the consequences deduced from t A philosopher is unworthy of the name, whose work is not advantageously viewed as a whole. After carefully meditating subject, the only liberty I shall take, is that of exhibiting it und arrangement different perhaps from that of my author. Wor fancy contain beauties, both of plan and of execution: I shall b tentive to both. History, if little known, deserves an abridgm I shall extract such particulars as are new. Throughout, I shall my opinion with becoming modesty, but with the courage of a unwilling to betray the rights of reason. In this compileme shall collect my scattered thoughts, with the reflections of e sort that occur in my search for truth. For I shall contin search for the truth, though hitherto I have found nothing probability.

CRITICAL RESEARCHES CONCERNING THE TITLE OF CHARLES VIII. TO CROWN OF NAPLES.*

Beriton, April 14th, 1761.—Natural and civil law has eac them its principle; but by what maxim shall we regulate the cession to states? The rules of private succession cannot appl them, their object being so different. Public agreements rarely sufficiently determinate; treaties are liable to chican examples are wanting; and each party rejects those examples w are not favourable to his cause.

The kingdom of Naples, and Europe itself, were often distra by the quarrels between the houses of Anjou and Arragon. Vi remained long doubtful. I am going to examine by which o contending parties it was merited. The contest is at end. In treaties of Madrid and of Cambray, the house of France sole

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[redacted] its pretensions; and even Father Daniel* was not obliged maintain them.

Let us first discover some proposition acknowledged by both ties. Before the council of Lyons, the emperor Frederic II. lawful king of Naples; regarded as such by the pope his liege l or superior, by his own subjects, and by all the princes of rope. Through his mother he inherited all the rights of the Nor- n family. The Greek emperors, who would have been his only petitors, were no more.

Ferdinand, whose title was called in question by Charles VIII., scended from the house of Arragon. He asserted the right of heritance. Peter I. of Arragon, his ancestor, had married Con- nce, the daughter of Mainfroy, the grandchild of the emperor ederic II. and the sole heiress of the house of Swabia; a title ontrovertible, had it been pure; but Ferdinand's blood was defiled two bastardies, that of Mainfroy and his own.

The institution of marriage is necessary in civilized countries. reditary property in land implies the appropriation of women; ce the best means of transmitting property is by proximity of od; which must therefore be ascertained by marriage, the public gagement of one man with one woman, whose children are garded as his successors. Whoever violates this law ought to be nished in his descendant, whose birth being an outrage to society, cannot be considered as its child, nor participate in the property which it secures the succession. Such are the laws which reason s dictated to all nations. Manners, often more powerful than ws, here corroborate and confirm them; condemning to perpetual nominy the unhappy bastard, whose father must ever be uncertain, d who knows his mother only by her crime: a cruel, but salutary nishment, since on it depend the chastity of women, the education children, and the peace of the community. If, then, both laws d manners declare bastards incapable of inheriting private states, on what principle ought they to succeed to kingdoms? The tle of a sovereign cannot be too clear, nor his birth too much spected.

Laws are deaf to every voice but that of justice and the public od. But it belongs to princes to judge, according to circum- nces, whether they ought to soften, or rigorously to enforce the ws. When the repentance of his mother, or his own merit, have ficaciously pleaded for an illegitimate son, the clemency of a prince ay remove the stain from his birth, and thus restore him to society d his rights.

But in applying this maxim to the house of Arragon, a multitude difficulties occur, of which it is impossible not to feel the force. By what means is legitimation by a prince to be ascertained. erdinand was legitimated by a solemn act; but I know not whe- er that was the case with Mainfroy: his father indeed bequeathed him the principality of Salerno, and even the inheritance of the

* V. la Grande Histoire du P. Daniel, tome v. p. 196, et p. 259.

kingdom. It remains to determine, whether a prince, entitled to perform an act of favour and mercy, actually does so by conferring an office of dignity, which cannot be enjoyed unless the act of mercy has previously been obtained; that is to say, whether the substance ought to prevail over the form, or the form over the substance.* 2. Can a prince legitimate his own children? Being subject to the laws, he cannot violate them without being amenable to justice; though the public good requires that his person should not be liable to punishment. But, in the supposed case, his violation of the laws may be punished in the persons of those who are most dear to him: it cannot surely be said, that he is obliged to submit to a punishment which his own pardon can forgive. 3. Does this legitimation extend to the right of succession to the crown?† 4. Do legitimated children recover completely the rights of lawful offspring, and of the nearest heirs to the crown; or rather, ought they not to be the last in the order of succession after all the collateral branches? It is not fit that we should be bountiful, before we have been just! Even Lewis XIV., when he trampled on the rights of the nation, still respected those of the princes of the blood.

This last question is extremely important. Alphonso, the father of Ferdinand, left a brother named John, who succeeded to him in the kingdom of Arragon. John did not indeed dispute his nephew's right of succession to the kingdom of Naples, but could *his* renunciation bind his posterity? This is a question, with the decision of which we shall not now meddle, since it was formerly the occasion of so many disputes.‡

These reflections create just suspicions concerning the title of the house of Arragon, particularly of Ferdinand; but in the ages of iron, when this contest arose, the prevalent customs of the times were more favourable to their claim. In those ages, as wicked as they were ignorant, princes disgraced themselves by a life of profligacy; and when they had not any legitimate children, their barons were easily prevailed on to acknowledge the rights of their *bastards*. How could the barons despise an appellation which they often prided themselves in bearing,§ or disavow a right which was often their

* The following is an example where the same reasoning occurred. Sir Walter Raleigh was condemned to death for treason. After a confinement of many years in prison, he received from James I. the command of a fleet to be employed in discovering a gold mine in South America. The enterprise failed; and, at Sir Walter's return home, James ordered his head to be cut off, according to the sentence formerly passed against him. The nation murmured loudly, asserting that the commission of admiral was equivalent to a formal pardon, since it was impossible to bestow that authority and confidence on a traitor condemned to death. (V. Rapin, Hist. d'Angleterre, tome vii. p. 122; et Hume, Hist. of the Stuarts, vol. i. p. 74. Howell's Letters, vol. i. s. 1, lett. 4.)

† This question depends on the same principles with that of adoption, which I shall shortly examine.

‡ This question was much agitated half a century ago, in the business of the Spanish succession, which Lewis XIV. renounced by the treaty of the Pyrenees, but which his family afterwards claimed and vindicated.

§ We sometimes read in old charters, "Ego —— bastardus." The appellative became a surname. In the time of Philip de Comines, there was little distinction made in Italy *between natural* and legitimate children.

own? A partisan of the house of Anjou could not attack the title of his rivals, without challenging the rights of the kings of England, Castile, and Portugal.* In matters merely conventional, examples are more powerful than principles. Amidst the light of the eighteenth century, the pretensions of the house of Arragon may appear extremely unjustifiable; but might have worn a very different aspect during the ignorance of the fifteenth.

I am not sensible of omitting any of the arguments either for or against the title of that house. Mainfroy, indeed, usurped the crown, to the prejudice of his nephew Conradin; but as Conradin died childless, Mainfroy's crime was merely personal, and extended not to his posterity.

The rights of Charles VIII. were far more complicated. The deposition of Frederic II. by the pope, and the investiture of Naples, granted by him to Charles I., formed the title of the first house of Anjou. The adoption of Louis of Anjou by Queen Joan transmitted this title to the second branch, from which Charles VIII. received it by the testament of Charles, the last Count of Provence, and titular King of Naples. These are the three links of the chain, which must be separately examined.

The deposition of Frederic II. by Pope Innocent IV. stirred up Europe against that unhappy prince. The multitude commended a salutary severity, which did not spare even sovereigns themselves, when they became the enemies of the church. A very few only condemned the pope's sentence, not as unjust, but as too harsh: they thought that his holiness took away crowns with too little ceremony, but they acknowledged that he had the right of taking them away.†

Sound philosophy would teach us to smile at this pretended right, had it not been productive of too melancholy consequences. The most numerous portion of every community determines the prevailing religion: the sovereign establishes ministers to practise its rules, and to teach its precepts to the people: the sovereign also regulates its functions, hierarchy, and appointments; ecclesiastics being not less subject to his authority than judges and soldiers. But without recurring to principles which would not be universally admitted, the maxims of the Gallican church afford a sufficient answer to those transalpine pretensions. According to these maxims, the church, it is true, is not bound in obedience to the state; but neither has the former any control over the latter. They are two independent, but allied, powers; which ought always to contribute their mutual assistance, without ever infringing their reciprocal rights. The pope can no more depose the emperor, than the emperor can pass decisions of faith. Excommunication is of a nature entirely spiritual: and the person excommunicated, though no longer a Christian, ceases not to be a father, a master, or a king.

* In the eleventh century, William the Conqueror, and in the fourteenth, Henry of Trastamare, and John, Grand Master of the Order of Avis, were all bastards.

† Observe the equivocal conduct of Louis IX. He blamed the pope's severity; he endeavoured to make peace; but the council of Lyons he always considered as a tribunal from which Frederic was not entitled to appeal.

The Emperor Frederic II. was not less King of Naples after the council of Lyons than before; and whatever was done on the supposition that he and his family were divested of the rights of sovereignty, was completely null.

But if Innocent could not, as sovereign pontiff, depose Frederic; yet, as lord paramount of the kingdom of Naples, he could deprive a rebellious vassal of his fief. This right is far more specious. The Norman conquerors, through devotion or policy, had consented to hold their Italian possessions as fiefs of the Holy See; which conferred their investiture on those princes, and on the Swabian emperors, their successors.

Yet in examining this right of sovereignty by the principles of the feudal law, I know not whether Frederic's partisans needed to have given up the cause. They might have said, 1. It belonged to the pope to show, by his conduct, whether he really acted as lord paramount. Is it by a solemn excommunication, in a general council of bishops, and by absolving subjects from their oaths of fidelity, that a superior condemns his vassal? In such condemnations is it usual to join with the crime of felony, the accusations of perfidy, sacrilege, and heresy? An assembly of peers, and of all the great vassals of the Holy See, with a King of England at their head, was the only tribunal to which Frederic was amenable; and felony was the only crime of which that tribunal could take cognisance. But in the council of Lyons, Innocent IV. appears under no other character than that of sovereign pontiff. 2. Never did any court of justice less deserve the name. It heard neither the accusation nor the defence; and refused to grant to the person accused the smallest delay, although his ministers, entrusted with full powers, hastened to Lyons. Sentence was pronounced before their arrival; a sentence founded neither on acknowledged law, nor on judicial evidence, but on a pretended notoriety of facts, vague reports, and public rumours. 3. The substance was not less defective than the form. Frederic had not deserved to be stripped of his fief. Though a vassal of the Holy See, he was not its subject. The vassal of a great fief reigned over it with absolute sovereignty; owing nothing to his paramount but homage, military service, and the negative duty of not bearing arms against his liege lord. These duties, besides, were defined so loosely, that it was difficult to convict him of their violation. If his superior refused to do him justice, he might assert it by force of arms; and his own immediate vassals were bound to follow him into the field against a prince, of whom they were themselves the rear vassals.* By still stronger cogency of reason, the vassal, when attacked by his lord, was entitled to defend himself by arms. But the pope surely was the aggressor; if this appellation could be merited by excommunicating Frederic, by offering his states to all the princes of Europe, and by openly exciting the revolt of his subjects in the Milanese, Ravenna, and the Trevisan march. 4. If the pope could at pleasure assume the character of sovereign pontiff, or of

* Hainault, Abrégé Chronol. de l'Hist. de France, p. 617.

ce paramount of the kingdom of Naples, Frederic also was ified in using the same right of option between his titles. As g of the Two Sicilies, he held of the court of Rome; but as peror of the Romans, he was subject to God only; and in a rrel between the church and empire about Sardinia, he had any account to give of the employment of his arms. He even entitled, consistently with his duty, to make use of the es of Naples itself, when that kingdom was not the object of ute. These distinctions appear to be too subtile, and even radictory. They may really be so; but they are deducible from work of barbarism and chance, the feudal system, which ad- ed that a sovereign might be the vassal of his own subject. hout supposing this, let it be explained, how the kings of Eng- since William I. to Edward III. could levy war against France. dukes of Normandy or Aquitaine, they were vassals of that dom; yet these wars were acknowledged as lawful, since in treaties of peace which followed them, there is not any men- of pardon or amnesty.

n the justness of Frederic's deposition depends that of the stiture of Charles of Anjou. The kingdom of Naples was then ed possessed by an usurper; but if Conradin could not lose his by the crime of his grandfather, the authority of the pontiff d not be lawfully exerted but in restoring his inheritance to that ng prince. 2. Charles acquired the kingdom of Naples, and it to his posterity. He was ancestor, the fourth in ascent, to n, so well known by her infamous debaucheries. This princess, n ready to be overwhelmed by the arms of her cousin Charles a Paix, and dissatisfied with her nearest relations, applied for stance to Louis Duke of Anjou, brother to Charles V. King of nce; and by letters patent, dated from the castle of Oeuf at les, the 29th June, 1380, adopted him for her son, and appointed for heir to all her possessions.*

lay I be permitted, however, to inquire, whether an European ce is entitled to make so fair a present; and whether he enjoys right of choosing for himself a son and a successor? The name ing is universally used; but in different countries it is taken in different acceptations. Among the natives of the East, a king he vicegerent of heaven, invested with despotic power over the s and properties of his subjects. Under such governments a can dispose of his people for the same reason that a shepherd dispose of his flock. They are his property. But there are other ons, more deserving the name of men, who see in a sovereign ing more than the first magistrate, appointed by the people the purpose of promoting public happiness, and responsible to people for his administration. Such a magistrate cannot trans- o another, a power with which he is entrusted only for his own

* In my compilation the consent of the states to this adoption is not mentioned. however, was a very essential circumstance. But I have since found, that the ate Giannone is also silent respecting it.

life. At his demise, this power, if the government be elective, returns to the people; if the government be hereditary, the same power devolves on the nearest heir, according to the law of the land: and should the royal family be extinct, the people would resume all their rights. These maxims, surely, prevailed among the northern nations, who founded almost all the kingdoms of Europe. Observe the steps by which they rendered their kings, though always subject to the laws, hereditary. These kings were originally only temporary and occasional chiefs. By degrees they came to hold their offices for life. Gratitude confined the sphere of election to some distinguished family; the son commonly succeeded to the father, but the solemnity of an election was still requisite; silence and obedience were finally thought to imply the consent of the nation; which always, however, resumed to itself the right of changing the order of succession, when the public good demanded an alteration.

I perceive a glimpse of this liberty even among people languishing in the vilest servitude. The monarchs of the East, who name their successors, must choose him from the royal family; and their subjects would not obey a stranger, though invested with authority by their late king. They have a confused perception that the law ought to be above the prince. Yet (for I am in search only of the truth) it may be observed on the other side, that the authority of European princes had been acknowledged to extend to the power of transferring their dominions. Charles II. of Spain, believing himself entitled to appoint his successor, named Philip of Bourbon. France accepted the testament, Spain submitted to it, and the allies felt the necessity of calling its authenticity in question. Without acknowledging a power of this kind in princes, I know not how we can justify those treaties, in which a king transfers, not to a kinsman or friend, but to a stranger or enemy, the obedience of a portion of his subjects. The public law of Europe considers those subjects as rebels, when they refuse to submit to their new prince. The famous distinction between domain and frontier, when examined to the bottom, will be found to contain more sound than sense.

3. By the adoption of Joan I. the second branch of the house of Anjou obtained only the county of Provence. After contending with the eldest branch of their family about the crown of Naples, they found themselves unable to defend it against the house of Arragon. They fled into France, making from thence various expeditions that were unsuccessful. René, the grandson of Louis I. had no other choice to make than that of Charles his brother's son, or that of René of Vaudemont, Duke of Lorraine, the son of his daughter. He preferred the former; and this Charles, titular King of Naples, and Count of Provence, dying without children, bequeathed all his rights to Louis XI. King of France, and father of Charles VIII.

An attentive perusal of a chapter of Philip de Comines (Mem. lib.

viii. c. 1) suggests the following propositions, which appear to me incontestable. 1. René of Anjou appointed his nephew Charles, and Charles appointed Louis XI. heirs to all their rights. 2. The King of France acknowledged that these princes were not entitled to alter the order of succession by their testaments. 3. Louis XI. and Charles VIII. took possession of Provence only because it was a male fief; and that the male line being extinct, René of Vaudemont could not have any legitimate claim. 4. Instead of disputing the title of the Duke of Lorraine to the kingdom of Naples, where the Salic law was unknown, the court of France ordered its ambassadors to espouse his cause, and permitted him to lead his company of an hundred lances in the expedition against that country. 5. A discovery is made of ancient testaments of Charles I. and other princes of the house of Anjou, by which they irrevocably unite the kingdom of Naples and the county of Provence; but the authenticity of these testaments was never clearly ascertained. 6. Charles VIII. concluded that because he was Count of Provence by the testament of Charles IV. of Anjou, failing his male issue, he therefore also became lawful King of Naples. From this time, there was no longer any mention of the rights of the Duke of Lorraine. Yet this duke, so much despised, might surely have asked, since the two states were to be subject to the same law of succession, why the county ought to serve as a rule for the kingdom, rather than the kingdom for the county? Would it not have been more consistent with justice to reject the Salic law in ascertaining the succession to Provence, because that law was unknown in Naples, than to introduce a new law at Naples because it was admitted in Provence?

But we need only adopt a maxim of Father Daniel, to terminate the controversy at once. The Duke of Lorraine had not force to maintain his right; the King of France had; and this force entitled him to a preference. Yet I know not whether we can justly adopt a maxim, which may be thus expressed in general terms: "If a lawful heir cannot maintain his pretensions, they become of course extinct; and the next person in the order of succession may assume his place, assert and obtain the inheritance for himself and his posterity."

Such are the principal titles of the houses of Anjou and Arragon to the crown of Naples. It belongs to the reader to pronounce sentence; after first casting his eye on some other rights of both parties, too weak or uncertain to merit a long discussion. 1. The house of France might assert that by the people's investiture of Charles I. the rights of that prince devolved to the family of Anjou. I pretend not to decide. The monk who prepared that act with scholastic formality, succeeded so well in perplexing it, that I cannot perceive whether those rights returned thereby to the pope, or descended to the family of Bourbon or to that of Valois.

2. The right of conquest; an odious right, fit only to make illustrious criminals; which alternately favoured both parties.

3. The right of adoption by Queen Joan II. But as she successively adopted Louis of Anjou and Alphonso of Arragon, the one of those quantities, to speak in the language of algebra, destroys the other.

4. The right of possession. The house of Arragon enjoyed it sixty years. Yet the house of Anjou had never relinquished its pretensions; but, on the contrary, seized every opportunity of asserting them.

5. The consent of the subjects, the fairest of all titles. The princes of the house of Arragon might allege the universal obedience paid to their authority; but, according to the opposite party, the cruelties exercised by that house, and the murmurs of the people, clearly proved their obedience to be involuntary.

The right of conquest is only made for wild beasts. The laws of succession, though well contrived in themselves, are destitute of fixed principles. The only title not liable to objection, is the consenting voice of a free people.

HINTS OF SOME SUBJECTS FIT FOR HISTORY.

Camp near Winchester, 26th July, 1761.—I would despise an author regardless of the benefit of his readers: I would admire him who, solely attentive to this benefit, should be totally indifferent to his own fame. I stand in neither of these predicaments. My own inclination, as well as the taste of the present age, have made me decide in favour of history. Convinced of its merit, my reason cannot blush at the choice. But this is not all. Am I worthy of pursuing a walk of literature, which Tacitus thought worthy of him, and of which Pliny doubted whether he was himself worthy?* The part of an historian is as honourable as that of a mere chronicler or compiler of gazettes is contemptible. For which task I am fit, it is impossible to know, until I have tried my strength; and to make the experiment, I ought soon to choose some subject of history, which may do me credit, if well treated; and whose importance, even though my work should be unsuccessful, may console me for employing too much time in a species of composition for which I was not well qualified. I proceed therefore to review some subjects for history; to indicate their advantages and defects; and to point out that subject which I may think fit to prefer.

The history of Richard I. of England, and his crusade against the Saracens, is alluring by the marvellous. A king of England fighting at the head of an allied army of English and French under the walls of Ascalon! There are good materials for executing such an undertaking. Without speaking of the general chronicles, we know two contemporary and accurate historians; and what is of

* V. Plinii Secundi Epist. Lib. v. Ep. 8.

rent importance to a lover of the truth, the one a Christian, and he other a Mahometan; I mean William of Tyre, and the Arabian hose history of Saladin is translated by Mr. Schultens. Two ionkish authors, at least, have left particular descriptions of this ruisade; and other two monks have celebrated it in historical oems. But, on the other hand, this Richard was a fit hero only or monks. With the ferocity of a gladiator he united the cruelty f a tyrant; and both were unsuccessfully employed in a cause here superstition silenced religion, justice, and policy; and against ne of the most accomplished princes in history. How little are we terested in the exploits of Richard! Besides, this transaction is oo remote, and too deeply buried in the darkness of the middle ges, to attract much notice at present.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.

Aug. 24th, 1761.—I READ Mr. Bonamy's Reflections upon the Geographical Errors occasioned by Alexander's Historians, Mem. xv. p. 40—54; *very solid:* and M. de la Blétérie's Mem. upon the Tribunitian Power of the Emperors, Mem. xxv. p. 392—440; much nferior to his former dissertations.

25th.—I read M. de la Nauze's Dissertation upon the ancient Roman Calendar, Mem. xxvi. p. 219—257; *most excellent:* I never nderstood the Roman Calendar before.

26th.—I read M. de la Nauze a second time, and meditated him horoughly.

28th.—I read M. de Guignes's Memoir upon the Destruction of he Greek Monarchy in Bactriana, Mem. xxv. p. 17—34; *singular:* nd M. d'Anville's, upon the Nation and Religion of the Getæ, ib. . 34—47; *judicious.*

Sept. 1st.—I read the first Dissertation of the Count de Caylus, pon ancient Painting.

2nd.—I read the Count de Caylus's second Dissertation.

3rd.—I began M. de la Nauze's Memoir upon the Manner Pliny as treated of ancient Painting.

4th.—I finished it.

5th.—I read M. de Caylus's third Dissertation. Though Caylus as a much higher reputation, I should myself prefer De la Nauze; French I should say, Celui-ci a écrit en homme de lettres amateur, lui-là en amateur homme de lettres. De la Nauze is learned, ethodical, full of taste, perhaps sometimes not precise enough. aylus's observations are without any plan, too minute, and somemes, when stripped of their technical dress, injudicious. However, s comparison of the ancient and modern painters shows a knowdge of the beauties and masters of the art. They are both conined in tom. xxv. Mem. p. 149—302. I read the first Memoir of [. de Caylus upon ancient Sculpture.

are intended merely to treasure up the thoughts of others, I whether they are written with perspicuity, whether superfluitie lopped off, and dispersed observations skilfully collected; and a ably to my answers to those questions, I estimate the merit of performances.

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kingdom. It remains to determine, whether a prince, entitled to perform an act of favour and mercy, actually does so by conferring an office of dignity, which cannot be enjoyed unless the act of mercy has previously been obtained; that is to say, whether the substance ought to prevail over the form, or the form over the substance.* 2. Can a prince legitimate his own children? Being subject to the laws, he cannot violate them without being amenable to justice, though the public good requires that his person should not be liable to punishment. But, in the supposed case, his violation of the law may be punished in the persons of those who are most dear to him; it cannot surely be said, that he is obliged to submit to a punishment which his own pardon can forgive. 3. Does this legitimation extend to the right of succession to the crown?† 4. Do legitimated children recover completely the rights of lawful offspring, and of the nearest heirs to the crown; or rather, ought they not to be the last in the order of succession after all the collateral branches? It is not fit that we should be bountiful, before we have been just! Even Lewis XIV., when he trampled on the rights of the nation, still respected those of the princes of the blood.

This last question is extremely important. Alphonso, the father of Ferdinand, left a brother named John, who succeeded to him in the kingdom of Arragon. John did not indeed dispute his nephew's right of succession to the kingdom of Naples, but could *his* renunciation bind his posterity? This is a question, with the decision of which we shall not now meddle, since it was formerly the occasion of so many disputes.‡

These reflections create just suspicions concerning the title of the house of Arragon, particularly of Ferdinand; but in the ages of iron, when this contest arose, the prevalent customs of the times were more favourable to their claim. In those ages, as wicked as they were ignorant, princes disgraced themselves by a life of profligacy; and when they had not any legitimate children, their barons were easily prevailed on to acknowledge the rights of their *bastards*. How could the barons despise an appellation which they often prided themselves in bearing,§ or disavow a right which was often their

* The following is an example where the same reasoning occurred. Sir Walter Raleigh was condemned to death for treason. After a confinement of many years in prison, he received from James I. the command of a fleet to be employed in discovering a gold mine in South America. The enterprise failed; and, at Sir Walter's return home, James ordered his head to be cut off, according to the sentence formerly passed against him. The nation murmured loudly, asserting that the commission of admiral was equivalent to a formal pardon, since it was impossible to bestow that authority and confidence on a traitor condemned to death. (V. Rapin, Hist. d'Angleterre, tome vii. p. 122; et Hume, Hist. of the Stuarts, vol. i. p. 74. Howell's Letters, vol. i. s. 1, lett. 4.)

† This question depends on the same principles with that of adoption, which I shall shortly examine.

‡ This question was much agitated half a century ago, in the business of the Spanish succession, which Lewis XIV. renounced by the treaty of the Pyrenees, but which his family afterwards claimed and vindicated.

§ We sometimes read in old charters, "Ego —— bastardus." The appellative became a surname. In the time of Philip de Comines, there was little distinction made in Italy *between* natural and legitimate children.

own! A partisan of the house of Anjou could not attack the title of his rivals, without challenging the rights of the kings of England, Castile, and Portugal.* In matters merely conventional, examples are more powerful than principles. Amidst the light of the eighteenth century, the pretensions of the house of Arragon may appear extremely unjustifiable; but might have worn a very different aspect during the ignorance of the fifteenth.

I am not sensible of omitting any of the arguments either for or against the title of that house. Mainfroy, indeed, usurped the crown, to the prejudice of his nephew Conradin; but as Conradin died childless, Mainfroy's crime was merely personal, and extended not to his posterity.

The rights of Charles VIII. were far more complicated. The deposition of Frederic II. by the pope, and the investiture of Naples, granted by him to Charles I., formed the title of the first house of Anjou. The adoption of Louis of Anjou by Queen Joan transmitted this title to the second branch, from which Charles VIII. received it by the testament of Charles, the last Count of Provence, and titular King of Naples. These are the three links of the chain, which must be separately examined.

The deposition of Frederic II. by Pope Innocent IV. stirred up Europe against that unhappy prince. The multitude commended a salutary severity, which did not spare even sovereigns themselves, when they became the enemies of the church. A very few only condemned the pope's sentence, not as unjust, but as too harsh: they thought that his holiness took away crowns with too little ceremony, but they acknowledged that he had the right of taking them away.†

Sound philosophy would teach us to smile at this pretended right, had it not been productive of too melancholy consequences. The most numerous portion of every community determines the prevailing religion: the sovereign establishes ministers to practise its rules, and to teach its precepts to the people: the sovereign also regulates its functions, hierarchy, and appointments; ecclesiastics being not less subject to his authority than judges and soldiers. But without recurring to principles which would not be universally admitted, the maxims of the Gallican church afford a sufficient answer to those transalpine pretensions. According to these maxims, the church, it is true, is not bound in obedience to the state; but neither has the former any control over the latter. They are two independent, but allied, powers; which ought always to contribute their mutual assistance, without ever infringing their reciprocal rights. The pope can no more depose the emperor, than the emperor can pass decisions of faith. Excommunication is of a nature entirely spiritual: and the person excommunicated, though no longer a Christian, ceases not to be a father, a master, or a king.

* In the eleventh century, William the Conqueror, and in the fourteenth, Henry of Trastamare, and John, Grand Master of the Order of Avis, were all bastards.

† Observe the equivocal conduct of Louis IX. He blamed the pope's severity; he endeavoured to make peace; but the council of Lyons he always considered as a tribunal from which Frederic was not entitled to appeal.

The Emperor Frederic II. was not less King of Naples after th council of Lyons than before; and whatever was done on the sup position that he and his family were divested of the rights of sove reignty, was completely null.

But if Innocent could not, as sovereign pontiff, depose Frederic yet, as lord paramount of the kingdom of Naples, he could depriv a rebellious vassal of his fief. This right is far more specious The Norman conquerors, through devotion or policy, had con sented to hold their Italian possessions as fiefs of the Holy See which conferred their investiture on those princes, and on th Swabian emperors, their successors.

Yet in examining this right of sovereignty by the principl of the feudal law, I know not whether Frederic's partisa needed to have given up the cause. They might have said, 1. belonged to the pope to show, by his conduct, whether he real acted as lord paramount. Is it by a solemn excommunication, a general council of bishops, and by absolving subjects from the oaths of fidelity, that a superior condemns his vassal? In suc condemnations is it usual to join with the crime of felony, th accusations of perfidy, sacrilege, and heresy? An assembly of peer and of all the great vassals of the Holy See, with a King of Englan at their head, was the only tribunal to which Frederic was amen able; and felony was the only crime of which that tribunal coul take cognisance. But in the council of Lyons, Innocent IV appears under no other character than that of sovereign pontif 2. Never did any court of justice less deserve the name. It hear neither the accusation nor the defence; and refused to grant t the person accused the smallest delay, although his ministers entrusted with full powers, hastened to Lyons. Sentence was pro nounced before their arrival; a sentence founded neither on acknow ledged law, nor on judicial evidence, but on a pretended notoriety o facts, vague reports, and public rumours. 3. The substance wa not less defective than the form. Frederic had not deserved to b stripped of his fief. Though a vassal of the Holy See, he was no its subject. The vassal of a great fief reigned over it with absolut sovereignty; owing nothing to his paramount but homage, militar service, and the negative duty of not bearing arms against hi liege lord. These duties, besides, were defined so loosely, that i was difficult to convict him of their violation. If his superior re fused to do him justice, he might assert it by force of arms; and hi own immediate vassals were bound to follow him into the field against a prince, of whom they were themselves the rear vassals.* By an stronger cogency of reason, the vassal, when attacked by his lor was entitled to defend himself by arms. But the pope surely wa the aggressor; if this appellation could be merited by excom municating Frederic, by offering his states to all the princes o Europe, and by openly exciting the revolt of his subjects in th Milanese, Ravenna, and the Trevisan march. 4. If the pop could at pleasure assume the character of sovereign pontiff, or

* Hainault, Abrégé Chronol. de l'Hist. de France, p. 617.

prince paramount of the kingdom of Naples, Frederic also was justified in using the same right of option between his titles. As King of the Two Sicilies, he held of the court of Rome; but as Emperor of the Romans, he was subject to God only; and in a quarrel between the church and empire about Sardinia, he had not any account to give of the employment of his arms. He was even entitled, consistently with his duty, to make use of the forces of Naples itself, when that kingdom was not the object of dispute. These distinctions appear to be too subtile, and even contradictory. They may really be so; but they are deducible from that work of barbarism and chance, the feudal system, which admitted that a sovereign might be the vassal of his own subject. Without supposing this, let it be explained, how the kings of England since William I. to Edward III. could levy war against France. As dukes of Normandy or Aquitaine, they were vassals of that kingdom; yet these wars were acknowledged as lawful, since in the treaties of peace which followed them, there is not any mention of pardon or amnesty.

On the justness of Frederic's deposition depends that of the investiture of Charles of Anjou. The kingdom of Naples was then indeed possessed by an usurper; but if Conradin could not lose his title by the crime of his grandfather, the authority of the pontiff could not be lawfully exerted but in restoring his inheritance to that young prince. 2. Charles acquired the kingdom of Naples, and left it to his posterity. He was ancestor, the fourth in ascent, to Joan, so well known by her infamous debaucheries. This princess, when ready to be overwhelmed by the arms of her cousin Charles de la Paix, and dissatisfied with her nearest relations, applied for assistance to Louis Duke of Anjou, brother to Charles V. King of France; and by letters patent, dated from the castle of Oeuf at Naples, the 29th June, 1380, adopted him for her son, and appointed him for heir to all her possessions.*

May I be permitted, however, to inquire, whether an European prince is entitled to make so fair a present; and whether he enjoys the right of choosing for himself a son and a successor? The name of king is universally used; but in different countries it is taken in very different acceptations. Among the natives of the East, a king is the vicegerent of heaven, invested with despotic power over the lives and properties of his subjects. Under such governments a king can dispose of his people for the same reason that a shepherd can dispose of his flock. They are his property. But there are other nations, more deserving the name of men, who see in a sovereign nothing more than the first magistrate, appointed by the people for the purpose of promoting public happiness, and responsible to the people for his administration. Such a magistrate cannot transfer to another, a power with which he is entrusted only for his own

* In my compilation the consent of the states to this adoption is not mentioned. This, however, was a very essential circumstance. But I have since found, that the accurate Giannone is also silent respecting it.

life. At his demise, this power, if the government be elective, returns to the people; if the government be hereditary, the same power devolves on the nearest heir, according to the law of the land: and should the royal family be extinct, the people would resume all their rights. These maxims, surely, prevailed among the northern nations, who founded almost all the kingdoms of Europe. Observe the steps by which they rendered their kings, though always subject to the laws, hereditary. These kings were originally only temporary and occasional chiefs. By degrees they came to hold their offices for life. Gratitude confined the sphere of election to some distinguished family; the son commonly succeeded to the father, but the solemnity of an election was still requisite; silence and obedience were finally thought to imply the consent of the nation; which always, however, resumed to itself the right of changing the order of succession, when the public good demanded an alteration.

I perceive a glimpse of this liberty even among people languishing in the vilest servitude. The monarchs of the East, who name their successors, must choose him from the royal family; and their subjects would not obey a stranger, though invested with authority by their late king. They have a confused perception that the law ought to be above the prince. Yet (for I am in search only of the truth) it may be observed on the other side, that the authority of European princes had been acknowledged to extend to the power of transferring their dominions. Charles II. of Spain, believing himself entitled to appoint his successor, named Philip of Bourbon. France accepted the testament, Spain submitted to it, and the allies felt the necessity of calling its authenticity in question. Without acknowledging a power of this kind in princes, I know not how we can justify those treaties, in which a king transfers, not to a kinsman or friend, but to a stranger or enemy, the obedience of a portion of his subjects. The public law of Europe considers those subjects as rebels, when they refuse to submit to their new prince. The famous distinction between domain and frontier, when examined to the bottom, will be found to contain more sound than sense.

3. By the adoption of Joan I. the second branch of the house of Anjou obtained only the county of Provence. After contending with the eldest branch of their family about the crown of Naples, they found themselves unable to defend it against the house of Arragon. They fled into France, making from thence various expeditions that were unsuccessful. René, the grandson of Louis I. had no other choice to make than that of Charles his brother's son, or that of René of Vaudemont, Duke of Lorraine, the son of his daughter. He preferred the former; and this Charles, titular King of Naples, and Count of Provence, dying without children, bequeathed all his rights to Louis XI. King of France, and father of Charles VIII.

An attentive perusal of a chapter of Philip de Comines (Mem. lib.

iii. c. 1) suggests the following propositions, which appear to me ncontestable. 1. René of Anjou appointed his nephew Charles, and Charles appointed Louis XI. heirs to all their rights. 2. The King of France acknowledged that these princes were not entitled o alter the order of succession by their testaments. 3. Louis XI. nd Charles VIII. took possession of Provence only because it was male fief; and that the male line being extinct, René of Vaudemont could not have any legitimate claim. 4. Instead of disputing he title of the Duke of Lorraine to the kingdom of Naples, where he Salic law was unknown, the court of France ordered its ambassadors to espouse his cause, and permitted him to lead his ompany of an hundred lances in the expedition against that country. 5. A discovery is made of ancient testaments of Charles I. and other rinces of the house of Anjou, by which they irrevocably unite the ingdom of Naples and the county of Provence; but the authentiity of these testaments was never clearly ascertained. 6. Charles VIII. concluded that because he was Count of Provence by the estament of Charles IV. of Anjou, failing his male issue, he therefore also became lawful King of Naples. From this time, there as no longer any mention of the rights of the Duke of Lorraine. Yet this duke, so much despised, might surely have asked, since he two states were to be subject to the same law of succession, hy the county ought to serve as a rule for the kingdom, rather han the kingdom for the county? Would it not have been more onsistent with justice to reject the Salic law in ascertaining the uccession to Provence, because that law was unknown in Naples, han to introduce a new law at Naples because it was admitted in Provence?

But we need only adopt a maxim of Father Daniel, to terminate he controversy at once. The Duke of Lorraine had not force to naintain his right; the King of France had; and this force entitled him to a preference. Yet I know not whether we can justly dopt a maxim, which may be thus expressed in general terms: 'If a lawful heir cannot maintain his pretensions, they become of ourse extinct; and the next person in the order of succession may ssume his place, assert and obtain the inheritance for himself and is posterity."

Such are the principal titles of the houses of Anjou and Arragon o the crown of Naples. It belongs to the reader to pronounce entence; after first casting his eye on some other rights of both arties, too weak or uncertain to merit a long discussion. 1. The ouse of France might assert that by the people's investiture of Charles I. the rights of that prince devolved to the family of Anjou. I pretend not to decide. The monk who prepared that act with cholastic formality, succeeded so well in perplexing it, that I cannot perceive whether those rights returned thereby to the pope, or lescended to the family of Bourbon or to that of Valois.

2. The right of conquest; an odious right, fit only to make illustrious criminals; which alternately favoured both parties.

3. The right of adoption by Queen Joan II. But as she successively adopted Louis of Anjou and Alphonso of Arragon, the one of those quantities, to speak in the language of algebra, destroys the other.

4. The right of possession. The house of Arragon enjoyed it sixty years. Yet the house of Anjou had never relinquished its pretensions; but, on the contrary, seized every opportunity of asserting them.

5. The consent of the subjects, the fairest of all titles. The princes of the house of Arragon might allege the universal obedience paid to their authority; but, according to the opposite party, the cruelties exercised by that house, and the murmurs of the people, clearly proved their obedience to be involuntary.

The right of conquest is only made for wild beasts. The laws of succession, though well contrived in themselves, are destitute of fixed principles. The only title not liable to objection, is the consenting voice of a free people.

HINTS OF SOME SUBJECTS FIT FOR HISTORY.

Camp near Winchester, 26th July, 1761.—I would despise an author regardless of the benefit of his readers: I would admire him who, solely attentive to this benefit, should be totally indifferent to his own fame. I stand in neither of these predicaments. My own inclination, as well as the taste of the present age, have made me decide in favour of history. Convinced of its merit, my reason cannot blush at the choice. But this is not all. Am I worthy of pursuing a walk of literature, which Tacitus thought worthy of him, and of which Pliny doubted whether he was himself worthy?* The part of an historian is as honourable as that of a mere chronicler or compiler of gazettes is contemptible. For which task I am fit, it is impossible to know, until I have tried my strength; and to make the experiment, I ought soon to choose some subject of history, which may do me credit, if well treated; and whose importance, even though my work should be unsuccessful, may console me for employing too much time in a species of composition for which I was not well qualified. I proceed therefore to review some subjects for history; to indicate their advantages and defects; and to point out that subject which I may think fit to prefer.

The history of Richard I. of England, and his crusade against the Saracens, is alluring by the marvellous. A king of England fighting at the head of an allied army of English and French under the walls of Ascalon! There are good materials for executing such an undertaking. Without speaking of the general chronicles, we know two contemporary and accurate historians; and what is of

* V. Plinii Secundi Epist. Lib. v. Ep. 8.

great importance to a lover of the truth, the one a Christian, and the other a Mahometan; I mean William of Tyre, and the Arabian whose history of Saladin is translated by Mr. Schultens. Two monkish authors, at least, have left particular descriptions of this crusade; and other two monks have celebrated it in historical poems. But, on the other hand, this Richard was a fit hero only for monks. With the ferocity of a gladiator he united the cruelty of a tyrant; and both were unsuccessfully employed in a cause where superstition silenced religion, justice, and policy; and against one of the most accomplished princes in history. How little are we interested in the exploits of Richard! Besides, this transaction is too remote, and too deeply buried in the darkness of the middle ages, to attract much notice at present.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.

Aug. 24th, 1761.—I read Mr. Bonamy's Reflections upon the Geographical Errors occasioned by Alexander's Historians, Mem. xxv. p. 40—54; *very solid:* and M. de la Blétérie's Mem. upon the Tribunitian Power of the Emperors, Mem. xxv. p. 392—440; much inferior to his former dissertations.

25th.—I read M. de la Nauze's Dissertation upon the ancient Roman Calendar, Mem. xxvi. p. 219—257; *most excellent:* I never understood the Roman Calendar before.

26th.—I read M. de la Nauze a second time, and meditated him thoroughly.

28th.—I read M. de Guignes's Memoir upon the Destruction of the Greek Monarchy in Bactriana, Mem. xxv. p. 17—34; *singular:* and M. d'Anville's, upon the Nation and Religion of the Getæ, ib. p. 34—47; *judicious.*

Sept. 1st.—I read the first Dissertation of the Count de Caylus, upon ancient Painting.

2nd.—I read the Count de Caylus's second Dissertation.

3rd.—I began M. de la Nauze's Memoir upon the Manner Pliny has treated of ancient Painting.

4th.—I finished it.

5th.—I read M. de Caylus's third Dissertation. Though Caylus has a much higher reputation, I should myself prefer De la Nauze; in French I should say, Celui-ci a écrit en homme de lettres amateur, celui-là en amateur homme de lettres. De la Nauze is learned, methodical, full of taste, perhaps sometimes not precise enough. Caylus's observations are without any plan, too minute, and sometimes, when stripped of their technical dress, injudicious. However, his comparison of the ancient and modern painters shows a knowledge of the beauties and masters of the art. They are both contained in tom. xxv. Mem. p. 149—302. I read the first Memoir of M. de Caylus upon ancient Sculpture.

are intended merely to treasure up the thoughts of others, I as whether they are written with perspicuity, whether superfluities ar lopped off, and dispersed observations skilfully collected; and agree ably to my answers to those questions, I estimate the merit of suc performances.

When we read with attention, there is nothing more useful to th memory than extracts. I speak not of those collections, or adver saria, which may be serviceable in their own way, but of extracts made with reflection, such as those of Photius, and of several of our modern journalists. I purpose in this manner to give an account to myself of my reading. My method will vary with the subject. In works of reasoning, I will trace their general plan, explain the principles established, and examine the consequences deduced from them. A philosopher is unworthy of the name, whose work is not most advantageously viewed as a whole. After carefully meditating my subject, the only liberty I shall take, is that of exhibiting it under an arrangement different perhaps from that of my author. Works of fancy contain beauties, both of plan and of execution: I shall be attentive to both. History, if little known, deserves an abridgment. I shall extract such particulars as are new. Throughout, I shall give my opinion with becoming modesty, but with the courage of a man unwilling to betray the rights of reason. In this compilement, I shall collect my scattered thoughts, with the reflections of every sort that occur in my search for truth. For I shall continue to search for the truth, though hitherto I have found nothing but probability.

CRITICAL RESEARCHES CONCERNING THE TITLE OF CHARLES VIII. TO THE CROWN OF NAPLES.*

Beriton, April 14th, 1761.—Natural and civil law has each of them its principle; but by what maxim shall we regulate the succession to states? The rules of private succession cannot apply to them, their object being so different. Public agreements are rarely sufficiently determinate; treaties are liable to chicanery, examples are wanting; and each party rejects those examples which are not favourable to his cause.

The kingdom of Naples, and Europe itself, were often distracted by the quarrels between the houses of Anjou and Arragon. Victory remained long doubtful. I am going to examine by which of the contending parties it was merited. The contest is at end. In the treaties of Madrid and of Cambray, the house of France solemn-

* I meditate a history of the expedition of Charles VIII. into Italy; an event which changed the face of Europe. Should I ever undertake such a work, these researches will find their place in it, but written with more care and precision. At present, leisure and books are wanting; for which reason, being unable to cite the original historians, *I think* it better to trust to the notoriety of the transactions, than to refer the *reader to compilations.*

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ıtain them.

us first discover some proposition acknowledged by both
ı. Before the council of Lyons, the emperor Frederic II.
ıwful king of Naples; regarded as such by the pope his liege
ır superior, by his own subjects, and by all the princes of
e. Through his mother he inherited all the rights of the Nor-
ımily. The Greek emperors, who would have been his only
ititors, were no more.

dinand, whose title was called in question by Charles VIII.,
ıded from the house of Arragon. He asserted the right of
tance. Peter I. of Arragon, his ancestor, had married Con-
, the daughter of Mainfroy, the grandchild of the emperor
ric II. and the sole heiress of the house of Swabia; a title
ıvertible, had it been pure; but Ferdinand's blood was defiled
ɔ bastardies, that of Mainfroy and his own.

e institution of marriage is necessary in civilized countries.
litary property in land implies the appropriation of women;
the best means of transmitting property is by proximity of
; which must therefore be ascertained by marriage, the public
ement of one man with one woman, whose children are
led as his successors. Whoever violates this law ought to be
ıed in his descendant, whose birth being an outrage to society,
ınot be considered as its child, nor participate in the property
ich it secures the succession. Such are the laws which reason
ictated to all nations. Manners, often more powerful than
here corroborate and confirm them; condemning to perpetual
ıiny the unhappy bastard, whose father must ever be uncertain,
ho knows his mother only by her crime: a cruel, but salutary
ıment, since on it depend the chastity of women, the education
ldren, and the peace of the community. If, then, both laws
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s, on what principle ought they to succeed to kingdoms? The
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This last question is extremely important. Alphonso, the father of Ferdinand, left a brother named John, who succeeded to him in the kingdom of Arragon. John did not indeed dispute his nephew's right of succession to the kingdom of Naples, but could *his* renunciation bind his posterity? This is a question, with the decision of which we shall not now meddle, since it was formerly the occasion of so many disputes.‡

These reflections create just suspicions concerning the title of the house of Arragon, particularly of Ferdinand; but in the ages of iron, when this contest arose, the prevalent customs of the times were more favourable to their claim. In those ages, as wicked as they were ignorant, princes disgraced themselves by a life of profligacy; and when they had not any legitimate children, their barons were easily prevailed on to acknowledge the rights of their *bastards*. How could the barons despise an appellation which they often prided themselves in bearing,§ or disavow a right which was often their

* The following is an example where the same reasoning occurred. Sir Walter Raleigh was condemned to death for treason. After a confinement of many years in prison, he received from James I. the command of a fleet to be employed in discovering a gold mine in South America. The enterprise failed; and, at Sir Walter's return home, James ordered his head to be cut off, according to the sentence formerly passed against him. The nation murmured loudly, asserting that the commission of admiral was equivalent to a formal pardon, since it was impossible to bestow that authority and confidence on a traitor condemned to death. (V. Rapin, Hist. d'Angleterre, tome vii. p. 122; et Hume, Hist. of the Stuarts, vol. i. p. 74. Howell's Letters, vol. i. s. 1, lett. 4.)

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ought that his holiness took away crowns with too little
y, but they acknowledged that he had the right of taking
way.†

d philosophy would teach us to smile at this pretended right,
ot been productive of too melancholy consequences. The
merous portion of every community determines the prevail-
gion: the sovereign establishes ministers to practise its
nd to teach its precepts to the people: the sovereign also
s its functions, hierarchy, and appointments; ecclesiastics
ot less subject to his authority than judges and soldiers.
hout recurring to principles which would not be universally
d, the maxims of the Gallican church afford a sufficient
to those transalpine pretensions. According to these
, the church, it is true, is not bound in obedience to the
but neither has the former any control over the latter.
e two independent, but allied, powers; which ought always
ribute their mutual assistance, without ever infringing their
al rights. The pope can no more depose the emperor, than
eror can pass decisions of faith. Excommunication is of a
entirely spiritual: and the person excommunicated, though
er a Christian, ceases not to be a father, a master, or a king.

e eleventh century, William the Conqueror, and in the fourteenth, Henry of
re, and John, Grand Master of the Order of Avis, were all bastards.

rve the equivocal conduct of Louis IX. He blamed the pope's severity; he
red to make peace; but the council of Lyons he always considered as a tri-
m which Frederic was not entitled to appeal.

The Emperor Frederic II. was not less King of Naples after t council of Lyons than before; and whatever was done on the su position that he and his family were divested of the rights of sov reignty, was completely null.

But if Innocent could not, as sovereign pontiff, depose Frederi yet, as lord paramount of the kingdom of Naples, he could depri a rebellious vassal of his fief. This right is far more specio The Norman conquerors, through devotion or policy, had co sented to hold their Italian possessions as fiefs of the Holy Se which conferred their investiture on those princes, and on t Swabian emperors, their successors.

Yet in examining this right of sovereignty by the princip of the feudal law, I know not whether Frederic's partisa needed to have given up the cause. They might have said, 1. belonged to the pope to show, by his conduct, whether he real acted as lord paramount. Is it by a solemn excommunication, a general council of bishops, and by absolving subjects from the oaths of fidelity, that a superior condemns his vassal? In su condemnations is it usual to join with the crime of felony, t accusations of perfidy, sacrilege, and heresy? An assembly of pee and of all the great vassals of the Holy See, with a King of Engla at their head, was the only tribunal to which Frederic was ame able; and felony was the only crime of which that tribunal co take cognisance. But in the council of Lyons, Innocent I appears under no other character than that of sovereign ponti 2. Never did any court of justice less deserve the name. It hea neither the accusation nor the defence; and refused to grant the person accused the smallest delay, although his ministe entrusted with full powers, hastened to Lyons. Sentence was pr nounced before their arrival; a sentence founded neither on ackno ledged law, nor on judicial evidence, but on a pretended notoriety facts, vague reports, and public rumours. 3. The substance w not less defective than the form. Frederic had not deserved to stripped of his fief. Though a vassal of the Holy See, he was a its subject. The vassal of a great fief reigned over it with absolu sovereignty; owing nothing to his paramount but homage, milita service, and the negative duty of not bearing arms against l liege lord. These duties, besides, were defined so loosely, that was difficult to convict him of their violation. If his superior r fused to do him justice, he might assert it by force of arms; and h own immediate vassals were bound to follow him into the field again a prince, of whom they were themselves the rear vassals.* By a stronger cogency of reason, the vassal, when attacked by his lo was entitled to defend himself by arms. But the pope surely w the aggressor; if this appellation could be merited by excom municating Frederic, by offering his states to all the princes Europe, and by openly exciting the revolt of his subjects in t Milanese, Ravenna, and the Trevisan march. 4. If the po could at pleasure assume the character of sovereign pontiff, or

* Hainault, Abrégé Chronol. de l'Hist. de France, p. 617.

rince paramount of the kingdom of Naples, Frederic also was ustified in using the same right of option between his titles. As ing of the Two Sicilies, he held of the court of Rome; but as mperor of the Romans, he was subject to God only; and in a uarrel between the church and empire about Sardinia, he had ot any account to give of the employment of his arms. He as even entitled, consistently with his duty, to make use of the orces of Naples itself, when that kingdom was not the object of ispute. These distinctions appear to be too subtile, and even ontradictory. They may really be so; but they are deducible from hat work of barbarism and chance, the feudal system, which admitted that a sovereign might be the vassal of his own subject. Without supposing this, let it be explained, how the kings of England since William I. to Edward III. could levy war against France. As dukes of Normandy or Aquitaine, they were vassals of that ingdom; yet these wars were acknowledged as lawful, since in he treaties of peace which followed them, there is not any menion of pardon or amnesty.

On the justness of Frederic's deposition depends that of the nvestiture of Charles of Anjou. The kingdom of Naples was then ndeed possessed by an usurper; but if Conradin could not lose his itle by the crime of his grandfather, the authority of the pontiff ould not be lawfully exerted but in restoring his inheritance to that oung prince. 2. Charles acquired the kingdom of Naples, and eft it to his posterity. He was ancestor, the fourth in ascent, to Joan, so well known by her infamous debaucheries. This princess, when ready to be overwhelmed by the arms of her cousin Charles le la Paix, and dissatisfied with her nearest relations, applied for assistance to Louis Duke of Anjou, brother to Charles V. King of France; and by letters patent, dated from the castle of Oeuf at Naples, the 29th June, 1380, adopted him for her son, and appointed him for heir to all her possessions.*

May I be permitted, however, to inquire, whether an European prince is entitled to make so fair a present; and whether he enjoys the right of choosing for himself a son and a successor? The name of king is universally used; but in different countries it is taken in very different acceptations. Among the natives of the East, a king is the vicegerent of heaven, invested with despotic power over the lives and properties of his subjects. Under such governments a king can dispose of his people for the same reason that a shepherd can dispose of his flock. They are his property. But there are other nations, more deserving the name of men, who see in a sovereign nothing more than the first magistrate, appointed by the people for the purpose of promoting public happiness, and responsible to the people for his administration. Such a magistrate cannot transfer to another, a power with which he is entrusted only for his own

* In my compilation the consent of the states to this adoption is not mentioned. This, however, was a very essential circumstance. But I have since found, that the accurate Giannone is also silent respecting it.

life. At his demise, this power, if the government be ele returns to the people; if the government be hereditary, the power devolves on the nearest heir, according to the law o land: and should the royal family be extinct, the people woul sume all their rights. These maxims, surely, prevailed among northern nations, who founded almost all the kingdoms of Eu Observe the steps by which they rendered their kings, th always subject to the laws, hereditary. These kings were origi only temporary and occasional chiefs. By degrees they can hold their offices for life. Gratitude confined the sphere of ele to some distinguished family; the son commonly succeeded t father, but the solemnity of an election was still requisite; si and obedience were finally thought to imply the consent o nation; which always, however, resumed to itself the rig changing the order of succession, when the public good dema an alteration.

I perceive a glimpse of this liberty even among people guishing in the vilest servitude. The monarchs of the East, name their successors, must choose him from the royal fa and their subjects would not obey a stranger, though inv with authority by their late king. They have a confused pe tion that the law ought to be above the prince. Yet (for I a search only of the truth) it may be observed on the other that the authority of European princes had been acknowledg extend to the power of transferring their dominions. Charles Spain, believing himself entitled to appoint his successor, n Philip of Bourbon. France accepted the testament, Spain mitted to it, and the allies felt the necessity of calling its au ticity in question. Without acknowledging a power of this in princes, I know not how we can justify those treaties, in v a king transfers, not to a kinsman or friend, but to a strang enemy, the obedience of a portion of his subjects. The p law of Europe considers those subjects as rebels, when they r to submit to their new prince. The famous distinction bet domain and frontier, when examined to the bottom, will be f to contain more sound than sense.

3. By the adoption of Joan I. the second branch of the hou Anjou obtained only the county of Provence. After conte with the eldest branch of their family about the crown of N they found themselves unable to defend it against the hou Arragon. They fled into France, making from thence vario peditions that were unsuccessful. René, the grandson of Lo had no other choice to make than that of Charles his brother's or that of René of Vaudemont, Duke of Lorraine, the son o daughter. He preferred the former; and this Charles, titular of Naples, and Count of Provence, dying without childre queathed all his rights to Louis XI. King of France, and f of Charles VIII.

An attentive perusal of a chapter of Philip de Comines (Mem

viii. c. 1) suggests the following propositions, which appear to me incontestable. 1. René of Anjou appointed his nephew Charles, and Charles appointed Louis XI. heirs to all their rights. 2. The King of France acknowledged that these princes were not entitled to alter the order of succession by their testaments. 3. Louis XI. and Charles VIII. took possession of Provence only because it was a male fief; and that the male line being extinct, René of Vaudemont could not have any legitimate claim. 4. Instead of disputing the title of the Duke of Lorraine to the kingdom of Naples, where the Salic law was unknown, the court of France ordered its ambassadors to espouse his cause, and permitted him to lead his company of an hundred lances in the expedition against that country. 5. A discovery is made of ancient testaments of Charles I. and other princes of the house of Anjou, by which they irrevocably unite the kingdom of Naples and the county of Provence; but the authenticity of these testaments was never clearly ascertained. 6. Charles VIII. concluded that because he was Count of Provence by the testament of Charles IV. of Anjou, failing his male issue, he therefore also became lawful King of Naples. From this time, there was no longer any mention of the rights of the Duke of Lorraine. Yet this duke, so much despised, might surely have asked, since the two states were to be subject to the same law of succession, why the county ought to serve as a rule for the kingdom, rather than the kingdom for the county? Would it not have been more consistent with justice to reject the Salic law in ascertaining the succession to Provence, because that law was unknown in Naples, than to introduce a new law at Naples because it was admitted in Provence?

But we need only adopt a maxim of Father Daniel, to terminate the controversy at once. The Duke of Lorraine had not force to maintain his right; the King of France had; and this force entitled him to a preference. Yet I know not whether we can justly adopt a maxim, which may be thus expressed in general terms: "If a lawful heir cannot maintain his pretensions, they become of course extinct; and the next person in the order of succession may assume his place, assert and obtain the inheritance for himself and his posterity."

Such are the principal titles of the houses of Anjou and Arragon to the crown of Naples. It belongs to the reader to pronounce sentence; after first casting his eye on some other rights of both parties, too weak or uncertain to merit a long discussion. 1. The house of France might assert that by the people's investiture of Charles I. the rights of that prince devolved to the family of Anjou. I pretend not to decide. The monk who prepared that act with scholastic formality, succeeded so well in perplexing it, that I cannot perceive whether those rights returned thereby to the pope, or descended to the family of Bourbon or to that of Valois.

2. The right of conquest; an odious right, fit only to make illustrious criminals; which alternately favoured both parties.

3. The right of adoption by Queen Joan II. But as she successively adopted Louis of Anjou and Alphonso of Arragon, the one of those quantities, to speak in the language of algebra, destroys the other.

4. The right of possession. The house of Arragon enjoyed it sixty years. Yet the house of Anjou had never relinquished its pretensions; but, on the contrary, seized every opportunity of asserting them.

5. The consent of the subjects, the fairest of all titles. The princes of the house of Arragon might allege the universal obedience paid to their authority; but, according to the opposite party, the cruelties exercised by that house, and the murmurs of the people, clearly proved their obedience to be involuntary.

The right of conquest is only made for wild beasts. The laws of succession, though well contrived in themselves, are destitute of fixed principles. The only title not liable to objection, is the consenting voice of a free people.

HINTS OF SOME SUBJECTS FIT FOR HISTORY.

Camp near Winchester, 26th July, 1761.—I WOULD despise an author regardless of the benefit of his readers: I would admire him who, solely attentive to this benefit, should be totally indifferent to his own fame. I stand in neither of these predicaments. My own inclination, as well as the taste of the present age, have made me decide in favour of history. Convinced of its merit, my reason cannot blush at the choice. But this is not all. Am I worthy of pursuing a walk of literature, which Tacitus thought worthy of him, and of which Pliny doubted whether he was himself worthy?* The part of an historian is as honourable as that of a mere chronicler or compiler of gazettes is contemptible. For which task I am fit, it is impossible to know, until I have tried my strength; and to make the experiment, I ought soon to choose some subject of history, which may do me credit, if well treated; and whose importance, even though my work should be unsuccessful, may console me for employing too much time in a species of composition for which I was not well qualified. I proceed therefore to review some subjects for history; to indicate their advantages and defects; and to point out that subject which I may think fit to prefer.

The history of Richard I. of England, and his crusade against the Saracens, is alluring by the marvellous. A king of England fighting at the head of an allied army of English and French under the walls of Ascalon! There are good materials for executing such an undertaking. Without speaking of the general chronicles, we know two contemporary and accurate historians; and what is of

* V. Plinii Secundi Epist. Lib. v. Ep. 8.

importance to a lover of the truth, the one a Christian, and ıer a Mahometan; I mean William of Tyre, and the Arabian history of Saladin is translated by Mr. Schultens. Two ɜh authors, at least, have left particular descriptions of this e; and other two monks have celebrated it in historical But, on the other hand, this Richard was a fit hero only nks. With the ferocity of a gladiator he united the cruelty yrant; and both were unsuccessfully employed in a cause superstition silenced religion, justice, and policy; and against the most accomplished princes in history. How little are we ted in the exploits of Richard! Besides, this transaction is mote, and too deeply buried in the darkness of the middle o attract much notice at present.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.

'. 24th, 1761.—I READ Mr. Bonamy's Reflections upon the ıphiçal Errors occasioned by Alexander's Historians, Mem. 40—54; *very solid:* and M. de la Blétérie's Mem. upon the ıitian Power of the Emperors, Mem. xxv. p. 392—440; much r to his former dissertations.

ı.—I read M. de la Nauze's Dissertation upon the ancient ı Calendar, Mem. xxvi. p. 219—257; *most excellent:* I never tood the Roman Calendar before.

ı.—I read M. de la Nauze a second time, and meditated him ghly.

ı.—I read M. de Guignes's Memoir upon the Destruction of eek Monarchy in Bactriana, Mem. xxv. p. 17—34; *singular:* . d'Anville's, upon the Nation and Religion of the Getæ, ib. -47; *judicious.*

:. 1st.—I read the first Dissertation of the Count de Caylus, ncient Painting.

—I read the Count de Caylus's second Dissertation.

—I began M. de la Nauze's Memoir upon the Manner Pliny ·ated of ancient Painting.

—I finished it.

—I read M. de Caylus's third Dissertation. Though Caylus nuch higher reputation, I should myself prefer De la Nauze; ıch I should say, Celui-ci a écrit en homme de lettres amateur, ı en amateur homme de lettres. De la Nauze is learned, lical, full of taste, perhaps sometimes not precise enough. 's observations are without any plan, too minute, and some- when stripped of their technical dress, injudicious. However, ıparison of the ancient and modern painters shows a know- f the beauties and masters of the art. They are both con- in tom. xxv. Mem. p. 149—302. I read the first Memoir of Caylus upon ancient Sculpture.

are intended merely to treasure up the thoughts of others, I a whether they are written with perspicuity, whether superfluities a lopped off, and dispersed observations skilfully collected; and agre ably to my answers to those questions, I estimate the merit of su performances.

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The kingdom of Naples, and Europe itself, were often distracte by the quarrels between the houses of Anjou and Arragon. Victo remained long doubtful. I am going to examine by which of th contending parties it was merited. The contest is at end. In th treaties of Madrid and of Cambray, the house of France solemn

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Ferdinand, whose title was called in question by Charles VIII., [redacted] descended from the house of Arragon. He asserted the right of [redacted] heritance. Peter I. of Arragon, his ancestor, had married Con[redacted] stance, the daughter of Mainfroy, the grandchild of the emperor [redacted] Frederic II. and the sole heiress of the house of Swabia; a title [redacted] incontrovertible, had it been pure; but Ferdinand's blood was defiled [redacted] by two bastardies, that of Mainfroy and his own.

The institution of marriage is necessary in civilized countries. [redacted] hereditary property in land implies the appropriation of women; [redacted] since the best means of transmitting property is by proximity of [redacted] blood; which must therefore be ascertained by marriage, the public [redacted] engagement of one man with one woman, whose children are [redacted] regarded as his successors. Whoever violates this law ought to be [redacted] punished in his descendant, whose birth being an outrage to society, [redacted] he cannot be considered as its child, nor participate in the property [redacted] of which it secures the succession. Such are the laws which reason [redacted] has dictated to all nations. Manners, often more powerful than [redacted] laws, here corroborate and confirm them; condemning to perpetual [redacted] ignominy the unhappy bastard, whose father must ever be uncertain, [redacted] and who knows his mother only by her crime: a cruel, but salutary [redacted] punishment, since on it depend the chastity of women, the education [redacted] of children, and the peace of the community. If, then, both laws [redacted] and manners declare bastards incapable of inheriting private [redacted] estates, on what principle ought they to succeed to kingdoms? The [redacted] title of a sovereign cannot be too clear, nor his birth too much [redacted] respected.

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own! A partisan of the house of Anjou could not attack the title of his rivals, without challenging the rights of the kings of England, Castile, and Portugal.* In matters merely conventional, examples are more powerful than principles. Amidst the light of the eighteenth century, the pretensions of the house of Arragon may appear extremely unjustifiable; but might have worn a very different aspect during the ignorance of the fifteenth.

I am not sensible of omitting any of the arguments either for or against the title of that house. Mainfroy, indeed, usurped the crown, to the prejudice of his nephew Conradin; but as Conradin died childless, Mainfroy's crime was merely personal, and extended not to his posterity.

The rights of Charles VIII. were far more complicated. The deposition of Frederic II. by the pope, and the investiture of Naples, granted by him to Charles I., formed the title of the first house of Anjou. The adoption of Louis of Anjou by Queen Joan transmitted this title to the second branch, from which Charles VIII. received it by the testament of Charles, the last Count of Provence, and titular King of Naples. These are the three links of the chain, which must be separately examined.

The deposition of Frederic II. by Pope Innocent IV. stirred up Europe against that unhappy prince. The multitude commended a salutary severity, which did not spare even sovereigns themselves, when they became the enemies of the church. A very few only condemned the pope's sentence, not as unjust, but as too harsh: they thought that his holiness took away crowns with too little ceremony, but they acknowledged that he had the right of taking them away.†

Sound philosophy would teach us to smile at this pretended right, had it not been productive of too melancholy consequences. The most numerous portion of every community determines the prevailing religion: the sovereign establishes ministers to practise its rules, and to teach its precepts to the people: the sovereign also regulates its functions, hierarchy, and appointments; ecclesiastics being not less subject to his authority than judges and soldiers. But without recurring to principles which would not be universally admitted, the maxims of the Gallican church afford a sufficient answer to those transalpine pretensions. According to these maxims, the church, it is true, is not bound in obedience to the state; but neither has the former any control over the latter. They are two independent, but allied, powers; which ought always to contribute their mutual assistance, without ever infringing their reciprocal rights. The pope can no more depose the emperor, than the emperor can pass decisions of faith. Excommunication is of a nature entirely spiritual: and the person excommunicated, though no longer a Christian, ceases not to be a father, a master, or a king.

* In the eleventh century, William the Conqueror, and in the fourteenth, Henry of Trastamare, and John, Grand Master of the Order of Avis, were all bastards.

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The Emperor Frederic II. was not less King of Naples after the council of Lyons than before; and whatever was done on the supposition that he and his family were divested of the rights of sovereignty, was completely null.

But if Innocent could not, as sovereign pontiff, depose Frederic; yet, as lord paramount of the kingdom of Naples, he could deprive a rebellious vassal of his fief. This right is far more specious. The Norman conquerors, through devotion or policy, had consented to hold their Italian possessions as fiefs of the Holy See; which conferred their investiture on those princes, and on the Swabian emperors, their successors.

Yet in examining this right of sovereignty by the principles of the feudal law, I know not whether Frederic's partisans needed to have given up the cause. They might have said, 1. It belonged to the pope to show, by his conduct, whether he really acted as lord paramount. Is it by a solemn excommunication, in a general council of bishops, and by absolving subjects from their oaths of fidelity, that a superior condemns his vassal? In such condemnations is it usual to join with the crime of felony, the accusations of perfidy, sacrilege, and heresy? An assembly of peers, and of all the great vassals of the Holy See, with a King of England at their head, was the only tribunal to which Frederic was amenable; and felony was the only crime of which that tribunal could take cognisance. But in the council of Lyons, Innocent IV. appears under no other character than that of sovereign pontiff. 2. Never did any court of justice less deserve the name. It heard neither the accusation nor the defence; and refused to grant to the person accused the smallest delay, although his ministers, entrusted with full powers, hastened to Lyons. Sentence was pronounced before their arrival; a sentence founded neither on acknowledged law, nor on judicial evidence, but on a pretended notoriety of facts, vague reports, and public rumours. 3. The substance was not less defective than the form. Frederic had not deserved to be stripped of his fief. Though a vassal of the Holy See, he was not its subject. The vassal of a great fief reigned over it with absolute sovereignty; owing nothing to his paramount but homage, military service, and the negative duty of not bearing arms against his liege lord. These duties, besides, were defined so loosely, that it was difficult to convict him of their violation. If his superior refused to do him justice, he might assert it by force of arms; and his own immediate vassals were bound to follow him into the field against a prince, of whom they were themselves the rear vassals.* By still stronger cogency of reason, the vassal, when attacked by his lord, was entitled to defend himself by arms. But the pope surely was the aggressor; if this appellation could be merited by excommunicating Frederic, by offering his states to all the princes of Europe, and by openly exciting the revolt of his subjects in the Milanese, Ravenna, and the Trevisan march. 4. If the pope could at pleasure assume the character of sovereign pontiff, or of

* Hainault, Abrégé Chronol. de l'Hist. de France, p. 617.

ce paramount of the kingdom of Naples, Frederic also was ified in using the same right of option between his titles. As g of the Two Sicilies, he held of the court of Rome; but as peror of the Romans, he was subject to God only; and in a rel between the church and empire about Sardinia, he had any account to give of the employment of his arms. He even entitled, consistently with his duty, to make use of the es of Naples itself, when that kingdom was not the object of ute. These distinctions appear to be too subtile, and even radictory. They may really be so; but they are deducible from work of barbarism and chance, the feudal system, which ad- ed that a sovereign might be the vassal of his own subject. hout supposing this, let it be explained, how the kings of Eng- since William I. to Edward III. could levy war against France. lukes of Normandy or Aquitaine, they were vassals of that dom; yet these wars were acknowledged as lawful, since in treaties of peace which followed them, there is not any men- of pardon or amnesty.

n the justness of Frederic's deposition depends that of the stiture of Charles of Anjou. The kingdom of Naples was then ed possessed by an usurper; but if Conradin could not lose his by the crime of his grandfather, the authority of the pontiff d not be lawfully exerted but in restoring his inheritance to that ig prince. 2. Charles acquired the kingdom of Naples, and it to his posterity. He was ancestor, the fourth in ascent, to a, so well known by her infamous debaucheries. This princess, n ready to be overwhelmed by the arms of her cousin Charles a Paix, and dissatisfied with her nearest relations, applied for stance to Louis Duke of Anjou, brother to Charles V. King of nce; and by letters patent, dated from the castle of Oeuf at les, the 29th June, 1380, adopted him for her son, and appointed for heir to all her possessions.*

May I be permitted, however, to inquire, whether an European ce is entitled to make so fair a present; and whether he enjoys right of choosing for himself a son and a successor? The name ing is universally used; but in different countries it is taken in different acceptations. Among the natives of the East, a king ne vicegerent of heaven, invested with despotic power over the s and properties of his subjects. Under such governments a can dispose of his people for the same reason that a shepherd dispose of his flock. They are his property. But there are other ons, more deserving the name of men, who see in a sovereign ing more than the first magistrate, appointed by the people the purpose of promoting public happiness, and responsible to people for his administration. Such a magistrate cannot trans- o another, a power with which he is entrusted only for his own

* In my compilation the consent of the states to this adoption is not mentioned. however, was a very essential circumstance. But I have since found, that the ate Giannone is also silent respecting it.

life. At his demise, this power, if the government be elective, returns to the people; if the government be hereditary, the same power devolves on the nearest heir, according to the law of the land: and should the royal family be extinct, the people would resume all their rights. These maxims, surely, prevailed among the northern nations, who founded almost all the kingdoms of Europe. Observe the steps by which they rendered their kings, though always subject to the laws, hereditary. These kings were originally only temporary and occasional chiefs. By degrees they came to hold their offices for life. Gratitude confined the sphere of election to some distinguished family; the son commonly succeeded to the father, but the solemnity of an election was still requisite; silence and obedience were finally thought to imply the consent of the nation; which always, however, resumed to itself the right of changing the order of succession, when the public good demanded an alteration.

I perceive a glimpse of this liberty even among people languishing in the vilest servitude. The monarchs of the East, who name their successors, must choose him from the royal family; and their subjects would not obey a stranger, though invested with authority by their late king. They have a confused perception that the law ought to be above the prince. Yet (for I am in search only of the truth) it may be observed on the other side, that the authority of European princes had been acknowledged to extend to the power of transferring their dominions. Charles II. of Spain, believing himself entitled to appoint his successor, named Philip of Bourbon. France accepted the testament, Spain submitted to it, and the allies felt the necessity of calling its authenticity in question. Without acknowledging a power of this kind in princes, I know not how we can justify those treaties, in which a king transfers, not to a kinsman or friend, but to a stranger or enemy, the obedience of a portion of his subjects. The public law of Europe considers those subjects as rebels, when they refuse to submit to their new prince. The famous distinction between domain and frontier, when examined to the bottom, will be found to contain more sound than sense.

3. By the adoption of Joan I. the second branch of the house of Anjou obtained only the county of Provence. After contending with the eldest branch of their family about the crown of Naples, they found themselves unable to defend it against the house of Arragon. They fled into France, making from thence various expeditions that were unsuccessful. René, the grandson of Louis I. had no other choice to make than that of Charles his brother's son, or that of René of Vaudemont, Duke of Lorraine, the son of his daughter. He preferred the former; and this Charles, titular King of Naples, and Count of Provence, dying without children, bequeathed all his rights to Louis XI. King of France, and father of Charles VIII.

An attentive perusal of a chapter of Philip de Comines (Mem. lib.

viii. c. 1) suggests the following propositions, which appear to me incontestable. 1. René of Anjou appointed his nephew Charles, and Charles appointed Louis XI. heirs to all their rights. 2. The King of France acknowledged that these princes were not entitled to alter the order of succession by their testaments. 3. Louis XI. and Charles VIII. took possession of Provence only because it was a male fief; and that the male line being extinct, René of Vaudemont could not have any legitimate claim. 4. Instead of disputing the title of the Duke of Lorraine to the kingdom of Naples, where the Salic law was unknown, the court of France ordered its ambassadors to espouse his cause, and permitted him to lead his company of an hundred lances in the expedition against that country. 5. A discovery is made of ancient testaments of Charles I. and other princes of the house of Anjou, by which they irrevocably unite the kingdom of Naples and the county of Provence; but the authenticity of these testaments was never clearly ascertained. 6. Charles VIII. concluded that because he was Count of Provence by the testament of Charles IV. of Anjou, failing his male issue, he therefore also became lawful King of Naples. From this time, there was no longer any mention of the rights of the Duke of Lorraine. Yet this duke, so much despised, might surely have asked, since the two states were to be subject to the same law of succession, why the county ought to serve as a rule for the kingdom, rather than the kingdom for the county? Would it not have been more consistent with justice to reject the Salic law in ascertaining the succession to Provence, because that law was unknown in Naples, than to introduce a new law at Naples because it was admitted in Provence?

But we need only adopt a maxim of Father Daniel, to terminate the controversy at once. The Duke of Lorraine had not force to maintain his right; the King of France had; and this force entitled him to a preference. Yet I know not whether we can justly adopt a maxim, which may be thus expressed in general terms: "If a lawful heir cannot maintain his pretensions, they become of course extinct; and the next person in the order of succession may assume his place, assert and obtain the inheritance for himself and his posterity."

Such are the principal titles of the houses of Anjou and Arragon to the crown of Naples. It belongs to the reader to pronounce sentence; after first casting his eye on some other rights of both parties, too weak or uncertain to merit a long discussion. 1. The house of France might assert that by the people's investiture of Charles I. the rights of that prince devolved to the family of Anjou. I pretend not to decide. The monk who prepared that act with scholastic formality, succeeded so well in perplexing it, that I cannot perceive whether those rights returned thereby to the pope, or descended to the family of Bourbon or to that of Valois.

2. The right of conquest; an odious right, fit only to make illustrious criminals; which alternately favoured both parties.

3. The right of adoption by Queen Joan II. But as she successively adopted Louis of Anjou and Alphonso of Arragon, the one of those quantities, to speak in the language of algebra, destroys the other.

4. The right of possession. The house of Arragon enjoyed it sixty years. Yet the house of Anjou had never relinquished its pretensions; but, on the contrary, seized every opportunity of asserting them.

5. The consent of the subjects, the fairest of all titles. The princes of the house of Arragon might allege the universal obedience paid to their authority; but, according to the opposite party, the cruelties exercised by that house, and the murmurs of the people, clearly proved their obedience to be involuntary.

The right of conquest is only made for wild beasts. The laws of succession, though well contrived in themselves, are destitute of fixed principles. The only title not liable to objection, is the consenting voice of a free people.

HINTS OF SOME SUBJECTS FIT FOR HISTORY.

Camp near Winchester, 26th July, 1761.—I would despise an author regardless of the benefit of his readers: I would admire him who, solely attentive to this benefit, should be totally indifferent to his own fame. I stand in neither of these predicaments. My own inclination, as well as the taste of the present age, have made me decide in favour of history. Convinced of its merit, my reason cannot blush at the choice. But this is not all. Am I worthy of pursuing a walk of literature, which Tacitus thought worthy of him, and of which Pliny doubted whether he was himself worthy?* The part of an historian is as honourable as that of a mere chronicler or compiler of gazettes is contemptible. For which task I am fit, it is impossible to know, until I have tried my strength; and to make the experiment, I ought soon to choose some subject of history, which may do me credit, if well treated; and whose importance, even though my work should be unsuccessful, may console me for employing too much time in a species of composition for which I was not well qualified. I proceed therefore to review some subjects for history; to indicate their advantages and defects; and to point out that subject which I may think fit to prefer.

The history of Richard I. of England, and his crusade against the Saracens, is alluring by the marvellous. A king of England fighting at the head of an allied army of English and French under the walls of Ascalon! There are good materials for executing such an undertaking. Without speaking of the general chronicles, we know two contemporary and accurate historians; and what is of

* V. Plinii Secundi Epist. Lib. v. Ep. 8.

great importance to a lover of the truth, the one a Christian, and the other a Mahometan; I mean William of Tyre, and the Arabian whose history of Saladin is translated by Mr. Schultens. Two monkish authors, at least, have left particular descriptions of this crusade; and other two monks have celebrated it in historical poems. But, on the other hand, this Richard was a fit hero only for monks. With the ferocity of a gladiator he united the cruelty of a tyrant; and both were unsuccessfully employed in a cause where superstition silenced religion, justice, and policy; and against one of the most accomplished princes in history. How little are we interested in the exploits of Richard! Besides, this transaction is too remote, and too deeply buried in the darkness of the middle ages, to attract much notice at present.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.

Aug. 24th, 1761.—I read Mr. Bonamy's Reflections upon the Geographical Errors occasioned by Alexander's Historians, Mem. xxv. p. 40—54; *very solid:* and M. de la Blétérie's Mem. upon the Tribunitian Power of the Emperors, Mem. xxv. p. 392—440; much inferior to his former dissertations.

25th.—I read M. de la Nauze's Dissertation upon the ancient Roman Calendar, Mem. xxvi. p. 219—257; *most excellent:* I never understood the Roman Calendar before.

26th.—I read M. de la Nauze a second time, and meditated him thoroughly.

28th.—I read M. de Guignes's Memoir upon the Destruction of the Greek Monarchy in Bactriana, Mem. xxv. p. 17—34; *singular:* and M. d'Anville's, upon the Nation and Religion of the Getæ, ib. p. 34—47; *judicious.*

Sept. 1st.—I read the first Dissertation of the Count de Caylus, upon ancient Painting.

2nd.—I read the Count de Caylus's second Dissertation.

3rd.—I began M. de la Nauze's Memoir upon the Manner Pliny has treated of ancient Painting.

4th.—I finished it.

5th.—I read M. de Caylus's third Dissertation. Though Caylus has a much higher reputation, I should myself prefer De la Nauze; in French I should say, Celui-ci a écrit en homme de lettres amateur, celui-là en amateur homme de lettres. De la Nauze is learned, methodical, full of taste, perhaps sometimes not precise enough. Caylus's observations are without any plan, too minute, and sometimes, when stripped of their technical dress, injudicious. However, his comparison of the ancient and modern painters shows a knowledge of the beauties and masters of the art. They are both contained in tom. xxv. Mem. p. 149—302. I read the first Memoir of M. de Caylus upon ancient Sculpture.

are intended merely to treasure up the thoughts of others, I ask whether they are written with perspicuity, whether superfluities are lopped off, and dispersed observations skilfully collected; and agreeably to my answers to those questions, I estimate the merit of such performances.

When we read with attention, there is nothing more useful to the memory than extracts. I speak not of those collections, or adversaria, which may be serviceable in their own way, but of extracts made with reflection, such as those of Photius, and of several of our modern journalists. I purpose in this manner to give an account to myself of my reading. My method will vary with the subject. In works of reasoning, I will trace their general plan, explain the principles established, and examine the consequences deduced from them. A philosopher is unworthy of the name, whose work is not most advantageously viewed as a whole. After carefully meditating my subject, the only liberty I shall take, is that of exhibiting it under an arrangement different perhaps from that of my author. Works of fancy contain beauties, both of plan and of execution: I shall be attentive to both. History, if little known, deserves an abridgment. I shall extract such particulars as are new. Throughout, I shall give my opinion with becoming modesty, but with the courage of a man unwilling to betray the rights of reason. In this compilement, I shall collect my scattered thoughts, with the reflections of every sort that occur in my search for truth. For I shall continue to search for the truth, though hitherto I have found nothing but probability.

CRITICAL RESEARCHES CONCERNING THE TITLE OF CHARLES VIII. TO THE CROWN OF NAPLES.*

Beriton, April 14th, 1761.—Natural and civil law has each of them its principle; but by what maxim shall we regulate the succession to states? The rules of private succession cannot apply to them, their object being so different. Public agreements are rarely sufficiently determinate; treaties are liable to chicanery; examples are wanting; and each party rejects those examples which are not favourable to his cause.

The kingdom of Naples, and Europe itself, were often distracted by the quarrels between the houses of Anjou and Arragon. Victory remained long doubtful. I am going to examine by which of the contending parties it was merited. The contest is at end. In the treaties of Madrid and of Cambray, the house of France solemnly

* I meditate a history of the expedition of Charles VIII. into Italy; an event which changed the face of Europe. Should I ever undertake such a work, these researches will find their place in it, but written with more care and precision. At present, both leisure and books are wanting; for which reason, being unable to cite the original historians, *I think* it better to trust to the notoriety of the transactions, than to refer the *reader to* compilations.

renounced its pretensions; and even Father Daniel* was not obliged to maintain them.

Let us first discover some proposition acknowledged by both parties. Before the council of Lyons, the emperor Frederic II. was lawful king of Naples; regarded as such by the pope his liege lord or superior, by his own subjects, and by all the princes of Europe. Through his mother he inherited all the rights of the Norman family. The Greek emperors, who would have been his only competitors, were no more.

Ferdinand, whose title was called in question by Charles VIII., descended from the house of Arragon. He asserted the right of inheritance. Peter I. of Arragon, his ancestor, had married Constance, the daughter of Mainfroy, the grandchild of the emperor Frederic II. and the sole heiress of the house of Swabia; a title incontrovertible, had it been pure; but Ferdinand's blood was defiled by two bastardies, that of Mainfroy and his own.

The institution of marriage is necessary in civilized countries. Hereditary property in land implies the appropriation of women; since the best means of transmitting property is by proximity of blood; which must therefore be ascertained by marriage, the public engagement of one man with one woman, whose children are regarded as his successors. Whoever violates this law ought to be punished in his descendant, whose birth being an outrage to society, he cannot be considered as its child, nor participate in the property of which it secures the succession. Such are the laws which reason has dictated to all nations. Manners, often more powerful than laws, here corroborate and confirm them; condemning to perpetual ignominy the unhappy bastard, whose father must ever be uncertain, and who knows his mother only by her crime: a cruel, but salutary punishment, since on it depend the chastity of women, the education of children, and the peace of the community. If, then, both laws and manners declare bastards incapable of inheriting private estates, on what principle ought they to succeed to kingdoms? The title of a sovereign cannot be too clear, nor his birth too much respected.

Laws are deaf to every voice but that of justice and the public good. But it belongs to princes to judge, according to circumstances, whether they ought to soften, or rigorously to enforce the laws. When the repentance of his mother, or his own merit, have efficaciously pleaded for an illegitimate son, the clemency of a prince may remove the stain from his birth, and thus restore him to society and his rights.

But in applying this maxim to the house of Arragon, a multitude of difficulties occur, of which it is impossible not to feel the force. 1. By what means is legitimation by a prince to be ascertained. Ferdinand was legitimated by a solemn act; but I know not whether that was the case with Mainfroy: his father indeed bequeathed to him the principality of Salerno, and even the inheritance of the

* V. la Grande Histoire du P. Daniel, tome v. p. 196, et p. 259.

kingdom. It remains to determine, whether a prince, entitled to perform an act of favour and mercy, actually does so by conferring an office of dignity, which cannot be enjoyed unless the act of mercy has previously been obtained; that is to say, whether the substance ought to prevail over the form, or the form over the substance.* 2. Can a prince legitimate his own children? Being subject to the laws, he cannot violate them without being amenable to justice; though the public good requires that his person should not be liable to punishment. But, in the supposed case, his violation of the laws may be punished in the persons of those who are most dear to him: it cannot surely be said, that he is obliged to submit to a punishment which his own pardon can forgive. 3. Does this legitimation extend to the right of succession to the crown?† 4. Do legitimated children recover completely the rights of lawful offspring, and of the nearest heirs to the crown; or rather, ought they not to be the last in the order of succession after all the collateral branches? It is not fit that we should be bountiful, before we have been just! Even Lewis XIV., when he trampled on the rights of the nation, still respected those of the princes of the blood.

This last question is extremely important. Alphonso, the father of Ferdinand, left a brother named John, who succeeded to him in the kingdom of Arragon. John did not indeed dispute his nephew's right of succession to the kingdom of Naples, but could *his* renunciation bind his posterity? This is a question, with the decision of which we shall not now meddle, since it was formerly the occasion of so many disputes.‡

These reflections create just suspicions concerning the title of the house of Arragon, particularly of Ferdinand; but in the ages of iron, when this contest arose, the prevalent customs of the times were more favourable to their claim. In those ages, as wicked as they were ignorant, princes disgraced themselves by a life of profligacy; and when they had not any legitimate children, their barons were easily prevailed on to acknowledge the rights of their *bastards*. How could the barons despise an appellation which they often prided themselves in bearing,§ or disavow a right which was often their

* The following is an example where the same reasoning occurred. Sir Walter Raleigh was condemned to death for treason. After a confinement of many years in prison, he received from James I. the command of a fleet to be employed in discovering a gold mine in South America. The enterprise failed; and, at Sir Walter's return home, James ordered his head to be cut off, according to the sentence formerly passed against him. The nation murmured loudly, asserting that the commission of admiral was equivalent to a formal pardon, since it was impossible to bestow that authority and confidence on a traitor condemned to death. (V. Rapin, Hist. d'Angleterre, tome vii. p. 122; et Hume, Hist. of the Stuarts, vol. i. p. 74. Howell's Letters, vol. i. s. 1, lett. 4.)

† This question depends on the same principles with that of adoption, which I shall shortly examine.

‡ This question was much agitated half a century ago, in the business of the Spanish succession, which Lewis XIV. renounced by the treaty of the Pyrenees, but which his family afterwards claimed and vindicated.

§ We sometimes read in old charters, "Ego —— bastardus." The appellative became a surname. In the time of Philip de Comines, there was little distinction made in Italy *between* natural and legitimate children.

wn! A partisan of the house of Anjou could not attack the title of is rivals, without challenging the rights of the kings of England, 'astile, and Portugal.* In matters merely conventional, examples re more powerful than principles. Amidst the light of the eighteenth century, the pretensions of the house of Arragon may appear xtremely unjustifiable; but might have worn a very different aspect uring the ignorance of the fifteenth.

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Yet in examining this right of sovereignty by the principles of the feudal law, I know not whether Frederic's partisans needed to have given up the cause. They might have said, 1. It belonged to the pope to show, by his conduct, whether he really acted as lord paramount. Is it by a solemn excommunication, in a general council of bishops, and by absolving subjects from their oaths of fidelity, that a superior condemns his vassal? In such condemnations is it usual to join with the crime of felony, the accusations of perfidy, sacrilege, and heresy? An assembly of peers and of all the great vassals of the Holy See, with a King of England at their head, was the only tribunal to which Frederic was amenable; and felony was the only crime of which that tribunal could take cognisance. But in the council of Lyons, Innocent IV appears under no other character than that of sovereign pontiff. 2. Never did any court of justice less deserve the name. It heard neither the accusation nor the defence; and refused to grant to the person accused the smallest delay, although his ministers entrusted with full powers, hastened to Lyons. Sentence was pronounced before their arrival; a sentence founded neither on acknowledged law, nor on judicial evidence, but on a pretended notoriety of facts, vague reports, and public rumours. 3. The substance was not less defective than the form. Frederic had not deserved to be stripped of his fief. Though a vassal of the Holy See, he was not its subject. The vassal of a great fief reigned over it with absolute sovereignty; owing nothing to his paramount but homage, military service, and the negative duty of not bearing arms against his liege lord. These duties, besides, were defined so loosely, that it was difficult to convict him of their violation. If his superior refused to do him justice, he might assert it by force of arms; and his own immediate vassals were bound to follow him into the field against a prince, of whom they were themselves the rear vassals.* By still stronger cogency of reason, the vassal, when attacked by his lord was entitled to defend himself by arms. But the pope surely was the aggressor; if this appellation could be merited by excommunicating Frederic, by offering his states to all the princes of Europe, and by openly exciting the revolt of his subjects in the Milanese, Ravenna, and the Trevisan march. 4. If the pope could at pleasure assume the character of sovereign pontiff, or of

* Hainault, Abrégé Chronol. de l'Hist. de France, p. 617.

prince paramount of the kingdom of Naples, Frederic also was justified in using the same right of option between his titles. As King of the Two Sicilies, he held of the court of Rome; but as Emperor of the Romans, he was subject to God only; and in a quarrel between the church and empire about Sardinia, he had not any account to give of the employment of his arms. He was even entitled, consistently with his duty, to make use of the forces of Naples itself, when that kingdom was not the object of dispute. These distinctions appear to be too subtile, and even contradictory. They may really be so; but they are deducible from that work of barbarism and chance, the feudal system, which admitted that a sovereign might be the vassal of his own subject. Without supposing this, let it be explained, how the kings of England since William I. to Edward III. could levy war against France. As dukes of Normandy or Aquitaine, they were vassals of that kingdom; yet these wars were acknowledged as lawful, since in the treaties of peace which followed them, there is not any mention of pardon or amnesty.

On the justness of Frederic's deposition depends that of the investiture of Charles of Anjou. The kingdom of Naples was then indeed possessed by an usurper; but if Conradin could not lose his title by the crime of his grandfather, the authority of the pontiff could not be lawfully exerted but in restoring his inheritance to that young prince. 2. Charles acquired the kingdom of Naples, and left it to his posterity. He was ancestor, the fourth in ascent, to Joan, so well known by her infamous debaucheries. This princess, when ready to be overwhelmed by the arms of her cousin Charles de la Paix, and dissatisfied with her nearest relations, applied for assistance to Louis Duke of Anjou, brother to Charles V. King of France; and by letters patent, dated from the castle of Oeuf at Naples, the 29th June, 1380, adopted him for her son, and appointed him for heir to all her possessions.*

May I be permitted, however, to inquire, whether an European prince is entitled to make so fair a present; and whether he enjoys the right of choosing for himself a son and a successor? The name of king is universally used; but in different countries it is taken in very different acceptations. Among the natives of the East, a king is the vicegerent of heaven, invested with despotic power over the lives and properties of his subjects. Under such governments a king can dispose of his people for the same reason that a shepherd can dispose of his flock. They are his property. But there are other nations, more deserving the name of men, who see in a sovereign nothing more than the first magistrate, appointed by the people for the purpose of promoting public happiness, and responsible to the people for his administration. Such a magistrate cannot transfer to another, a power with which he is entrusted only for his own

* In my compilation the consent of the states to this adoption is not mentioned. This, however, was a very essential circumstance. But I have since found, that the accurate Giannone is also silent respecting it.

life. At his demise, this power, if the government be elective, returns to the people; if the government be hereditary, the same power devolves on the nearest heir, according to the law of the land: and should the royal family be extinct, the people would resume all their rights. These maxims, surely, prevailed among the northern nations, who founded almost all the kingdoms of Europe. Observe the steps by which they rendered their kings, though always subject to the laws, hereditary. These kings were originally only temporary and occasional chiefs. By degrees they came to hold their offices for life. Gratitude confined the sphere of election to some distinguished family; the son commonly succeeded to the father, but the solemnity of an election was still requisite; silence and obedience were finally thought to imply the consent of the nation; which always, however, resumed to itself the right of changing the order of succession, when the public good demanded an alteration.

I perceive a glimpse of this liberty even among people languishing in the vilest servitude. The monarchs of the East, who name their successors, must choose him from the royal family; and their subjects would not obey a stranger, though invested with authority by their late king. They have a confused perception that the law ought to be above the prince. Yet (for I am in search only of the truth) it may be observed on the other side, that the authority of European princes had been acknowledged to extend to the power of transferring their dominions. Charles II. of Spain, believing himself entitled to appoint his successor, named Philip of Bourbon. France accepted the testament, Spain submitted to it, and the allies felt the necessity of calling its authenticity in question. Without acknowledging a power of this kind in princes, I know not how we can justify those treaties, in which a king transfers, not to a kinsman or friend, but to a stranger or enemy, the obedience of a portion of his subjects. The public law of Europe considers those subjects as rebels, when they refuse to submit to their new prince. The famous distinction between domain and frontier, when examined to the bottom, will be found to contain more sound than sense.

3. By the adoption of Joan I. the second branch of the house of Anjou obtained only the county of Provence. After contending with the eldest branch of their family about the crown of Naples, they found themselves unable to defend it against the house of Arragon. They fled into France, making from thence various expeditions that were unsuccessful. René, the grandson of Louis I. had no other choice to make than that of Charles his brother's son, or that of René of Vaudemont, Duke of Lorraine, the son of his daughter. He preferred the former; and this Charles, titular King of Naples, and Count of Provence, dying without children, bequeathed all his rights to Louis XI. King of France, and father of Charles VIII.

An attentive perusal of a chapter of Philip de Comines (Mem. lib.

viii. c. 1) suggests the following propositions, which appear to me incontestable. 1. René of Anjou appointed his nephew Charles, and Charles appointed Louis XI. heirs to all their rights. 2. The King of France acknowledged that these princes were not entitled to alter the order of succession by their testaments. 3. Louis XI. and Charles VIII. took possession of Provence only because it was a male fief; and that the male line being extinct, René of Vaudemont could not have any legitimate claim. 4. Instead of disputing the title of the Duke of Lorraine to the kingdom of Naples, where the Salic law was unknown, the court of France ordered its ambassadors to espouse his cause, and permitted him to lead his company of an hundred lances in the expedition against that country. 5. A discovery is made of ancient testaments of Charles I. and other princes of the house of Anjou, by which they irrevocably unite the kingdom of Naples and the county of Provence; but the authenticity of these testaments was never clearly ascertained. 6. Charles VIII. concluded that because he was Count of Provence by the testament of Charles IV. of Anjou, failing his male issue, he therefore also became lawful King of Naples. From this time, there was no longer any mention of the rights of the Duke of Lorraine. Yet this duke, so much despised, might surely have asked, since the two states were to be subject to the same law of succession, why the county ought to serve as a rule for the kingdom, rather than the kingdom for the county? Would it not have been more consistent with justice to reject the Salic law in ascertaining the succession to Provence, because that law was unknown in Naples, than to introduce a new law at Naples because it was admitted in Provence?

But we need only adopt a maxim of Father Daniel, to terminate the controversy at once. The Duke of Lorraine had not force to maintain his right; the King of France had; and this force entitled him to a preference. Yet I know not whether we can justly adopt a maxim, which may be thus expressed in general terms: "If a lawful heir cannot maintain his pretensions, they become of course extinct; and the next person in the order of succession may assume his place, assert and obtain the inheritance for himself and his posterity."

Such are the principal titles of the houses of Anjou and Arragon to the crown of Naples. It belongs to the reader to pronounce sentence; after first casting his eye on some other rights of both parties, too weak or uncertain to merit a long discussion. 1. The house of France might assert that by the people's investiture of Charles I. the rights of that prince devolved to the family of Anjou. I pretend not to decide. The monk who prepared that act with scholastic formality, succeeded so well in perplexing it, that I cannot perceive whether those rights returned thereby to the pope, or descended to the family of Bourbon or to that of Valois.

2. The right of conquest; an odious right, fit only to make illustrious criminals; which alternately favoured both parties.

3. The right of adoption by Queen Joan II. But as she successively adopted Louis of Anjou and Alphonso of Arragon, the one of those quantities, to speak in the language of algebra, destroys the other.

4. The right of possession. The house of Arragon enjoyed it sixty years. Yet the house of Anjou had never relinquished its pretensions; but, on the contrary, seized every opportunity of asserting them.

5. The consent of the subjects, the fairest of all titles. The princes of the house of Arragon might allege the universal obedience paid to their authority; but, according to the opposite party, the cruelties exercised by that house, and the murmurs of the people, clearly proved their obedience to be involuntary.

The right of conquest is only made for wild beasts. The laws of succession, though well contrived in themselves, are destitute of fixed principles. The only title not liable to objection, is the consenting voice of a free people.

HINTS OF SOME SUBJECTS FIT FOR HISTORY.

Camp near Winchester, 26th July, 1761.—I WOULD despise an author regardless of the benefit of his readers: I would admire him who, solely attentive to this benefit, should be totally indifferent to his own fame. I stand in neither of these predicaments. My own inclination, as well as the taste of the present age, have made me decide in favour of history. Convinced of its merit, my reason cannot blush at the choice. But this is not all. Am I worthy of pursuing a walk of literature, which Tacitus thought worthy of him, and of which Pliny doubted whether he was himself worthy?* The part of an historian is as honourable as that of a mere chronicler or compiler of gazettes is contemptible. For which task I am fit, it is impossible to know, until I have tried my strength; and to make the experiment, I ought soon to choose some subject of history, which may do me credit, if well treated; and whose importance, even though my work should be unsuccessful, may console me for employing too much time in a species of composition for which I was not well qualified. I proceed therefore to review some subjects for history; to indicate their advantages and defects; and to point out that subject which I may think fit to prefer.

The history of Richard I. of England, and his crusade against the Saracens, is alluring by the marvellous. A king of England fighting at the head of an allied army of English and French under the walls of Ascalon! There are good materials for executing such an undertaking. Without speaking of the general chronicles, we know two contemporary and accurate historians; and what is of

* V. Plinii Secundi Epist. Lib. v. Ep. 8.

great importance to a lover of the truth, the one a Christian, and the other a Mahometan; I mean William of Tyre, and the Arabian whose history of Saladin is translated by Mr. Schultens. Two monkish authors, at least, have left particular descriptions of this crusade; and other two monks have celebrated it in historical poems. But, on the other hand, this Richard was a fit hero only for monks. With the ferocity of a gladiator he united the cruelty of a tyrant; and both were unsuccessfully employed in a cause where superstition silenced religion, justice, and policy; and against one of the most accomplished princes in history. How little are we interested in the exploits of Richard! Besides, this transaction is too remote, and too deeply buried in the darkness of the middle ages, to attract much notice at present.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.

Aug. 24th, 1761.—I read Mr. Bonamy's Reflections upon the Geographical Errors occasioned by Alexander's Historians, Mem. xxv. p. 40—54; *very solid:* and M. de la Blétérie's Mem. upon the Tribunitian Power of the Emperors, Mem. xxv. p. 392—440; much inferior to his former dissertations.

25th.—I read M. de la Nauze's Dissertation upon the ancient Roman Calendar, Mem. xxvi. p. 219—257; *most excellent:* I never understood the Roman Calendar before.

26th.—I read M. de la Nauze a second time, and meditated him thoroughly.

28th.—I read M. de Guignes's Memoir upon the Destruction of the Greek Monarchy in Bactriana, Mem. xxv. p. 17—34; *singular:* and M. d'Anville's, upon the Nation and Religion of the Getæ, ib. p. 34—47; *judicious.*

Sept. 1st.—I read the first Dissertation of the Count de Caylus, upon ancient Painting.

2nd.—I read the Count de Caylus's second Dissertation.

3rd.—I began M. de la Nauze's Memoir upon the Manner Pliny has treated of ancient Painting.

4th.—I finished it.

5th.—I read M. de Caylus's third Dissertation. Though Caylus has a much higher reputation, I should myself prefer De la Nauze; in French I should say, Celui-ci a écrit en homme de lettres amateur, celui-là en amateur homme de lettres. De la Nauze is learned, methodical, full of taste, perhaps sometimes not precise enough. Caylus's observations are without any plan, too minute, and sometimes, when stripped of their technical dress, injudicious. However, his comparison of the ancient and modern painters shows a knowledge of the beauties and masters of the art. They are both contained in tom. xxv. Mem. p. 149—302. I read the first Memoir of M. de Caylus upon ancient Sculpture.

6th.—I read the second Memoir upon Sculpture, tom. xxv. p. 302—368. They are much superior to those upon painting; as the author probably never practised sculpture, he attaches himself less to the manual exercise of the art.

7th.—I read M. de Caylus upon the Mausoleum, tom. xxvi. p. 321—335.

8th.—I read four parts of the Bibliothèque des Sciences et des Beaux Arts, from July 1760, to July 1761; a plain, sensible journal.

11th.—I read M. Freret's Observations upon the Marble of Paros, tom. xxvi. p. 157—219: the general remarks, interesting; the enquiry into the date of the death of Darius, ingenious and satisfactory; the whole very profound: and M. de Belley's Explanation of a Cameo in the Duke of Orleans' cabinet; very probable: tom. xxvi. p. 475—486.

12th.—I read Belley's Explanation of an Agate in the Duke of Orleans' cabinet; *like the former:* tom. xxvi. p. 486—504: and M. d'Anville's Enquiry into the Source of the Nile; tom. xxvi. p. 34—46; leaves it as obscure as ever.

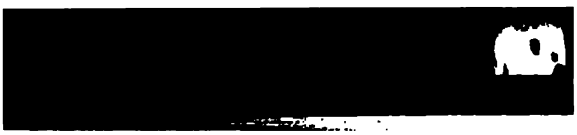
Oct. 2nd.—I ran over M. le Beau's Memoir upon the Roman Legion, in tom. xxvi. of the Academy: one or two Epistles of Horace with Dacier and Sanadon; and Soame Jenyns's Enquiry into the Origin of Evil; and perused for the second time, with infinite pleasure, M. de la Nauze's fine Memoir upon ancient Painting.

Feb. 8th, 1762.—Having finished Hurd's Horace, given a second perusal to two principal discourses, and thoroughly meditated the whole subject, I began to make an extrait raisonné of it. At the same time I employed my leisure moments in going through the famous Argenis of Barclay, with which I was much entertained; and, with a view to Homer, perused for the second time a very considerable part of Mezeriac's Ovid.

EXAMINATION OF DR. HURD'S COMMENTARY ON HORACE'S EPISTLES.

Q. Horatii Flacci Epistolæ, ad Pisones et Augustum; with an English Commentary and Notes. To which are added, two Dissertations: the one on the Provinces of the Drama; the other on Poetical Imitation; with a Letter to Mr. Mason; in two volumes, 12*mo. The second edition. Cambridge.* 1757.

Devizes, Feb. 8th, 1762.—Mr. Hurd, the supposed author of this performance, is one of those valuable authors who cannot be read without improvement. To a great fund of well-digested reasoning, he adds a clearness of judgment, and a niceness of penetration, capable of taking things from their first principles, and observing their most minute differences. I know few writers more deserving of the great, though prostituted name, of critic; but, like many critics, he is better qualified to instruct, than to execute. His manner appears to me harsh and affected, and his style clouded with obscure metaphors, and needlessly perplexed with expressions



otic, or technical. His excessive praises (not to give them a arsher name) of a certain living critic and divine, disgust the sensible ader, as much as the contempt affected for the same person, by any who are very unqualified to pass a judgment upon him.

Horace's Art of Poetry, generally deemed an unconnected set of ecepts, without unity of design or method, appears, under Mr. urd's hands, an attempt to reform the Roman stage, conducted ith an artful plan, and carried on through the most delicate transi-ons. This plan is unravelled in Mr. Hurd's Commentary. If ever ose transitions appear too finely spun, the concealed art of epistol-ry freedom will sufficiently account for it. The least Mr. Hurd ust convince of, is, that, if Horace had any plan, it was that which e has laid down. Every part of dramatic poetry is treated of, even) the satires and the atellanes; its metre, subject, characters, horus, explained and distinguished. The rest of the epistle con-ins those precepts of unity of design, accuracy of composition, &c. hich, though not peculiar to the dramatic poet, are yet as necessary) him as to any other.

I shall say little more of the epistle to Augustus, than that the ubject matter is much plainer than in the other, but the connexion f parts far more perplexed. In the two lines from 30 to 32, a ritic must be very sharp-sighted, to discover so complicated an rgument as Mr. Hurd finds out there: however, his own Commen-ary is far superior to that on the Art of Poetry: and rises here nto a very elegant paraphrase. As my business lies more with Mr. lurd than with Horace, I shall only select one of the numerous eauties of this epistle; it is that elegant encomium upon the modern oets, which extends from v. 113 to 139. Every one must observe hat fine gradation, which, from describing the poet as a happy noffensive creature, exalts him at last into a kind of mediator be-ween the gods and men. But an art more refined, and nicely atten-ive to its object, only employs those praises, which belong equally) good and to bad poets. Every one complained of the multitude f bad poets; even these, replies Horace, are not to be despised; uch poetry is an employment, which makes its possessor good and appy, by abstracting him from the cares of men; he may turn it) the useful purposes of a virtuous education; and the gods, who ttend more to the piety than the talents of the bard, will listen ith pleasure to his hymns.

I shall now consider some of Mr. Hurd's notes upon these Epi-les, and then pass to his larger disourses.

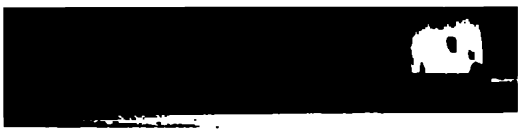
Upon v. 94, he starts a new train of thought upon the use of etical expressions in tragedy. The herd of critics allow them to e hero in his calmer moments, and forbid them in his more pas-nate ones. On the contrary (says Mr. Hurd, and I think with ason) it is that very passion that calls them forth, by rousing every culty, and exciting images suitable to the grandeur of his situation. nger, indeed, which exalts the mind, inspires more bold and daring ages; those of grief are more weak, humble, and broken: but

when passion sleeps, it is fancy alone that can create figures fancy is a very improper guide for the severe genius of dra poetry.

Perhaps the natural correspondency between passion an poetical figures, may be more exactly ascertained, by defining is properly meant by poetical figures. It is (if I am not mist a comparison, either expressed or understood, between two ob about one of which the mind is particularly engaged, and wh perceives bears some affinity to another. The comparison, pr so called, expresses every feature of that resemblance at full le the allusion points it out in a more slight and general manner the metaphor, disdaining that slow deduction of ideas, boldly s tutes to the object of the comparison, that to which it is com In the instance Mr. Hurd has taken from Tacitus, "Ne vestis viros *fœdaret*," we may note this difference between the three s of figures. In a comparison he might have said, "that a garment was so disgraceful to a man, that it was like a polluti his body." Had he said, "that a silken garment, like a poll was to be avoided by a man," it would have been an allusion: dropping every intermediate idea, he reports the law by whi silken garment was to pollute a man. This is a metaphor, a his own creation; but there are many where spiritual faculties operations are expressed by material images, which, though fi tive in their origin, are, by time and use, almost become li These are the figures of poetry. I am sensible there are rhet ones also; but those, I believe, relate rather to the expressio distribution of the former.

Let us now, from these principles, investigate the workin passion. It has been often observed, that the highest agitati the mind is such as no language can describe; since languag only paint ideas, and not that sentimental, silent, almost st excess of rage or grief, which the soul feels with such energy, t is not master of itself enough to have any distinct perceptions; passion baffles all description: but when this storm subsides, p is as fertile in ideas, as it was at first barren: when some str interest collects all our attention to one object, we consider it every light it is susceptible of; even that rebel attention, ch down with difficulty to any range of ideas, endeavours as mu possible to enlarge the sphere of them; and as the agitation o mind crowds them upon us, almost at the same instant, inste presenting them slowly and singly, we cannot avoid being struck many comparisons suitable to our situation. The past, the pr the future, our misfortunes, those of other men, our friend enemies, our ancestors, our posterity, form within us numb combinations of ideas, either to assuage or irritate the reigning sion.* But those of the first species, though they strike us

* When Marius, proscribed by the party of Sylla, was obliged, after a thousan gers, to take refuge on the coast of Africa, the prætor of that province sent him o *to leave it* immediately; the lictor found him plunged in thought, and sitting on *stones* on the beach. When he asked him what answer he should carry back



reject as much as in our power; and therefore the poet
esses them in words, ought rarely to go farther than an
or a metaphor: those indeed are in general the darling
passion, as it loves to pass with rapidity from one idea to
However, in those conjunctions of ideas which feed and
ıe passion, she will sometimes dwell with complacency upon
l pursue them to the minutest resemblances of a simile.
to the breast of every one for the evidence of these posi-
d as to the last, I shall instance the noble speech with
no opens the Æneid, and rousing herself to vengeance,
comparison of her behaviour with that of Pallas, collects
umstance of it which could stimulate her more strongly to
tion of it.

urn to Mr. Hurd's Notes. He employs several passages
what I fancy no one would have disputed him; that though
pulchrum, beau, beautiful, are often used to express the
onception of beauty, they are sometimes made to signify
cular sort of beauty which pleases the imagination, opposed
hich affects the heart.

le had blamed the Iphigenia of Euripides, as a character
ed; so timid at first, afterwards so determined. The general
d extended the same reproach to his Electra. Mr. Hurd un-
heir vindication. If Electra feels so much remorse after
er of her mother, though the principal author of it, we
sider that she is nowhere described as devoid of natural
s; though the thirst of revenge, supported by the maxims
ıes, such as the doctrine of remunerative justice, of fate,
e heinousness of adultery, had for a time subdued it. Be-
hatred was chiefly pointed at Ægistheus, and her remorse
exaggerated. As to Iphigenia, her timidity, when acquainted
be sacrificed, is easily accounted for; as she was surprised,
at time, ignorant of the reasons which required it. Even
t, her constancy is yet mixed with some regret and re-

. 148, Mr. Hurd attempts to account for, and establish,
most important rules of epic poetry. A poet may either
ory in the natural historical order, or, rushing at once into
e of his subject, he may afterwards introduce, by way of
ıe events previous to it. Which method should he observe?
t least, in one of his poems, has preferred the last;* and
s well as in most other things, has been followed by his
; by Virgil, by Milton, by Voltaire, and (in this instance

ll him," replied Marius, "that thou hast seen Marius sitting upon the ruins
" This implied comparison between his fall, and that of a once powerful
d on the same spot, is poetically bold. Yet passion and real misfortune,
coincidency of place, could suggest it to Marius, a rough illiterate soldier.
striking illustration of Mr. Hurd's theory?

Odyssey. As to the Iliad, properly speaking, he has followed neither. The
ous to the subject, the anger of Achilles, he neither relates himself, nor
n episode; but as they were few and simple, he leaves the reader to collect
casional hints dispersed through the poem.

I may call him an epic poet) by Fenelon. But as many things that have stood the test of time, cannot endure that of reason, I shall venture to start some objections to this method, and to consider, in a few words, Mr. Hurd's defence of it.

1st, Supposing the rule founded on reason, it is too vague to reduce to practice. Since the greatest part of the poem is to consist in a recital, where the poet himself speaks; when is that recital to begin? with the principal action? But in those great, though simple subjects, that alone are worthy of the epic muse; such, for example, as the establishment of Æneas in Italy; there are a great number of previous events, which either hasten or retard the catastrophe. Are *they* part of the subject? They are intimately connected with it, and no critic ever required unity of place in the epopœa. Are they not? How then can the loves of Æneas and Dido be justified? And if they can, why may not Æneas's meeting Andromache in Epirus, be as much a part of the principal subject, as his meeting Dido at Carthage? I might in this manner follow the thread of the episodical story, perhaps to the beginning of the second, but certainly to the beginning of the third book of the Æneid, (and were I to take the Odyssey, or any other epic poem, it would be the same,) and ask at every pause, why the bard might not begin his invocation from thence, like Horace himself:

> ——— Demo unum, demo et item unum,
> Dum cadat, elusus ratione ruentis acervi.

But enough has been said on this head.

2ndly, When, without any preparation, we are thrown at once into the midst of the subject, unacquainted with the characters or situation of the hero; such a conduct can be productive only of a surprise and perplexity to the reader, which, if they are any beauties, are at least beauties of an inferior species of poetry. Nor is this all; this very ignorance and perplexity of the reader diminishes the interest of that part of the poem; for how can we love beauties we are yet ignorant of, or tremble for misfortunes of which we have a very faint idea? Nor can it be said that the nature of an epic subject preserves it from this inconveniency; since it always is, or ought to be, some story already famous. It may be so; but we are not yet acquainted with the alterations it may have suffered under the hands of the poet: nor can the similar example of dramatic poetry be alleged. It is there an unavoidable defect; but we ought not therefore voluntarily to transfer it to another species of poetry.

3rdly, When this objection begins to vanish, and the reader, interested in the present misfortunes of the hero, has little or no curiosity to inquire into his past ones, it is then the poet chooses to tell them. I suppose we have read the first book of the Æneid; it is impossible to read it as it deserves, without taking the greatest part in the important scene which begins to disclose itself; so romantic a meeting of a Trojan chief and a Tyrian princess, upon the shores of Africa, and the gods themselves employing every artifice to inspire *them* with a mutual passion, and prevent the establishment of the

Roman empire. At the instant we are impatient to know the event, nd expect the poet should hasten to it, we are entertained with a ong recital of the sack of Troy, and the voyages of Æneas. After his is at last ended, and we return to Dido, we have almost forgot who she was. Is this consulting the pleasure of the reader? and hat pleasure ought to be the aim of every writer. I do not know whether I may not have expressed myself too strongly in saying, we have little or no curiosity to learn the past fortunes of the hero; but, however, let it be considered, 1st, That before they are told us in a regular narration, a thousand hints of them must have been dropped, which betray the secret; so that we only come to it with that languid curiosity, of learning the particulars of what we have already a general idea. 2ndly, That we are not to consider our positive degree of curiosity to know the events previous to the beginning of the poem, but to compare it with the desire we feel of pursuing the sequel, which must be far more ardent; for in every operation of the mind there is a much higher delight in descending from the cause to the effect, than in ascending from the effect to the cause. In the perusal of a fable, it is the event we are anxious about, and our anxiety increases or diminishes, as that event is known or unknown to us. It is easy to apply this to the present argument.

4thly and lastly, (for though I endeavour to be concise, I am frightened when I look back.) The style of the poet will suffer as much by this inversion as his plan. Bold figures and poetical imagery are the essence of the epopœa; but with what propriety can they be introduced into that episode, where it is the hero, not the poet, that speaks? There are two sources of these figures; strong passion, and a fine imagination. The first can operate, in any strong degree, only during the actual influence of the misfortune which gave birth to it; and though the recollection of the latter may call forth some sparks of the former, yet it will be a faint, reflected heat, very unequal to that great effect, of transporting both the speaker and the hearer. On the other hand, a fine imagination is no essential part of a hero. Homer and Achilles are very different characters; nay, should the chief personage, like Ulysses, be a celebrated orator, even that will not authorise his employing the beauties of poetical language, since his recital, to be properly introduced, must be unpremeditated, and occasional: not like the poet, who, besides the fire of natural genius, is indulged with every advantage of time, labour, and a particular inspiration of the gods.* The epi-

* When Antenor, in the third Iliad, points out to Priam, Ulysses among the Grecian chiefs, he describes the nature of his eloquence:

Ἀλλ' ὁτε δη πολυμητις ἀναΐξειεν Ὀδυσσευς,
Ἱστασκεν, ὁπαι δε ἱδεσκε κατα χθονος ὀμματα πηξας,
Σκηπτρον δ' οὐτ' ὀπισω, οὐτε προκρηνες, ἐνωμα,
Ἀλλ' ἀστεμφες ἐχεσκεν, ἀϊδρει φωτι ἐοικως·
Φαιης κεν ζακοτον τιν' ἐμμεναι, ἀφρονα θ' αὐτως·
Ἀλλ' δη β' ὁπα τε μεγαλην ἐκ στηθεος ἱει,
Και ἐπεα, νιφαδεσσιν ἐοικοτα χειμεριῃσιν,
Οὐκ αν ἐπειτ' Ὀδυσηΐ γ' ἐρισσειε βροτος ἀλλος. Iliad iii. v. 216—223.

Out of the several testimonies to the eloquence of Ulysses, collected by Dr. Clarke, I shall only subjoin that of Quintilian: "Sed summam adgressus, (Homerus) ut in

sodical story must, therefore, be simple, unadorned, and far inferior, as to style, to the rest of the poem. I am sensible the Æneas of Virgil is as great a poet as Virgil himself; but either the principles I have laid down are false, or this example is a strong proof of the inconveniences of the method; since it obliged so correct a writer to offend either the judgment or the imagination of his readers.

I cannot pass to Mr. Hurd's arguments, without mentioning a difficulty which seems to affect my second objection, *viz.*, this ignorance and perplexity is an objection only to the first perusal. It is true; but, if precepts are to direct the composition of the writer, it is certainly that first perusal, and the effects it may produce, that he should principally consider, especially as to what relates to the clearness of his plot: and should it be said, that, in my third objection, our curiosity to know the event can be likewise only balked on the first perusal, to the preceding answer I must add, that whoever considers the power of imagination, will find that reply by no means exact. Although, when we can coolly reflect, we are acquainted with the event, yet the true poet, by interesting our passions, chains us down to the present moment, and prevents our seeing anything beyond it. When I read the tragedy of Iphigenia for the twentieth time, I know Iphigenia will not be sacrificed; but the struggles of Agamemnon, the rage of Achilles, the despair of Clytemnestra, make me ignorant, and tremblingly anxious for the event.

Let us now hear Mr. Hurd, who, employing the particular example of the Æneid, justifies this common method from two reasons. 1. The nature of an epic poem; and, 2. The state and expectation of the reader.

1. The nature of an epic poem obliges the poet to relate, at full length, every event he himself relates. Now, the destruction of Troy, related in this manner, must have taken up several books. By that time it would have taken such hold of the imagination of the reader, that the remainder of the poem would have appeared little more than an appendix to it. The conclusion is certain; but on what is the principle founded?—upon an assertion advanced without the least proof. I should rather think, that, as an epic poem must preserve an unity of hero, and of action, every event, instead of being related at full length, need only occupy a space proportionate with its importance and degree of connexion with the principal subject. This is at least the rule of history; and if poetry should only deviate from it, for the sake of making the fable one, connected, marvellous, heroic, and answering to our notions of justice,* I do not see how the poet is dispensed from it in this instance. If from reason we go to authority, does not Virgil himself despatch in sixty lines, the state of Italy at the arrival of the Trojans, with the ancestors, history, and character of Latinus?

Ulysse facundiam, magnitudinem illi junxit; cui orationem nivibus hybernis, et copiâ verborum atque impetu parem, tribuit. Cum hôc igitur nemo mortalium contendet." Quintil. xii. 10.

* Lord Bacon, and Mr. Hurd himself, agree that poetry is an imitation of history, *deviating*, however from it, so as to answer the above-mentioned ends. (Hurd, vol. ii. *p. 160—162.*)

2. I do not see any material difference between this and the last argument. To find any, I must suppose Mr. Hurd means that, had Virgil begun the poem with the taking of Troy, that story, however concisely told, would have engrossed too much of the reader's attention. I believe it would; but no rule can be founded upon this particular instance, where the preliminaries of the poem happen to be incomparably more important than the subject matter of it. When a poet finds himself under such a difficulty, I think the common method may be very serviceable to him.

I flatter myself I have now proved this rule never essential to the epopœa, and in general hurtful to it. But has it no advantages? The only one I can discover is, that making the hero tell part of his own story, gives the poem a more varied and dramatic air, brings the reader more familiarly acquainted with the chief personage, and furnishes the writer with unaffected strokes, rather indeed of manners and of character than of passion. To these ends it may be serviceable. Let it however be remembered, that the poet who has obtained them the most completely, has done it, in one of his poems, without the assistance of this method.

Mr. Hurd, though a very rational admirer of antiquity, looks upon the chorus as essentially necessary to tragedy, and blames the moderns for having rejected it. The subject is curious, and, I think, has never been well considered; but, as such a discussion would lead me too far, I shall defer it till another opportunity, and only report here the substance of Mr. Hurd's commentary.

The chorus, rejected by us, notwithstanding the authority of Aristotle and Horace, joined to the example of the ancient tragedians, and of our own Milton and Racine, has many advantages to recommend it. The principal are, 1. The chorus, interposing in the action, and bearing a part of it, gives it an air of probability and real life, and fills up that vacuity which is so sensibly felt upon the modern stage. 2. The chorus is as useful to the ethics as to the poetry of the stage. It is a perpetual moral commentary upon the drama, enforcing every virtuous sentiment, rectifying every vicious one; and pointing out the important lessons which may be drawn from the catastrophe. Nor can it be said that the audience do not want this assistance. A sharp-sighted Athenian audience, even with the help of the chorus, could not distinguish between the real sentiments of Euripides, and those he was obliged to suit to his characters. These uses of the chorus naturally ascertain its laws. 1. Its songs must be animated with a spirit of virtue and morality; and 2. Their subject matter must be relative to, and connected with the plot of the play, and the actual situation of the personages. The Greek tragedians, who invented the chorus, have scarce ever deviated from the spirit of it. But Seneca, who seems to have endeavoured by his faults to illustrate the admonitions of Horace, has often mistaken it in the grossest manner. Mr. Hurd selects his Hippolytus, one of his best plays, and examines it, act by act, upon these principles. Every where his chorus bears a most idle and uninteresting part. The example of the third act, which contains *the false accusation of* Hippolytus, and the too easy decep-

tion of Theseus, may suffice. What had the chorus to do here? but to warn against the too great credulity, and to commiserate the case of the deluded father. Yet it declaims in general upon the unequal distribution of good and ill. Mr. Hurd traces the source of these blunders to an injudicious imitation of some passages of Euripides, without any attention to character or situation.

The second law of the chorus is without exception; but several things may be said to explain or modify the first. 1. The use of moral sentences is not only necessary, but peculiar to the chorus. That is their proper place; if they were frequently put into the mouths of the speakers, it would only give the drama an air of stiffness and pedantry, very opposite to real life. If the Greeks, especially Euripides, have acted otherwise, they were only to be justified from the manners of their age. That age was peculiarly addicted to moral sentences, from a singular mixture of simplicity and refinement. Their simplicity inspired them, as it does always, with a spirit of moralising, expressed in short proverbial sentences: at the same time, moral philosophy was never more universal, and even fashionable. Both these causes operating upon the manners and conversations of the Greeks, could allow the poet, without offending against probability, to extend those maxims to the personages of the drama which succeeding times should confine to the chorus. Accius and Pacuvius indeed, and after them Seneca, injudiciously copied the Greeks in this instance; though writing to a nation whose manners were very different. 2. Though the chorus should always take the side of morality, it must not be so much that of a pure, philosophical morality, as of the popular system of ethics of that age and country. This restriction will be a reply to many cavils. We are shocked in the Medea, when we see a virtuous chorus not only conceal, but even abet the cruel designs of that princess, against her husband, her rival, and the tyrant Creon; designs most justly repugnant to the purer lights of modern religion and philosophy; but we must consider that, in the pagan world, the severest revenge for such injuries as the violation of the marriage bed, so far from being a crime, was almost an act of duty; and that, since positive laws allowed it to the husband, a chorus of women might very well think no natural law forbade it to the wife. 3. Great allowance must be made for bad politics, as well as bad ethics: a chorus of free citizens will be virtuous and independent; but should they (as in the Antigone) be composed of the servile ministers of a tyrant, their words, and even their thoughts, will be slavish, and the will of their masters their only rule of right and wrong; their depravity will be the fault of the subject, not of the poet. Nay this depravity will convey a fine moral lesson of the baleful influence of arbitrary power.

Mr. Hurd thinks the verses from 202—220, which are generally considered as a censure on the corruption of the modern music, are in fact an encomium on its improvement; couched under an irony, by which he sneers at the too great austerity of those who blamed it without a sufficient attention to the alteration of manners, and the *mixed company* a public assembly is made up of.

The account our commentator gives of the satires, mimes, and

atellanes, is as curious as it is new. I shall only report the substance. 1. The atellanes were originally a Roman entertainment; so called from Atella, a town of the Osci, in Campania; for which reason, both the language and characters were Oscan; and the introduction of an old provincial dialect was a source of pleasantry very opposite to the unpolished taste of those ages. 2. In the seventh century of Rome, Pomponius began to write Latin atellanes; preserving, however, an antique cast of expression. This reformation, and a more moral turn which he gave his atellanes, procured him the name of inventor of them, and the honour of being imitated by the dictator Sylla. 3. Soon after, and before Horace wrote, the Oscan characters, now become absurd, had disappeared, and made way for the Greek satires. 4. Horace, finding this entertainment established, and even necessary for the populace of Rome, undertook to regulate it, and to substitute for the gross ribaldry of the atellanes, the poignant wit of the Greek satires. 5. If it is asked, in what that wit consisted, it may be answered, principally in the double character of the satyrs themselves, who, though rustic and grotesque personages, were supposed in ancient mythology to be great masters of civil and moral wisdom; but should Horace be censured, as he has been, for preferring these atellanes to the elegant mimes of Laberius, it may be replied, that we rate too high the merit of these mimes. Cicero despised them, and the best ancients represent them as a confused medley of comic drollery, on a variety of subjects, without any order or design; delivered by one actor, and heightened with all the licence of obscene gesticulation.

This inelegancy (to pass to another remark of Mr. Hurd) was the general character of ancient wit, which consisted rather in a rude, illiberal satire, than in a just and temperate ridicule, restrained within the bounds of decency and good manners; Cicero and Horace themselves, though masters of every other part of elegant composition, joke with a very ill grace. A favourite topic of ancient raillery was corporeal defects; a decisive proof of the coarseness of their humour; and this practice was recommended by rule, and enforced by the authority of their greatest masters. After this we must not be surprised, if they preferred those authors, whose wit was like their own, rough and coarse; Plautus to Terence, Aristophanes to Menander. We must follow Mr. Hurd for a few moments into his inquiry into the causes of this defect. 1. The free and popular governments of antiquity. These, by setting all the citizens on a level, took off those restraints of civility which arise from a fear of displeasing; and which can alone curb the licentiousness of ridicule. The only court to be paid was from the orators to the people. These were to be entertained with the coarse banter proper to please them; and, design passing into habit, these orators, and after them the nation, accustomed themselves to it at all times. The old comedy was therefore an excellent school for an orator, and always recommended as such: but when arbitrary power had moulded the Roman manners to more obsequiousness and decency, Terence and Menander began to receive a deserved applause; though even then,

ancient wit was never thoroughly refined; for, 2. The old festal entertainments still subsisted, the Panathenæa and Dionysiæ of the Greeks, the Bacchanalia and Saturnalia of the Romans; and preserved always an image, as well of the frank libertine wit of their old stage, as of the original equality and independency of their old times. Upon this subject I agree with Mr. Hurd; but I think this influence of government upon the manners and literature of a nation, might be the subject of a very original enquiry. I have a good many ideas myself, though, as the Abbé Trublet calls it, "Je n'ai pas achevé de les penser."

Upon v. 404, Mr. Hurd explains his author differently from his predecessors. They extended that encomium to all poetry, which Horace meant only for the lyric. In fact it is only adequate to that species which is besides so particularly pointed out by "Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo." This is a delicate stroke of Horace, after his panegyric upon dramatic poetry, to show the lyric had also its merit, and to prevent the Piso's from dispising the choice he had made.

These are the principal notes upon the Art of Poetry. On the Epistle to Augustus, I find but two worthy much notice.

The first is the explanation of a magnificent allegory, which opens the third Georgic. Virgil, after apologising for the meanness of his subject, breaks away, with poetical enthusiasm, to foretel his successes in the future great work of the Æneid. He shadows it under the idea of a triumph, in which he is to lead captive all the Grecian muses: the monument of the triumph is to be the usual one, a temple consecrated by games and sacrifices, and every ornament of which alluded to the tutelary divinity Augustus. Thus, under the popular authorised veil of the apotheosis of that prince, he lets us at once into the whole secret of his plan. This explanation is exquisitely fine; but if my memory is good, Father Catrou had started it before Mr. Hurd.

2ndly, The other remark is to explode a practice, familiar to Ovid, and not unknown to more correct writers; that of coupling two substantives to a verb which does not strictly govern both, or which at least must be taken in two different significations. He proves very copiously, against the Professor d'Orville, that such a practice breaks the natural connexion of our ideas, and turns the attention of the reader from the subject, to a discovery and admiration of the art of the writer. He therefore pronounces it unworthy of serious poetry.

As yet I have only spoken of Mr. Hurd's notes. His discourse upon the several provinces of the drama is a truly critical performance; I may even say, a truly philosophical one. From simple definitions of each species, he deduces a very extensive theory. To touch the heart by an interesting story, is the end of tragedy; to please our curiosity, and perhaps our malignity, by a faithful representation of manners, is the purpose of comedy. To excite laughter *is the* sole and contemptible aim of farce.

These enquiries are delicate; sometimes we think we are reason-

ıg upon things, when in fact we are only cavilling about words. It
i more especially so with regard to those ideas which do not repre-
ent substances, but only modes of thinking and moral combinations.
'here we can be only guided by practice and experience. They are
ut of the province of reason. If Plautus and Aristophanes have
iven the name of comedy to a species of entertainment of which
ıe essence was ridicule, they had a right to do it. If their succes-
ors, Terence and Menander, have given the same name to their more
erious drama, we must either prove these definitions not incompa-
ble, or give some other appellation to the object of the last. All
hat reason can do upon this head is, dropping names, to investigate
he sources of our pleasures, to class them, and to see how far they
gree, or interfere, with each other.

It is very natural that the contemplation of human life should be
he favourite amusement of man. It is his easiest, and yet least
ıortifying, method of studying himself. This contemplation can be
nly considered in two different lights, manners and actions. We
ıust allow, though we cannot explain it, that our humanity makes
; hurt and yet pleased with the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures;
nd that the recital of a story, terrible or pathetic, rouses every
ıculty in the human heart. On the other hand, daily experience
onvinces us that our reflections and conversations never turn upon
ny subject so often, and with so much pleasure, as the various
haracters of mankind. It is to give us these pleasures, less strongly,
erhaps, but, through the means of fiction, more completely, that
wo entertainments have been invented, to the first of which we may
ypothetically give the name of tragedy; and to the second, that of
omedy. The laws of each species are to be deduced from their
nds: but in following Mr. Hurd, I shall only mention those parti-
ılar to what we have just now called comedy.

The first law of comedy must relate to the choice of characters.
'hey must be mixed ones. Human nature never deals in manners
erfectly good or completely bad: but the poet is not confined to
ıose characters only which excite contempt and ridicule; virtuous,
ıniable persons, who inspire us with sentiments of love and appro-
ıation, may be properly introduced, since all probable domestic
ıanners lie within the province of comedy. These characters will
ot indeed occur so often as those of another kind, not only because
ıey are less frequent in real life, but because they admit of less
ıriety. For reason and virtue pursue a steady uniform course,
hile the extravagant wanderings of vice and folly are infinite:
owever, when properly brought upon the stage, they will occasion
ore pleasing sensations there than in society; whereas the ridicule
' a scenical character is much weaker than that of a real one:
erhaps our malignity may furnish a reason for this difference.
ıdly, Another rule of comedy relates to the management of charac-
rs; they are to be displayed in a natural manner, and, as much as
ay be, the personages are to give their own characters; but that by
ıdesigned actions or expressions, by which they lay themselves open
ithout knowing it. Nor is that character always to appear, since

it cannot always exist, but as the ruling passion is modified by others, or called forth by circumstances. A contrary method, though too common, is turning a man into a single passion; a man, such as nature never made, since those who are the most under the dominion of a ruling passion, act and talk, upon many occasions, like the rest of mankind. Actions are the province of tragedy, and manners that of comedy; this forms their distinctive difference. However, they cannot avoid running a good deal into each other. Without manners no action can be carried on, since we act according to our passions: nor could it affect us much, since our terror, or our pity, depends chiefly upon our love and hatred. On the other hand, how could manners be represented without a probable series of events, contrived to call them forth in a natural manner. We can only say, therefore, that in tragedy the action is the principal, manners an accessory circumstance; in comedy manners are the principal, action the accessory circumstance. In both the poet must take care that the end be not lost in the means. For this reason the complicated plots of the Spanish writers have been justly laid aside as contrary to the true genius of comedy. It may be worthy of some notice, in speaking of characters, that the most natural ones are comic; many highly so, are unfit for tragedy. Tragedy requires characters, good or bad, but of a power and energy equal to the greatest effects: but many passions, (the passions of weak minds), such as vanity, can never with truth be raised to that dramatic importance; the actions produced by such passions will be always, like themselves, puny and insignificant: but the energy of the stronger passions may be softened and reduced to the level of common life. Cruelty and ill-nature may disturb either a family or a nation; besides, there are other passions, the power of which, though great, is vilified by their object. The various species of avarice have produced the most tragic events; but the love of money is of so vile and groveling a nature, that it would degrade the most pathetic tragedy that turned upon it.

This difference of the two species cannot well be disputed: but it has been asked, whether they have not been distinguished by the rank, as well as the character, of the personages; or in other words, whether tragedy is confined to the public and exalted characters of kings and generals, and comedy to the humbler stations of private life? Without any regard to authority, I shall examine this question; mixing indifferently my own reasons and Mr. Hurd's.

As to tragedy, it may indeed be said, that we are the most affected by those misfortunes which might happen to ourselves; and that therefore the distresses of a private family must touch us more nearly than those of a monarch: but to counteract that advantage we may remark, that the story of those whom we are accustomed to look upon with awe and veneration, attaches us in the strongest manner, and awakes our terror and pity much more than the wretchedness of private men. These indeed are popular notions; *but the* poet's business lies in complying with those notions, not in *reforming* them. Besides, the misfortunes of the great, though not

superior in themselves to those of the multitude, are yet far more important in their consequences, which heighten the distress, by extending the influence of it to the whole community. To these general remarks I may add a particular one, that in the noblest subjects, those founded upon ambition, love of our country, &c. the rank of the personages cannot be too exalted; since upon that depends the greatness of the prize for the one, and of the sacrifices in the other; and consequently great part of the importance of the action and strength of passion.

But cannot comedy admit of monarchs? they have their private life, and may not the ridicules of it be displayed upon the stage? I think not; but I must give my reasons.

1. The first will be taken from the spectators. We love comedy, because it offers to us a faithful representation of what we meet with in life. It must be therefore the life of the most considerable part of the audience, that the poet should represent: but what is that part? The question is easily resolved, by looking through human society, and observing that insensible gradation from the man of quality to that degree immediately above the mechanic and the labourer; every link, from the highest to the lowest, enough connected with the others to have some acquaintance with their manners, and enough improved by education to laugh at theirs, and their own follies. These then are the manners a poet should copy in their different appearances; should he touch those of the prince or peasant, they must either be the same or different. If the same, why go out of the way for them? if different, who will be found to understand or relish them? This is particularly true of the manners of princely life. With those of the lowest we are better acquainted; and the poet may find some archetypes among the spectators; but the grossness of them will disgust every one whom he can desire to please.

2. But are the manners of princes different from those of their subjects? are there any qualities peculiarly royal? I know but one; that is, the thinking that there are such: in other words, I mean a fondness for flattery. That ridicule can, I confess, be nowhere so well represented as on the throne; since those will always receive, and love, the most extravagant adulation, who have it most in their power to reward and punish: but still I think it a better subject for satire than comedy. It would be difficult to put in action the follies of a monarch; the great theatrical resource is, the opposition and contrast of characters that display each other. The severity of Demea, and the easiness of Micie, throw a light upon one another. Should we be half so well acquainted with the misanthropy of Alceste, were it not for the fashionable, complaisant character of Philinte? But the poet would be almost destitute of this resource if he laid his scene in courts, which offer one uniform set of manners moulded upon the example of the prince. What contrast could be found to set off *his* character? None; since such a contrast supposes freedom and equality. This I take to be the true reason; not merely that politeness which in high life obliges even equals to con-

ceal from each other their real characters. This is rather an advantage: we pursue with pleasure the various arts of concealment which it inspires, and when, as it must often happen, chance, familiarity, passion, interest throw it off its guard, and display the man in his true colours, the long constraint gives them a new vivacity, and the discovery gives a higher relish to our entertainment.

3. But the most important objection to these characters still remains. They can have no private life. They have doubtless many things ridiculous and insignificant in themselves, hardly any thing that is so in its consequences. Every action of theirs is important by the influence it has upon the community; and if we paint their follies, those follies, rendered vices by their tragical effects, would in themselves excite contempt, and indignation for their consequences; and, as the first of these passions is as repugnant to tragedy as the second is improper for comedy, could produce only a very motley and disagreeable composition. Therefore, when M. de Fontenelle asks whether Augustus, in his last sickness, surrounded by aruspices, who promise him a speedy recovery; by Parthian ambassadors, who restore to him standards about which he is totally indifferent; fawned upon by Livia, who is impatient for his death; whether all this would not make as good a comedy as the Malade Imaginaire; the answer will not be difficult: No. Because the follies and weaknesses of the last, as they are innocent, divert us; while the fawning of Livia, and her power over her husband, fill us with horror and indignation; when we reflect that, by setting Tiberius on the throne, they made the world unhappy for three and twenty years, and finished the ruin of the liberty and nobility of the republic.

The practice of M. de Fontenelle, though very happy, is rather a confirmation of this theory. In his comedies he endeavours to reconcile us to these great personages, but he is continually reduced to shifts of lowering our idea of their importance, and divesting them of their power and majesty, before he can make them real comic characters. His common expedients are, making them of mean extraction, though raised to the throne; not putting them in possession of the crown till the end of the play; and laying his scene in Greece, in order to fill their court with simple citizens instead of with nobles.

I cannot help thinking that farce (the third species of Mr. Hurd's) is rather a corruption, than a distinct species of comedy. Is not his own definition a proof of this? that, as comedy is a faithful, so farce is an exaggerated picture of human life: if they are distinct, there is little occasion to fear any encroachments into the province of comedy from farce. There is another subject, which farce has preserved from the old comedy. This is the painting personal, individual characters; but that practice, seldom followed, and never authorised upon the modern stage, rather deserves the animadversion of the magistrate than of the critic. As to follies, not confined to a man, but to an age or country, I think Mr. Hurd too severe in

banishing them into farce: he seems sensible of it himself; and in the instance of the Alchymist attempts to soften his sentence by a distinction rather chimerical.

I have, though without design, already so much extended this extract, that I shall abridge the other discourse of Mr. Hurd far more than its merit would otherwise justify. The subject of it is extremely curious; poetical imitation examined upon very original principles; a question in which the reputation of all the great writers since Homer is vitally concerned. It is thus stated by Mr. Hurd: "Whether that conformity of phrase or sentiment betweentwo writers of different times, which we call *imitation*, may not, with probability enough, for the most part, be accounted for from general causes arising from our common nature: this is, from the exercise of our natural faculties upon such objects as lie common to all observers."

It has often been observed, with truth, that as our capacities are narrow, and the materials of observation the same to all men; it is impossible that in so great a number of those who have thought, and published their thoughts, some should not have coincided in the same opinions, without any knowledge of each other. I believe that I may appeal to every man of letters, whether sometimes he has not met with things in books, which he had observed before he had ever seen those books: and things too of an uncommon and particular nature. Even in those sublimer mathematics, so different by their evidence and universality from our other speculations, the same discoveries have been made by different men, who seem rather to have coincided with, than to have followed each other. Is not that the decision of the moderate part of mankind upon the celebrated dispute of Sir Isaac Newton and Leibnitz, in the beginning of this century? If this is the case in those general abstracted branches, which contain such amazing combinations of ideas, it is surely probable that in works of imagination, which contain much fewer, this ought oftener to happen. Besides, the most original poetry is in fact imitation, imitation of nature; and in those images which are confessedly natural, it seems difficult to say why two men of genius may not have seen them without any previous knowledge of each other. From these reasons, the candid critic will readily allow that there may be similitude without imitation.

But a slight glance on the history of the sciences, and a few reflections on mankind, will reduce this candour within its due limits. Let us remember that, 1. Since the time of Homer, who perhaps was without models to imitate, that author has been introduced into the earliest part of our education; that succeeding times added to his lessons those of the other Greeks; that the Romans studied them with care; and that, since the revival of letters, we are made acquainted, as soon as possible, with the Greeks and Latins. That those impressions engraved on our minds before we reflect, afterwards grow up with us; and when we look abroad into the moral and natural world, which these companions often prevent us from doing, we see it only with the eyes of the ancients. Authority, founded on reason, would oblige us to act in this way. The ancient

compositions have stood the test of time and examination; and the veneration that is paid to them, is enough to engage a modern to endeavour to associate himself to it, by transfusing into his own writings the spirit, the thoughts, and even the expressions, of these admired models: and, 2. Inclination will direct him to the imitation of some particular model; of some writer whose soul is most congenial to his own, and whom he can read with the greatest delight, and imitate with most ease. These reasons bring us back to our first suspicion, that where there is a striking similitude, there is imitation; since where there are two ways of accomplishing it, it is natural to prefer the easiest, especially when it is confessedly very common.

Mr. Hurd found it necessary to go further, if he intended to clear his authors from the charge of imitation; accordingly he endeavours to prove, by a very elaborate deduction, that both the ideas and the methods employed by the ancients, were not only *natural ones*, but the *sole natural ones*; so that if succeeding poets, endued with judgment, look abroad into nature, they not only *might*, but *must* meet with them; while men of irregular fancies could avoid *them only* by avoiding truth and probability. This theory accounts for resemblances of works, by resemblances of things; and forbids any suspicion of imitation, unless we are guided to it by particular circumstances. In a matter of such vast extent, it is as difficult to refute as to prove. There would indeed be a very short method of overthrowing at once Mr. Hurd's doctrine; could I write a work of imagination, full of beauties formed on the model of nature, and yet different from those of the ancients, I should then demonstrate that they have not exhausted it: but such a confutation is far beyond my power. Without aspiring to genius, I shall think myself very happy, if I can frame my opinions according to the dictates of good sense.

If we examine this question *à posteriori*, from practice and experience of what *has* been done, though we shall meet with nothing very decisive, I think, however, that the advantage will not be on Mr. Hurd's side: he will, indeed, quote many striking similarities of this kind, from writers who could have had no knowledge of one another; but he will be answered, 1. That such writers can hardly be found; that the sacred writings should not be mentioned, nor compared, with Homer; since we are talking of human, not divine, compositions; and that Shakespeare, the modern who appears freest from exception, though ignorant himself, lived in a learned age. 2. That *their* example can only be quoted against those who think every similarity *must* be an imitation, without any regard to the circumstances of the writers. That as such a coincidence is possible, we must employ it to explain a phenomenon for which we could not otherwise account; but that when the more easy and probable one may be recurred to, we ought to employ it. On the other hand, an antagonist of Mr. Hurd's would have occasion for no great compass of reading to discover, in the most modern writers, many original images and sentiments. He would select them, particularly, from those very writers, who, *from* an apprehension that every thing had been already said, had

cramped their natural genius, by an open, perpetual imitation of the ancients; and he would infer with some plausibility, that had they written from their own natural feelings and observations, they would have been still more original. He would desire Mr. Hurd to reconcile this with his principles, and even press him for a precise answer, at what period of the history of letters the scene had been closed, nature exhausted, and succeeding writers reduced to the hope of imitating successfully. Wherever he chose to fix it, the critic would bring against him so many later original images, that the resource of disputing their claim, and hunting for some distant allusion, or general resemblance, would be hardly sufficient.

Without following minutely our author through his copious deductions *à priori*, in which he has certainly shown great learning and ingenuity, I shall only make two or three general observations, which may give an idea, both of his method of reasoning, and of my objections to it.

He enters upon a task, in my opinion, far above human abilities. To examine the origin of our ideas is the business of metaphysics, and the greatest philosophers have failed in the attempt. But it is perhaps still more difficult to embrace them all at one view, and to class them according to their different objects, in so accurate a manner as to assure ourselves that we have suffered no material species to escape. This is, however, what Mr. Hurd undertakes. He makes three divisions of the world of ideas which can enter into poetry. 1. The vast compages of corporeal forms of which this universe is compounded. 2. The internal workings and movements of our own mind; under which the manners, sentiments, and passions are comprehended. 3. The outward operations, which are made objective to sense by the means of speech, gesture, and action. These are again by him subdivided with an exactness in which I shall not pursue him. I shall only remark, 1. That his smallest species are yet too general to prove anything. That Milton, for instance, must, like Homer, have made use of moral, religious, and economical sentiments, and could not invent any new species, I shall readily allow; nor is it upon such general resemblances that a charge of imitation is ever founded. It is upon more particular similarities, where Mr. Hurd can never attain to show that *those* ideas were the *only ones*. The only method Mr. Hurd can there follow, is a sort of vicious reasoning in a circle; to look for the images upon every subject he can meet with in the oldest authors, and then to conclude that they are the only ones existing.

2. Even supposing that he had exhausted the whole stock of nature, and had shown that every image, singly, had been so obvious as to be seen and employed by the first writers, a much larger field would still remain; their different combinations, which are infinite. With regard only to human manners, the great sources of character, passion, and situation may be combined in such a variety of ways, as no algebra could reach. Let us, for a moment, abandon fiction, and enter into historic truth. Consult the annals of any nation; observe the various effects of the modifications of those three

principles upon their history, and then say whether the operations of human nature are easily classed, or circumscribed.

3. This consideration of the shifting picture of mankind, as an illustration, leads us to consider it in itself. We shall find it a most extensive and infinite range of ideas, almost sufficient of itself to preserve genius from imitation; since to the writers of every age and country it appears in a different shape. It is the manners, the government, the religion of that age and country he is to study; and whether the nature of his subject allows him to introduce them at full length; whether he can only adorn his works with distant allusions to them; whether he can only catch the general spirit of them, they will always make him an original. I shall quote one instance of what I mean, and that from an authority Mr. Hurd will hardly dispute. When Milton conceived the glorious plan of an English epic, he soon saw the most striking subjects had been taken from him; that Homer had taken all morality for his province, and Virgil exhausted the subject of politics. Religion remained; but as paganism, though it furnished very agreeable scenes of machinery, took too slight a hold on men's minds to build the story of the epopœa upon it, he had recourse to Christianity; and, taking his story from an article of our faith, struck out a new species of epic poetry; but he could never have done it, had not the manners of that age, attached to religion in general, and to that tenet in particular, warmed his imagination, and given it a dignity and importance, which he could never have transfused into his poem if he had not first felt it himself. Nor is this observation repugnant to another I have made elsewhere,—that the manners of the ancients were more favourable to poetry than ours. I think so still, of their manners, as well as their languages. Yet I would have our poets employ our own, not only for the sake of variety, but because we shall make the best use of those with which we are the most intimately acquainted.

From these observations I must decline subscribing to Mr. Hurd's theory, or circumscribing the poet's images within such narrow limits. It is, however, without running into the other extreme, or condemning every resemblance as a designed formal imitation. I take the exact difference between Mr. Hurd and myself to be this; I look upon imitation to be the most natural and general cause of any striking resemblance between two writers; and therefore assign it, without particular reasons, to the contrary. Mr. Hurd, on the other hand, thinks it may generally be accounted for by a resemblance of mental operations; and therefore never suspects an imitation, without particular circumstances which lead to the detection of it.

He employs another discourse with the review of these circumstances; but as every one is accompanied with examples taken from the ancients and moderns, and criticised with great taste, I can only reduce the great number he alleges to three, drawn from the different lights in which we may consider every resemblance, and fix the probability of its happening by chance, or by design. 1. How close is the

resemblance? Is the thought exactly the same? Is it introduced upon the same occasion? Is it expressed in the same manner, the same words, or words nearly the same? Is it a short passage, or one of a considerable length? 2. What degree of acquaintance can the second poet be supposed to have had with the first? Did he live in a learned or an ignorant age? Was he himself a man of letters, or without education? Did he affect the fame of originality, or did he modestly profess a desire and habit of imitating the ancients? Was the first author an acknowledged favourite of his? 3. What appearance is there that the idea should have naturally struck the second? Was it common, or particular; did it agree with the style and design of his work; with his own character; with the real appearance of nature; with the manners and opinions of his age, country, and profession; or at least with those he describes? Is it introduced in a general, unaffected manner, or brought in without any occasion, and clothed in uncommon, obsolete language? Mr. Hurd thinks these circumstances, all or some, necessary to form a suspicion. I allow they are very useful to confirm one.

I have at last finished Mr. Hurd's performance; I reckoned upon six or seven pages; I am now writing the thirtieth. Another time I hope to confine my extracts within proper limits.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.

1762. March 18th.—I finished at last my abstract of Mr. Hurd, which consists of thirty pages in folio: though it took me up much more time than I imagined, by running into so unexpected a length, yet I do not regret it, as it started a new train of ideas upon many curious points of criticism. To get a little nearer to Homer, of whom I have never lost sight, I read the Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer.

27th.—At last I returned to Homer, and beginning where I had left off, read lib. v. ver. 1—404.

28th.—Read of the Iliad lib. v. ver. 405—606. At the same time I resolved every day to learn, and write down, a certain number of the Racines Grecques; and to-day went through the four first.

29th.—Learned and wrote the Racines Grecques, Stang. 4—8. Read of the Iliad, lib. v. ver. 606—909; and beginning, for the second time, the Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, read page 1—56.

30th.—Went through the Racines Grecques, from 8—12; but read no Homer.

31st.—I read the Inquiry, page 56—80: went through Racines Grecques, 12—16; and reviewed the first three hundred lines of the fifth book of the Iliad.

April 1st.—Went through Racines Grecques, 16—20; and reviewed the remaining six hundred lines of the fifth Iliad. I likewise read v. 215—295, of the eleventh Æneid, in relation to Æneas and Diomede.

2nd.—Went through Racines Grecques, 20—24. The meth I pursue is this: after reading them attentively, I write them do from my memory, looking in the book as seldom as I can. I th repeat them twice; first mentioning the French word that answ to the Greek; then the Greek word that answers to the Fren At last I repeat the French of every Greek root of the present, i two preceding days. I find this method, though dry, helps me v much.

3rd.—Went through Racines Grecques, 24—28. Read the si book of the Iliad, from v. 325—529, the end.

6th.—I only went through Racines Grecques, 32—36; and r the seventh book of the Iliad, v. 123—199.

7th.—I went through Racines Grecques, 36—40; and read seventh book of the Iliad, v. 199—482.

8th.—I went through Racines Grecques, 40—44; reviewed t whole seventh book of the Iliad, and read the eighth, v. 1—40.

9th.—I went through Racines Grecques, 44—48; but read Homer.

13th.—I read the eighth book of the Iliad, v. 401—561, t end.

14th.—In the morning I reviewed the whole eighth book of t Iliad; went through the Racines Grecques, 48—52, and finish the Inquiry, p. 216—335.

26th.—I read great part of the second volume of D'Alembe Mélanges; very sensible, and well written.

29th.—Read the Bibliothèque des Sciences et des Beaux Ar for October, November, and December, 1761. I found in it extract of my Essay: they speak very highly of it, and promise gr things of me, p. 368—380.

30th.—I read the ninth book of the Iliad, v. 1—306.

May 2nd.—I read the ninth book of the Iliad, v. 306—542.

3rd.—I read of the Iliad, lib. ix. v. 542—709, the end; a reviewed the first hundred lines of it.

5th.—I read the tenth book of the Iliad, v. 70—879, and revie the whole book.

6th.—I read the Æneid, lib. ix. v. 126—502, in order to comp the story of Nisus and Euryalus related in it, with the night venture in the Iliad. They have both beauties, but of a different ki By his strong characters, and lively descriptions, Homer spe powerfully to the curiosity and imagination of the reader. T amiable manners, tender friendship, and unhappy fate of Vir heroes, are truly pathetic, and make the deepest impression on heart. I likewise read the eleventh book of the Iliad, v. 1—5 As I go on with Homer, he becomes much easier to me: I master of a greater stock of words; the turn of his style, his dialec and his poetical licences, are become more familiar to me.

8th.—I reviewed the first four hundred and fifty lines of t eleventh book of the Iliad.

9th.—I reviewed the remaining four hundred lines of the eleve *book of the* Iliad; and read the twelfth, v. 1—309. I like

consulted Mezeriac's Ovid, tom. i. p. 171—179, in relation to the omens from the flight of birds, in order to understand the speech of Hector to Polydamus. From the materials which Mezeriac laid before me, I conceived a much clearer notion of the subject than he had himself.

10th.—I received a letter from Mr. Scott, in which, according to his promise, he lays down for me a course of studies, both in the pure and mixed mathematics; pointing out the merit and defects of the principal writers in every branch of them. I can hardly put any of his directions in practice before next winter. I read, to-day, of the Iliad, lib. xii. v. 309—471, the end, reviewing the whole twelfth book; and read lib. xiii. v. 1—273.

11th.—Read the Iliad, lib. xiii. v. 273—837, the end, and reviewed the first five hundred lines of that book.

12th.—I reviewed the remaining three hundred and forty lines of the thirteenth book of the Iliad; and read the fourteenth, v. 1—108. My diligence to-day was much inferior to the preceding ones.

14th.—I received from London two volumes of Mémoires Militaires sur les Grecs et sur les Romains, par M. Guichardt. The author, who was in the Dutch, and is now, I believe, in the Prussian service, proposes to correct the numerous mistakes of the Chevalier de Folard, and to explain the principal military actions of the ancients according to their best historians, and the true principles of their tactics. This book drew me away for some time from Homer; I read, but in a cursory manner, the first volume.

15th.—I read, but in the same cursory manner, the second volume of Guichardt's Mémoires.

16th.—I began to read the Mémoires Militaires a second time; but with more attention. I read the preface, which is very judicious, and the four first chapters. The first is on the blockade of Agrigentum by the Romans in the first Punic war; and gives a clear idea of the superior advantages of the Roman intrenchments above our modern lines. The second is the battle of Tunis, between Regulus and Xantippus. Folard, explaining Polybius, blames Regulus for the only thing for which his author had commended him. The third is the battle of Macar, where the amazing manœuvres of Amilcar are displayed with great precision. The fourth, on the battle of the Adda, is a complete treatise on the Roman legion, very satisfactory as to the times of Polybius; very little as to those of Cæsar.

17th.—I read the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters of the Mémoires. The fifth is the combat of the Ticinum: many good remarks on the ancient cavalry: the sixth is the battle of Trebia; the author illustrates still further the way of drawing up the legion, and explains the several manœuvres of the two armies very clearly: the seventh is a very insignificant affair at Germinem; but the eighth is the battle of Cannæ, the master-piece of Hannibal, of Polybius, and, perhaps, of M. Guichardt. The columns of Folard and the impracticable manœuvres of the Gauls disappear, and the art of Hannibal appears refined, but rational.

18th.—I read the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth chapters of the Mémoires. Ninth a very insignificant affair at Caphyæ, between the weak Aratus and some Æolian freebooters. Tenth, the battle of Mantinea, between Machinadas and Philopœmen: small numbers and refined art on both sides. Eleventh, the battle between Scipio and Asdrubal in Spain. M. Folard's columns, generally ideal, were really employed by Scipio in a superior manner. Twelfth, the battle of Zama; the merit of the generals, through great, being equal, left the victory to the bravest troops.

19th.—I read the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of the Mémoires. Thirteenth, the battle of Cynocephala. Philip had formed a good plan, but did not know how to alter it, though he might have gained the victory. Fourteenth, the battle of the Granicus: Alexander's impetuosity seems directed by more military skill than is commonly thought. Fifteenth, the battle of Arbela, a complete practical lecture on the art of war; but are we indebted for that lecture to Alexander or to Arrian? The sixteenth, the blockade of Alesia: M. Guichardt does honour to Cæsar by diminishing the extent and number of his works: we can now both understand and believe them.

20th.—I began the second volume of the Mémoires, and read the dissertation upon the attack and defence of places by the ancients; very clear and accurate. Their real methods are well described, and M. Guichardt proves, against the Chevalier de Folard, that they knew nothing of the modern trenches.

21st.—I read in the Mémoires the translation of the military institutions of Onozander, full of that common-place sense which every one can write, and no one can deny.

22nd.—I read the Tactics of Arrian, translated in the Mémoires. They are very curious and exact, and give a very clear notion of the nature, arms, and discipline of the phalanx; but it is very odd Arrian should rather compile these tactics from Greek writers than write from his own knowledge an account of the Roman legions, which he had himself seen and commanded.

23rd.—I read the Analysis of Cæsar's Campaign in Africa. Every motion of that great general is laid open with a critical sagacity. A complete military history of his campaigns would do almost as much honour to M. Guichardt as to Cæsar. This finished the Mémoires, which gave me a much clearer notion of ancient tactics than I ever had before. Indeed, my own military knowledge was of some service to me, as I am well acquainted with the modern discipline and exercise of a battalion. So that though much inferior to M. Folard and M. Guichardt, who had seen service, I am a much better judge than Salmasius, Casaubon, or Lipsius; mere scholars, who perhaps had never seen a battalion under arms.

26th.—I read the Chevalier de Folard's Supplement to his Polybius, vide le Polybe de Folard, tom. vii. p. 1—42. It shows the man of genius in every line; it consists chiefly of curious anecdotes, mistaken quotations, and whimsically ingenious observations. I likewise read the third letter of Les Sentimens d'un Homme de

uerre, in the same volume, p. 208—235. This "homme de guerre" as M. de Saverain, major-general in the Dutch service. He is ertainly in the right in observing, that the Romans in general, and esar at Pharsalia in particular, drew up their troops in three lines; ut he has a most minute, heavy, and perplexed way of writing. I iscovered a passage in Cæsar's Commentaries, lib. i. c. 83, which is he key of the tactics of his age. Had M. Guichardt known of it, e might have avoided several mistakes.

31st.—Before I left Blandford I finished the first six volumes of Fontelle, which contain "toute la force et toute la fleur de son esprit." read them at my leisure hours with great pleasure, particularly ntretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes, Histoire du Théâtre Fransis, &c. and the Eloges des Academiciens. The Histoire des racles, though excellent, is somewhat superficial. The Dialogues f the Dead are (if I may speak French) une débauche de raisonnement, as the Lettres du Chevalier d'Her * * une débauche d'esprit de galanterie. I acknowledge all the defects of the Eclogues, but me of them are charming. I resolved to substitute for my leisure ours the Bibliothèque of Le Clerc, as an inexhaustible source of musement and instruction, and accordingly began with the first olume of the Bibliothèque Universelle.

June 6th.—I formed a design, (but I doubt whether I shall find ife to execute it), to give part of my day to Homer and part to uintilian; that is, to unite the example with the precept. Accordingly I began with Quintilian, in Burman's edition, read his rticle in Bayle's Dictionary, the preface of Burman; Burman as a mere critic, without being (in my opinion) a good one, since good critic must reason well; and Burman never could reason t all. I began likewise the Annales Quintilianæi of Dodwell, and ead c. 1—3.

7th.—I continued the Annals, and read c. 3—20.

8th.—I read the Annals, c. 20—47, which (including the ynopsis Chronologica) finished the Treatise. Dodwell's learning as immense; in this part of history especially, (that of the Upper Empire), the most minute fact or passage could not escape him; nd his skill in employing them is equal to his learning. The worst f this author is his method and style; the one perplexed beyond imagination, the other negligent to a degree of barbarism.

9th.—I read of the Iliad, lib. xiv. vi. 1—522, the end. It required ll the éclat of Homer's poetry to reconcile us to Jupiter's being eceived and laid asleep.

10th.—I reviewed the fourteenth book of the Iliad, and read the fteenth, v. 1—220. The scene of Jupiter and Neptune pleases e infinitely; besides the natural greatness of the action and ctors, heightened by a most spirited narration, it gives a clearer lea of the Greek polytheism than the laborious researches of half r modern critics and divines.

11th.—I read the fifteenth book of the Iliad, v. 220—746, the d. The remainder of this book is a continued and not very interting battle. What chiefly distinguishes it, are some of the

finest similes I have yet met with in the Iliad; and a variety of short speeches, of a truly spirited and military eloquence.

13th.—I read the sixteenth book of the Iliad, v. 1—113.

14th.—I wrote a note on page 30 of my Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature, containing a passage of Florus, and another of Propertius; with observations on the latter.

17th.—I finished the first volume of Le Clerc's Bibliothèque Universelle. I shall just mention the most curious books that are abstracted in it. Hugonis Grotii Epistolæ, Amsterdam, 1686, p. 1—29, and 121—166, curious and instructive. Temporum Mythicorum Historia, p. 245—280. I believe Le Clerc himself is the author. It is an ingenious application of a common principle; *viz.* that the heroic fables are only the Phœnician history corrupted, and their language misunderstood. Clementis Galani Historia Armena, Coloniæ, 1686, a true missionary's account, full of curious facts and religious prejudices. Lightfooti Opera omnia, Roterodami, 1686. A classical author on a subject very little so. Lightfoot, by constant reading of the Rabbis, was almost become a Rabbin himself.

19th.—I read the sixteenth book of the Iliad, v. 113—367, the end, and wrote a note on p. 79 of my Essai, containing some instances of the number, rarity, and variety of the animals produced in the amphitheatre of Rome; and taken from the writers of the Augustan history, with the remarks of Casaubon and Salmasius.

21st.—I reviewed the first hundred lines of the sixteenth book of the Iliad: the fierceness and anger of Achilles softened by friendship. The mild, amiable, and yet spirited character of Patroclus, are admirably described and contrasted. Homer never shines more than in these moral pictures.

22nd.—I reviewed the remaining seven hundred and fifty lines of the sixteenth book of the Iliad. The description of the arms, leaders, &c. Achilles's speech to them, and his prayer, are solemn, and fill the mind with great ideas and expectations. They are fulfilled. Of all the heroes that fall throughout the Iliad, I pity none so much as Sarpedon; he was as amiable a character as Patroclus, and a much greater one. I read the seventeenth book, v. 1—105. I likewise, to understand the sixteenth, v. 234, consulted Strabo, lib. vii. p. 327, 328; a Mémoire of M. de la Nauze, Mém. de Littérature, tom. vii. p. 154—157; and one of M. Hardion, Mém. de Littérature, tom. iii. p. 138—141. Strabo is far from intelligible; the two Frenchmen treat their subject only incidentally, and were misled by their erroneous, confined notion of the Pelasgi. However, from these and my own reflections, I formed a pretty clear idea of Dodona and the Selli.

23rd.—I read the seventeenth book of the Iliad, v. 105—505.

24th.—I finished the second volume of the Bibliothèque Universelle. This volume contains, p. 20—51, P. Limborchi Theologia Christiana, Amstelod. 1686. Moderate and judicious, the general character of the Arminian divines.—Petri Petiti de Sybillâ, libri *tres*, Lips. 1686. A strange mixture of learning and credu-

lity, p. 154—184.—Historia Genevrina, par Gregorio Leti. Leti is a most agreeable historian; a little more regard to truth and exactness would have made him an instructive one.—Life and Letters of Archbishop Usher, London, 1686, p. 220—262. Accurate, as written by his chaplain; but this chaplain is both too long and too short.—Méthode de dresser des Recueils, par M. Locke, p. 315—340.—The exactness and perspicuity of that great man are seen in that trifle.—Description de l'Afrique, traduit du Flamand par M. Dapper, p. 340—386. Very curious.—Contra Aristeæ Historiam de LXX Interpretibus Dissertatio, par Hum. Hody. Oxon. 1685; and Isaac Vossii Observationum in Pomponium Melam, Appendix, London, 1686, p. 386—416. I think, after having read these two disputants, that the question is far more perplexed than before.

26th.—I read the seventeenth book of the Iliad, v. 505—761, the end, and reviewed the first two hundred and fifty lines of it. The amiable character of Patroclus had made every reader his friend whilst alive, and we interest ourselves in the fate of his remains, which are so obstinately disputed.

28th.—I finished the Bibliothèque des Sciences et des Beaux Arts, for January, February, and March, 1762. It contains Œuvres du Chancelier d'Aguesseau, Paris, 1761, p. 1—20. They breathe a noble spirit of eloquence and virtue.—Eutropii Breviarium Historiæ Romanæ, cum notis varior. par Henric. Verbeyk. Lugd. Bat. 1762, p. 88—100. Superior to all other editions, even to that of Havercamp.—Zinmermanni Opera Theologica et Philosophica, p. 154—181. Moderate and sensible.

29th.—I reviewed the remaining five hundred lines of the seventeenth book of the Iliad. It is a continued battle, but is yet very interesting, from the unity and importance of the action, the various turns of fortune, and the equality of the two parties; the one depending on their natural courage, and the other on the protection of Jupiter. I am particularly pleased with the sorrow of Achilles' horses, and the reflection of Jupiter, v. 426, &c. I likewise read the eighteenth book, v. 1—238, and consulted some remarks of M. Galland, Histoire de l'Academ. des Belles Lettres, tom. i. p. 104—108, on the trumpets of the ancients in relation to v. 219 of this book.

30th.—I read the eighteenth book of the Iliad, v. 238—478.

July 1st.—I read the eighteenth book of the Iliad, v. 478—616, the end.

2nd.—I reviewed the whole eighteenth book of the Iliad. Homer is never more thoroughly awake: the first part of it shows him to be a perfect master of the tender passions. Achilles receives the news of the death of Patroclus, with a mixture of fury and tenderness suitable to his character. We begin to love him; and the very excess of his rage, though terrible, pleases us, because it is directed only against the murderer of his friend. The second part, or the description of the shield, is a fine landscape. I read the description of the shield of Æneas in Virgil, lib. viii. v. 369—454,

and 597—731. Virgil's description is the finer piece of poetry; Homer's, the juster representation of a work of art. I read, with the same view, some remarks of the Abbé Fraguier on the origin of painting, Hist. de l'Académie des Belles Lettres, tom. i. p. 75—89. Elegant and instructive, but somewhat vague. I likewise read the whole nineteenth book of the Iliad, v. 1—424, the end, and consulted Potter's Archæologia Græca, vol. i. p. 246—261, in relation to the ceremonies observed by the ancients in their oaths. I also finished, to-day, the Journal des Savans, and the Mémoires de Trevoux for December, 1761. They contain little more than de Inscriptione quâdam Egyptiacâ Tourini inventâ, Décembre, p. 334—345. Mr. Needham pretended that these Egyptian letters were the same as the old Chinese characters. The similitude is here contested.—Observations sur les Systèmes des P. P. Hardouin et Berruyer. The object is to prove, the society always disapproved the visions of these two writers. There is much artifice, and some curious anecdotes, in these observations. I believe that the Jesuits were innocent in this respect.

7th.—I finished the Mémoires de Trevoux, and the Journal des Savans for January, 1762. The Journal contains Tragédies de Sophocle, traduites par M. Dupuy de l'A. R. des I. et B. L. p. 3—15. Elegant, exact, and a great addition to the French literature.—L'Antro Elausino, &c. par M. Bartoli, p. 49—58. Ingenious, but very doubtful.—The Memoirs Annæi Senecæ de Brevitate Vitæ, p. 149—163. One of the best extracts I ever read.—Le Pitture Antiche d'Hercolano, p. 216—225. Ancient, and therefore curious.

8th.—I reviewed the first hundred and fifty lines of the nineteenth book of the Iliad. The generous character of Achilles raises him every moment higher in the esteem of the reader; his care for the dead body, the spirited frankness of his reconciliation, and his impatience for the combat. I finished the Journal des Savans, and Mémoires de Trevoux for February, 1762. The Journal contains Thom. Hyde de Religione veterum Persarum, p. 289—301; a new edition, with long and trifling notes on an excellent book. Idylles de Gesner, traduites de l'Allemand, p. 380—397. Un Allemand ne peut-il pas être bel esprit? The Memoirs contain Explication d'un Passage de Herodote, p. 405—427. A happy solution of a difficult passage in lib. ii. c. 142, only by explaining the word ἐνιαυτὸς an annual revolution of the sun.

9th.—I finished the Mém. de Trevoux for March. They contain little more than La Bibliomanie, p. 167—176; severe and spirited; and Dissertation sur l'Ecriture Hieroglyphique. Original. He pretends that there never were any; but I think his proofs too weak for such a paradox.

11th.—I reviewed the remaining two hundred and seventy lines of the nineteenth book of the Iliad, and think the long debate between Achilles and Ulysses might have been shortened, though the speeches of the first are highly characteristical; nothing can surpass the sublime description of his arming himself for battle.

I likewise read the twentieth book of the Iliad, v. 1—258; and when I was at church, followed the second lesson with my Greek Testament in my hand; it was the 23rd chapter of St. Luke. I find this method both useful and agreeable, and intend to keep it up whenever I go to church. I finished the Journal des Savans, and Mémoires de Trevoux for April, 1762. The first contains Aristophanis Comœdiæ à P. Burmanno; good, but inferior to Kuster's: and the Grammaire Française Philosophique de M. d'Acarq, truly deserving of that name; the second République de Platon. The translation appears good; I am sure the extract is so.

12th.—I read the twentieth book of the Iliad, v. 258—503, the end.

13th.—I reviewed the whole twentieth book of the Iliad. The battle of the gods is worthy of every thing Longinus says of it. It would be difficult to find another example which reunites so thoroughly every part of the sublime, both as to thoughts and language. The combat of Achilles and Æneas is very animated and picturesque; and the long speech of Æneas, though faulty, and even ridiculous upon the whole, does honour in its details both to the poet and the historian. I finished the Journal des Savans, et Mém. de Trevoux for May, 1762, part the first. The Mém. contain nothing: in the Journal there is Callimachi Hymni ab Ernesto, Lugd. Bat. The text is exactly reviewed, and the version is a new one.—Vie de M. Bossuet, par M. de Burigny. Exact and judicious.

14th.—The twentieth book of Homer, and particularly the speech of Æneas, drew on a variety of discussions. In order to understand the genealogy of Dardanus, I read Apollodori Biblioth. lib. iii. c. 11, p. 205—215, in Greek; I then consulted Strabo, lib. xiii. p. 607, 608, and some difficulties arising about the word ὑπωρεια, as Plato explained it, the lower part of the hills, which were inhabited after the deluge, before men dared venture down into the plain, I read a dissertation upon the deluges of Ogyges and Deucalion, by the learned Freret, Mém. de l'Académie des Belles Lettres, tom. xxiii. p. 129—148, who, from a chain of authorities, shows, incontestibly, that a deluge was unknown to Homer, Hesiod, and Herodotus; that the first who speak of it (Plato himself, Pindar, and Apollodorus) expressly confined it to Greece, and intimate that a great number were saved; that afterwards, the Greeks mixing their traditions with those of the Jews and the Chaldeans, swelled the deluge of Deucalion into an universal one; but that it never obtained general credit before the time of Plutarch and Lucian. Afterwards, to be well acquainted with Æneas, I read Strabo, ib. xiii. p. 692, 693; Mezeriac's Ovid, vol. ii. p. 142—146, and 153—168; and a Dissertation upon the Julian Family, by the Abbé Vatry, Mém. de l'Académie, vol. xvi. p. 414—424. Mezeriac, as usual, compiles without a thought of reasoning; but from the sensible criticisms of the others, it appears that Æneas's posterity probably reigned in Phrygia in the time of Homer, and that his voyage to Italy is a fable invented by the Greeks about the time of

Alexander. N. B. The Greek authors whom I consulted, I read in Greek. I likewise read the twenty-first book of the Iliad, v. 1—135, and finished the second part of May, Journal des Savans, and Mém. de Trevoux. The first contains a better extract of the Dissertation sur l'Ecriture Hiéroglyphique than the Mémoires had given. I now see that the new system is absolutely indefensible. The second speaks of Histoire du Siècle d'Alexandre, par M. Linguet: I suspect that they speak too slightly of the book. However that may be, the author is certainly a man of genius, whom I should like to know.

15th.—I read only that most contemptible performance the Vie du Marechal Duc de Belleisle, par M. de C****.

16th.—I read the 21st book of the Iliad, v. 136—611, the end.

18th.—I did nothing but go to church. The lessons were the 12th of 2 Samuel, and the 5th of St. John's Gospel, both of which I read in Greek.

23rd.—I finished the third volume of Le Clerc's Bibliothèque Universelle, which concludes the year 1686. It contains Explication Historique de la Fable d'Adonis. He thinks that Adonis, or Osiris, was the son of Hammon or Cham, and grandson of Cinyras, or Noah; and that the incest of Myrrha with her father, was the discovery of Noah's nakedness by his children. But this interpretation is very far-fetched, and can only suit the followers of Ephemerus.—Bibliothèque Universelle des Auteurs Ecclésiastiques, par Dupin. Curious and impartial.—Life of Hai Ebn Yokhdan. A fine, though irregular, production of Arabian genius and philosophy.—The Works of Dr. Barrow. Barrow was as much of a philosopher as a divine could well be.—Commentaire Philosophique. The most useful work Bayle ever wrote, and the least sceptical.—Puffendorfii Commentarius de Rebus Suecicis. Exact, heavy, and partial.

24th.—In order to get a clear idea of those oracles so often mentioned by Homer, and so essential a part of the Grecian religion, I read three dissertations of M. Hardion, inserted in the third volume of the Memoirs of the Academy upon the Oracle of Delphi, p. 137—191; and some observations of M. de Valois, tom. iii. historical part, p. 73—79; and, drawn away by the affinity of the subject, I likewise read two dissertations of the same M. de Valois, upon the Amphictyons, the guardians of this temple, tom. iii. p. 191—228, and tom. v. p. 405—415.

25th.—I read the history which M. de Valois has given us of the two sacred wars, which the Amphictyons decreed to avenge the sacrileges committed at Delphi, tom. vii. p. 201—239; tom. ix. p. 97—113, and tom. xii. p. 177—204. Besides the light that these pieces throw on the Greek religion, they are valuable for the knowledge they give us of that civil and religious bond of union in the Hellenic body, which for some ages rendered it invincible.

28th.—I read the articles of Jupiter and Juno, in Bayle's Dictionary. That of Jupiter is very superficial. Juno takes up seventeen pages; but great part of it, as usual, very foreign to the purpose. *A long* enquiry when horns began to be an emblem of cuckoldom;

numberless reflections, some original, and others very trivial; and a earning chiefly confined to the Latin writers. When he doubted f Juno was really worshipped at Carthage, why did not he quote Minucius Felix! V. octav. p. 259, edit. Gronov. Upon the whole, I believe that Bayle had more of a certain multifarious reading, than real erudition. Le Clerc, his great antagonist, was as superior to him in that respect, as inferior in every other. I reviewed the first two hundred lines of the twenty-first book of the Iliad. There is great dignity of sentiment, and a calm sternness, in the answer of Achilles to the moving prayers of the unfortunate Lycaon.

29th.—I reviewed the remaining four hundred lines of the twenty-first book of the Iliad. The combat of Achilles and the Scamander is finely described. If Homer, when he speaks of the gods, does not rise in his sentiments, at least he does in his language and poetry. I likewise read some very sensible and curious observations of the Abbé de Fonterne, sur le Culte des Divinités des Eaux; Histoire de l'Académie des Belles Lettres, tom. xii. p. 27—49.

30th.—I read the twenty-second book of the Iliad, v. 1—515, the end.

August 1st.—I read the lessons at church in Greek, *viz.* the thirteenth chapter of the first book of Kings, and the twenty-first chapter of St. John's Gospel. How very free a version the Septuagint is! for I imagine ours is a very literal one.

2nd.—I reviewed the whole twenty-second book of the Iliad, in which the whole interest of the preceding books is wound up, in the lives of Hector and Achilles. Notwithstanding the reasons given by Mr. Pope, every reader of taste must be disgusted with Hector's flight. The true grounds of courage were not well understood, and poetry had not learnt the art of raising an hero without debasing his enemies. The fears and lamentations of Hector's family are beautifully pathetic; but I think that Andromache is rather too much the mother, and too little the wife. As I am now entering upon the twenty-third book, which contains the funeral of Patroclus, I read the eight first chapters of the fourth book of Archbishop Potter's Grecian Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 160—241, upon the Grecian Funerals. They contain a great fund of learning, without any useless digressions.

3rd.—I began M. de Burette's set of Dissertations in the Memoirs of the Academy, on the Gymnastics of the Ancients: they are learned and judicious, but too full of fruitless, and therefore frivolous, enquiries into the origin and etymology of every art. I read to-day only Observations générales sur la Gymnastique, Hist. tom. i. p. 89—104; and first Mémoire sur la Danse, Mém. tom. i. p. 93—117.

4th.—I read second Mémoire sur la Danse, tom. i. Mém. p. 117—136; Mémoire sur la Sphœristique, p. 137—153; and first Mémoire sur les Athlètes, p. 211—237.

5th.—I read second and third Mémoires sur les Athlètes, p. 237—291; and Mémoire sur la Lutte, tom. iii. Mém. p. 228—255.

6th.—I read the several Mémoires of M. de Burette, sur le Pugilat, la Course, le Pentathle, et le Disque, tom. iii. Mém. p. 255

—343. Having finished these, I read three Dissertations of the Abbé Gedoyn, sur les Courses des Chevaux et des Chars, surtout aux Jeux Olympiques, tom. viii. p. 314—330; and 330—341; and tom. ix. Mém. p. 360—376; and a Mémoire of M. de la Barre, on the same subject; tom. ix. Mém. p. 376—397. Gedoyn is polite and curious, but somewhat pert and superficial. De la Barre is difficult to be understood, but is worth studying, for he is very ingenious as well as learned. There is a great dispute what was the length of the Olympic course for chariots. Burette makes it twenty-four stadia, or twelve revolutions of one stadium: Gedoyn, eight stadia, or one revolution of four stadia: De la Barre, forty-eight stadia, or six revolutions of four stadia: Mr. West, (v. West's Pindar, vol. ii. p. 135) forty-eight stadia, or twelve revolutions of two stadia. I have not room for their reasons; but I am of De la Barre's opinion. When one reads these Dissertations, one admires the active spirit of the Greeks, sensible to every species of entertainment and glory; who could at the same time, and with the same application, bring to perfection, dancing and philosophy, boxing and poetry.

7th.—I read the twenty-third book of the Iliad, v. 1—257.

8th.—I read the twenty-third book of the Iliad, v. 257—897; and the articles of Lemnos, Hercules, and the greatest part of Helena, in Bayle. If Bayle wrote his dictionary to empty the various collections he had made, without any particular design, he could not have chosen a better plan. It permitted him everything, and obliged him to nothing. By the double freedom of a dictionary and of notes, he could pitch on what articles he pleased, and say what he pleased on those articles. When I consider all that Homer says of the isle of Lemnos, and the extensive trade it carried on, both with Phœnicia (Iliad, xxiii. v. 743) and with the Greek army before Troy (v. Iliad, lib. vii. v. 467—475, and lib. xxi. v. 40), I am amazed to see the more modern poets represent that habitation of the unfortunate Philoctetes, as an island totally desolate and uninhabited.

10th.—I reviewed only the first hundred lines of the twenty-third book of the Iliad. The sullen grief into which Achilles sinks, is not less expressive of his character, than his violent rage in the preceding books. The apparition of Patroclus is the opening of a new world, of Homer's creation.

11th.—I reviewed the next two hundred lines of the twenty-third book of the Iliad. This day I finished the Mémoires d'Anne d'Autriche, par Madame de Motteville, one of her greatest favourites. They are written in a natural, unaffected style; and it is a proof of the author's sincerity, that though she had a very high opinion of her mistress, the candour with which she relates facts, shows us Anne of Austria as she really was: a proud and silly woman, who abandoned herself to a favourite out of indolence, supported him through obstinacy, and began at last to hate him, when he began to *affect* an independence. There is perhaps no period of history for *which* we have better materials, than for the minority of Lewis XIV.

The fashion of memoir writing was very prevalent, and many of all ranks and all parties have left us accounts, both of those troubles and of their secret springs. The character of the French nation, neither soured by religion, nor constrained by slavery, appears with freedom and boldness; brave and inconstant; obsequious to the ladies; treating the greatest events with a careless gaiety; running into civil wars without principle, and supporting them without rancour or cruelty. None of these wars ever were founded on any settled plan of liberty; the princes and the noblesse made it only in hopes of obtaining (as they commonly did) advantageous conditions in the treaty of peace. The honest part of the parliament were affected only by present evils, and thought only of temporary reliefs. They inveighed against a new tax, and demanded the removal of a disagreeable minister. The only law of a durable kind which they ever planned, was in the nature of a habeas corpus bill: that every prisoner, in twenty-four hours after his confinement, should be interrogated, by the parliament, as to the nature of his crime. But they supported this salutary proposal very feebly; suffered the ministry to extend the term to six months, and at last neglected it so far, as not to have it ratified by the peace of Ruel. V. Mémoires, tom. ii. p. 139, 337, 363, and tom. iii. p. 51, &c. These Mémoires are printed at Amsterdam, 1723, in five volumes 12mo.

12th.—I reviewed the remaining six hundred lines of the twenty-third book of the Iliad. It is a fine picture of the manners of the heroic ages: the games celebrated at the funeral of Patroclus contain a great variety of both their civil and religious customs, related with a clearness and a circumstantialness very disagreeable to the taste of a true commentator. Indeed, the more I read the ancients, the more I am persuaded that the originals are our best commentators. In this article of ancient gymnastics (for instance), when I have read with care Homer, Pausanias, and some few more ancients, M. Burette has little to teach me, excepting perhaps what he may have picked up from some obscure passages of some obscure lexicographer. What I say is not, however, to proscribe the use, but to restrain the abuse, of modern critics. As to the poetical beauties of the twenty-third book, they are great and various. I know of few better proofs of the fertility of Homer's invention, than the variety of natural incidents which he has introduced into the chariot-race. That of Menelaus and Antilochus is beautiful in the *manners*. I wish that I could say as much of the quarrel of Idomeneus and Ajax. I think, however, that the chariot-race bears no proportion to the rest, which indeed appears to a disadvantage, both by being placed after it and a little étranglé.

13th.—I read the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, v. 1—361. We returned to Beriton. I read the reign of King James I. in Hume's first volume of the Stuarts, with a view to Raleigh; and afterwards perused the sixth book of Virgil, and the system of Warburton upon it, in the first volume of his Divine Legation, and found many things to say, to explain the one, and destroy the other.

14th.—I think it was pretty well to read the twenty-fourth

book of the Iliad, v. 361—467, considering I was out from seven in the morning to ten at night.

15th.—I read the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, v. 467—805, the end; and reviewed the first hundred and fifty lines of it. The saving Hector's body, and the appeasing Achilles' wrath, seems to be the great object both of heaven and earth, excepting of the implacable Juno. Indeed, the great attention of the gods towards Achilles, seems rather a fear of offending, than a desire of favouring him. The last sentiment would exalt the hero, the first would debase the gods, and be highly ridiculous even in the pagan mythology. I likewise read in Bayle the articles of Achillea, Achilles, Ajax Telamon, Ajax Oileus, Alcinoüs, Andromache, Amphitryon, and Alcmena; all, excepting Achilles, very short ones. Bayle is as exactly circumstantial in these important trifles, as Mezeriac himself. How could such a genius employ three or four pages, and a great apparatus of learning, to examine whether Achilles was fed with marrow only; whether it was the marrow of lions and stags, or that of lions only, &c.? Bayle does not, in my opinion, sufficiently esteem Homer.

16th.—I reviewed the remaining six hundred lines of the twenty-fourth and last book of the Iliad. The interview of Achilles and Priam is (in my opinion) superior to any part of the Iliad. It is at once the coup de théâtre and the tableau of Diderot. Nothing can be a more striking coup de théâtre than the unhappy monarch, who appears at once in the enemy's camp and at the feet of the murderer of his son. At the same time the various passions, and the fine philosophy that distinguishes the conversation between them, form a most beautiful tableau.

I have at last finished the Iliad. As I undertook it to improve myself in the Greek language, which I had totally neglected for some years past, and to which I never applied myself with a proper attention, I must give a reason why I begun with Homer, and that contrary to Le Clerc's advice. I had two, 1st, as Homer is the most ancient Greek author (excepting perhaps Hesiod) who is now extant; and as he was not only the poet, but the lawgiver, the theologian, the historian, and the philosopher, of the ancients, every succeeding writer is full of quotations from, or allusions to, his writings, which it would be difficult to understand without a previous knowledge of them. In this situation was it not natural to follow the ancients themselves, who always begun their studies by the perusal of Homer? 2ndly, No writer ever treated such a variety of subjects. As every part of civil, military, or economical life is introduced into his poems, and as the simplicity of his age allowed him to call every thing by its proper name, almost the whole compass of the Greek tongue is comprised in Homer. I have so far met with the success I hoped for, that I have acquired a great facility in reading the language, and treasured up a very great stock of words. What I have rather neglected is, the grammatical construction of them, and especially the many *various inflections* of the verbs. In order to acquire that dry but

necessary branch of knowledge, I propose bestowing some time every morning on the perusal of the Greek Grammar of Port Royal, as one of the best extant. I believe that I read nearly one half of Homer like a mere school-boy, not enough master of the words to elevate myself to the poetry. The remainder I read with a good deal of care and criticism, and made many observations on them. Some I have inserted here, for the rest I shall find a proper place. Upon the whole, I think that Homer's few faults (for some he certainly has) are lost in the variety of his beauties. I expected to have finished him long before. The delay was owing partly to the circumstances of my way of life and avocations, and partly to my own fault; for while every one looks on me as a prodigy of application, I know myself how strong a propensity I have to indolence.

19th.—As my books were not come, and Madame de Motteville had left my head full of Louis the XIVth and his court, I took in hand my friend Voltaire's Siècle de Louis XIV. It will employ some few leisure hours, and will afford me great entertainment.

Once more in possession of some necessary books, I returned to my present great object, the study of Homer; but before I proceed to the Odyssey, I determined to read several things which might conduce to the better understanding him. I read this morning Sir John Marsham's Canon Chronicus, &c. p. 433—446, edit. Franquer. 1696; where he treats of Homer and Hesiod; and in speaking of the first, explains in a few words, all that is to be found in the ancients, concerning his country, age, fate of his writings, and progress of his reputation. I cannot help wondering at the blind deference which he pays to the oracular authority of the Parian marble; "De eâ re agitur (the age of Homer) non est amplius ambigendum." I respect that monument, as an useful, as an uncorrupt monument of antiquity; but why should I prefer its authority to that of Herodotus, for instance? It is more modern, its author is uncertain. We know not from what sources he drew his chronology, nor how far he was qualified to draw it properly. However, as to the age of Homer, I abide by his decision; because I can (whatever diversity appeared to Sir John) reconcile it with several of the most approved authors. That learned writer did not consider, that in fixing the time when a great man flourished, several historians may differ from one another, without differing from truth; because they fixed it from different eras of his life. In that of Fontenelle, the fixing his date either from his birth (1657), or from his writing the worlds (1686); from his reception into the French Academy (1691); from his being made secretary to that of sciences (1699); from his resigning that post (1740); from his death (1757), would produce the difference of a century; so that we may establish for a rule of criticism, that when these diversities do not exceed the natural term of human life, we ought to think of reconciling, and not of opposing them. In this instance, five of the most respectable authorities may be confined within the small period of sixty-eight years. The eldest Apollodorus, who places Homer 250 years after the Trojan

war. A. C. 934, must be naturally understood to speak of his birth: Cornelius Nepos, the second, whose date is 160 years before the foundation of Rome, A. C. 914, of the time when Homer, then twenty, was arrived at the years of manhood: the era of marbles (643 years before the archontate of Diognetus) A. C. 907, of the time when Homer, then twenty-seven, began to distinguish himself; perhaps when, according to the Colophonian tradition, he wrote the Margites, his first poetical work. When Herodotus places Homer 400 years before his own birth, A. C. 814, he may mean, that being then fifty, he was arrived at the highest pitch of his reputation, and perhaps wrote the Iliad. Lastly, if Socibius, the Laconian, brings him down to the last year before the first olympiad, Homer might then die aged sixty-eight years, A. C. 866. This calculation agrees very well with the vague reckoning of Pliny and Juvenal, and pretty nearly with the more precise one of Velleius Paterculus. There are indeed many writers whom it is impossible to conciliate, since they take in so enormous a period as 416 years from the return of the Heraclides A. C. 1104, to the twenty-third olympiad, A. C. 688. But besides that they are of inferior note, the great difference amongst them leaves the authority of each to stand singly by itself.

I likewise began to-day a Greek life of Homer, or rather a dissertation upon his writings, by an anonymous writer, inserted in the Opuscula Mythologica, Physica, et Ethica, published at Amsterdam, 1688, by Mr. Gale. It takes up p. 283—404 of those Opuscula. As I intend to make an abstract of it, I shall only say here that I read p. 283—303.

20th.—I read the Life of Homer, 304—314. The Greek is easy, though I met with many words of the only species (perhaps) not to be found in Homer. Grammatical and metaphysical terms, which are the more difficult at first, because, as they are all metaphorical, it is the literal meaning which presents itself to an unexperienced reader.

21st.—In order to save some part of this day for study, I passed the evening in my lodging, and read the Life of Homer, p. 314—341.

24th.—I read the Life of Homer, p. 341—387.

27th.—I read the Life of Homer, p. 387—394.

28th.—I finished the Siècle de Louis XIV. I believe that Voltaire had for this work an advantage which he has seldom enjoyed. When he treats of a distant period, he is not a man to turn over musty monkish writers to instruct himself. He follows some compilation, varnishes it over with the magic of his style, and produces a most agreeable, superficial, inaccurate performance. But there the information, both written and oral, lay within his reach, and he seems to have taken great pains to consult it. Without anything of the majesty of the great historians, he has comprised, in two small volumes, a variety of facts, told in an easy, clear, and lively style. To this merit he has added that of throwing aside all trivial *circumstances*, and choosing no events but such as are either use-

ful or entertaining. His method (of treating every article in a distinct chapter) I think vicious: as they are all connected in human affairs, and as they are often the cause of each other, why separate them in history? The first volume is much less interesting than the second; arts and manners were a subject almost untouched; but so many writers had exhausted the battles and sieges of Louis XIVth's reign, that it was impossible to add anything new, especially in so confined an abridgment. Besides, those detached particulars wanted less that art of narrating, which Voltaire never possessed, with all his other talents: I mean in prose, for there are some very fine narrations in his tragedies. That of Ismène, in the last act of Merope, is equal to the famous ones of Racine. As to his hero, I think that he performed great actions without being a great man. France, notwithstanding his wars and persecutions, ought never to forget him. But when Condé, Turenne, Vauban, Louvois, Colbert, &c. have claimed their share of fame, little more will remain to the monarch, than the having chosen and employed those great men: I can hardly add that of persisting in his choice. A prince, diffident or inconstant, may claim great merit for having persisted in a good choice. A monarch, proud, vain, or obstinate, is only to be praised if he renounces a bad one. And every one must know to what a degree Louis carried those last-mentioned qualities.

September 3rd.—I returned to the Life of Homer, and read p. 394—404, the end.

4th.—I reviewed, but in a cursory manner, the Life of Homer, without having so exalted an idea of it as Mr. Gale, who, like a true editor, calls it *Liber Aureus*. I think it a valuable piece, written with art, and containing many ingenious, and some useful observations upon Homer. I then began to look into the Greek Grammar of Port Royal, that learned society, which contributed so much to establish in France a taste for just reasoning, simplicity of style, and philosophical method. I began, contrary to the general method, with the verbs, and read with attention the first chapter of the third book, which treats of the nature and proprieties of the verb. I think that method the most natural and philosophical which begins with the operations of the mind, or the action or passion of the body, and thence passes to foreign objects.

5th.—I read the second chapter of the third book, which treats of the characteristic letter, and the termination of verbs; and to impress the several modifications of the active verb upon my memory, I copied them out. I finished to-day every thing in the Bibliothèque Choisie, relative to Erasmus, *viz.* tom. iv. p. 379—397; tom. v. p. 145—283; tom. vi. p. 1—238; tom. xii. p. 1—57. The first and last are very good reflections, and exact judgments, upon Erasmus's works, but are too short; the others are long extracts of his epistles, which, translated in a very bad style, and unconnected method, have neither the *agrémens* of original letters, nor the merit of a complete life. When I had finished them (according to a maxim I have laid down elsewhere), I began Vie d'Erasme, par M. de Burigny; and so preferred the *suite* of my ideas to that of my books.

6th.—I read the Grammar, lib. iii. c. 3, which treats of the augmentation, both syllabic and temporal.

7th.—I read the Grammar, lib. iii. c. 4—14. I saw the various forms into which every verb changes itself, from the indicative to the participle, and from the present to the second perfect. Indeed, I think the chain has too many links, as well as groundless exceptions without number; but this last is the vice of all languages, none of which have been the work of reason.

8th.—In the evening I found means to look over in a cursory manner, the passive and middle moods of the barytone verbs in ω. They depend so much upon the active, that when one has a clear idea of it, the genealogy is very easy to follow. I now see clearly the advantage of paying little attention to the grammar till you have made some progress in the language. Instead of having both precepts and examples to learn, I need attend only to the general rules of what I have already seen in a variety of particular instances. It is examining the map of a country through which I have before travelled.

9th.—I looked more closely into the passive and middle moods of the barytones in ω. If the *vox media* is not very useful and ingenious, it is highly ridiculous.

10th.—I read the Greek Grammar, lib. iii. c. 21—27, containing a very clear account of the circumflex verbs in ω, and of the rules by which they contract themselves.

11th.—I read the Greek Grammar, lib. iv. c. 1—5, which treats of the regular verbs in μι. I approve extremely of the intention of MM. de Port Royal, who, to simplify things as much as possible, have reduced the thirteen conjugations of the Greek grammar, to two, or rather to three. But the variety of these conjugations is so great, and the differences so real, that the ancient division was, perhaps, clearer, in having many rules with few exceptions, than the modern ones of few rules and many exceptions. For instance, in explaining the barytone conjugations in ω, there is hardly a tense without exceptions for the peculiar formation of the liquids. At least I would have a separate conjugation for them. Another defect I have observed, is the example they have fixed on for the barytone conjugations. 1. They pitch upon the verb τιω, and make use of it in their table; but when they come to the detail of the moods and tenses, they then employ τυπτω. This alteration destroys the unity of their plan, and must breed some confusion; especially in a young head. 2. They boast in their preface of having chosen (with Sanctius) τιω as a very simple verb; but I own I think the choice ill judged. The great object should have been to have chosen a verb perfectly regular, every one of whose different modifications should have been the example of the general rule, which they laid down for that mood or tense. Τιω does not answer that character. In the first future passive (for instance), according to the general rule* of changing the ω of the first future active, into ησωμαι, τι

* V. Nouvelle Methode, lib. iii. c. 16, reg. 52, p. 182.

ould make τισθησομαι. However, by a common exception of the erbs in ω pure,* it drops the σ and makes only τιθησομαι.

To-day I began the small but valuable treatise of Longinus, περι ΨΟΥΣ in the variorum edition of Tollius, printed at Utrecht, 1694, a 4to. The edition appears to be a very complete one. It contains he Greek text of the author, with a Latin version by Tollius, and French one by Boileau, with the notes of Robortellus, Petra, ortus, Langbænius, Le Fevre, and Tollius himself; and the French nes of Boileau and Dacier. I read the dedication of Tollius to he electoral prince of Brandenburg, afterwards king of Prussia, nd father of the present monarch; the prefaces of Tollius, Petra, angbænius, and Boileau, with the list of Testimonia, and the greatest part of the first chapter of Longinus himself. Tollius, though a commentator, was a man of taste and genius; though the style of is dedication is somewhat timid, yet there are pretty thoughts in t. He quibbles a little about "victoria elata," and "fama pinnigera," when he speaks of the great elector; but his compliment upon the battle of Ferbelin is just, and well expressed. When I reflect on the age in which Longinus lived, an age which produced scarcely any other writer worthy of the attention of posterity; when real learning was almost extinct, philosophy sunk down to the quibbles of grammarians and the tricks of mountebanks, and the empire desolated by every calamity, I am amazed, that at such a period, in the heart of Syria, and at the court of an Eastern monarch, Longinus should produce a work worthy of the best and freest days of Athens. I read with the sincerest regret the titles of the other works which are now lost: but none more than his Odenathus. I should have seen, though probably with some partiality, the character and actions of that great man, and of the greater Zenobia, who both (contrary to the other tyrants) proposed less making themselves Roman emperors, than detaching the East from the empire, and erecting a new monarchy upon quite different foundations.

12th.—I finished the first chapter of Longinus, with Boileau's translation, and all the notes. The Greek is, from the figurative style and bold metaphors, extremely difficult: I am afraid that it is rather too difficult for me; but now I have entered upon it, "jacta est alea;" and I have nothing to do but to redouble my application to understand him correctly. Is it vexation at those difficulties, or reason, which makes me wish, that in the room of those poetical figures, he had given us a definition of the sublime? Though this had been done by Cæcilius, yet it was still necessary, and would have taken him but a few lines. I then read a dissertation of M. le Clerc, inserted in the Bibliothèque Ancienne et Moderne, tom. v. p. 237—290, sur les Verbes Moyens des Grecs. As it is (which I did not know at first) in opposition to another of M. Kuster, I can decide nothing about the dispute till I have seen that, which I will do as soon as possible, for this idea is a very ingenious one. He thinks that those verbs, as distinct from the active

* V. Nouvelle Methode, lib. iii. c. 16, except. 3, p. 183.

and passive ones, are made use of by the pure Attic writers to signify, 1. An action which passes entirely within the agent, such as thinking, willing, &c. 2. An action which, though exterior, has the agent himself for the object; such as, "I feed myself," "I undress myself," &c. M. le Clerc, on the other hand, not only denies their use, but even disputes the existence of the *vox media*; which he treats as a corruption only of the active and passive. As to the pretended difference of sound and sense, he says, that the first are not greater than many occasioned by the dialects, or by poetical licences, for which the grammarians have never established new voices or moods: that by M. Kuster's own confession, the deponents in Latin, and many verbs in Greek, have an active signification with a passive termination, without belonging to any one *media*; that this mystery is unknown to the best Greeks, and that many of them express those actions by an active verb; nay, sometimes in the same period employ an active and middle verb. This he illustrates by a variety of examples.

I began to-day my Extract of the Life of Homer, in French, and wrote the first folio page, with a long note.

14th.—I read the second chapter of Longinus, with the versions and notes as usual. As yet I read my author more as a man of genius, than as a man of taste; I am pleased and astonished rather than instructed. I observed in this chapter a licence more than poetical, into which the fire of his imagination hurried him, that of leaving the reader to supply one part of a first comparison, whilst he hastens to a second. There was an hiatus at the end of the chapter, which Tollius supplied from a manuscript in the Vatican. It is amusing to peruse the conjectural supplements of the critics; how various, how ingenious, and how distant from the truth. They are probably often as much so, though we have it not in our power to confute them in the same manner.

15th.—I went through the whole series of irregular verbs in Greek. Some of them are defective by the want of some particular tenses or persons; and others are irregular, as forming their tenses not from their own natural theme, but from some other which bears some affinity with it, and is commonly either derived or contracted from it. These irregularities are necessary to be known; but we should be cautious of erecting them too hastily into general rules, the first sort especially; where the supposed defect may arise only from the Greek authors now extant not having had occasion to employ that particular modification of the verb.

27th.—I have not, almost this fortnight, set down any thing in the literary way. Indeed, I was very idle. In that time, I went through only the Life of Erasmus; which ought only to have been amusement, and not to have broken in upon Longinus. To-day I finished that Life of Erasmus. It is a work of great reading. As de Burigny proposed connecting with his history, a general account of the sciences and religion during his time, he has very deeply considered his subject. His style and reflections are suited to a man of sense and *modesty*, who neither pretends to, nor possesses the least share of

nius. Upon the whole, the book is a perfect contrast to most hionable French ones, since it is useful without being brilliant. we consider the character of Erasmus, we shall be immedi-ely struck with his extensive erudition; and that heightened two circumstances: 1. That he was scarcely ever fixed six nths in a place (excepting at Basle); that to this wandering life, ich deprived him both of books and leisure, must be added, a ntinued bad state of health, and the constant avocation of a vast rrespondence. 2. That his learning was all real, and founded on e accurate perusal of the ancient authors. The numerous editions published sufficiently evince it; and besides, those convenient mpilations of all sorts, where a modern author can learn to be a ofound scholar at a small expense, did not then exist; every thing as to be sought for in the originals themselves. But besides this arning, which was common to many, Erasmus possessed a genius ithout which no writer will ever descend to posterity; a genius hich could see through the vain subtleties of the schools, revive e laws of criticism, treat every subject with eloquence and deli-cy, sometimes emulate the ancients, often imitate them, and never py them. As to his morals, they had the poor merit of being gular. In the nobler part of his character I find him very defi-ent. Delicacy of sentiment he had none. A parasite of all the reat men of his time, he was neither ashamed to magnify their aracters by the lowest adulation, nor to debase his own by the ost impudent solicitation to obtain presents which very often he id not want. The adventure of Eppendorf is another proof how uch dearer his money was to him than his character. Notwith-tanding these faults, never man enjoyed a greater personal con-ideration. All the scholars, and all the princes of Europe, looked pon him as an oracle. Even Charles V. and Francis I. agreed in his. If we inquire why this happened to him rather than to some ther great men, of a merit equal, and perhaps superior to Erasmus, e must say that it was owing to the time when he lived; when he world, awaking from a sleep of a thousand years, all orders of en applied themselves to letters with an enthusiasm which pro-uced in them the highest esteem and veneration for one of their rincipal restorers. Besides, as the general attention, from piety, om curiosity, from vanity, and from interest, was directed towards he religious disputes, a great divine was the fashionable character; nd all parties endeavoured to attract or to preserve him. But to hich of those parties did Erasmus adhere? His writings, and ven his conduct, were often equivocal. The Catholics claim him, hough they acknowledge that he was often indiscreet. Le Clerc hallenges him for the Protestants, though he blames him for not rofessing what he knew to be the truth; and attributes his reserve olely to timidity and self-interest. Erasmus has certainly exposed l the grosser superstitions of the Romish worship to the ridicule the public: and had his free opinion been taken, I believe that he as a Protestant upon most of the contested points. But many other her motives might restrain him from a declaration. He was

always persuaded, that any speculative truths were dearly purchased at the expense of practical virtue and public peace. Besides, many considerations might often make him balance as to those truths; prejudices of education, the authority of the fathers, and a natural inclination to scepticism. Add to all this, that really disapproving many things in the Protestant communion, though more in the Romish, by remaining in the loose situation of a man who was unwilling to quit the religion of his ancestors, he could blame many things in it with freedom; whereas had he deserted it, he must either have set up a standard himself, or else have enlisted blindly under that of Luther or Œcolampadius. It is surprising that Erasmus, who could see through much more plausible fables, believed firmly in witchcraft.

30th.—I began the Ciceronianus, and read p. 1—80.

October 1st.—I read Ciceronianus, p. 80—230, which finished it; and perused forty-seven pages of Extracts from Erasmus's Letters, which related to it; and which turn principally upon the great scandal which the comparison between Ascensius Badius and the great Budæus had given in France. The object of this dialogue is to attack some blind admirers and copiers of Tully's style; who, at the revival of letters, formed, especially in Italy, a very considerable sect, of which the principal leaders were, Bembo, Sadolet, and Julius Scaliger. In this attack he employed every arm both of argument and pleasantry. It may be divided into three parts; in the first, Nosoponus the Ciceronian is introduced; and with that exquisite species of humour, of which the Lettres Provinciales offer so fine a specimen, ridicules his own party by a bare exposition of those maxims which he himself venerated and practised. His exclusive devotion to Cicero, his three indices, his never writing but in the dead silence of the night, his employing months upon a few lines, his religious caution about the words, and his total indifference about the sense, are truly and highly comic. In the second, Erasmus himself appears under the name of Boulephorus; and entering into a great detail, establishes, victoriously, that Cicero, though worthy of our attention and imitation, is not the only one worthy of it; that so servile an attachment to any author, destroys all freedom and originality of genius, and produces only a set of tame writers, who, perhaps, will copy only the faults, but who will surely never attain to the perfections of their great model; and that finally, we should rather endeavour to speak as Cicero would do if he lived at present, than as he did in his time; that since words are made for ideas, and not ideas for words, it is infinitely more reasonable to coin new words to express a variety of things unknown to Cicero, than out of a vain ambition for purity, to call excommunication, *interdictio aquæ et ignis*, and to express all the objects of Christianity by the terms of the pagan rituals. It must be confessed, that the Ciceronians laid themselves very open to ridicule, were it only by their looking on Tully not only as the best but as the sole model, and that of language as well as of eloquence. In a *polite* age, in which a language is thoroughly cultivated, every writer

who is a man of education, of letters, and of taste, speaks nearly the same language; and very often, genius and eloquence instead of being companions to purity, are enemies to it, by diverting the attention to nobler aims. Bouhours is much purer than either Corneille or Bayle. Why, therefore, should we exclude all other writers of the Augustan age, and confine our imitation to Tully alone; who was not a native of Rome, and who, from the fire of his imagination, the variety of his occupations, and the multiplicity of his writings, could not always attend nicely to his expressions? Why is not Cæsar (for example) as safe a model? A Ciceronian must believe Cicero's own account of him. "Cæsar autem rationem adhibens, consuetudinem vitiosam et corruptam purâ et incorruptâ consuetudine emendat. Itaque.. ad hanc elegantiam verborum Latinorum .... adjungit illa oratoria ornamenta dicendi." But the same Ciceronian, if he would condescend to admit the other Latin writers of that age into a partnership with Tully, would be much more formidable than Nosoponus. He would observe, that in all languages, rules and analogies are very treacherous guides; that in modern tongues, we see them give way every day to custom. That in the dead ones, that custom is to be met with only in the most correct writers; and that whenever we deviate from them, we risk offending against the idiom of the language. That the boldest moderns did not carry their privilege of making new terms so far as they ought, to have made it really useful, since they express many modern ones by very loose periphrases. That as they are themselves still fond of copying and alluding to the ancients, the writings of Erasmus himself are an incoherent mixture of Roman manners and expressions with Batavian ones; a mixture not less ridiculous than their scrupulous antique idiom. Perhaps the natural conclusion from these various difficulties, where either freedom or correctness must be sacrificed, was, that instead of that ungrateful labour upon a dead language, it would be better to improve and cultivate the living ones. But this conclusion was too much for the age of Erasmus. The third part of the Dialogue, which contains Erasmus's opinion of the style of the principal Latin authors, both ancient and modern, shows great learning; but his judgments are too superficial, and not so much varied, as the nature of the subject required. The style of the Ciceronianus itself is lively and easy; but the spirit of the Dialogue is but indifferently kept up. Nosoponus makes no defence, and Hypologus is quite a useless personage.

October 2nd.—After a long absence, I returned at last to Longinus, and read the third and fourth chapters, περι Υψους. After Longinus had, in the two former chapters, opened his design, and shown that though the true sublime is a gift of nature, yet nature may, as in other things, be assisted by art, he treats of two vices different from each other, but equally opposite to it; the one a turgid style and inflated figures, springing from an exuberance of genius or a vain ambition; the other a frigid poor labour after puns and little affected beauties. I approve very much of this inverted method of showing first what a thing is not, and then what it is.

In these refined inquiries nothing contributes more to assist imagination and dispel prejudices. I likewise admire that n freedom with which he discovers the faults of those heroes th selves,* Plato and Xenophon.

3rd.—I employed my morning very well, since I read the fi sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth chapters of Longinus. The first are inconsiderable; the seventh, in which he points out way to discover the true sublime, is the work of a man of strong f ings rather than of a clear head; the eighth begins to enter n deeply into the subject, and points out five sources of the subli The ninth chapter, which treats of the first of these (the elevatio the ideas,) is one of the finest monuments of antiquity. Till n I was acquainted only with two ways of criticising a beautiful pass the one, to show, by an exact anatomy of it, the distinct beautie it, and whence they sprung; the other, an idle exclamation, o general encomium, which leaves nothing behind it. Longinus shown me that there is a third. He tells me his own feelings u reading it; and tells them with such energy, that he communica them. I almost doubt which is most sublime, Homer's Battle of Gods, or Longinus's Apostrophe to Terentianus upon it. The chap concludes with some very ingenious observations upon the diffe character of the Iliad and of the Odyssey. I am sorry to critic such a chapter, but what would Longinus have said, had anot made his observation upon that passage of Homer, where the cele horses leap at one bound the extent of the visible horizon? C would think, says he, the world could not have afforded space such another leap. To what faculty does the visible horizon app above half the world? To the eyes it appears the whole; to t understanding, and even to the imagination, a very small part.

4th.—I read the tenth chapter of Longinus, p. 72—88. subject is but obscurely marked, and appears at first to run i the former. The distinction, however, appears to be the first trait those great and simple ideas, which require only to be fully concei and expressed; the second, of such ideas as, though not sublime themselves, may be rendered so by the artful introduction of acc sory circumstances. But I hardly think that the Ode of Sappho a proper example. It may be beautiful, it may be passionate; b surely there is nothing in it which elevates the mind: Longinu own characteristic of the sublime. This morning Mr. M * * * turned my visit, and stayed nearly two hours with me. I have yet seen any great proofs of his taste or genius, but he is certai a scholar, and a very communicative one. Observing I had Hederici's Lexicon, he offered me Scapula as much better, and s it to me in the evening. It is in fact infinitely more copious; and like much the disposition of it by roots. It gives you a much cle idea of the language, by reducing it to a small number of primitive which, by their various compositions, produce all the riches of th copious tongue.

* Οἱ πρωτες ἐχειωσαν. Longin. περι Ὑψους, p. 32, edit. Toll.

5th.—I read the eleventh and twelfth chapters of Longinus, p. 88—94. They treat of amplification; of that art in poetry and rhetoric by which things are made to appear greater than they really are. Perhaps, had he known the magnifying glasses, he would have said that the merit of that art was, like those glasses, to increase the magnitude but preserve the proportions. He then draws a comparison between Cicero (who excelled peculiarly in it) and Demosthenes; a comparison framed with his usual eloquence, and with a candour for the Roman's merit very uncommon in a Greek.

11th.—I read the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth chapters of Longinus, p. 94—118. The two first, which treat of imitation, are true pictures of the impetuous genius of the author. He enters on his subject by a quotation from Plato, which is very remotely connected with it. Then, though he recommends as a road to the sublime, the imitation of the great ancients; yet imitation is too tame a practice to be agreeable to him. He first extends it to an advice to us to consider how Homer or Demosthenes would have expressed such an idea, not how they would express any one; then to think how they would approve of the manner in which we ourselves are going to express it; that is, to make them not our models, but our judges; and at last, disclaiming all particular imitation, he advises us only to catch their fire, and to imitate the noble confidence with which they looked forward to the latest posterity. The fifteenth chapter contains some fine examples of poetical figures, distinguishes them from rhetorical ones, and observes, that the mistaken taste of his age makes them be often confounded.

12th.—I read the sixteenth chapter of Longinus, p. 118—126. He speaks of the phrase and elocution. This is his third source of the sublime. The pathos, which was the second, he has almost totally forgotten. This chapter is taken up chiefly by the example of the famous oath of Demosthenes; by the heroes of Marathon and Plateæ. He examines it very nicely, discovers all the art and energy of it, and shows how much it differs from a similar expression of the comic Eupolis. If the ninth chapter shows Longinus the most as a man of genius, he nowhere appears a more excellent critic than in this.

14th.—I began the Colloquia of Erasmus, and as far as I have gone, think them full of entertainment.

16th.—I read several chapters of M. de Tillemont's Histoire des Empereurs, in relation to Longinus's patrons Odenathus and Zenobia, tom. iii. p. 3; 947—952; 976—977; 983—988; 1039—1062; and 1078—1082. It is much better to read this part of the Augustan history in so learned and exact a compilation than in the originals, who have neither method, accuracy, eloquence, nor chronology. I think them below the worst monkish chronicles we have extant. We may observe that Odenathus, who was an Arab, began to show the superiority of his brave barbarians over the corrupted Romans; a superiority which Mahomet improved by the additional spur of religion, but which he did not create.

18th.—I read the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, twenty-fourth, twenty-

fifth, and twenty-sixth chapters of Longinus, p. 126—154. He continues to treat of the various kinds of figures, which, when properly employed, give force and beauty to the discourse: the interrogation, the omission of copulatives, the mixture of figures, the transposition of ideas, and the alterations of number and tense. This is perhaps the least shining part of his book; as it is the more mechanical part of criticism. However, Longinus enlivens the dulness of it by the magic of his style; and corrects the dryness by the clearness of his reasons, and the accuracy of his distinctions. I shall give an instance of each. Speaking of that rhetorical figure by which a writer, addressing himself to his reader, employs the second person, he himself makes use of it in a most beautiful manner, in animadverting to Terentianus upon a passage of Herodotus.* The second is, where treating of the change of the singular into the plural he distinguishes, with great justness, between those words which, singular by their termination, by their sense may be considered as plural, without any effort of, or effect upon, the imagination; and those which, in themselves strictly singular, are magnified and multiplied,‖ when, upon certain occasions, they are spoken of as plural.† I must just mention a mistake of Tollius. Herodotus makes use of the words Δουλοις δρεπετησι. Tollius owns that it signifies *servis fugitivis;* but thinks it not elegant enough, and therefore renders it by the vague expression of *servitutem acerbissimam.*‡ However, the other has certainly more elegance, as well as truth and propriety. The Ionians had revolted from the Persians; if they were again subdued, they would not only be, as before, oppressed like slaves, but punished as fugitives.

19th.—I read Longinus, chapters twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, and thirty, p. 154—168. He continues his enumerations of figurative expressions, and mentions that sudden transition from one person to another, of which the poets and orators have left us some fine examples. It may, however, be remarked, that as this figure is infinitely violent and abrupt, it is suitable only to the strongest passions, and therefore commonly suits better the poet's heroes than himself. Longinus then proceeds to the periphrasis, and gives some very sensible rules about it. However, he has forgotten to observe, that though, when well employed, this figure gives light and grace to a discourse; yet in itself it is an enemy to the sublime, of which a concise expression is always the best vehicle. If we inquire into the reason of it, we must say, that it presents the idea at once, gives as little as possible to tediousness and deficiencies of language, and comes the nearest to the operations of thought. In the thirtieth chapter, he enters upon the choice of words, which he has laid down as the fourth source of the sublime. There appears to be here a considerable chasm.

20th.—I read Longinus, chapters thirty-one, thirty-two, and thirty-three, p. 168—186. The thirty-first seems to be very defective; however, we see that he proves that the common expressions,

* Longin. cap. xxvi. p. 152. † Longin. cap. xxiii. p. 144.
‡ Longin. cap. xxii. p. 142, notasq. Toll. in loc.

introduced properly, have often more strength and meaning more elaborate ones. I believe his position just, and his exes from Herodotus explain his meaning very well; but I think from Demosthenes ill chosen. The idea is indeed very idiotic, it is expressed by a very uncommon and metaphorical word. thirty-second chapter treats of the multiplicity of metaphors, vhich Longinus is a great advocate, and admires very much a ured description of the human body by Plato. I wish I could ire it too. However, as Plato has certainly faults, our critic exies in the twenty-third chapter, which is preferable, a sublimity faulty, or an unblamable mediocrity. He treats his subject an eloquent and becoming enthusiasm. His decision is that of un of taste. I likewise read a letter of Pliny on the same sublib. ix. ep. 26; which is full of very pretty thoughts and exsions. I am of the same opinion with both of these great writers; think neither of them has gone deep enough. I take the reason e, not that we are more strongly affected with beauties, but that ure longer so; the pleasure we feel in the sensation prolongs it, aking us dwell upon it with satisfaction; whereas the disgust we eive from faults shortens the sensation, by causing us to call off attention immediately. There are, besides, two other collateral ons, but I take this to be the principal, and I must not write ertations in my journal.

1st.—Last night, when in bed, I was thinking of a dissertation of le la Nauze, upon the Roman calendar; which I read last year.* led me to consider what was the Greek, and finding myself ignorant of it, I determined to read a short, but very excellent ract of Mr. Dodwell's book de Cyclis, by the famous Dr. Halley.† only twenty-five pages; but as I meditated it thoroughly, and fied all the calculations, it was a very good morning's work. The e of Meton had for its object, to reconcile the course of the sun that of the moon, which it accomplishes in a cycle of 19 solar rs, 235 lunar months, and 6940 days. The years should be reurly twelve months, and the months thirty days; but as the first ld not be enough, it is necessary to add seven *menses embolimi* he third, fifth, eighth, eleventh, thirteenth, sixteenth, and nineth years of the cycle; and as the second would be too much, 110 ths are *cavi*, or of 29 days only, which is determined by leaving every sixty-fourth day. The first cycle begins with July 15th, . Chr. 432.‡ To reduce them to the Julian account, you must erve the following rule. Collect the number of months elapsed e the beginning of the period; multiply them by 30; add the ber of days elapsed in the current month; divide the whole ber by 64; subtract the quotient from it; add as many times 0 as there have been complete cycles, with the constant number , and you have the whole number of days elapsed since the 1st uary, Ant. Chr. 434; which number you may easily reduce into

* V. Journal, August 25 and 26, 1761.

† At the end of the second volume of the Life of Mr. Dodwell. London, 1715.

‡ It was the first after the Bissextile.

Julian years, months, and days. This dissertation gives me a very clear, and, I believe, a very true notion of Meton's Attic year. As to that of Calippus, it was only a reformation of that of Meton, who had reckoned the solar year too long by about one seventy-sixth of a day; to obviate which, he added another *dies exemplilis;* but as it is at the end of his period of 76 years, we need pay no attention to it in our calculations; otherwise it is the same months regular and *embolimi*, and the same *dies exemplilis*. We must only observe two differences in our reductions of it. 1. That instead of 196 days to be added, there are 552 always to be subtracted, being the number of days between the 1st July, Ant. Chr. 330, when the cycle begins, and January 1st, 328, being the first after Bissextile. Indeed, to perform the reductions exactly, we ought to have all our dates in olympiads or archontats, compared with years of the cycles; but if we meet with any modern author who reckons by Julian years anticipated, we may venture (after subtracting his number from 432*) to look upon the last year of it as complete, if the date fall into the six first Attic months, or as commenced only into one of the last six. Should we be mistaken, which may happen, our calculation itself will discover our error. I say the same of the cycle of Calippus. 2. In the last mentioned cycle we need attend only to the current one, and pay no attention to those that are complete, as every cycle answers exactly to 76 Julian years. I cannot say I received the same satisfaction as to the Macedonian calendar. Far from being supported by the necessary proofs, Mr. Dodwell's opinion is not even clearly laid down. Dr. Halley owns himself, that there are great disputes about the order of their months, and the time when their year began. I know, besides, that there is another very prevalent system of Archbishop Usher, who makes the Macedonian year not luni-solar, but solar. I must, therefore, suspend my judgment till I have seen Mr. Dodwell de Cyclis, and Usher de Veteri Anno Macedonum et Asianorum Solari. As to the Roman year, M. de la Nauze is still my master.

23rd.—Continuing my study and meditation of the Greek calendar, I resolved to verify some remarkable date. I immediately recollected the battle of Arbela, which, according to Plutarch, was fought eleven days after a total eclipse of the moon, that happened on the 14th of the month Boedromion. This eclipse answers to the 20th of September, Ant. Chr. 331. The battle was fought, therefore, the 1st of October. Now, according to Mr. Dodwell's system, the 25th of Boedromion answers exactly to that day. This is a strong presumption in its favour. The calculation, though sure, is however so tedious, that I wish some way could be thought of to shorten it. I could construct a table, in which, marking the olympiads, the archontats, the years of the cycle, and the month and day of the Julian, the beginning of each answers to . . . . . The *dies exemplilis* would be the most troublesome, as being not fixed to any months or years, but running regularly through the

* eckons by years before Christ the reduction would be very easy.

cycle. However by some trials I made, I found I could manage them.

24th.—I read Longinus, chapters thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, and forty-one, p. 186—222. Our author continues his comparison of the sublime often faulty, and the mediocrity always irreprehensible, in the three first. His characters of Hyperides and Demosthenes are finely marked. He expatiates with pleasure on the various merits of Hyperides, and distinguishes them by epithets always just and always different, which display both his own penetration, and the accurate fertility of the language in which he wrote; but all these encomiums are only garlands, which make him a victim worthier the object of his divinity, Demosthenes; who, inferior in every other respect to Hyperides, surpasses him infinitely by those sublime and terrible beauties with which his writings abound. This chapter gives perhaps a clearer idea of the sublime than any other in Longinus; since it is not only distinguished from the faults which are contrary to, but likewise from the beauties which are different from, it. But still this is not enough. I wish that I had time to explain the fine poetical comparison of the thirty-fifth chapter, and to give a better reason than Longinus does, why the rule, that greatness is preferable to exactness, does not hold good in sculpture as well as in poetry. In the thirty-seventh I agree with Le Fevre and Dacier, that the common reading of Herodotus is highly absurd; but if Longinus could praise that absurdity, why might not Herodotus write it? In the thirty-eighth chapter he enters upon his fifth source of the sublime, the arrangement of words. We see something, though a small part, of the attention which the Greeks paid to the harmony of their periods. That not satisfied with the judgment of the ear, they had established for prose a measure of dactyles and spondees, less exact, but more varied than in verse; by which, without confining themselves to the precise form of feet, they could render the whole period abrupt or flowing, slow or precipitate. In the fortieth and forty-first he blames the affectation of giving every period the same cadence; or of making the periods too short, and disjointed from each other.

25th.—I read Cicero de Oratore, cap. 63—66, in relation to the harmony of prose. Although the Latin tongue was not perhaps so susceptible of it as the Greek, yet we may discover how attentive the Romans were to it. The end was to give to prose an harmony equivalent, but not similar, to verse. The means employed were, 1. To consider syllables abstracted from feet, and to make long or short ones prevail in a period in the degree and manner they chose. Thus, in the famous passage of Demosthenes, we hear the sound of dactyles, or of something still more rapid; since out of twenty-nine syllables, twenty-one are short. 2. The ancient metre has this advantage over ours, that in modern tongues the harmony consists only in the composition of a verse, or at least of a hemistich: whereas, if you take an ancient verse to pieces, the

feet of which it is composed give you, by their peculiar and distinct harmony, *disjecta membra poetæ*. The great variety of these feet furnished the orators with innumerable ways of harmonising their periods, without ever deviating into verse. I likewise read Longinus, chapters forty-two and forty-three, which finished him. The forty-second contains some examples of fine descriptions, degraded by one or two low words. In the last chapter of this small, but valuable treatise, Longinus examines the reason why no sublime writers were to be found in his age. He treats this question (which, taken in the utmost latitude, is perhaps a Gordian knot) with more eloquence than accuracy. It is, however, worth remarking, that he still continues to enforce his precept by his example. He appears pretty plainly to have been of opinion, that the true sublime, especially in eloquence, could never belong to slaves; and that it could be found only in geniuses nursed under a popular government, whose writings breathed the same liberty as their actions. These ideas are noble, and perhaps true; but they were too harsh for the court of Palmyra. Longinus was forced to enervate them, not only by the term δικαιοραγη, which he takes care to apply twice to the present despotism; but by employing the stale pretence of putting his own thoughts into the mouth of a nameless philosopher. I read on the same question Seneca, Epist. cxiv. p. 646—651; edit. Lips. apud Plantin. He considers it in another, and, I think, a better light than Longinus. Both attribute the decay of taste to luxury and its attendant vices; but the Greek, considering them almost as passive, thinks that they only extinguish all emulation and application; while the Roman looks upon them as very active, by accustoming our taste to relish only the tricks of novelty and affectation, and to despise genuine and simple eloquence. The character of Mæcenas is a fine *caricature*. How different is he from the Mæcenas of Virgil and Horace. As to Longinus in general, after what I have observed upon almost every chapter, I have little left to say. It is certainly a fine performance; the style is faulty only by being rather too poetical for a didactic work. In general, I should adopt most of his decisions; only I think that for want of having a clear idea of the sublime, he has sometimes blamed passages for being deficient in that respect, or praised them for excelling in it, whose nature and design neither had, nor required, that kind of beauty. I could likewise have wished that Longinus had not always confined himself to single passages, but had pointed out that sublime which results from the choice and general disposition of a subject. I think that Longinus shows real taste and genius, by his indulgence in the sallies of a warm imagination, and by his severity to the prettinesses of the art; though, like most men of genius, who possess more force and elevation than delicacy, he may sometimes have confounded refinement and affectation. As to his commentators, Langbœnius is ostentatiously pedantic, and learnedly absurd; Le Fevre is, as usual, vain, bold, and ingenious; the notes of Tollius are full of taste, good criticism, and real erudition. There are a number of corrupted

ussages in Longinus, which by the help of manuscripts, or from his wn conjectures, he has restored extremely well.

26th.—I intended to have composed a long abstract of that reek Life of Homer, which I finished September the fourth, id actually wrote a page of it; but other things intervening, I ent no further. As it is now too late, I shall take this occasion f giving a short account of it. Its title is improper enough; after a history of Homer, comprised in a few lines, and full of blunders, ie author proceeds in his main design, which was to show that here was no art or science of which Homer was not the father and id the foundations; a design which proves the excessive veneration f the Greeks still better than the temples they erected to him. o support so vain an argument, much sophistry and false reasoning as necessary. The following are some specimens of them which truck me. 1. It is almost impossible to follow him through his numerable divisions and subdivisions, which, instead of easing our ttention, and fixing our memory, perplex the one, and overburthen he other. This is a sufficient inconvenience in this method, but nother infinitely greater results from it. Those divisions, by treating every minute part of a subject separately, often pass over the most essential notions of it, because they are common to the whole. Nay, as they are commonly the work of a trifling genius, they are sometimes founded only upon some very trivial and accessory ideas, without ever reaching the fundamental principles. Thus, when our critic wants to prove Homer an historian, he accurately divides the requisites of history into the mention of person, cause, place, time, instrument, passion, action, and manners; proves that in some part of his works the poet mentions each of these, and then very accurately concludes that he was an historian. What a minute division of history, which forgets all the most important parts of it, accuracy, impartiality, and an hundred more!* 2. To prove Homer's knowedge universal, he is forced, in several sciences, to instance things ardly above the rank of self-evident ideas, with which no peasant n a civilised country is unacquainted. Thus he is the father of rithmetic, because by saying that fifty men guarded each of the housand Trojan fires, he does not compute himself, but furnishes he occasion of computing the Trojan army at fifty thousand men.† . One would think it sufficient for Homer's honour, to have been he father of all known truth; and that it was rather lowering, than aising his character, to make him acquainted with all the opinions f latter ages, however extravagant or contradictory to one another. The system of Thales, who makes water the universal principle; hat of Xenophanes, who to water adds earth; and the general pinion which acknowledges four elements, are all borrowed from Homer;‡ though to have asserted all these opposite principles, implies more learning than judgment. Indeed, when he speaks of the Stoics and Peripatetics, he saves the contradiction very ingeniously. Homer was acquainted with both systems; but he looked upon the

* Vit. Homer. p. 315—318. † Idem, p. 360. ‡ Idem, p. 324.

first as more exalted and conformable to reason; on the latter, as more practicable and conformable to experience.* 4. When the plain text of Homer appears absurd, or at least furnishes no proofs of science, he had recourse to the allegorical sense, where he discovers a thousand mysteries.† I cannot here explain my sentiments on that head, nor illustrate and enforce a distinction which has not been enough attended to, *viz.* of what was allegory to Homer, and what was indeed allegory in its origin, but, through various mixtures and length of time, appeared then in a quite different shape. I have the less occasion to do it here, as my author is much soberer on this head, than many others of the ancients; some of whom (Heraclides for instance) have written whole books upon Homer's allegories. 5. My author, like many of the ancients, is very fond of drawing philosophical conclusions from a resemblance of words and fanciful etymologies; a method which, with reason, would give one a poor opinion of their logic. Thus our author, from the resemblance of δεμας and δεσμος, would infer that Homer looked upon the soul as shackled and imprisoned by the body,‡ without ever considering that such grammatical conjectures want proof themselves, instead of being able to furnish it to other positions. Indeed it is more excusable to employ such arguments for the existence, than for the truth of an opinion. 6. These two last faults are common to him with many; his reasonings about numbers are more peculiar to him. He runs, and carries Homer with him, into all the Pythagorean whimsies,§ the perfections of the monad and odd numbers, and the imperfections of the duad and even ones. He quotes several passages of Homer where the monad is praised, such as the εἰς κοιρανος εσω, without once inquiring whether it is praised for an absolute or for a relative merit. Notwithstanding these criticisms, I am far from despising this Life of Homer. The author was a man of much subtlety and ingenuity; so that you are often pleased with the imagination, though you despise the reasoning. Nay, the reasoning is often more the vice of his subject than his own. When he treats of those arts, of which Homer was really a master, language, rhetoric, and morality, he is very solid and instructive. You find many nice observations concerning Homer's style, his use of the various Greek dialects, his deviations from the common rules of grammar, and the different figures he employs. One that struck me relates to the genders. He often, for the sake either of metre, or energy, employs a masculine epithet to a feminine substantive; but it is only speaking of those qualities of the mind which are of no sex, or if of any, which appertain rather to the male, such as κλυτος Ἱπποδαμεια.‖ In treating of Homer's rhetoric, he explains very well the artifice of the speeches of the second Iliad; the various eloquence of the ambassadors to Achilles, and the gradations by which he gave way to them.¶ So much for the original. The editor was mighty negligent in not distinguishing properly Homer's

* Vit. Homer, p. 352—354.
† Vit. Homer, p. 325—330.
‡ Idem, p. 342.
§ Idem, p. 358—360.
‖ Idem, p. 303.
¶ Idem, p. 371—377.

verses from the prose, which is full of them, and not referring us to the places where they are to be found. The translator, whom I can scarcely believe to be Dr. Gale, has committed numberless blunders. I shall mention a curious one. He translates this verse of Homer,

Ἀρνειον, ταυρον τε, συων τ' επιβητορα καπρον, Odyss. Λ. 130,

by *Arietem porcorum custodem.** Besides the nonsense of the expression, and the absurdity of making one animal only, where grammar and the sense of his author required three; need I quote Constantine and Pollux to show that επιβητορα signifies *ascensorem*, and is metaphorically applied to the copulation of animals?† Why not translate it at once,

Agnum, et taurum, suisque ascensorem aprum?

29th.—I read Tollius's Gustus Animadversionum Criticarum, at the end of Longinus, p. 348—360. I cannot say that they any ways answered my expectation. Tollius was not equal to such critical parallels as they are designed for, between some of the ancient writers. The first is between a passage of Pindar and another of Horace. It results from his laborious inquiry, that the Greek tongue is more harmonious than the Latin. The second, between Theocritus and Virgil, teaches me, 1. That among the ancients, presenting or throwing apples was customary between lovers. 2. That Virgil is far inferior to the Greek poet, since his Polyphemus boasts of having milk only all the year, whereas the Cyclop of Theocritus boasts that he has both milk and cheese. The third is between Apollonius and Ovid. As the Greeks are always to have the advantage, and Ovid is very open to criticism, Tollius talks rather more to the purpose.

30th.—I read Tollius, p. 360—371. A comparison between Virgil and a little poem of Petronius. Very bad indeed. However, I must now go through these comparisons.

31st.—I went to church, heard a pretty good sermon from Mr. L * * *, and read the second lesson, the fourth chapter of St. Luke, in Greek.

November 1st.—I read Tollius, p. 371—381, the end. He compares Homer and Virgil as to the manner of Turnus' and Hector's deaths. He reasons better than usual, but did not consider that Hector's not asking for mercy like Turnus, is no proof of his superior courage. Turnus was slightly wounded; Hector mortally. I began to-day, as a natural supplement to Longinus, a philosophical inquiry into the nature of our ideas of the sublime and beautiful, and read the introduction upon Taste, p. 1—40, which, like all other researches into our primary ideas, is rather loose and unsatisfactory. The division, however, of the passive impression which is common to all men, and relates chiefly to positive beauty or faultiness, and the active judgment which is founded on knowledge, and exercised mostly on comparison, pleased me; perhaps because very like an idea of my own.

* Vit. Homer, p. 359.

† Constant. in Voc. Jul. Poll. Onomastic. lib. v. c. 15, p. 92.

2nd.—I read the Enquiry, p. 40—95, which comprises the first part. The author's object is to class our various passions and sensations, and to investigate our affections, in order to discover how we are and ought to be affected. All those of the mind he refers to two classes;—self preservation and society. The former renders us sensible of pain and terror; the latter, in their various branches, (of sympathy, imitation, and terror,) of pleasure, love, and joy. Their nature is eternally distinct; and they never can run into one another. This naturally leads Mr. Burke to deny that the privation of pleasure ever produces positive pain; and, *vice versâ*, the sensation produced by the absence of pain he calls delight, a solemn, awful feeling, very different from positive pleasure.

4th.—I finished the Enquiry, which contains in all 342 pages. The author writes with ingenuity, perspicuity, and candour. His reigning principles are, that pain, when absent, and moderated to terror, is productive of that solemn delight which forms the beauty of the sublime; this idea he pursues through its various shapes of immensity either of time or place, power, darkness, &c. It is surprising how much Longinus and Mr. Burke differ as to their idea of the operations of the sublime in our minds. The one considers it as exalting us with a conscious pride and courage, and the other as astonishing every faculty, and depressing the soul itself with terror and amazement. If it should be found that the sublime produces this double, and seemingly contrary effect, we must look out for some more general principles which may account for it, though we may adopt still many particular materials and observations of both writers in the investigation of it. Such is Mr. Burke's system of the sublime: his notion of the beautiful is, that it is produced by whatever gives us pleasure. Perhaps his idea, confined as it is to the pleasures of sense, (heightened indeed by the imagination,) is yet too general. What connexion can he discover between the pleasures of the taste and the idea of beautiful? However, he thinks, and I believe with reason, that any thing to appear beautiful either to the sight or touch, must convey to the sense an idea of softness and gradual variation, and to the imagination those of gentleness, delicacy, and even fragility. The ideas of beauty being in the least founded on those of order, proportion, or utility, he entirely explodes. I cannot help observing here, that in speaking of anything beautiful, we consider the figure as so essential to it as not to be altered without changing the nature of it; and the colour as an accessory quality which may be varied at pleasure—a proof that sometimes common feelings are conformable to philosophical speculations, where we should the least expect it. Mr. Burke employs his last part in considering words as the signs of ideas. He remarks that they do not commonly, when pronounced, call up in the mind a picture of the idea for which they stand; and that consequently, in poetry or eloquence we are as often affected by the words themselves, as by clear images of what they are designed to represent. I began to-*day* Ubbo Emmius' Geographical Description of Greece, (which

will be very useful for all my Greek authors, but particularly for the Odyssey,) and read p. 1—18.

5th.—I read Emmius, p. 18—40.

6th.—I read Emmius, p. 40—45.

7th.—I read Emmius, p. 45—54.

8th.—I read Emmius, p. 54—194, the end. It is a short, and consequently a dry abridgment; but it is concise, clear, and exact. It contributed a good deal to confirm me in the contemptible idea I always entertained of Cellarius. 1. In comparing this abridgment with the single map of Græcia Propria, I found above 130 places omitted in Cellarius, and among them some of such note as Tirins, Helos, Ithome, Pisa, the province of Acarnania, and the valley of Tempe. What would it have been had I entered into the minute detail of any one region?

17th.—I read Les Observations de l'Abbé de Mably sur les Grècs. They are not ill written; but I think a capital fault of them is, attributing more consequences to the particular characters of men, often ill-drawn, than to the general manners, character, and situation of nations.

30th.—I began the Odyssey of Homer, and read lib. i. v. 444, the end.

December 1st.—I read the Odyssey, lib. ii. v. 1—128.

2nd.—I read the Odyssey, lib. ii. v. 128—434, the end.

3rd.—I read Potter's Greek Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 120—160, where he treats of the naval affairs of the Greeks, in order to understand the voyages of Telemachus. As, while I was reading, I saw from my window some of the finest ships in the world, I could not very much admire the small barks, with a mast occasionally set up and taken down, which they run ashore every night.

5th.—I read the Odyssey, lib. iii. v. 1—497, the end, and finished some new journals, the Bibliothèque des Sciences et Belles Lettres, from April to September, 1762, and the Journal des Savans combiné avec les Mémoires de Trévoux, from June to September. There is a curious dissertation of Mr. Beyer, upon the Atlantic Island of Plato. He pretends it is Judea. Some circumstances and etymologies are as usual favourable to him, others totally opposite. However, calling in allegory and romance to support allegory and romance, he seems to think he has entirely confounded the infidels. The other is the Voyage of M. Anquetil du Perron to the East Indies, with the sole view of studying the language and religion of the ancient Persees. He is just returned to France, with a prodigious number of manuscripts, which may perhaps throw some light upon one of the most obscure but most curious branches of ancient history.

6th.—I read Potter's Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 209—237, in relation to the sacrifice offered by Nestor, and so exactly described by Homer.

12th.—I had borrowed of M. B. * * * a French moral and political romance of the Abbé Terasson, called Sethos. The beginning is fine, the description of the manners of the court of Memphis is worthy of Tacitus; and the system of the Egyptian initia-

tion is a very happy thought: but, unluckily, the interest
piece gradually diminishes in every book, till you arrive at the
strophe, which is very cold and unnatural. As to the style, it
and elegant, scarcely ever elevated, and never animated. The
Terasson had too mathematical a head to excel in the langu
description, and too stoic a heart to shine in that of the pa
His feelings, however, are just, though not warm: the whol
breathes a spirit of virtue and humanity, which renders i
amiable.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.

(Written in French.)

February, 1763.—Having left England, it is fit that I leave off English. Ideas create words; and there would be as difficulty in expressing continental customs in good English, as would be in describing in pure French the manners of Englan the minute transactions of our regiment of militia. Inst being obliged to write an imperfect translation, or a tiresom phrase, it is better at once to have recourse to the language country.

But I must renounce the design of a regular and minute jo of which I flattered myself with the plan, but which I shou the constraint too great on my natural laziness, to contin execution. I had interrupted my labours for a few days; thi negligence might be so easily repaired! but these days have ceptibly become weeks. The more I had to do, I was the reluctant to begin the work. The time still left to me was sp useless regret; and now that I ought to write my history f months, reason tells me that I must no longer think of the taking.

But the same reason enjoins me not entirely to neglect the curious occurrences, perhaps, of my whole life. I shall e therefore, not in the order of time, but according to the distri of subjects, the new ideas which I acquired during my reside Paris. These subjects may be arranged under the foll heads: 1. My own personal concerns; expenses, connexions, fr 2. The state of literature in France, the men of letters, acad theatres. 3. Detached observations, military, political, and 4. The public buildings and works of art.—I will allow, ho some pages of my journal, which were written at the time, to in their original state;—a vain undertaking, forsaken almost as begun.

Lausanne, August 17th, 1763.—I wrote a small part of m course on the ancient nations of Italy; small indeed for a morning spent in the country. But of late I scarcely do any My trifling avocations in town, the continual bustle at Mesa the frequent removals from the one to the other, produce great tractions of thought at Lausanne, than I ever experienced in L or Paris. I must seriously resume my labours.

18th.—I read the third Satire of Juvenal, consisting of three hundred and twenty-two verses. How judiciously does it set out! The honest Umbricius stops in the wood of Egeria, a sacred monument of the primitive Romans, but then inhabited by wretched Jews, to complain to Numa of the luxury of foreign manners, which had overflowed a nation whom he had instructed in laws and religion. The awkward meanness of the Romans, opposed to the address and suppleness of the Greeks, who made themselves slaves to become masters, forms a striking contrast. After such a beautiful picture, Juvenal, I think, would have done better not to have dwelt so long on the little inconveniences and disorders common to all great cities, and which are unworthy of exciting the serious indignation which he expresses against them.

20th.—I read, for the first time, the fourth Satire of Juvenal.

24th.—I read the fourth Satire of Juvenal, consisting of one hundred and fifty-four verses, for the second time. The council of Domitian is, perhaps, the most striking passage of satire to be met with in any ancient author. This subject perfectly suited our poet's genius; that seriousness of indignation, and that energy of expression of which he is sometimes too lavish, are here in their proper place; and they forcibly impress on the reader's mind that detestation for the tyrant, and contempt for the Romans, which both so richly merited. Unfortunately this piece is left unfinished. After having described the principal counsellors with the pen of Sallust, the very moment they ought to begin their deliberation, the principal personage disappears, the poet's fire extinguishes, and the end of the piece is mangled. I also read twice the fifth satire, consisting of one hundred and seventy-three verses. How gross were the manners of the Romans amidst all their luxury! The most insolent financier would not now venture to make such humiliating distinctions among his guests. At Rome, the elegant Pliny considers his being disgusted with them almost as a merit in himself.* How different were the characters of Horace and Juvenal, although both sons of freedmen! The latter disdained to bend to the pride of the great; and the former, while he cured them of that pride, lived with them not as a parasite, but as a friend.

25th.—I read for the first time, the sixth Satire of Juvenal, consisting of six hundred and sixty verses; and finished the thirteenth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains extracts from many excellent works; such as Cudworth's Intellectual System by Mosheim;† Sale's Alcoran, &c.; Critical Histories of Manicheism, and of the French Monarchy, by Mr. Beausobre and the Abbé Dubos. These extracts are rather superficial; but the History of the Roman Laws, by Heineccius, is highly interesting for those who consider jurisprudence only in its relation to general literature.

26th.—I read over again the first hundred and sixty verses of the sixth Satire of Juvenal. After breakfast I went to the

* V. Plin. Epist. lib. ii. ep. 6.

† The translation appears to be superior to the original.

library to consult Mr. Bochat's Treatise on the Worship of the Egyptian Divinities at Rome, so often mentioned by Juvenal. It is to be found in the Neufchâtel Mercury for the year 1742. This treatise is merely a hypothesis, and that very chimerical; namely, that the worship of these divinities was brought from Egypt to Greece, and from Greece to Italy, by colonies established in that country long before the age of Romulus. I consulted the first volume of the Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres, p. 140, concerning the signification of the word "attonitæ" in the fourth Satire of Juvenal, v. 77. Mr. Valois applies it to the astonishment which prevailed in the capital in consequence of the revolt of L. Antonius in Lower Germany. This conjecture is possible, which is all that can be said of it. But I am surprised that he has not drawn from it the only conclusion that could render it interesting. Antonius's revolt happened in the year of Rome 840.* The excessive tyranny of Domitian had then reached its meridian; yet the baseness of the Romans endured this monster still nine years longer. I read the fourteenth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Syntagma Dissertationum, &c., Leipsic, 1733; a good collection, by Mosheim; which, however, savours too much of the theologian, and even of the Lutheran: Plinii Epistolæ a Cortio, cum notis variorum; Amstel. 1734; a very good edition: Itineraria Vetera a Wesselingio; Amstel. 1734: a most excellent edition of one of the most useful works we have, on the Geography of the Roman Empire.

27th.—I read for the second time, the sixth Satire of Juvenal, —the source of all the invectives that have for sixteen centuries been accumulated against the sex. Nothing can be added to its force, richness, and variety; but some things perhaps might be retrenched from those too faithful descriptions, which, while they condemn vice, are apt to inspire vicious passions. Yet those wretches—are they entitled to escape infamy through the excess of their guilt? Ought their profligacy to be concealed from their posterity because they carried it to an immeasurable height? Juvenal has even been reproached with gratifying, in such descriptions, the pruriency of his own fancy. Yet the horror which he uniformly testifies at the disorders which he describes, will always persuade me, that his warmth proceeds, not from the flames of voluptuousness, but from the fire of indignation and genius. Instead of a licentiousness of morals, which inclined him to pardon vice, I would rather reproach him with a malignity of heart, which made him think the corruption general. He perpetually confounds invective with satire. All women are guilty, and guilty of the most enormous crimes. You may find a Clytemnestra in every street.† I know that there never, perhaps, was an age more profligate than that of Juvenal; in which morals were enervated by luxury; the heart hardened by the institutions of domestic slavery and the amphitheatre; sentiments debased by the tyranny of government; and every characteristic

* V. M. de Tillemont, Hist. des Empereurs, tom. ii. p. 39, edit. fol.

† Juvenal, Satir. vi. v. 655.

d manly principle subverted, by the mixture and confusion of tions in one great city. Yet, there still remained many vestiges the ancient virtues; and women, as well as men, worthy of living a better age. If we consult Pliny's Epistles, a cotemporary nument, we shall find in the circle of that amiable Roman, humanity, morals, the love of talents and of merit. Juvenal never ows himself to bestow the smallest praise on virtuous characters,* en with the view of rendering the vicious more ugly by the contrast. All the other satirists, Horace, Boileau, Pope, have taken re to recommend themselves to their readers as the friends of rtue and of man; and, as such, have perhaps, of all the poets, most ined our love. But Juvenal seems to have a rooted hatred to s species; and, having declared against them open war, is totally gardless of their friendship. This misanthropy, indeed, must nder his works peculiarly acceptable to human malignity.

28th.—I read twice the seventh Satire of Juvenal; in which e poet describes, with his ordinary spirit, the poverty and contempt attending the men of letters of his times. The subject always a disagreeable one; since it is more easy to render a chacter amiable, which happens to be the object of public hatred, an to render those respectable, who are the objects of general, ough just contempt: besides, those continual complaints respectg the bad state of their fortune, come with peculiar disadvantage om men of letters. We acknowledge their murmurs to be just, ut they always strike us with an idea of avidity and meanness, xtremely inconsistent with the elevation which we expect from eir characters. If wit consists in finding between ideas, relations at are natural without being obvious, the contrast of the poet and e lion surely deserves that name; it is one of the wittiest posble. I finished the fifteenth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. contains a second extract from Heineccius, explaining the hisry of the German law; a subject less interesting, indeed, than that the Roman law, but equally well treated. Réflexions Critiques; ritical Reflections on Ancient Nations by Mr. Fourmont the elder. ecause a man understands the Chinese, is he therefore entitled to ll us absurdities with the authority of an oracle? Saturn the same th Abraham! The great divinity of the pagans the same with a ndering patriarch: and adored after his death almost by the whole rld, except his own posterity; and that posterity an object of horrence and contempt to all his adorers! The Life of Julian, itten by my friend the Abbé de la Blétérie. The journalists are sensible to the merit, both of the hero and the historian; and en indulge themselves in making very unbecoming reflections with spect to both. In general the bitterness of zeal and controversy evails too much in this Bibliothèque. When a Father Colonia rites the faithful to the jubilee of Lyons, he is best answered th silent contempt; yet ridicule may be used against him without me. But in giving the analysis of a work of literature or history, bring forward opinions and reasonings suitable merely to the

* I mean those of his own times.

country of the writer, with a view to refute them tediously and ill-naturedly, is surely to mistake the business of a critical journal.—I wrote two pages of my collection on the ancient geography of Italy.

29th.—I read for the first time the eighth Satire of Juvenal, containing 275 verses.

30th.—I did nothing but write a page and a half of my collection.

31st.—I read over again the eighth Satire of Juvenal. I also twice read the ninth, containing 150 verses, and for the first time, the first hundred verses of the tenth. How humiliating it is for mankind, that they must be taught, almost in all countries, that they are more respectable for their own virtues, than for those of their ancestors! The origin and establishment of this prejudice is scarcely conceivable. Nature draws an indelible distinction between those to whom she has given talents, and those from whom she has withheld them. The subordination of citizens to their magistrates is founded on fear and reason; but what was the principle that originally established the distinction of noble and plebeian? I think it was religion. This question would require to be examined at great length, and the examination of it would be curious. I shall be contented with making a single observation on this satire. 1. Juvenal speaks, from one end of it to the other, the language of an ancient Roman. We perceive throughout, not only the dignity of a true censor, who arraigns vice, exposes folly, and appals guilt, but the soul of a republican, reluctantly bending under the new constitution, the sworn enemy of tyranny, and the friend of a mild and equitable monarchy, rather through necessity than inclination. This love of liberty, and loftiness of mind, distinguishes Juvenal from all the poets who lived after the establishment of the monarchy. Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Lucan, Martial, Statius, Valerius Flaccus,—all sing the ruin of their country, and the triumph of its oppressors. The vices of a Nero and a Domitian are commemorated in as lofty notes of praise, as the virtues of Augustus and Vespasian. Juvenal alone never prostitutes his muse. In his works, there is but one example of praise bestowed on the emperor; a praise, perhaps just, expressed with the greatest simplicity, and included in a single verse. But he never loses an opportunity of arraigning the folly and tyranny of those masters of the world and their deputies. He does more; he teaches how the evils inflicted by them may be cured.

> Tollas licet, omne quod usquam est,
> Auri atque argenti, scutum gladiumque relinques
> Et jaculum et galeam; spoliatis arma supersunt—

is an advice addressed fully as much to the Romans as to the Africans. Juvenal's liberty of speech fixes the time in which he lived far better than the uncertain and contradictory reports of an old scholiast. He lived under a good prince, a Nerva or a Trajan, at a happy period, when his sentiments might be expressed without disguise. Tyrants had the nicest sensibility; they easily knew their own pictures in those of their predecessors. Domitian reasonably concluded that an enemy to Nero could not be his friend; an in-

former would have silenced Juvenal after his first satire. But I suspect that he never run that risk. Men, distinguished by vigour of mind and elevation of genius, found no other means of escaping the fatal suspicion of tyrants, than by concealing themselves in silence and obscurity, confining their application to innocent and frivolous pursuits.—The ninth Satire of Juvenal is disgusting by its subject. The vice which the poet condemns is exhibited without disguise. The ridicule of the satire appears to me to arise from the character of Nævolus, a miserable catamite, whose principles are so much debased by his way of life, that he has lost all sense of its infamy, and relates his services with the same air of indifference that a soldier would describe his campaigns. This gravity, which the reader perceives to be so much out of place, and which Nævolus does not, produces, in my opinion, the whole humour of the piece.

Sept. 1st.—I read a second time the tenth Satire of Juvenal, v. 100—365, the end; and the eleventh, consisting of 208 verses, for the first time. In the tenth, Juvenal treats of a subject worthy of himself; the vanity of human wishes, a misfortune consistent with the greatest virtues, and intimately connected with the most natural sentiments of the heart. The poet every where employs a refined and accurate philosophy, founded on the strictest principles of moral science. His genius rises with his subject: he shows the nothingness of false grandeur, and weighs, with the sublime indifference of a superior being, the virtues, talents, and destiny, of the greatest men. He here neglects, and seems even to disdain the beauty of versification, and that sweet and charming harmony of which he was so great a master. His style, precise, energetic, lofty, and enriched with images, flows in a rougher stream than in his other pieces. Taking experience for his guide, his reasonings are mixed with examples, of which the greater part are chosen with exquisite judgment. That of Sejanus is a master-piece: never was any elevation more extraordinary than his, nor any fall more dreadful. The levity of the people, who were in haste to break his statues, which they had just worshipped, is a finished picture of popular inconstancy. The example of the death of Alexander, seems to me to be chosen with less discernment than the rest. His misfortune consisted in being cut off in the midst of his success and glory. Yet had Marius died as he descended from his triumphal car, he would have been deemed the happiest of mortals. The reasoning in this satire would have been clearer, had Juvenal distinguished between those wishes, the accomplishment of which could not fail to make us miserable, and those whose accomplishment might fail to make us happy. Absolute power is of the first kind; long life of the second. The latter we may safely commit to the providence of the gods; but our own reason may teach us to pray, that they would refuse to us the former. With regard to the gods, I remark that inconstancy of opinion in Juvenal, which is so frequent among the ancients. At one moment nothing can be more pious than his faith, or more philosophical than his submission. The next, our own wisdom suffices, and prudence usurps the thrones of

all the divinities. In the following verse his devotion again gets the ascendency: he limits his general assertion to fortune only, and replaces all the other gods in Olympus.

2nd.—I finished the fourteenth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Foster's Sermons. Wonderful! a divine preferring reason to faith, and more afraid of vice than of heresy. Scriptores Rei Rusticæ à Gesnero. These authors may be useful for instructing us in the language and rural economy of the Romans; but where is the student that reads, or the farmer who puts in practice their lessons? Notitia Hungariæ, vol. 1, per Math. Ball: an immense work, but too minutely circumstantial for any but Hungarians. The Panegyric of Mr. le Clerc; a dry but accurate work of the Reviewer. The Council of Trent, by Father Paul, translated by Father Courayer; first extract. We might wish the translator more vigour of understanding; but in his preface he displays all the candour, impartiality, and toleration, that can possibly be desired.

3rd.—I read a second time the eleventh Satire of Juvenal. I read the first hundred verses a third time: and also the twelfth Satire, consisting of 130 verses. In the eleventh, Juvenal takes an opportunity, in inviting his friend to supper, to contrast, with much sprightliness, the extravagant luxury of his contemporaries with the simple and coarse fare of ancient dictators. He makes us clearly perceive, without formally expressing it, how universal, and almost necessary, the elegance of the table was become in his time, since a poor philosopher like himself prepared for his friend a supper, very inferior indeed to the feasts of Ventidius, but far superior to those of Curius. This entertainment was to be graced by simplicity, neatness, and decent amusements only. Juvenal possessed justness of understanding, and honesty of heart; but his character was deficient in point of sweetness and sensibility. He has neglected an opportunity of expressing those sentiments, which one friend, when he feels them, is always ready to pour into the bosom of another. The free and philosophical conversation which the confidence of friendship inspires and warrants, is but ill supplied at his supper by the reading of Homer. Horace took care not to forget, in his charming picture of an entertainment distant and uncertain, those amiable feelings with which the near reality of a similar repast does not inspire Juvenal. Here, however, I would make a distinction between this satirist and Boileau. Neither of them were endowed with tenderness of sentiment. But this defect in Boileau proceeded from a coldness of heart and fancy, which rendered him but little susceptible of any passion whatever. Juvenal's heart and fancy were both of them ardent; but their warmth exhausted itself in passions strong, dark, and elevated, not in affections which are amiable and tender.

4th.—I did nothing but finish the twelfth Satire of Juvenal, v. 100—130, the end. This performance shows the author's genius for satire, but also that it was the only kind of genius *with which* he was endowed. In this piece, he certainly did not

first intend writing a satire, but only to congratulate one of s friends, who had been saved from a dreadful shipwreck. After ploying on this subject two-thirds of the poem, he is at once verted from it, by recollecting that his friend, for whose safety is to offer so many sacrifices, has three children. This conduct himself strikes him as totally opposite to that of the testament-nters, with whom Rome abounded, and whose attentions were lely bestowed on rich people who were childless. He forgets his end, for the pleasure of exposing those knaves. The lively picture ich he draws of them, is far superior to his description of the mpest, which is tedious, languid, confused, disgraced by declama-n, and even by puerility.

I finished the seventeenth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée, contains the second and third extract from Father Paul's Council Trent, translated by Father Courayer. It should seem as if the ul of the illustrious Servite animated the regular canon: the same lents, virtues, and even weaknesses, are common to both. This work a beautiful monument of the history of religion, the most curious rt of the human mind, for those who can soar above the prejudices sects and parties. De verbis ambiguis à Reitzio: good design, executed. A Dissertation on Suicide by Robeck. The author rew himself into the Elbe. It is impossible to doubt his sincerity, hich far surpassed his understanding.

5th.—I wrote above a page of my collection, and read the irteenth Satire of Juvenal consisting of 249 verses.

6th.—I read a second time the thirteenth Satire of Juvenal, and e fourteenth, consisting of 331 verses, for the first time. In the st, the poet offers consolation to a friend, who had been defrauded ten thousand sesterces, by a knave who denied the deposit of that m. In this satire, a divine might find new proofs of the uncer-inty of the Pagans respecting a Providence and a future state. he poet speaks almost divinely of the torments of a guilty nscience; of its horrid remorse for having violated the laws of stice; and of the dreadful sufferings of him who bears his punish-ent always in his own heart. His dreams appal him with the ost frightful images; and the pain of every calamity that befals n, is heightened by his regarding it as a punishment. But he es not decide whether these terrors rest on any solid foundation. ickedness and misery are associated in the fancy; but does reason ove that there is a necessary connexion between them? Juvenal es not consider this question, any more than the punishment of e wicked in another life. He mentions this but once and then ntemptuously. Having exhausted his whole eloquence in de-ibing the punishments of vice, he thinks none so powerful and icacious as that inflicted by the magistrates, with which he con-ides. Yet Juvenal had never imbibed the impious philosophy of e Greeks; he was an old Roman, who hearkened to Cato rather an to Chrysippus; and who sincerely venerated the divinity, ough he was inclined to laugh at the polytheism of his fellow-izens.

7th.—I finished the eighteenth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains the letters of Leibnitz. This universal genius here appears as a theologian. As a philosopher, could Leibnitz really hope that an union might be affected among religions? Vitæ Servii Sulpicii et P. Alpheni. The life of the first of these lawyers is as interesting, as that of the second is the reverse. It is written by Everard Otto. Heineccii Opuscula. Among these dissertations, that concerning the dress of the first Christians is learned and curious. Catonis Disticha. After having read the proofs brought by M. Carnegzieter, it is impossible to doubt that Dionysius Cato was a Pagan who lived before the age of Constantine. It was not necessary, surely, to be a Christian, to be able to retail in the lowest style, maxims of the plainest common sense.

8th.—I wrote two pages of my collection, and read over again the fourteenth Satire of Juvenal, v. 1—106.

9th.—The first volume of the Letters of Baron Bielfeld having accidentally fallen into my hands, engaged and amused me. I was pleased with his description of Berlin, Potsdam, and Hanover. The life led by the King of Prussia, in his retreat, is well sketched. We behold the morning of a beautiful day; but as there are no presages of the tempest, the picture is a little too flattering. As to Homer and England, the baron is just as well acquainted with one as with the other.

13th.—I finished the nineteenth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée: it contains the fourteenth and last extract from Father Paul's History of the Council of Trent, translated by Courayer. The refined policy of the house of Austria has always known how to avail itself of that superstition of which other nations have been the victims. Austria in particular rejected the authority of the Council of Trent, which she had appeared to admit most respectfully. Cæsar's Commentaries, by Oudendorp: a good and bulky edition. Thoughts and Theological Dissertations, by Alphonso Turretin: a weak reasoner, but a good writer. The Miracles of the Abbé Paris, by Montgeron. This fanaticism of the Jansenists is one of those epidemic maladies of the human mind, which deserves much attention.

16th.—I had a little neglected Juvenal. To-day I read for the second time, the fourteenth Satire, v. 106—331, the end; and, for the first time, the fifteenth Satire, v. 1—174. There are satires more agreeable than the fourteenth; there are others in which the poet takes a loftier flight; but there are none in which he so much displays his genius for philosophy, the art of connecting his ideas, his precision, and brevity. His brevity resembles not that so common among writers of the present age, who often strangle a thought in hopes of strengthening it; and who applaud their own skill, when they have shown to us, in a few absurd words, the fourth part of an idea; it is the brevity of Tacitus and Montesquieu, which after retrenching whatever is superfluous or unnecessary, includes the principal thought in a precise and vigorous expression. By

selecting the most characteristic circumstances, the poet sets before your eyes, in five lines, (v. 166—171,) the simplicity of the ancient Romans, their love of labour, their domestic happiness, the fruitfulness of their wives, their sober diet, and their aversion to being served by a multitude of foreign slaves. Throughout the whole of this satire, the texture is skilfully combined; the thoughts either rising immediately the one from the other, or the transitions being so natural, that they are almost imperceptible. How justly and artfully does the poet describe the progress of avarice in the human heart? tracing it from its origin, in sordid parsimony, to mean contrivances for gain; and from thence to injustice, violence, and the greatest crimes. The father who first inspired into his son this miserable passion, vainly struggles to check his flagitious career; and after being long the astonished spectator of his crimes, sometimes becomes their victim.

Trepidumque magistrum
In caveâ magno fremitu, leo tollet alumnus;

is an image equally bold and impressive. This master of the lion had exasperated his natural ferocity, in order to render him more deserving the attention of the amphitheatre.

17th.—I read the fifteenth Satire of Juvenal, v. 1—174, the second time; and also read the sixteenth and last Satire. In the first of these Juvenal expresses, undisguised, his hatred against the Egyptian nation and religion. This does not at all surprise me. As a man of good sense, Juvenal despised the absurdities of this worship; he saw how much its introduction into Rome had corrupted the morals of his fellow citizens; and perceived that those crowded assemblies, in which the distinctions of age, rank, and sex, were concealed and confounded, under the veil of night and mystery, opened a door to the most abominable debauchery, at the same time that the Egyptian prophets and fortune-tellers taught women and children to calculate, and sometimes to hasten, the deaths of their fathers and husbands. His own banishment into a country which was the object of his contempt or detestation, naturally sharpened his animosity, and carried his resentment to the utmost pitch. I only wish that he had restrained it within the bounds of justice. In a tumult excited by superstition, the Egyptians devoured the flesh of one of their fallen enemies. From this horrid action it was not fair to conclude, that the Egyptians equalled in barbarity the Cyclops and the Lestrigons. The French treated with equal barbarity Marechal d'Ancre, and the Dutch Pensionary de Witt. The fixed and permanent character of a people ought never to be inferred from moments of madness and fury. The poet also too much indulges his talent for declamation. Instead of aggravating the crime of the Egyptians, he in reality lessens it by his unseasonable reasonings, example of the Vasconcs, &c. He who violates the principles of Zeno may be worthy of blame; but the monster who insults the dictates of nature can alone excite horror. The genius of our poet is clearly displayed in the witty description of the worship which

the Egyptians paid to animals;* in the origin of society, founded on those principles of benevolence, which are implanted by nature in the heart of man only;† and in that dreadful, though beautiful picture of the ferocity of an Egyptian.

The sixteenth Satire is not clearly proved to be Juvenal's. It is written weakly, and negligently; but I think we may recognise the master's hand in v. 55. This satire, however, is of considerable importance in history. It has not been sufficiently remarked to what extent the privileges of soldiers were carried under the emperors. In moments of sedition, it was manifest, they overturned the thrones; but it was not known that in time of peace they shared their sovereignty. I know not of a bolder enterprise, in any small portion of a community, than that of withdrawing itself from the jurisdiction of the ordinary magistrates, and insisting that its differences, even with the other classes of citizens, should be decided by its own judges. The clergy obtained these privileges in the dark ages; but such pretensions seem to have been more excusable in a body, which was believed to possess all the virtue, and which really possessed all the learning of the times, than they could possibly be in the Roman soldiers, whose ignorance, grossness of manners, despotic and military maxims, removed them to so great a distance from the character belonging to a judge.

I finished Juvenal, whom I regret not being earlier acquainted with; and who, in future, will be one of my favourite authors. Having written my observations on him, as they occurred in reading his satires, I have but little to add on the subject; and shall confine myself to two remarks: the first, as to the time in which he lived; the second, concerning his versification. 1. There is not any Latin poet concerning whom we have so little information; whether from pride or modesty, he has neglected to tell us either the time of his birth, or the circumstances of his life. None of his works were written in commemoration of any great event, which might have ascertained their date. It seems as if he had taken a pleasure in perplexing us, by often speaking of many persons as his contemporaries who lived at very different periods of time. There remain but a few words of an old life of Juvenal, written by an unknown author; which life augments our uncertainty, by its opposition to the clearest inferences from the poet's own works. According to that biographer and his scholiast, Juvenal lived under Nero, who banished him to Egypt, where he died soon afterwards. Yet it is certain that he survived Domitian; that he witnessed the condemnation of Marius Priscus; that Martial, who did not retire into Spain until the reign of Trajan, left him at Rome; and from the date of a consulship, there is reason to suspect, that he was in Egypt in the third year of the reign of Adrian. All the eras perfectly correspond with the system of the learned Dodwell, who thinks that our poet was banished by the last named emperor. Some time ago I read Dodwell's work, the Quintilian Annals. I have not the book

* Sat. xv. v. 1—14. † Id. xv. v. 129—158.

; hand, and cannot recollect the proofs which he brings; but I can ;e several probabilities tending to support his opinion. 2. Juvenal's ersification appears to me to be superior to that of most of the atin poets. Managed by him, the Roman language loses all its ughness. His verses are flowing, harmonious, and animated; though he never sacrifices the sense to the sound. I should fancy nat the lines flowed spontaneously from his pen, did I not perceive, midst a multitude of fine ones, some few that are disgusting, by eir rudeness or their languor. To have allowed them to pass ncorrected, a poet must have been extremely inattentive to his ersification; since they might have been mended so easily. I remark also, that his poetry is more sparing of ornament in his last atires. If they are placed in chronological order, this difference nay be easily accounted for.

As the Satire of Sulpitia, on the banishment of the philosophers, s printed with the Satires of Juvenal, I had an inclination to examine it; and therefore read it twice over, v. 1—70. The praises estowed by Martial had prepossessed me in favour of this lady; but, n my opinion, those praises were not her due. Her genius, perhaps, was too feeble to support her in this lofty flight; but was better adapted to subjects that required only taste, spirit, and sensibility. The epigrammatist, perhaps, had as little delicacy in his praise as in his satire; and was carelessly prodigal of his flattery to a woman of fashion, whose house was the resort of men of letters. 1. The work is without method or plan; and the beauty of the subject is destroyed by her manner of treating it. Instead of lamenting that the throne of ignorance should be established on the ruins of philosophy and the arts, twenty-three lines of a poem consisting of seventy, are consumed in an invocation and conclusion, which inform us of nothing, except that Sulpitia was a woman of great vanity and affectation; and were it not for eight verses casually inserted in the middle of the satire,* I should not be able to guess its subject, as I still am at a loss to discover the meaning and use of the digression, where she examines whether prosperity or adversity were most useful to the republic. 2. As to the style and poetry, it is the misfortune of Sulpitia, that she has not left room for criticising faults that proceed from genius or fancy. Her work is characterised by coldness, hardness, poverty of invention, rudeness of harmony, and a versification that gratifies neither the ear nor the mind. 3. Women have been accused of want of precision. In this respect Sulpitia does not belie her sex. Without mentioning that she confounds science with wisdom, as if those two things had never been distinguished, I shall only give an example of the most incongruous and absurd simile that I ever remember to have met with. The philosophers banished by Domitian are compared with the Gauls expelled by Camillus. It is needless to point out the absurdity of comparing a body of men of letters with a nation of barbarians, and a legal banishment with the defeat of an army; and Sulpitia ought to have remembered that the Gauls had burnt the city,

* Bello secunda secundo.

besieged the Capitol, and that their conqueror, Camillus, merited the title of second founder of Rome. 4. Justice, however, must be done to Sulpitia. Her satire is adorned by one striking image. Rome, after all her victories, is represented under the figure of the wrestler Milo, who remained alone in the lists, vainly expecting an antagonist. This image is happily conceived; and clearly, though not forcibly, expressed.

17th.—I this day began the description of ancient Rome, by Fabiano Nardini, translated into Latin by Tollius, and inserted in the fourth volume of Grævius's Roman Antiquities, which Mr. Pavillard borrowed for me from the public library of Geneva. This work is much valued by the learned; though I perceive that the Abbé Langlet du Fresnoy speaks lightly of its translation. I read lib. i. cap. i. ii. p. 881—897. Nardini vindicates the account commonly given of the origin of Rome, by arguments very generally known. This is the subject of the first chapter. The second is very interesting, since it examines the extent of the first city, built by Romulus, which comprehended only the Palatine Mount; and when the Sabines took the capitol, this meant the citadel.

18th.—I read Nardini, lib. i. cap. iii. iv. v. vi. vii. viii. ix. x. p. 897—945, which terminates the first book. A variety of subjects are treated with great learning, considerable judgment, and a minute accuracy, which is commonly instructive, but sometimes tiresome. Having finished his description of the city built by Romulus, he examines the addition made to it by Tatius, the ally of that king, on the Capitoline Hill; and then proceeds to consider the form given to it by Servius Tullius, (the least celebrated, but perhaps the greatest of all its legislators,) and the wall which bounded the extent of Rome to the reign of Aurelian. This wall he traces with great attention, directed by an exact local knowledge. It results from the whole of his observations, that the circuit of ancient Rome was scarcely so considerable as that of the modern: a fact which totally overturns the systems of Lipsius and Vossius. Nardini is very happy in explaining the famous passage of Pliny, which treats of the *twelve* gates; and which ought not to be reckoned more, since we learn from two passages of Cicero and Livy, that several of the Roman gates had two arches called Jani, which are still distinguishable on ancient monuments. Nardini is not equally successful in explaining the Pomœrium. In spite of all his hypotheses, there are still three propositions on this subject, which rest on equally good authority, and are yet contradictory to each other. 1. That the Pomœrium was a consecrated slip of ground on both sides of the walls. 2. That the walls of Rome had the same extent from Servius Tullius to Aurelian. 3. That Sylla, Julius Cæsar, and the emperor Claudius extended the Pomœrium.

I this day finished the twentieth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée; which contains the translation of Diodorus Siculus, by the Abbé Terasson. It is remarkable that a man who despised the finest writings of antiquity, should have condescended to become *the translator* of an historian, whose accidental utility far surpasses

his real merit. Though this translation be esteemed, the critic here exposes many of its errors. Two editions of Titus Livius, with his supplements; one by Drakenborch, and the other by Crevier. In the first, the text of Livy is buried under a weight of the commentaries, good or bad, that have been written on that author. The second contains a sensible life of the historian, a judicious selection of the best remarks on his work, and displays as much intelligence as taste on the part of the editor. He includes the first fifteen books, together with his own prolegomena, in 828 pages; whereas the Dutch editor bestows 2159 pages on the first nineteen books, *cum notis variorum*. The latter edition, however, may be considered as a good repertory. Syntagma Dissertationum ad Historiam Ecclesiasticam pertinentium a Moshemio. His ecclesiastical dissertations seem to me to have more merit than his theological ones. The Truth of the Miracles of Mr. Paris; second and third extract. The journalist carefully sifts the cure of young Alphonso of Palacios: if none of the miracles was better than this, the jesuits needed not to have ascribed them to the devil. Lay Fraud, by Dr. Bentley. An answer to the famous book of Collins, full of learning and scurrility; in the latter of which the author is outdone by his translator and critic.

19th.—I read Nardini, lib. ii. cap. i. ii. iii. p. 949—961. After fixing the limits of the city, he describes the seven hills which they included. The reverse of this method would perhaps have been more natural. He explains very clearly the different divisions of the people and of the city, the tribes and curiæ of Romulus, the tribes instituted by Servius, the fourteen regions of Augustus, and the seven regions of the first popes. I wish he had enquired into the distribution of the curiæ after the reign of Servius, and determined whether they were again divided among the tribes instituted by that prince; whether the division of the tribes by Romulus continued to subsist merely for the purpose of the comitia curiata; or whether, after the time of Servius, the division of the people by curiæ, had no longer any relation to their division by tribes. The latter opinion appears to me the more probable.

20th.—I finished the second book of Nardini, chapters fourth and fifth. I also read the third book, cap. i. ii. iii. iv. v. vi. vii. p. 961—1005. He speaks of the authors who have given us descriptions of Rome; such as Publius Victor, Sextus Rufus, Onuphrius Panvinius, and the Notitia Imperii. Their chief utility arises from their having had before their eyes many monuments which are now known only by books. Yet notwithstanding this advantage, their descriptions are so inferior in point of accuracy to those of modern critics, (Nardini for example,) that the latter are continually obliged to correct their mistakes, to supply their defects, and sometimes even to point out their contradictions. After these preliminary matters, Nardini proceeds to describe the fourteen regions of the city; treating minutely, in this part of his work, the first region, or that of the Porta Capena; and the second, or that of the Mons Cælius. We may pronounce his researches in general

to be successful. By combining a multitude of passages scattered in ancient authors, both with each other, and with his local knowledge of Rome, he is enabled to ascertain the situation of the greater part of its monuments. His account of the valley of Egeria, which lies on the left of the Porta Capena, between the Latin and Appian ways, illustrated, much to my satisfaction, several passages in Juvenal. He employs the half of a chapter in investigating the true meaning of the words domus and insula, and in confuting Lipsius's opinion on that subject. Grævius is equally dissatisfied with the explications of Lipsius and his antagonist. If these antiquaries, who were better critics than logicians, had been at as much pains to acquire an exact idea of their subject, as to heap up citations, I am persuaded they would easily have perceived, 1. That the word insula, which in its application to the houses of Rome, was at first metaphorical, denoted every edifice that was entirely insulated, and whose walls were completely separated from those of the neighbouring building. This primitive signification of the word is supported both by the nature of the thing and the authority of Festus; and we ought not to mix with this essential characteristic any accessory ideas. 2. Without disputing that, in the first ages of Rome, the number of such edifices was great, we may boldly affirm that it became much greater after the conflagration in the reign of Nero; and that, in the age of Constantine, buildings called insulæ filled the whole extent of the city. Tacitus informs us of a wise regulation made by Nero, forbidding the use of walls common to two contiguous houses, and requiring that the walls of each house should be distinct and separate from those of the houses nearest to it. The insulæ cannot be more accurately defined than by this description, and we cannot doubt whether the edict was carried into execution, when we read in Publius Victor, that in the fourth century there were 46,000 insulæ in the capital; and that, with the exception of not more than 1800 domus, all the dwellings of Rome were comprehended under that name. Since the fact is ascertained, it is our business not to contest, but to explain it. I will not, therefore, allege that the whole city could not have been rebuilt agreeable to Nero's edict, because there was only a part of it consumed by the conflagration under his reign. As the edict was a wise one, it would naturally be perpetuated by his successors; and in the space of three hundred years from Nero to Victor, there was time for rebuilding the whole city according to the new plan. The unpleasing effect of so many separate houses to the eye ought not to create any difficulty: safety is to be preferred to beauty, especially to a beauty dependent on fashion; so that, provided the streets were straight and spacious, the eye would be abundantly gratified. 5. This edict regulated only the situation of houses, but left their size and shape to the discretion of each proprietor. Nero's palace and the house of an artificer were equally entitled to the appellation of insulæ, provided they had the specific character of standing detached and separate from all other buildings. The number of such insulæ could not be considerable. The *great* form but a small proportion of any community; and the

expense, together with the inconvenience and danger attending a separate dwelling, incline me to believe that the lower classes at Rome were contented with lodgings; which appears really to have been the case, both from Juvenal and Martial. The avaricious industry of man will serve better to convince us than all the passages in ancient authors, that there would be a number of builders, who promoted the beauty of the city and the convenience of its inhabitants, by erecting large edifices, of which the separate apartments were left to different families. This practice, which became general, greatly extended the signification of the word insulæ, by connecting with it a new meaning. It began to denote a multitude of families living under the same roof, and therefore a house hired to the lower classes of the people; and in this sense it is taken by Petronius and the writers on the Roman law. 4. From the number of the insulæ would it be possible to ascertain that of the inhabitants of Rome? Victor and the Notitia Imperii fix the former at 46,602. We learn from Juvenal, that the houses of the Romans consisted commonly of four stories;* and if we suppose each story to have lodged a family of six persons, each of the insulæ would contain twenty-four inhabitants. Those which were let to hire could not have fewer, and the palaces of the rich would contain a far greater number.† This surplus may be divided among the small insulæ not let to hire, but belonging to those who inhabited them: so that by multiplying the number of insulæ by twenty-four, we shall have 1,118,448 for the inhabitants of Rome. I am pleased with this number, which, without passing the bounds of credibility, corresponds with the greatest extent of the city, and with all that we are told of its populousness. It might be clearly proved that Nardini's system would give but 360,000 inhabitants to the capital of the world; whereas Grævius's hypothesis would require four or five millions; both which numbers seem to me highly improbable. 5. As to the 1800 houses, domus, which in all the descriptions of Rome are reckoned separately, their name, their numbers, and a passage of Suetonius concur in making me believe that they were the principal buildings or palaces of Rome. I think, however, they need not be distinguished from the insulæ; since if they are removed from this class by their greatness, they may be again reduced to it by their detached situation, which was the original and specific meaning of the word.‡

22nd.—The second volume of Baron Bielfeld's Letters withdrew my attention from Nardini. I am interested in the baron's character; his letters give a picture of the German courts. I should have preferred indeed some account of the character and history of the King of Prussia, and the suppers at Potsdam, to the description of all those galas and marriages. But fear or discretion impose rigorous laws on a German author.

* Juvenal, Satir. iii. 197—202.

† We must remember that the slaves were numerous in great families.

‡ See concerning the whole question, Lips. ad Tacit. Annal. xv.; Nardini Roma vetus, lib. iii. cap. iv. p. 985, 986, 987, et Grev. in Præfat. ad tom. iv. Thesaur. Antiq. Roman. I have availed myself of all their quotations.

23rd.—I read Nardini, lib. iii. the remainder of cap. vii. and cap. viii. ix. x. xi. xii. p. 1005—1039. He finishes the description of the second region, and proceeds to that of the third (Isis and Moneta), which he also concludes; and then commences the description of the fourth (Templum Pacis). As he draws near to the centre of the city, his materials become more abundant, from the greater quantity of ancient monuments in that neighbourhood. He traces distinctly the Via Sacra; whose situation, indeed, is ascertained by a variety of sure limits. This famous street is bounded on one side by the Fabian arch, which led to the Roman Forum; and, on the other, it terminates at the Coliseum, by which it was separated from the street called Suburra; which some antiquaries vainly endeavoured to place elsewhere; but whose position is fixed by Nardini with much learning and accuracy. The ceremony practised in the Regia bears, in my opinion, all the marks of the highest antiquity: a people desirous of representing the god of war, but who were incapable or unwilling to imitate the human figure, and therefore adored him under the form of a spear; a horse sacrificed in the field, whose bloody head was carried in procession, and fixed to the wall of the Regia; everything in these rites points to a Scythian origin, and indicates the manners of wandering barbarians. Even the military sports of the inhabitants of the Via Sacra and Suburra date their origin from a period when society was yet in its infancy. The Via Sacra leads to the Temple of Peace and the Coliseum, two of the finest monuments of Rome, which that city owes to the most avaricious of its princes. Happy the people, whose princes, by habitual economy, are capable of executing great undertakings!

24th.—I read Nardini, lib. iii. cap. xiii. xiv. xv. and lib. iv. cap. i.—x. p. 1039—1125. He continues and concludes the description of the fourth region, and proceeds to the fifth (Esquilinus), the sixth (Alta Semita), and the seventh (Via Lata). He sets clearly before our eyes the infernal action of Tullia. She ascended the Vicus Cyprius, and had already reached the extremity of that street, where it divides into two branches: that on the right led to the Esquiline Mount and the palace of Servius Tullus; that on the left (Vicus Patricius) joined the Esquiline and the Viminal, forming a street where the patricians lived under the eyes of their king. It was here that the bloody body of her father could not stop the chariot of Tullia. The horror excited by her deed, separated this place from the Vicus Cyprius, and gave to it the name of Vicus Sceleratus. In the eighth satire of the third book of Horace, a difficulty occurs respecting the Esquiline Mount. The gardens of Mecænas stood on a ground formerly employed as a public burying place. There is not any doubt of the fact; but it is uncertain when this change took place. Nardini thinks that it was in the reign of Servius. But it seems to me, that a glance at this satire is sufficient to show that the passage in Horace is not a cold and far-fetched allusion to an event that happened five hundred years before his time; but that he speaks of a change operated under *his own* eyes, and by the direction of his patron. But Mount Es-

quiline, I shall be told, was ever since the time of Servius within the walls of Rome; and can it be believed that slaves should have been interred in a city, which scarcely granted that honour to emperors? I feel the whole weight of this objection; yet I would ask, whether the Esquiline, though within the walls, was therefore within the Pomœrium? This cannot be determined. Mount Aventine was within the circuit traced by Servius, and the Emperor Claudius surrounded it with walls six centuries afterwards. The prohibition of interring in cities proceeded from the pontifical law; and the college of priests regulated, at pleasure, the limits of the Pomœrium. This is but an hypothesis, yet it is the only solution I can give of the difficulty. We still see on Mount Aventine a triumphal arch, which a private citizen raised in honour of the Emperor Gallienus. The rudeness of the work is surpassed by the coarse flattery of the inscription. A prince, who left his father a prisoner among the Persians, and the empire a prey to its enemies, is extolled for his valour, which was only exceeded by its piety. It is allowable to transform the defects of princes into kindred excellencies; to call their ambition magnanimity; their severity justice; and their cowardice moderation. This does not offend us, because it is the custom. But when Gallienus is flattered for virtues most opposite to his character, we are almost tempted to believe that, under the flattery, a severe satire is concealed. This inscription is still more impudent than the *pax ubique*, which Mr. Addison read on a medal of the same Gallienus.

25th.—I read Nardini, lib. v. cap. i. ii. iii. iv. p. 1125—1149. He has now reached the centre of the city, where it was impossible to advance a step without finding some monument of the religion, greatness, or policy of Rome; but unfortunately the greater part of those monuments no longer exist, except in ancient authors. They speak of a little chapel dedicated to Concord, concerning which I shall say a few words. This chapel was the work rather of hatred than of piety; it was built by C. Flavius, that sworn enemy of the nobles, with a view to mortify their pride. How did he accomplish this purpose? 1. By performing the ceremony of dedication himself. The senate beheld with indignation an edile arrogating to himself the functions hitherto reserved for dictators and consuls.* 2. In a manner, less direct indeed, but still more offensive, which but few readers have perceived in a passage of Pliny.† In the midst of a sedition, Flavius vowed to consecrate a temple to the goddess Concord, on condition that she re-established harmony among the different orders of citizens. The chapel was consecrated, and the era of its dedication fixed by an inscription, at the distance of 304 years from that of the Concord of the Capitol,‡ which had been built by Camillus, in consequence of a similar vow. It may easily

* T. Liv. ix. 46.

† Post Capitolinam, according to the edition of Delcampius. I should like to consult that of Hardouin. Nardini erroneously reads post capitolium. Plin. Hist. Natur. lib. xxxiii. 1.

‡ Plutarch. in Camill.

be imagined how much the patricians were mortified at seeing this plebeian Concord, the work of an edile, standing in the neighbourhood of the patrician Concord of their dictator. In this interesting passage, the date only is erroneous. The first dedication was in the year of Rome 386; the second, in the year 448. Instead of the numbers 104, we must therefore read 62.

I finished the twenty-first volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains the panegyric of Alphonso Turretin, by Mr. Vernet; in which the beauty of the style exceeds that of the subject. This piece owes its fame to its excellent Latinity; to ideas borrowed from England, and then new on the Continent; and to a degree of candour not usual with theologians of that age. Its celebrity is now in the wane. Dissertations of the Academy of Cortona: the subjects are well treated, but ill chosen. Letters of Mr. Mayans, and the Life of Dean Marti prefixed to his Letters, published by the same Mr. Mayans. The barbarism of their country, which these two Spaniards continually deplore, entitles them to an indulgence, of which they stand in much need. The Critical History of Philosophy, by Mr. Deslandes: a lively, but light performance. Hesiod, by Mr. Robinson; the preface is elaborate. First Extract from Mr. Wesseling's Discourse on the famous Inscription of Berenice, which has so much exercised the ingenuity of the learned. He considers it only in relation to the Jews.

26th.—I read Nardini, lib. v. cap. v. vi. vii. viii. ix. x. xi. xii. p. 1149—1216. After having exhausted the subject of the Roman Forum, he passes to the surrounding monuments, particularly the Forum of Cæsar, that of Augustus, and that of Trajan. A Forum was properly a place adorned on all sides with temples and porticos; but whose essential characteristic consisted in a Basilica, or court of justice. As the Roman judges anciently sat under the open air, authors have been led to confound the Forum with the Basilica, and to mention it sometimes as an open square, and at other times as a covered building. Trajan's Pillar, which stands in the middle of his Forum, is a beautiful monument, and highly dignified by its inscription. To preserve by one great work the memory of a work still greater; to raise a pillar one hundred and twenty-six feet high, in order to celebrate the levelling of a mountain of equal altitude, is worthy of that sublime architecture which speaks to the mind as much as to the eyes, and which the Romans understood better than any people on earth. In crossing the Forum of Augustus, you perceive the Temple of Mars the Avenger; where, in consequence of an edict of that prince, the senate assembled for the purpose of decreeing triumphs. This edict, which seemed merely a regulation of police, was essentially connected with the great changes introduced by Augustus, and with his whole system of policy. The senate formerly assembled in the temples of Mars or Bellona, which stood without the walls; the general not being allowed to hold his military rank in the city. But when Augustus was invested with the extraordinary character of Imperator, this new generalissimo

ned for life in the midst of the Forum, and held the sword
s raised over the heads of the citizens.

h.—I read Nardini, lib. v. cap. xiii. xiv. xv. xvi. p. 1237
)7, which concludes the book; of which I found it very difficult
m a distinct idea. He treats of several objects, and those so
icated, that it is scarcely possible to paint them in the mind
ut seeing them delineated on paper. A good topographical
of the Capitoline Mount would have been extremely useful;
such a chart was made by Nardini,* it is here omitted by his
. That of D'Anville exhibits accurately the general outline;
oes not represent particulars. Nardini's style, or that of his
ator, is also exceedingly puzzling, and his arrangement faulty
extreme; since the thirteenth chapter supposes the reader
inted with the fourteenth, and the eleventh and twelfth chap-
annot be understood without a previous acquaintance with
irteenth. By repeated perusals and attentive meditation, I
gth surmounted these obstacles, which have served perhaps to
ve more deeply in my mind the image of the Capitoline Mount.
l two summits, quite distinct from each other, though often
nded by the ancients, and mistaken by the moderns. The
ern summit, which overlooked the Tiber, was almost contiguous
rude Tarpeian rocks, which are now scarcely perceptible; and
alled Arx, the citadel. The northern summit properly formed
apitol. It was the site of the Temple of Jupiter. The valley
ating the two mountains was called Intermontium, and covered
thick forest; where Romulus established the famous Asylum,
was the nursery of his colony. Afterwards the forest disap-
l, to make room for magnificent edifices. The valley and both
ains were inclosed with a strong wall. Three roads led to
apitol from the Forum. 1. The Centum Gradus, which began
e beyond the Temple of Concord, and terminated at the Temple
no Moneta in the citadel. 2. The road belonging to the Asy-
which was that through which conquerors passed in triumph.
e Clivus Capitolinus, whose situation is less accurately deter-
than that of the two others. After carefully weighing the
ents of Marlianus and Nardini, I am obliged to say, that
r party supports his opinion with much force. I adopt, how-
hat of the former; if one of the roads had the name of Clivus
linus, it is natural to think that it led to the Capitol, properly
led; and on this supposition each summit must have had its
ular road, besides that common to both.

h.—I read Nardini, lib. vi. cap. i. ii. iii. iv. v. vi. vii. viii.
7—1297. Having described the eighth region, comprehending
orum and the Capitol, he proceeds through the Porta Carmen-
to examine the ninth, or Campus Martius, which was without
ty till inclosed by Aurelian's wall. The Romans, after expel-
ne Tarquins, consecrated to Mars a field which had belonged
t family; and which afterwards served for the place of military

* He refers to it himself, vide lib. v. cap. x. p. 1208.

exercises, and the assemblies of the people. The legacy of Tarutia, consisting of a field between the Campus Martius and the Tiber, and that of Flaminius, consisting of some meadows beyond the Porta Carmentalis, speedily enlarged the bounds of the public property; which still continued a bare and smooth plain, except that the sight was interrupted by an ancient prison; by a Temple of Bellona, built in the year of Rome 457; and by the Equiria and Septa, which resembled rather inclosures for sheep than public edifices. In the changes which the Campus Martius gradually underwent, we may distinguish three principal eras. 1. Towards the year of Rome 535, and a little before the second Punic war, the same Flaminius, who afterwards perished in the battle near the lake Thrasymenus, built a Circus on the ground which had formerly belonged to his ancestors. This Circus was soon surrounded by the Temple of Hercules Musagetes, by that of Juno, and by the Portico of Octavius, &c., and a small suburb began to be built without the Porta Carmentalis, towards the middle of the seventh century of Rome. 2. Towards the end of that century, the great Pompey, at his return from his eastern conquests, *spoliis Orientis onustus*, wished to distinguish himself by some public edifices; but there not being room within the walls, he extended the bounds of this suburb towards the Campus Martius; and built there his magnificent theatre, the first that had been seen at Rome. This theatre was surrounded by a Temple of Venus, a Curia, a portico, a fine garden, and a temple consecrated to the fortune of the knights. 3. Amidst his other great designs for embellishing the city, Augustus did not forget the Campus Martius. He adorned it with beautiful buildings, and encouraged the grandees of Rome to follow his example. None imitated him more eagerly than his son-in-law Agrippa, of whose magnificence the Septa, Baths, Gardens, Lake or bason, and above all the Pantheon, were conspicuous proofs. In the time of Strabo, the suburb of the Campus Martius was but little inferior to the city itself. Its populousness, however, was never proportional to its extent; the public gardens occupied much ground; and there was still left an empty space for the military exercises of the Roman youth. As early as the time of Cicero,* there was mention of taking the Campus Martius within the walls, that it might be filled with buildings, while a field belonging to the Vatican should be set apart for the purposes in which the Field of Mars had formerly been employed. But this project was never carried into execution. How many reflections does this slight sketch naturally excite! That people of kings, who so well deserved this appellation, enjoyed collectively all the rights of sovereignty, and all the pleasures of grandeur; a citizen never stirred from his house, but he walked under a beautiful portico; or took his seat with eighty thousand of his countrymen in a magnificent theatre, which exhibited the greatest curiosities on earth; or reposed himself in those Thermæ, or Baths, in which were united all the pleasures of the mind and senses, with the pomp befit-

* Cic. ad Attic. xiii. 33.

:ing the greatest monarchs. Ambitious generals lavished their wealth on the people, first to obtain preferment, and afterwards to make :hem forget that it had been bestowed. But it will always be mat-:er of surprise, how the grandees of Rome, a Pompey or an Agrippa, :ould so easily accomplish such vast undertakings. What sources :ould supply their extraordinary expenses? War and the provinces. Unprincipled generals robbed the subjects of the state; those who had any remains of virtue, were satisfied with plundering the public enemy. What vast wealth was necessary for supporting the magnificence of Pompey! Yet the moderation and disinterestedness, by which he was honourably distinguished from other generals, was praised publicly in the presence of the Roman people.* His triumph displayed in the streets of Rome the wealth of the subjugated East; although, during the ages when the army really belonged to the republic, that wealth would have increased the treasury of the state; but the generals had been long accustomed to appropriate the spoils of war,† and to expect gratitude from the people, for the ostentatious employment of the people's riches. The citizens must have felt indignation against the pride of Lucullus, when they beheld that selfish voluptuary making houses and gardens which bade defiance to the elements, and brought together the seasons, without raising a single monument for the honour of the gods, or the accommodation of his fellow-citizens. Among the works of Agrippa, there is one which shows how much that virtuous citizen still loved the republic, and how honestly he served a master, of whose artful policy his own simplicity was the dupe. This work is the Septa. A man who adorned the place of assembly for the Roman people, must have been ignorant that Augustus was gradually undermining their authority, and bringing their assemblies into such contempt, that his successor could without fear totally abolish them.

I finished the twenty-second volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. I find the second extract of Wesseling's Treatise on the famous passage of Victor Tunnunensis, of which infidels have so much availed themselves. He beats all their works in pieces, and far more effectually than Bentley. Foster's Sermons: always moderate and judicious. A work on Foreign Service, by Mr. Bochat. Were reason convinced, yet the heart would always rebel against this barbarous custom of the Swiss: but reason is far from being convinced of the utility of this practice. Marti's Letters, second extract. Mr. Marti is merely a scholar of the fifteenth century, and still at the dawn of science; much ill-chosen erudition, a profound veneration for the ancients, and that servile imitation of their manners, which is its surest mark. Many designs left imperfect for want of assistance; and many observations, good and bad, but already made in all the countries of Europe. The Learning of the Apostles: a very curious performance, by Mr. Lami, of Florence. The History of Ancient Treaties, by Barbeyrac: accurate and useful. The

* Cicero pro lege Manilià, cap. xxii. xxiii.

† Bergier, Hist. des Grands Chemins de l'Empire, lib. i. cap. xxi. p. 77—80.

Natural History of Languedoc, by Mr. Astruc: curious and well-written. The first extract contains the article Geography, which is his first class; where he enters into a very interesting account of the Narbonnese province of Septimania, of which he gives a very forced etymology; and especially of the ancient authors who speak of Languedoc.

29th.—I read Nardini, lib. vi. cap. ix. x. xi. xii. xii. xiv. xv. p. 1297—1347. He describes the remainder of the ninth region, the most extensive, and also one of the most ornamented of the whole city. From thence he proceeds to the tenth, Mons Palatinus; small in itself, but famous both as the cradle of the nation and the seat of its empire. Augustus fixed his residence there, in the house of the orator Hortensius, affecting the modesty of a citizen rather than the magnificence of a prince. Tiberius enlarged this residence on the side next the Forum; and Caius extended it to the Temple of Castor. Nero seemed to wish comprehending in it the whole city. He covered the Mount Palatine with buildings that reached to the Circus; and, on the other side, filled with edifices the plain bounded by the Palatine, the Esquiline, and Mount Cælius, even to the neighbourhood of Mecænas's gardens. The ascent to his palace, the Domus Aurea, led through the Via Sacra, in the middle of which street stood the Vestibulum, or great court, which was afterwards the site of the Temple of Peace. Farther on stood the great hall, or Atrium, which led to his gardens, immense porticoes, and the lake or pool which afterwards became the site of Titus's amphitheatre. Vespasian destroyed the greatest part of those buildings, and confined his palace to the Palatine Mount, the greater part of which he continued to occupy. Domitian added many embellishments, which were increased by almost all his successors, until the Palatine palace, being forsaken by the emperors, perished of decay, in the reign of Theodoric. The Farnese palace now stands on its ruins. The imperial residence astonished every beholder by its vast extent, the magnificence of its furniture, the richness of its ornaments, and the multitude of its temples; from which last it derived an august and sacred appearance. I think it doubtful, whether the elegance of the architecture corresponded to all this grandeur. Since it was the work of fifty successive princes, it must have been built without any fixed plan, and therefore deficient in the principal merit of proportion and harmony. Unfortunately, too, it must have lost in point of taste, in proportion as it gained in magnificence. Simplicity was the aim of Augustus, in an age when art flourished; and ornaments were added by the feeble and languishing taste of his successors. This palace, therefore, has never been numbered among the beautiful edifices of Rome.

30th.—I read Nardini, lib. vii. cap. i. ii. iii. iv. v. vi. vii. viii. ix. p. 1347—1402. He describes the eleventh region, or Circus Maximus; the twelfth, or Piscina Publica; and the thirteenth, or Mons Aventinus. He enters into many particulars concerning the *Circus*, the largest perhaps of all the edifices destined for the exhibition of shows. Tarquinius Priscus, by whom it was built, seems

ot to have adapted it to the smallness of the state in his own time, ut the greatness which fortune had in store for Rome. Every articular tends to convince us, that the Circus was fitted for conaining a vast number of people. Dionysius of Halicarnassus says, 50,000; Pliny, 260,000; Victor, 380,000; the modern Victor, 85,000; and the Notitia Imperii, 405,000. In this great diversity authorities, how ought we to form our judgment? By consultg facts, places, and experience. We know the situation and the ounds of the Circus. They always remained the same; and the terations which took place, regarded only the interior arrangement the edifice, since those who have examined its ruins are scarcely le to trace the three stadia and a half in length, which were signed to it by the first founder.* Dionysius of Halicarnassus ves it four jugera, or 960 Roman feet in breadth; Pliny makes it ree stadia long, and one stadium or 625 Roman feet broad. This parent contradiction Nardini considers as a source of much inrmation.† According to his explanation, Dionysius spoke of the terior circumference, and Pliny of the interior. The intermediate ildings exhausted the difference; and as these were filled with ectators, their extent is an object of importance. To find their eadth, we have only to subtract 625 feet from 960; the remainder 335 feet; the half of which, 168 feet, multiplied by three stadia, 75 feet, will give the space allotted for the spectators on both les. The covered buildings, which formed the exterior circumrence, were made of wood, two stories high, and surrounded by a rtico. The seats were of stone, and arranged like those of the mphitheatre, descending on all sides from the covered building to e Euripus and the Arena. The exterior portico must have been uble: it therefore occupied thirty feet. Of the 138 which remain, would allow 48 for the covered seats, and 90 for those of stone. very thing considered, this proportion appears to me the most obable; although the 138 feet may be otherwise distributed with-it injuring our calculations. When we reflect on the smallness of e Roman foot,‡ and the great attention bestowed in procuring ery sort of conveniency for the spectators, less than two feet and a alf can scarcely be allowed for each person, and three feet in depth r the benches, as well as for the intervals between them. The rst bench, then, extending three stadia, contained 750 persons, nce the stone seats rose to the height of 90 feet. The spectators scended by thirty steps, which served also for seats. They conained 22,500 persons. Each story of the covered buildings, being f the same length, divided the 48 feet which it occupied into six-

* Traité des Mesures Itinéraires, par M. d'Anville, p. 59.

† As to the breadth of the circus, Pliny himself expressly confirms this explanation.

‡ The Roman, English, and Paris foot, are in the proportion of 1306, 1351½, and 140. The first contains nearly 11½ inches of English, and 10⅞ of French measure. raité des Mesures, &c. p. 164. After attentively reflecting on the subject, I prefer lowing to each person 2½ feet. This will give 120,000 persons who were seated, and 0,000 who stood in the porticoes. There is still something to be said concerning [. d'Anville's measurement of the circus; but this will be better deferred, until I ve visited Rome.—Florence, 11th July, 1764.

teen benches; the two stories, comprehending thirty-two benches, therefore contained 24,000 persons; the whole spectators seated on either side amounted to 46,500; and the total, on both sides together, to 93,000. There still remains one of the ends of the Circus, for the other was occupied by the Carceres. It was as long as the Circus was broad; that is, a stadium, or 625 feet; so that if we allow to it the same depth as to the sides, and calculate on the same principles, it must have contained 15,500, or a third part of those contained by each of the sides. This number, added to 93,000, gives 108,500, for the whole spectators seated in the Circus. It may well be imagined, that at the great games, the passionate love for those amusements would crowd the porticoes with spectators, who sacrificed their ease to their curiosity. But I think they could not well exceed 40,000 or 50,000. More are not required for completing the number of 150,000, assigned by Dionysius of Halicarnassus. To explain the prodigious multitude mentioned by the two Victors,* and the Notitia Imperii, I required but one supposition, which is, that those writers of the Lower Empire had but little judgment, and still less taste. Those who are best acquainted with them will not dispute the point. Compilers of their class might mistake for historic truth a poetical licence, or the exaggeration of a flattering inscription. When Juvenal, giving way to the warmth of his indignation, cries out

Totam hodie Romam Circus capit;†

when an inscription in honour of Trajan says, that this prince rendered the Circus capable of containing the whole people of Rome,‡ these abridgers might explain such passages literally, and thus express the number of spectators in the Circus by that of Roman citizens. If we consider the passage of the ancient Victor, the least erroneous of the three, and add to the number mentioned in it, that of the Roman slaves, according to the proportion which the Athenian slaves bore to the citizens, we shall find that the whole inhabitants of Rome amounted to 1,140,000. My conjecture is strengthened by observing, that this number nearly agrees to that ascertained by a more exact calculation.§ But if this explanation be rejected, we must pronounce that those writers have most grossly deceived themselves. I am unwilling to say as much of Pliny; yet there is no alternative; the naturalist declares that he speaks of the Circus as embellished and enlarged by Julius Cæsar. Dionysius of Halicarnassus was cotemporary with the dictator, and published his work under his successor. We might cut the Gordian knot by reading 160,000 instead of 260,000. But what becomes of the manuscripts?

Oct. 1st.—I read Nardini, lib. vii. cap. x. xi. xii. xiii. and lib. viii.

* The most judicious edition of the modern Victor is that published by Panvinius. The numerous additions are justly despised as the work of an impostor. Nardini Roma Vetus, lib. ii. cap. v. p. 965.

† Juvenal Satir. xi. 195.

‡ *Dio* Cass. apud Nardini, lib. vii. cap. ii. p. 1355.

§ *Journal*, 20th September, p. 67, 68.

ap. i. ii. iii. p. 1402—1446. The author at length crosses the Tiber, nd examines the fourteenth and last region, called Transtiberina, nd the Mount Vatican, which never was inclosed within the walls f ancient Rome. The eighth book begins by a general recapitu- ation of the edifices of the city; from thence he proceeds to some eneral topics; such as the Tiber and its bridges. I shall venture o make some reflections on the depth of that river. On this sub- ect we can derive nothing from experience; for though we may asily measure the present depth of the Tiber, this will not ascertain hat it was anciently. The ruined edifices which have raised the alleys almost to the height of the mountains, must have produced similar change in the bed of the river. It becomes necessary, herefore, to have recourse to the ancients; and our difficulty is uch increased by an apparent contradiction between two autho- ities of the first rank. Pliny every where mentions the Tiber as avigable for the largest ships.* The prodigious vessel which car- ed the obelisk of the Vatican from Alexandria to Rome, sailed up e Tiber as easily as it had sailed down the Nile.† Strabo,‡ on e contrary, assures us, that the vast heaps of mud which were ashed down by the current, and deposited at the mouth of the ver, rendered it necessary for large ships to unload a part of their argo, before they could arrive at the city. If this contradiction is strong as it at first sight appears, it will be difficult to conceive ow such accurate writers could be deceived in a matter so generally nown; and scarcely possible to determine which of the two is argeable with the fault. The difference between them may per- aps be diminished, if not totally removed, by the following reflec- ons. 1. In the narration of Pliny I perceive much prepossession; desire to exaggerate the advantages of the Tiber, and to magnify by a comparison with the greatest rivers. Nothing short of such design could have made him compare it with the Nile, to which is so much inferior. Both rivers had carried the vessel containing he obelisk: the Tiber, therefore, is equal to the Nile. A giant fts a weight of ten pounds, so does a dwarf; the dwarf therefore s as strong as a giant. Such is Pliny's reasoning. The transpor- ation of the obelisk must be allowed; but no conclusion can be rawn from it concerning the equality of depth in the two rivers. Experience teaches us, that rivers which carry down much slime nd sand, are not thereby rendered more shallow, except near to heir mouths, where the strength of their streams is commonly much bated. There great accumulations are formed; but as currents uch prevail at the mouths of rivers, the accumulations naturally ollow their direction, and throw themselves on the neighbouring oast. In this manner the Rhine discharges its obstructions on the oast of Languedoc, whose harbours are thereby blocked up. The Tiber, likewise, discharges its mud on the coast of Latium, by which he harbour of Ostia became inaccessible. Some sand banks, doubt- ess, remained in particular places of the river in consequence of

* Plin. Hist. Natur. lib. ii. 5. † Idem, lib. xvi. 40; lib. xxxvi. 9.
‡ Strabon. Geograph. lib. v. p. 60.

local circumstances: but these obstacles might be surmounted or shunned; and, from Strabo's narrative well considered, we can only infer that a vessel drawing much water, could not sail up the Tiber without exertions of skill and courage. 3. The latter is not inspired by commerce. We can easily, therefore, believe with Strabo, that foreign merchants were glad to unload part of their cargoes, and to put them on board of lighters, which were ready for their service; and whose masters, from motives of interest, would not fail to exaggerate the dangers of the voyage. I can believe also with Pliny, that a Caligula, who sported equally with his treasures and the lives of his subjects, and who valued himself on setting reason and the elements at defiance, could do every thing not impossible. Every exertion would second his enterprise. The bed of the river would be previously cleared; sluices would be skilfully distributed; and the strength of men and horses would impel to Rome the vessel carrying the obelisk of the Vatican. I doubt not that the success of this trial would convince mariners that part of the obstacles were imaginary; and that, by improving their art, even those which were real might be much diminished. Whatever was the case with ships, it is certain that galleys, which indeed draw much less water, easily sailed up the Tiber to Rome. Cato performed this voyage in a galley with seven tier of oars, and landed at the Navalia, near the foot of the Mount Aventine. Rome therefore was a maritime city, and open to the insults of a hostile fleet, notwithstanding the opinion of Camillus, or rather of Titus Livius,* to the contrary. Why did not the Carthaginians, who were often masters of the sea, attempt such an enterprise? Had they embarked on the river towards evening, they might before day-break have landed at the foot of the Capitol.† They had not courage for the undertaking, and their ships were not so well fitted for war as for commerce.

2nd.—I read Nardini, lib. viii. cap. iv. v. p. 1446—1460; which concludes the whole work; the excellence of which, its accuracy, judgment, and learning, must leave but small gleanings for subsequent writers. Perhaps he is chargeable with being too diffuse, and sometimes with want of perspicuity. I am inclined also to accuse him of raising up difficulties, and of employing whole pages on what might be ascertained by one just and clear observation. I am satisfied with my diligence with respect to this work, which I have read in sixteen days, with much attention and reflection.

I finished the twenty-third volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée; which contains the second extract of Mr. Astruc's Natural History of Languedoc. In the article respecting manners, we find striking vestiges of paganism still remaining in that province; I speak not of those general characters of superstition which are common to all men, because they are men, but of some practices so singular and arbitrary, that it is impossible to mistake their origin. How difficult it is to abolish the religion and language of a nation! The Satires of Sectanus, with Cosellius's answer: a literary war, which dis-

* T. Liv. v. 54. † The navigation was only sixteen Roman miles.

honoured almost all the learned in Italy, without procuring much fame for their talents. Those of the jesuit Sectanus were the most distinguished; but the names of his adversaries incline me to think that his cause was not good. A Library of Manuscripts, by Father Montfaucon: this work is learned and useful, but is not complete except as to France. It is almost necessary for every man of letters. Orosius, by Mr. Havercamp: a good edition, which was much wanted, of a very bad author, whose sole value arises from the loss of his fellow-labourers, who were far superior to himself.

3rd.—I looked into the fourth volume of Grævius' Thesaurus, which contains several other treatises, besides Nardini's, on the antiquities of Rome. I began by reading the whole of the short but famous Dissertation of Isaac Vossius on the magnitude of that city. His paradoxes are well known. He assigns upwards of thirty miles for the circuit of Rome, independently of the suburbs; and upwards of seventy miles when the suburbs are included. He fills that vast extent with more than fourteen millions of inhabitants;* and being as niggardly towards the moderns, as prodigal with respect to the ancients, he assures us that this number of subjects is not to be found in the three most flourishing kingdoms of Europe. These strange novelties could not fail to provoke the indignation of many adversaries, by whom they were ably and learnedly refuted. There are but two authorities for Vossius, and these merely fitted to dazzle and bewilder; a passage of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, which he misconstrues, and a passage of Pliny, which he has corrupted. For the first, I would refer to Nardini, who proves clearly that when Dionysius compares the size of Rome with that of Athens, he does not include the harbour of the Piræus.† For the passage of Pliny, I would refer to the learned Freret, who explains it very naturally in connexion with the context.‡ I do not say that his hypothesis is without its difficulties; but of the two parts of a passage, when one is clear and another obscure, I say that the latter must be explained by the former, and not the reverse. I shall consider but one argument adduced by Vossius. It is ingenious, and ever since I first read it in the Nouvelles de la République des Lettres, it has left on my mind a strong impression. The wood of Egeria, he says, was at the gates of Rome in the first ages of the republic; but in the age of Roman greatness, this wood was in the neighbourhood of Aricia, and fifteen miles from the Forum. It may be supposed, he adds, that in proportion as the city was enlarged, this wood was gradually cut down, so that it might still continue to keep its former situation with regard to the suburbs, and stand a little beyond the Porta Capena. The same thing happened as to the Clivus Virbius and the lake of Juturna, which are in the neighbourhood of Aricia now, but were in the centre of the city formerly.§ This idea is doubtless in-

* Vossius, p. 1514, 1515. His calculations are, as usual, somewhat confused; but I give the result as stated by himself.

† Nardini, Roma Vetus, lib. i. cap. vi. p. 912—916.

‡ Nouvelles de la République des Lettres, par Bayle; mois de Janvier, 1685.

§ Vossius de Rom. Magnitud. cap. iv. p. 906, 907.

genious; but many reasons convince me that it is false. It is founded entirely on hypothesis. All writers mention the Porta Capena, the wood of Egeria, and that of Aricia; but none suppose any connexion between them, or that the latter was merely a continuation of the former. Servius, indeed, and he alone, says that the nymph Egeria of the wood Aricia, was the same goddess with whom Numa was familiar.* But the identity of the goddess does not prove that of the sacred wood. I know that rural divinities were not the gods of whole nations, and that their worship was often confined to the district which had experienced their kindness; but I know also, that in the mythological, as well as in the natural world, there is a perpetual chain of beings rising above each other by almost imperceptible degrees, from the lowly Dryad to Jupiter armed with the thunder. The Dryad, destitute of power, knowledge, and almost of sensation, existed in her native tree, from which she was scarcely distinguishable. But Egeria was of a higher order, and not inferior to Faunus, who frequently came from Arcadia to the territory of the Sabines;† so that though the ancient wood near to Aricia was her proper habitation, this needed not to hinder Numa from consecrating to her another, at the gates of Rome; or from persuading the people that she frequently honoured him there with her presence. It is a natural supposition that the whole country between Rome and Aricia was a continued forest, at each extremity of which there was a chapel consecrated to the nymph; and that when the country was cleared, the trees were allowed to stand at both extremities from respect to Egeria. 2. The wood of Aricia is so far from being of a later date than the Porta Capena, that if we can have any dependence on the chronology of the fabulous ages, that wood was more ancient than the city of Rome. Hippolitus came into Italy four hundred years before the birth of Romulus; and the former prince is connected with all the traditions which prevailed in the country about Aricia. The name Virbius indicated his new life; the nymph Egeria received him in her grotto, and tenderly compassionated his misfortunes.‡ These traditions, I well know, are fables; but such fables are not the work of a day. They were piously believed by the whole district, in which they had taken deep root; the sacred wood, which was their scene, must have been more ancient than themselves; and though fictions, they destroy the still more improbable fiction of the consecrating of the wood of Aricia in the age of Roman greatness and the enlargement of the city, that is, in the time of Augustus, or, at least, of the latest consuls. 3. The supposition that sacred places changed their site, and retreated as it were before the greatness of Rome, is contrary to the spirit of all local superstitions. The Pagans revered a place honoured by the presence and miracles of a god, where he had displayed his power, and conferred his benefits; but they did not

* "Nympha in Aricino nemore, quam amicam suam Numa esse fingebat." Serv. ad Æneid. lib. vii. v. 762.

† Horat. Carm. lib. i. ode xvii.

‡ *Virgil.* Æneid, vii. 761—781; et Serv. ad locum. Ovid. Metamorph. L. xv.

associate with their reverence for this place, a veneration for all the adjacent country, which had any connexion with the divinity. Their worship was attached, as it were, to the soil, and the one could not be changed without abolishing the other. The temple of Jupiter Elicius, the Lupercal, the house of Romulus, always remained in their original sites. The argument drawn from the gates is not conclusive. New walls necessarily require new gates, which naturally retain the names of those which they replace, and which are demolished as useless. 4. On what principle was it necessary to preserve the relative situation of the wood of Egeria with regard to the Porta Capena? In the time of Numa this gate was not in existence; since it belonged to the walls built around the city by Servius Tullius.* 5. Of the three examples given by Vossius, the wood of Egeria was without the Porta Capena, the lake of Juturna was in the Forum, and the Clivus Virbius was at the foot of Mount Esquiline. Had these monuments changed their sites, care would have been taken to preserve their relative situation with regard to each other. But a line drawn from the centre of the Forum, and passing through each of those places, while it removed them from the city, must also have removed them from each other, instead of collecting the mall into one spot in the neighbourhood of Aricia. 6. According to Vossius, the walls of Rome advanced to the tenth milestone on the Appian way. Yet Aricia was anciently, as it is at present, sixteen miles distant from the capital. All authors agree in this point; and the greater distance assigned by Strabo has been shown to proceed from his measuring by a stadium shorter than the Olympic.† I foresee that it will be answered that since the miles were counted not from the gates of Rome, but from the golden pillar, Aricia might be sixteen miles from this pillar and the Forum, and no more than six miles from the Porta Capena. The answer indeed would be good, had the distance been reckoned by a maker of itineraries; but it is not supposable that a geographer like Strabo, or a poet like Lucan, would have said that Aricia was sixteen miles from Rome, had the suburbs filled up the intermediate space, without making that remark. The distances then were always reckoned from the milestone erected by Augustus. I would ask whether the Aqua Claudia rose in the city, although its source is said to have been at the sixth and the eighth milestone on the road to Præneste? The system of Vossius requires the affirmative. Yet we find the source of this water at an estate (Prædium) belonging to Lucullus.‡ The walls of Rome therefore never extended to that distance. This observation, which bears against the whole of Vossius's system, appears to me decisive.

What a singular character was this Vossius! He had much reading, vivacity, and invention; but his understanding had a wrong bias; he was prone to exaggeration in his opinions, and incapable

* Nardini, Roma Vetus, lib. i. cap. iv. p. 902, 903, 904.

† Cluver. Ital. Antiq. tom. ii. p. 920; et sequent.; Strabon. Geograph. lib. v. p. 165; Mesures Itinéraires de M. d'Anville, p. 15.

‡ Sext. Frontin. de Aquæduct. Rom. lib. i. p. 1635. iv. vol. Grævii. Thesaurus.

of resisting the temptation of a brilliant chimera. He was besides a very bad man. Some parts of his conduct betrayed a total want of probity.

4th.—I read a Dissertation by Octavio Falconieri, on the Pyramid of C. Cestius, p. 1461—1482. This monument, which stood at the Porta Ostiensis, and which is now fixed in the city wall, is entirely covered with a beautiful white marble. It is 165½ Roman palms high, and the sides of its base are each 130 palms long. There is a room in the middle of the pyramid twenty-six palms long, eighteen broad, and nineteen high. This is properly the sepulchre. The walls were covered with a multitude of figures, some of which still remain in a very good taste. It appears from the inscription of the monument and the explanations given of it by Falconieri, that Cestius was a man of distinction in the time of Augustus, and that the paintings relate to his employment of Epulo, or manager of the sacred festivals. None of the ancients make mention of this beautiful pyramid; a reflection which creates regret for the loss of those monuments, whose beauty they highly celebrate. Falconieri's Dissertation is well written.

I read also a performance of Father Ciaconius on the Columna Rostrata of Duillius. Taking the whole inscription for original I began to draw from it many important consequences. Happily, I discovered that the original had suffered so much from the injuries of time, that it was rendered unintelligible, and that the critic had successfully restored it by his conjectures. I this day read p. 1809—1817.

5th.—Although the Columna Rostrata disappointed me, I read to the end of the treatise. It contains some very ingenious restorations of the original, and excellent observations on the Latin orthography, which, as happens in all languages, gradually lost sight of etymology, and came to be regulated by pronunciation. Unhappily, the inscription on the pillar of Duillius has not the merit of originality. We see clearly by the example of *maximus*, written with an *i*, that the old spelling had been altered for the new, which prevailed from the time of Julius Cæsar.

I finished Ciaconius's Dissertation, p. 1817—1831. I read also a small Treatise by Joseph Castalio, on the temples of Peace and Janus, p. 1849—1856. It is a poor performance.

6th.—I read a Dissertation of Peter Bargæus, de Eversoribus Ædificiorum Urbis Romæ, p. 1869—1892. By a common prejudice we consider the northern barbarians as equally hostile to the arts and to the Romans; ascribing the ruins of the finest monuments of the city to an Alaric, a Genseric, or a Totila. Bargæus regards this opinion as totally unfounded. Alaric scarcely exercised the rights of war. Genseric was satisfied with pillaging Rome. Totila destroyed part of the walls in his fury, and repaired them when he recovered his reason. The most of the public edifices were standing in the reign of Theodoric, who was more careful to preserve them than had been the last emperors of the East. The zeal of the popes, and particularly of Gregory the Great, beheld *nothing* in a temple but the idol to whom it was consecrated: he

established religion on the ruin of the fine arts. This account of the matter is explained by Bargæus with much learning and argument, and is far better than his attempt to justify this conduct in the popes, which was surely more becoming the Alcoran than the Gospel. Our notions are as false as unfavourable concerning the nations which over-ran the Roman empire in the fifth century. We look on them as savages just issued from the woods to break the boundaries which divided them from the civilised world. This opinion indeed may be applicable to the people of Scandinavia, to the Scythians, and the Arabs. The Arabs were actuated by enthusiasm; the Danes by vengeance; the Scythians by ferocity, common among wandering nations of shepherds. But the inhabitants of Germany, the Goths,* Vandals, and Franks, had divested themselves of much of their barbarism before they invaded the dominions of the Roman empire. For more than a century preceding that event, numerous bodies of their countrymen had served in the Roman armies. They learned the Latin language; they adopted civilised manners; and if they were not Christians, they at least revered Christianity. The contempt which they sometimes testified for the vanquished, was not mixed with hatred. The soldier was sometimes cruel, but the general was seldom barbarous, and the legislator never. I cast but a rapid glance on objects, which would deserve to be surveyed attentively.

I read also a Dissertation of the same author on the Obelisks in Rome, p. 1905—1934. It is learned; but if superfluities were lopped off, might be reduced to six pages.

7th.—I began the work of Olaus Borrichius, de Antiquâ Facie Urbis Romæ, and read p. 1521—1546.

8th.—I read Borrichius, p. 1546—1576. I finished the twenty-fourth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains the History of the Heavens, by the Abbé Pluche. This author, who is a bad philosopher and a superficial scholar, builds ingenious systems, which dazzle but for a moment. He draws Egyptian etymologies from the Hebrew, because he supposes that the Hebrew had much affinity with the Phœnician; and that the Phœnician was not very remote from the Egyptian! The signs of the seasons and of agriculture are changed into gods. But I would ask whether it was possible that mankind should so much mistake those signs which returned annually, bringing with them their own explication. Such an extraordinary metamorphosis must have required at least many more ages than the Abbé Pluche would be willing to allow.—The History of Charles XII. by Mr. Aderfeld. The Alexander of the North had already his Quintus Curtius. He still wanted an Arrian. Mr. Aderfeld supplies the defect rather by his accuracy than his eloquence.—Libanius's Letters, by Mr. Welf: a valuable present. We had only 250 of these letters. This learned man gives us 1600, recovered from the dust of all the libraries of Europe.—Ammonius de Differentiâ Verborum, &c. by Mr. Valkenaer: a small collection of some Greek grammarians, not without merit.—The History of King David: a learned, singular, and laughable performance.

* *He decides not the famous* question concerning the origin of the Goths.

9th.—I read Olaus Borrichius, de Antiquâ Facie Urbis Romæ, p. 1576—1600.

10th.—I finished Olaus Borrichius, p. 1600—1623; and am much pleased with this little work. It is curious and learned. Borrichius examines the quarters of the city with order and perspicuity; and, regardless of minute objects, fixes on the principal monuments, which he explains in a very entertaining manner, and in an easy flow of style. His work must be useful to those who wish to form only a general, but just notion of ancient Rome; who are afraid of the large volumes of Donatus and Nardini, or who wish to digest methodically in their minds the knowledge which they have acquired from them. In one word Borrichius is an excellent abridgement of Nardini, whom he closely follows. I could have wished this learned Dane had been satisfied with this merit, without aspiring to that of an original author; yet it must be allowed that he makes some curious observations, and corrects Nardini judiciously; of which the two following are examples: 1. He proves in a very satisfactory manner, that the emperors were never honoured with the title of Divus in their life-time, and consequently that all the monuments in which this title is found, must have been raised to them after their deaths. 2. He shows in opposition to Nardini, that all the games of the goddess Flora were celebrated in her Circus; and that by mistaking a passage of Ovid, that antiquary has made two festivals of Flora out of one, which was held the last day of April, or the first of May. Borrichius was a Dane, and professor at Copenhagen. It appears from different passages of his book, that he travelled in Italy, France and England towards the year 1665; and published this little treatise about twenty years after his return home. Without his telling us that he was a Dane, we should easily perceive it, from his manner of speaking concerning the triumph of Marius on Mount Esquiline. At beholding this monument of the defeat of the Cimbri, his patriotism is inflamed, a noble indignation seizes his soul. He ascribes the victory of the Romans to the sun, the winds, and fortune; to every cause rather than the valour of Marius.

12th.—An appearance of philosophy, with real ignorance: thoughts trivial or false; affectation of style; exaggeration or vulgarity of description; such is the new work intituled Amusements of Reason, which was lent to me by Mr. C****; and in which I find neither reason nor amusement. The author's preface to his translation of the Wise Man's Recreations, is impertinent in the extreme. Of what use is it to know an author's name! What has that name to do with his work? A great deal with his design, his allusions, &c., but nothing with the sentence that we ought to pass on his philosophical opinions.

13th.—I this day began a very considerable task; which was to read Cluverius' Italia Antiqua, in two volumes in folio: Leyden, 1624, Elzevirs. The author did not live to see its publication; *but had* completely finished it before his death. His editor tells *us that* he had in contemplation to write an universal geography

:he same plan; and that after describing Germany, Italy, and ly, he meant to treat of Gaul, Greece, and all the other countries wn to the ancients. Strabo comprehended the same subject eventeen books; of which the countries described by Cluverius, our volumes in folio, occupy nearly three. The whole design hat learned man would have extended to twenty-three volumes olio. Had he lived a few years longer, he would perhaps have cuted this vast undertaking. We should then have had an ense repertory on the subject of ancient geography, treated ed with a degree of circumstantial minuteness, which no other ntries perhaps deserve but Greece and Italy. A man of letters esirous to know every corner of those celebrated countries, the llest villages of which are distinguished in history or poetry. I in to read Cluverius with the same views that I read Nardini, h to prepare me for my journey into Italy, and to assist me in future studies. These two authors, studied with care and re-tion, will serve me as a perpetual commentary; so that I shall be a stranger in any part of Rome or Italy, to which my uiries may lead me. I this day read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. ap. i. ii. iii. iv. v. vi. p. 1—46. These six chapters are prepara-y to his particular description. He examines in them the erent names of Italy, its limits, extent, figure, Mount Apen-e, which divides the country; its soil, climate, inhabitants, and guages. He every where cites his authorities in their own words, l speaks only occasionally himself, to reconcile, explain, or cor-t them. Mr. d'Anville accuses him too hastily of confounding Roman mile with that of the modern Italians.* Cluverius does confound them; he knew that of modern Italy to be the longest the two, and has explained himself very clearly on that subject.† is knowledge indeed was not of much use to him, since he was norant of the exact proportion which the one mile bore to the other. 14th.—I read Cluverius, lib. i. cap. vii. viii. ix. x. xi. p. 46—90. travels along the coast of Liguria from the Varus, which sepa-ed that district from Gaul, to the Macra, by which it was bounded the side of Tuscany. This coast is rocky and barren; and, by nying all other advantages to its inhabitants, tended to increase eir strength and courage. It is extraordinary that this enter-ising people should never have thought of crossing the Apennines, order to settle in the beautiful plain which lies between those ountains and the Po: and that they should have finally been in-bted for this acquisition to a political arrangement of the Romans. was amused by the article Pollentia. There Stilicho fought the my of the Goths. The Christian writers represent this trans-tion as a scandalous piece of unsuccessful treachery, from which thing but shame accrued to the Romans. Claudian, on the con-ary, a pagan poet, considers Stilicho's battle as equal to Marius's tory over the Cimbri, and extols the conqueror as a hero who enged the cause of his country, and delivered all Italy from the ranny of barbarians.

* D'Anville, Mésures Itineraires, p. 7, 8. † Cluverii Ital. Antiq. lib. i. cap. iii. p. 25.

16th.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. i. c. xii. xiii. xiv. p. 90—102. He sets before us the policy of Augustus, who in all his transactions preferred slow and gentle measures. Julius Cæsar had subdued the Gauls, but his conquest was precarious while the Alps were peopled by fierce nations, who commanded all the passes. Augustus was under the necessity of reducing some of them by arms; but he persuaded Cottius, who reigned over the mountains which bore his name, to civilise his subjects, to receive a Roman garrison, and to open the roads through his country. It would be curious to know the circumstances of the negotiation. I imagine that Augustus so much flattered Cottius with empty honours, as to make him forget that he was surrendering his independence and power. This at least would have been in the usual style of his policy.

17th.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. i. cap. xv. xvi. xvii. p. 102—133. The article of the Rhæti and the Euganei is somewhat puzzling. Verona was a Rhætian colony. The thing is possible; but for a long time its inhabitants, assuming the character of Gauls, considered Brixia as their mother country. Verona would have been placed more naturally among the Cenomani; and the Rhæti ought to have been confined to their native mountains, as they were in fact. In treating of these mountains as connected with Italy, I would also have taken notice that my observations related to only one portion of the Rhætians. This remark would have contributed to the perspicuity of the whole of the description.

18th.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. i. cap. xviii. p. 133—169. The author conducts us through the province called Venetia. He dwells on Padua, and its famous fountain Apona. In speaking of the Portus Venetus, near to Altinum, where Venice now stands, he treats at considerable length of the era of its foundation, from which he cuts off a century with much probability; since in the time of Theodoric and Cassiodorus, the Venetian isles contained nothing but huts of fishermen. The people on the neighbouring coast of Italy sought refuge there, rather against the fury of the Lombards, than against that of the Huns. The community which these emigrants established, must have long continued weak and dependent, an object of pity or contempt to neighbouring princes, especially to conquerors. Without pretending to have deeply examined the subject, I am convinced that the liberty of Venice ought to be dated from the downfall of the empire of the Franks. This empire, we may observe, contributed far more than the Crusades to make the Orientals extend the name of Franks or Frenchmen to all the nations of the West. It is not surprising that the Mahometans should be so ignorant of the distinctions among the nations of Europe, when a Greek emperor * gives the name of France to the province of Venetia, which Charlemagne conquered with the rest of Lombardy. In using this name, the emperor's mistake is still more glaring; since he is guilty of an anachronism of three centuries. Cluverius indeed gives

* *Constantine* Porphyrogenitus. V. Cluver. Italia Antiqua, lib. i. cap. xviii. p. 138.

a different interpretation of Constantine's words; but the above meaning appears to me to be the most natural.

19th.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. i. cap. xix. xx. p. 169—204. He treats of the Carni. Augustus assigned this people to Venetia, and contracted the boundary of Italy within the river Arsia. He speaks at length of Aquileia, the first city in the province, and the ninth in the whole empire. Its fortifications, built after the fashion of the ancients, and its natural strength, enabled it to cover the frontier of Italy most exposed to invasion from the Illyrians. Its intermediate situation between polished and barbarous nations, became the source of opulence acquired by its commerce with both. If traffic consisted merely in the mutual exchange of commodities, an industrious nation ought to wish for neighbours as industrious as itself. This principle of my friend Mr. Mirabeau appears to me incontrovertible. He who wishes to sell his goods, seeks for those who need, and can purchase them. Such purchasers are only to be found in rich and industrious countries. But this mutual exchange is only one part of an extensive and enterprising commerce. Another, still more profitable, is carried on by bold and adventurous, but judicious mariners, who sail in quest of the productions of foreign countries, to carry them to the nations to whom they are objects of desire: and when countries have emerged from the state of barbarism which renders them totally inaccessible to strangers, the more ignorant their inhabitants are, the profit of trading with them will be the greater; because their articles of exportation will be sold far below their real value, and in that rude state of nature which will leave the whole advantage of manufacturing them to their purchasers. Aquileia was placed in most favourable circumstances for carrying on traffic with barbarians. 1. This trade was secured not merely by unjust and precarious treaties, but by the laws of nature, and local situation. It was carried on by land across the Julian Alps, the passage through which was naturally commanded by Aquileia. Padua and Milan would have had great disadvantage in the competition. Maritime commerce is quite different, the sea being always open to those who have industry and boldness. 2. This trade was easy. The merchandise was conveyed on waggons to Nauportus, distant from Aquileia only fifty miles; and the passage by Mount Albius was the easiest in the Alps. It was then transported by navigable rivers from Nauportus to the Danube. 3. The merchants of Aquileia must have been great gainers by dealing in slaves, whom they purchased at a cheap rate. They had cost nothing but blood to their barbarous masters; to keep them in whose hands would have been not only useless, but expensive and dangerous. But they were valuable articles of trade with polished nations. Italy alone demanded a constant and large supply, for the purposes of domestic service, the shows, and agriculture. Slaves who had only bodily strength were sure of selling well; but when they showed any disposition for the arts and sciences, their new masters were careful to cultivate it; and then sold at a high price that mind and ingenuity which they had not purchased. That principle of improvement,

which has place in man, became a gainful object of commerce. The slave trade, it may be remarked, can be supported only by barbarians; for civilised nations purchase slaves, but do not produce them. 4. The merchants of Aquileia bought slaves with wine and oil, the produce of their country; so that both the exports and imports were much in their favour.

20th.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. i. cap. xxi. xxii. xxiii. p. 204—237. After speaking of Istria, where the Greek fables vainly placed the mouth of the Danube, he returns backwards to examine Cisalpine Gaul. He begins by giving a general notion of the country, and the colonies which went from Celtic Gaul. The first particulars which he mentions relate to the Lævi and Libici, who inhabited the frontiers of Piedmont and the Milanese, and who depended on the powerful nation of the Insubres.

I went to the public library, of which my friend Pavillard had given me the key, to consult some books. 1. A Dissertation, by Mr. Freret, treating of the famous passage in Pliny concerning the circuit of Rome. I read and abridged his explanation, with a view to Nardini. 2. The Gauls, whom I just mentioned, made me curious to know the fate of the other colony, which penetrated at the same time into Germany. For this purpose, I consulted Cluverius' Germania Antiqua. 3. I also consulted Pitiscus's Dictionary of Antiquities, for clearing up some difficulties in Juvenal. The articles Abella, Mandra, Bardaicus, Lectica, Carpentum, Rheda, Essedum, and Cisium, furnished me with agreeable occupation. That of Lectica is particularly well treated.

I finished the twenty-fifth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. I had not neglected that work, but was obliged to wait for the continuation. It contains Quintilian, by Gesner: a good edition of an excellent author.—The Voyage of the Legate Mezzabarba to China, by Father Viani. It treats of the idle controversy respecting the Chinese ceremonies. It appears from the narrative that the emperor had diverted himself at the expense of the good legate, and with the intrigues of the Jesuits, whom he despised as missionaries, though he esteemed them as men of letters.—Stricturæ Juris Romani, à Jensio. This writer alleges strong arguments for proving that Justinian's Code was written in Greek, and that the Latin text, which has come down to us, is only a translation.—Anti-Machiavel. Reinsberg and Potsdam inspire very different ideas; the one produced the Anti-Machiavel, and the other, the Military Instructions. When the King of Prussia composed a work on justice and clemency, it was fit that Voltaire should be at the expense of publishing it.—The History of Denmark, by Cragius; first extract. It contains only the author's life, who flourished towards the end of the sixteenth century.—Corpus Juris Germanicæ: a work published under the eyes of Heineccius, containing a collection of the laws of the ancient nations of Germany, equally interesting to the philosopher and the lawyer. Mr. Heineccius, in a learned preface, proves clearly, that the Franks made the famous Salic laws, when they were yet pagans, *and still* remained in Franconia, a little before the election of their first

g; in one word, towards the year 400; and that they wrote them Latin as they still remain, except that the first Christian kings de some alterations.

21st.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. i. cap. xxiv. xxv. vi. xxvii. He treats of the Insubres, Orobii, Cenomani, Ananes Anamani. The difference of names does not always infer that of ions; and this last difference is often grounded on political rather an physical reasons; for of the nine Gallic nations established in ly, the names of four only are to be found in their native country; d the Boii, scarcely known in Gaul, formed both in Germany and Italy the most numerous and formidable of all the Gallic colonies. eckoned the Insubres among the Gauls, on the authority of all e ancients; but was surprised to see Mr. Freret classing them th the Ombri. Polybius indeed calls them Isombri, which in ltic signifies the Lower Ombri.* But Polybius acknowledges them Gauls;† and even did he maintain the contrary, his authority, eat as it is, ought not to prevail over the united testimony of tiquity. Accuracy and probity shine in his writings. He was a ldier, a statesman, and a philosopher: but I doubt whether he was ood grammarian, or a profound antiquary.

22nd.—Before returning to Nardini, which was wanted for e public library of Geneva, I this morning again went over it refully, endeavouring to impress its principal contents on my emory. Human infirmity always loses a part; but I see with easure that much remains, and will continue to remain, with me. I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. i. cap. xxviii. xxix. p. 271—316. is was a good deal, considering that I spent the day abroad, and d only the evening, before and after supper, for study. These two apters comprise the rest of Cispadane Gaul. The Boii, Lingones, d Senones, inhabited the duchies of Parma and Modena, of Ferra and Urbino; as well as the particular districts of the Romagna d Bolognese. The Gauls therefore extended to the river Æsis, hich separated them from Italy. But speedily the Romans expelled e Senones, and added their country to Umbria, establishing the ubicon for the boundary of Italy. As they were persuaded that e Gallic nations on their side of the Po could always be formidable eighbours, they compelled the Boii to quit their country. They newodelled, in fine, the whole province, which they filled with Roman rtresses; a necessary but ruinous policy, which, in order to preerve the dominion of countries, rendered them desolate; for a few ties, built and peopled by the conquerors, ill compensated for the ss of the numerous tribes of barbarians formerly inhabiting the ains, forests, and mountains. This province was crossed by the milian road from Pollentia to Ariminum, which on both sides owed many flourishing towns. But at a little distance from the road thing was to be seen but deserts: the rest was the work of tifice and ostentation. In the latter times of the republic, the

* See the Origin of the Nations of Italy, in the eighteenth volume of the History of e Academy of Belles Lettres.

† Polyb. lib. ii. apud Cluver. Ital. Antiq. lib. i. cap. xxii. p. 228, 229.

transpadane region was the scene of many important transactions. 1. The war of Modena, between Mark Antony and the consuls. 2. The interview of the triumvirs in the little island of Renus, near Bologna. 3. The passage of the Rubicon by Julius Cæsar. The events and places are well ascertained by Cluverius. The passage of the Rubicon might be the subject of a good political and military commentary. Cæsar had always fixed his winter quarters at Lucca, when he wished only to communicate more easily with his friends at Rome, without leaving his province. But at the approach of war, he established his quarters at Ravenna. Let us endeavour to explain his motives for this alteration. 1. He wished to get possession of Picenum, a rich and populous country, and thus deprive Pompey of the resources which he might have found in a province extremely devoted to his family, and from which that general might have made legions spring up merely by striking the ground with his foot. 2. He wished to turn the capital with his army. Had he attempted to march straight to Rome, Pompey would have made himself master of the difficult passes, and stopped his progress; and Italy would have become the theatre of war. But by marching towards Ariminum, Asculum, Corfinium, and Sulmo, he made it seem to be his design to cut off the retreat of his enemies; and his boldness threw them into such consternation, that they hastened to embark at Brundusium. 2. He wished to make sure of Ariminum. This important place was distant from the Rubicon eighteen miles by the Emilian road, and only eleven by that of Ravenna. Cæsar could send forward bodies of troops to the river under twenty different pretences, but the moment he passed it, his designs were unmasked. Ariminum, therefore, was to be surprised by a forced march; and it is not necessary to be Cæsar, to perceive how much that enterprise might be facilitated by diminishing the distance by seven miles, or a march of two hours.

23rd.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. i. cap. xxx. xxxi. xxxii. p. 316—355; which contains a general description of the Alps, as well as of their particular branches, distinguished by the epithets Maritime, Cottian, Greek, Pennine, Rhetian, Tridentine, Noric, Carnic, Julian, Pannonian; and also a description of some particular mountains, as Vesulus, Matrona, Adula, and Ocra.

I read the sixteenth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains the Orations of Lysias, by Doctor Taylor: a good and beautiful edition of a languid orator. The oration, which is inserted entire, gives a very accurate idea of the economy of an Athenian family.—The History of French Poetry by the Abbé Massieu. The work is imperfect; but it sufficiently indicates the taste and amenity of its author. He speaks of the verses of the Emperor Adrian to his soul, and of those made by the Princess Margaret before her shipwreck; but those of Villon, after his condemnation to an infamous death, are still more extraordinary.—The Theology of Water, by Mr. Fabricius: a good philosophical composition.—Cortesi's Dialogues on the learned Men of Italy, after the Revival of Letters. *Cortesi* had talents; but he is liable to all the ridicule of a hyper-

bolical Ciceronian. Letters on Rousseau and Saurin. These letters are unconnected: the first is by the Abbé d'Olivet; the second by an anonymous writer of Lausanne. This writer only attacks Saurin; but the Abbé undertakes to defend Rousseau. To how many pleadings has this endless process given birth!—History of Denmark, by Cragius: second extract. Meursius much availed himself of Cragius's manuscript.

24th.—I finished the first book of Cluverius, cap. xxxiii. xxxiv. p. 355—418. He treats of the passages of the Alps, and of the first who crossed them; Hercules, the Gauls, Hannibal, Hasdrubal, and Pompey. The discussion concerning Hannibal's march, and the road which he followed into Italy, is learned and curious. The following is the result of my reading and careful reflection on the subject. 1. By heaping together passages, and collecting all the authorities furnished by antiquity and the middle ages, it is easy to conceal our real poverty under the ostentation of riches; but when these authorities are weighed in the balance of sound criticism, we shall find but two authors deserving the name of originals, who have been servilely copied by all their followers. These two are Livy and Polybius. Did their accounts correspond, nothing would remain but to study and follow them; but unfortunately their sentiments are so different, that this is impossible, and we must make an option. Livy carries Hannibal over the Cottian Alps, properly Mount Genevre, near Turin, and makes him descend by this passage into the country of the Taurini, now the plain of Piedmont. Polybius leads him by the Summus Penninus, or Great St. Bernard, in the country of the Salassi, now the valley of Aoust. 2. To decide judiciously between these opposite authorities, we must weigh the character of the witnesses, and consider the nature of their testimony. Nobody admires more than I do, the historical merit of Livy; the majestic flow of his narrative, in which events follow each other with rapidity, yet without hurry or confusion; and the continual beauty and energy of his style, which transports his readers from their closets to the scene of action. But here we have to do, not with the orator, but with the witness. Considered in this view, Livy appears merely as a man of letters covered with the dust of his library, little acquainted with the art of war, careless in point of geography, and who lived two centuries after Hannibal's expedition. In the whole of his recital, we may perceive rather a romantic picture, calculated to please the fancy, than a faithful and judicious history, capable of satisfying the understanding. The god who appeared to the Carthaginian general,* the mountains accessible to him alone, the vinegar with which he split the rocks,† are fables, which Livy relates without criticism as without suspicion. We seem to read Homer describing the exploits of Achilles. In Polybius, on the other hand, we meet with nothing but unadorned simplicity and plain reason. A justness of thinking, rare in his age and country, united with a sterility of fancy still more rare, made

* Tit. Liv. xxi. 22. † Id. ibid. 37.

him prefer the truth, which he thoroughly knew, to ornaments which he was perhaps the more inclined to despise, because he felt himself incapable of attaining them. He had examined, attentively and skilfully, with his own eyes, the country between the Po and the Ebro; where he might collect the precious remains of tradition, which the period of sixty years had not been able to efface; and where he might converse with some of the old men of the country, who had in their youth either resisted Hannibal's invasion or followed his standard. His journey to those parts was undertaken with the express purpose of gaining information in the country itself, and of substituting, instead of the fables which already overflowed the public, a plain and authentic history of this famous expedition of the Carthaginians.* The work which has come down to us, is the fruit of this design. To finish the parallel, I must add that Livy's narrative cannot be reconciled with itself any more than with that of Polybius. His obscurities and contradictions baffle the ablest geographers;† whereas the account of Polybius is clear and well connected. The valley being divided by the Rhone, ascertains the country through which Hannibal made his approach to the Alps; from which he emerged into the territory of the Insubres.‡ Both these circumstances clearly indicate the passage of the Great St. Bernard. 3. Livy, in the Augustan age, could not describe the events of the second Punic war but from ancient authorities. A passage in this historian informs us who was his voucher for the particulars of Hannibal's march. It was Hannibal himself. Is not this authority better than that of Polybius? or rather, what can be said in opposition to the testimony of a general giving an account of the country through which he passed? This interesting circumstance deserves to be explained, and the explanation, curious in itself, will throw much light on the whole question. L. Cintius Alimintus, one of the most ancient annalists of the republic, was taken prisoner in the second Punic war. His captivity gave him an opportunity of one night hearing the conversation of Hannibal, in which that general confessed, that from the time when he passed the Rhone, to that of his entering the country of the Taurini, in Italy, he had lost 36,000 men, and a great number of horses.§ This conversation, which was preserved by Cintius in his history, was sufficient to turn the balance, and to make Livy reject the received account, which brought Hannibal into Italy by the country of the Salassi, and not that of the Taurini. The following are the words of the original: "Ex ipso autem audisse Hannibale, postquam Rhodanum transierit, triginta sex millia hominum, ingentemque numerum equorum, et aliorum jumentorum amisisse in Taurinis, quæ Gallis proxima gens est, in Italiam digresso." Before examining whether this conversation be as decisive as it at first sight appears, it may be asked whether it actually took place. Vanity is so strong a principle.

* Polyb. Hist. lib. iii.; Cluver. Ital. Antiq. lib. i. cap. xxxiii. p. 363.
† Cluver. lib. i. cap. xxxiii. p. 370—375.
‡ Polyb. Hist. lib. iii.; Cluver. lib. i. p. 365.
§ Tit. Liv. xxi. 38.

. the notion of deriving our intelligence from the mouth of a o and an enemy, is so flattering to the mind, that this Hannibal, haps, was no other than some very ill-informed soldier belonging :he Carthaginian camp. I acknowledge, however, that bare pos- lity is not sufficient to justify this suspicion, unless we could port it by proofs, which are now wanting, namely, the personal racter of Cintius, the opinion formed by contemporaries of his tory, and the time of its publication before or after Hannibal's .th. I give up, therefore, this conjecture; and, taking the con- sation for authentic, shall make some remarks on its purport. Is it possible, without temerity, to reject the authority of Han- al for that of Polybius? A geographer studies countries in the nes or arbitrary signs by which they are known. A general dies the countries themselves. He ascends an eminence to learn general outline, and mounts on horseback to examine the detail; iversing with the inhabitants to discover circumstances which uld otherwise escape his observation. Having acquired this real owledge of the places themselves, he is careless of the names by ich they are called. These names are easily effaced from his mory, especially in barbarous countries, where their number is all. His multiplied occupations rapidly succeed to each other; l his old ideas are gradually obliterated, to make room for others ich are more important, because more connected with the actual te of his affairs. In what a perpetual storm did Hannibal live er passing the Alps, till he won the battle of Cannæ! Cintius, I . persuaded, was not taken prisoner before that engagement; viously to which Hannibal was too much exasperated against the mans to talk familiarly with his captives.* May it not, there- e, be suspected that at the end of two years he had lost an accurate ollection of those barbarous names? In the famous retreat the Ten Thousand, the general has recorded his own exploits. s narrative, however, is not exempt from errors and geographical ficulties. The negligence of Xenophon, in an elaborate compo- ion, will remove our surprise at that of Hannibal in a simple iversation. 2. These doubts appear to me well founded; yet I ceive that they have the appearance of too much refinement, l that the great name of Hannibal will be sufficient to make m vanish. Let us give full credit, then, to his accuracy, and ly inquire whether the same be due to his sincerity. According the barbarous maxims of antiquity, a prisoner of war was treated a criminal. He was loaded with irons, cast into a dungeon, ivered over sometimes to the cruelty of an executioner, without smallest regard to his rank, birth, or merit. In this pretended iversation, Hannibal lays aside ordinary maxims, and talks with Roman prisoner with not only mildness, but confidence. Cintius ld not have had this interview with Hannibal unless the Cartha- ian had taken the trouble to bring it about; and with what w could that be, except to deceive him? Perhaps this general,

* Tit. Liv. xxii. 58.

who excelled as much in artifice as in valour, wished to conceal from the Romans the road by which he had entered into Italy, and to cover the march of the reinforcements which he yet expected. The Romans had never fought among the Alps, the ferocity of whose inhabitants had involved them in such obscurity, that Hannibal might make the prisoner believe what fables he pleased concerning the countries which he had traversed. 3. A way of arguing still more natural and milder remains, which is to explain Hannibal's conversation, instead of calling in question either its reality or sincerity. He wished to give an idea of the losses which he had sustained in passing the mountains, in consequence of battles, cold, and fatigue. He begins, therefore, from his crossing the Rhone, and ends at his arrival in the territory of the Taurini; since it was really in their country, and by taking their capital, that he began his operations in Italy.* Their territory, therefore, formed the limit between two things totally distinct: his losses in Italy and those in the Alps. It was not necessary that the country of the Taurini should be the first place of Italy into which he descended from the Alps; it sufficed that it was the first where he fought a battle. The former explication is adopted by Livy, but the latter appears to me very capable of being defended. It deprives the Latin historian of what appears to him a decisive proof. It even turns this alleged proof against himself, by laying open the source of his mistake. The argument on which Livy builds, is not only refuted, but destroyed; and the authority of Polybius subsists alone and unrivalled. I confess, indeed, that the sense of this famous passage is rather guessed at, than explained; so perplexed, defective, and faulty is its construction. Critics have endeavoured to correct it; but it should seem more natural to say that Livy copied Cintius, and that the latter had preserved the very words of the Carthaginian general, who spoke Latin like a foreigner. 4. In our search after historic truth, we must pay a regard to authority and probability; to the character of the author, and to the nature of the facts which he records. Although the first is entirely on the side of Polybius, yet the second offers some circumstances which it is difficult to explain on his hypothesis, and which appear even contrary to probability.

1. When we cast our eyes on the map, we must be surprised that a general of Hannibal's abilities should have followed so circuitous a road as that of St. Bernard, which was long, difficult, and surrounded by barbarians, who were rather Germans than Gauls. It is of no weight to say, that he wished to keep clear of the sea, and of the army of Scipio. The observation is just; but to see whether it applies to the present question we must make ourselves acquainted with Hannibal's situation and views. After he had passed the Rhone, his Numidians met with a little check from Scipio's cavalry. The Romans wished to come to a general engagement, which Hannibal desired to avoid, being convinced that they were

* Tit. Liv. xxi. 39; Polyb. Hist. lib. iii.

only to be subdued in Italy itself. He therefore silently raised his camp, gained a march of three days on the enemy, and on the fourth day arrived, without being pursued, at the conflux of the Rhone and the Isere.* The Romans could not overtake him. The loss of three days is not to be recovered in contending with a general, active and vigilant; and who, by the superiority of his light-armed cavalry, was able to conceal his own movements, and to make himself acquainted with those of the enemy. Hannibal was not therefore afraid of being pursued; he soon learned that such fear would have been groundless; that Scipio's army continued its march into Spain; and that the consul himself returned into Italy, to take the command of the army on the banks of the Po. Hannibal being delivered from all uneasiness on this subject, made a halt in the country of the Allobroges, decided a contest between the heirs of the crown, and prepared his troops for the fatigues which they were going to undertake. In choosing his route into Italy, he could be determined by no other consideration but that of preferring the shortest and the most convenient. But the passage by St. Bernard is certainly not the shortest. 2. Neither is it the most convenient. In the reign of Augustus, when Roman policy had levelled the Alps, that prince made two military ways, which, diverging from Augusta Prætoria, again united at Lyons. One of those roads, which crossed the Pennine Alps, was still so difficult that it could not be passed by carriages.† When we consider how much more difficult it must have been in the time of Hannibal, it is not credible that that general should have been either willing or able, to cross it with his great numbers of horses and elephants. Hannibal consumed fifteen days in passing the Alps, from which four days must be deducted, two of which were spent on the top of the mountains, and two employed in clearing the road from the snow. The breadth of the Alps, according to Polybius, is 1200 stadia (150 Roman miles).‡ This calculation agrees with the geography of the country; but is the march consistent with probability? Is it possible for a numerous army to proceed fourteen miles a-day, across mountains where the soldiers were obliged continually to struggle against the difficulties of the road, and often to repel the attacks of the mountaineers? I have great respect for Polybius' authority, but cannot help doubting the fact. These are some of the difficulties which occur in his narrative, and which are not to be despised. 3. Our researches having brought us back to our first uncertainty, how are we to form an opinion? Polybius' narrative has all the external evidence that can be desired; but that of his rival seems more consistent with other circumstances that are well ascertained. One reflection may suffice to regulate our decision. It is more probable that *we* should be deceived, than that the above

* Strabon. Geog. lib. iv. p. 141; Bergier, Histoire des Grands Chemins, lib. iii. c. 31. p. 471.

† The passage by the Pennine Alps was, however, the shortest; here the mountains are much narrowed.

‡ Polyb. lib. iii.; Cluver. cap. xxxiii. p. 382.

circumstances should have escaped the notice of Polybius. These circumstances are indeed important; but they are not decisive. The first and most considerable depends on many suppositions; that the text both of Livy and Polybius is corrupt, that instead of the unknown word *Scaras*, and of *Arar*, which is misplaced, we should read on both occasions *Isara*. I acknowledge that this correction is extremely probable, but probabilities which result from other probabilities, continually grow weaker as they recede from their source. If I suppose, on my side, 1. that the Allobroges then occupied a part of the territory of the Ambarri; 2. that the word *triduo* in Livy is corrupt; 3. that Hannibal passed the Rhone higher than is supposed, the first objection totally disappears. Hannibal, at the confluence of the Rhone and Saône, followed the shortest route into Italy, when he crossed the Great St. Bernard. Let us conclude, then, though with some remainder of scepticism, that though Livy's narrative has more of probability, yet that of Polybius has more of truth.* There is one perplexing consideration behind. In M. d'Anville's map of Hannibal's expedition, that accurate geographer, whose positions are always chosen on reflection, makes the Carthaginians pass by the Cottian Alps. I am stopped and silenced by the authority of this learned man, which in this case is the greater, because he conceals the reasons on which his opinion is founded.

25th.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. ii. cap. i. p. 418—433. The author treats of the name and original of the Tuscans. He rejects, with Dionysius of Halicarnassus, their pretended Lydian descent, and believes, with that historian, that they were "indigenes." But as Cluverius was a good Christian, what idea could he affix to that word? There is, however, one, which I doubt whether he was sensible of: it is that of a nation formed by the re-union of different families, settled in the country at different times, and independently of each other. The nation and body politic is indigenous, but not the individuals.

I finished the Bibliothèque Raisonnée, volume the twenty-seventh. It contains the Jubilee of Printing, by Mr. Seiz. He supports the pretensions of Harlem, and endeavours to prove that Lawrence Costar, a citizen of that place, discovered in 1440 that beautiful art, which the dishonesty of his servant Faustus carried with him to Mentz. The narrative appears clear, well connected, and free from difficulties; yet if printing was invented at Harlem, it appears extraordinary that all the countries of Europe should have received it, or believed they received it, from Mentz. Could so many daughters agree in mistaking their mother? I am not ignorant of Corselis's voyage to England; but after Dr. Middleton's refutation, it is no longer allowable to cite that fable.—A Collection of some small Works on the Pronunciation of Greek; by Mr. Havercamp. In this famous dispute, Erasmus, with his ordinary prudence, used

* I have copied nothing from Cluverius, except his general conclusion, very differently modified. I have cited but few authorities. The only important citations, which supersede all others, are the twenty-first book of Livy, the third book of Polybius, and the thirty-third chapter of the first book of Cluverius.

the ancient pronunciation, though he seemed to approve the new. When we consider the storms excited by this ridiculous question in the beginning of the sixteenth century, particularly at Cambridge, his caution will not appear blameable.—Aretin's Letters. The beginning of a great collection of letters between the learned men of the fifteenth century, which is publishing in Italy. It may be useful in literary history.—The History of Denmark, by Cragius. It appears to me well executed. We see in it the beginning of the reformation in that country, and the dishonesty of Henry VIII. of England. —The Czar Peter I. in France: a philosophical romance, the work of a lively and fruitful imagination, but destitute of taste or method. Such works dazzle for a moment and are forgotten.

26th.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. ii. cap. i. p. 434—455. The arts, the luxury, and the riches of the Tuscans are matter of astonishment. I can scarcely believe with Cluverius, that Cisalpine Gaul was the original seat of that nation. It appears to me, on the contrary, from ancient writers, that the Tuscans, from the remotest times, inhabited Etruria, properly so called, and sent forth two great colonies, each of which was, like the mother country, divided into twelve communities: one of which colonies expelled the Ombri from the whole of that tract which lies between the Alps and the Apennines; while the other formed settlements in Campania. It might have been said in that age, almost without exaggeration, that the Tuscans were masters of Italy. The first of those colonies were subdued by the Gauls, eight centuries before the Christian æra, when it was already rich and powerful, but softened by luxury. The mother country exhibited the same character in still stronger colours. It verged towards its ruin. How many ages must have been required for this slow, but sure progression, by which nations proceed from barbarism to industry, arts, luxury, and effeminacy! We cannot doubt the fact; the Tuscans are certainly one of the most ancient nations with which we are acquainted.

27th.—I read Cluverius' lib. ii. cap. ii. iii. p. 455—518. He describes with much accuracy the coast of Tuscany, with the opposite islands, from Luna to the mouth of the Tiber. We meet every where with Greek fables. With respect to the greatest part of Greek writers before Polybius, space may be divided, as Varro divided time, into the historical, fabulous, and unknown. The historical ground was confined to Greece, Sicily, Africa, Egypt, and Lower Asia. In the fabulous I would place Italy, with the countries between Greece and the Danube, and those between the Caspian sea and the Euphrates. The countries beyond those limits were altogether unknown. Homer might have satisfied the lovers of the marvellous; yet his fables form but the smallest and most probable part of the Greek mythology.

28th.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. iii. cap. iii. p. 518—537. The author treats of Tarquinii and Veii, the two cities of Tuscany that were nearest to Rome. Tarquinii was celebrated for the science of augury, to which it had given birth. The origin of this deceitful art need not be sought elsewhere: it began in Tuscany. The

ridiculous fable concerning Tages teaches us that he was a native of the country; his success in contriving such an extraordinary system, and in making it be adopted by his countrymen, proves him to have been a man of genius. Tages sprung from a furrow; he was not a foreigner. The Chaldean fish Oannes sprung from the sea; this symbolic language explains itself.

The ancients themselves found it difficult to ascertain the situation of Veii. In the time of Lucan, this famous city had already been destroyed, and the ruins of a place which had been as large as Rome could scarcely be discovered. Its site could only be known by its distance from the capital; but with respect to this distance, authors are not agreed. Their opinions may be reduced to the two following. 1. Livy, speaking of the siege of Veii, says, that it was carried on within the twentieth milestone.* Eutropius tells us that Veii was eighteen miles distant from Rome. 2. The Roman itineraries make the distance twelve miles;† and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, an hundred stadia, or twelve miles and a half.‡ There are two ways of reconciling those opinions: 1. Falerii, as well as Veii, was situated on an eminence. The former was destroyed by the Romans, and a town of the same name rebuilt on the plain. If a similar change took place with respect to Veii, Dionysius of Halicarnassus would only be guilty of the small mistake of supposing Veii to have always had the same site. I am well pleased with this explanation. The interval of eighteen miles answers better than that of twelve, considering the many wars carried on within those narrow limits, between the two rival republics. 2. All differences may be reconciled by giving up the authority of Eutropius, one of the most contemptible authors that ever wrote. The Romans had surrounded Veii with walls and entrenchments. Not satisfied with fortifying themselves on the side of the city, they had also raised bulwarks to intercept the succours that might be sent to the besieged, from the other cities of Tuscany.§ Veii was therefore twelve miles and a half from Rome, since the diameter of a city as extensive as Athens must have been two miles and a half. If the most advanced forts on the side of Etruria were four miles beyond the city, we have the distance of nineteen miles, which sufficiently justifies the expression of Appius Claudius.

29th.—I read Cluverius, lib. ii. cap. iii. p. 537—550. That chapter contains a good description of Falerii, the capital of the Falisci; a city which preserved to the age of Augustus clear marks of its Grecian origin.

I went to the public library. In the great collection of Italian historians, by Grævius, vol. viii. p. 3, I found a performance of the learned Mazocchi, pretending to prove that Civita Castellana, thirty miles from Rome, was the ancient Veii; and a refutation of that work by my friend Nardini. Mazocchi must have been strangely blinded by his prepossession in favour of his native city. He has not the shadow of a proof.

* Tit. Liv. lib. iv.
† V. Tabul. Peutinger.
‡ Dionys. Halicarn. lib. ii.
§ Tit. Liv. lib. v.

I finished the first volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Schedius, de Diis Germanis: an immense compilation, without taste, criticism, or discernment.—Henry Ditton's Demonstration of the Christian Religion. How grossly have those two words been abused!—Letters of an Ex-Jesuit, on the Paradoxes of Father Hardouin. This learned man is here allowed to speak for himself. His zeal for tradition, and his hatred towards the Jansenists and the philosophers, involved him in all his absurdities. Finding in the fathers, and particularly in St. Augustin, many things favourable to the cause of his enemies, he was willing to expose facts to opinions, and boldly declared Augustine's impious works to be spurious. The fall of Augustine's work, De Libero Arbitrio, brought down with it the other fathers by whom it was quoted. The ruin of the fathers involved that of profane writers: the whole edifice fell in pieces. This was what he called unstringing the beads from the rosary of antiquity. He might have drawn many good thoughts from M. Barbeyrac, who wrote an excellent treatise on the morality of the fathers. How ill did those doctors of the church understand the most valuable of all sciences. They prohibited the most innocent pleasures and the most lawful occupations, as savouring of the world, and nearly connected with idolatry. They would have destroyed human kind in order to sanctify it. But on the other hand, regarding it as a principle that every action related in the Old Testament, and not therein condemned, was by this silence approved, they justified and praised adultery, falsehood, incest, and cruelty.

30th.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. ii. cap. iii. iv. v. vi. p. 550—624. The author describes the other cities of Tuscany, situate inland; Volsinii, Clusium, Aretium, Perugia, and Cortona. The passages which he has collected, respecting the lake Thrasymenus, afford a very natural picture of this famous spot, which was bounded on one side by the lake itself, and on the other by a range of high mountains, which opened only by two narrow defiles. Thither Hannibal had the address to decoy the army of Flaminius, that it might be taken, as it were, in a net. Cluverius afterwards passes into Umbria, and treats of the origin of its inhabitants, who, notwithstanding his opinion to the contrary, appear to have been Celts. He describes their territory, which was divided in one direction by the Apennines, and in another by the Flaminian Way. That portion of it which lies between the sea, Etruria, and the Apennines, is the subject of his fifth and sixth chapters.

31st.—I remained all day at home, by which Cluverius was a gainer. I read Ital. Antiq. lib. ii. cap. vi. vii. viii. ix. x. p. 624—722. Nearly an hundred pages daily would greatly quicken my progress; but such efforts are seldom made. In those four chapters, the author concludes his account of Umbria by describing that portion of it which extends between the Apennines and the territory of the Sabines. That territory itself forms the next object of his research. He treats finally of the Tiber, and of the rivers which fall into it. This chapter, with that on the Po, includes almost all the rivers in Italy. The river Tiberis was, by a poetical licence,

spelt Tibris. The god of the river was called Tiberinus. All good writers have attended to this distinction, which is pointed out by Servius.

November 1st.—I read Cluverius, lib. ii. cap. xi. xii. xiii. xiv. xv. p. 722—762. The author describes Picenum, one of the most fertile and best peopled districts in Italy. He then proceeds to several communities, inconsiderable in point of their numbers, but highly distinguished by their valour: the Marrucini, Marsi, Vestini, and Peligni. Corfinium was one of the principal cities belonging to the last. This place was once in hopes of being highly distinguished. Had the social war been prosperous, Rome must have yielded to Corfinium; which, under the name of Italica, was to have been the head of the new confederacy. I shall venture to make some reflections on this extraordinary war, the principal circumstances of which have been somewhat misrepresented by the Abbé Vertot: an author whose works are read with the same pleasure as romances, to which in other respects they bear too much resemblance. 1. The Abbé Vertot introduces the Latins very unseasonably. "The Latins, those inhabitants of Latium who enjoyed the Latin law, and to whom Drusus gave hopes of acquiring the citizenship of Rome, rose in arms, when assassination had robbed them of their protector."* Yet it is certain that the people of Latium had no share in this rebellion. They are mentioned but once in the war; and, on that occasion, as sending auxiliaries to the army of the republic.† They did not think of renewing an ancient quarrel, which the fortune of war had, more than two hundred and fifty years before, decided against them. Previously to their subjugation, they had more than once made Rome to tremble. All that Vertot copies from Livy respecting that similarity of language, manners, and military discipline, which gave to the social, the appearance of a civil war, must be referred to the former era.‡ In the time of the social war, Rome was too great to be an object of jealousy to the little cities of Latium, which were continually converted into villages and pleasure houses in the vicinity of the capital. Perpetual communication and numerous alliances, had cemented the bands of their common origin. Many places had acquired the rights of citizenship; in others, the Latin law gave that right to two families annually. All the cities of Latium enjoyed many advantages, which must have naturally inspired them with affection for Rome, and hatred towards her more recent allies. 2. The author of the History of the Revolutions of Rome, so much exaggerates the strength of the Italian confederacy, that an air of romance is thereby thrown on his whole narrative, though it may not be perceptible to the greater part of his readers. According to his account, not only the Latins, but all the nations of Italy, signed this alliance, and sent a common embassy to Rome, demanding the rights of the city. It is a matter of astonishment that one city should have been able to make a defence against the united force of so

* Vertot, Revolut. Romaines, tom. iii. p. 26—30.
† T. Liv. Epitom. lib. lxxii. ‡ T. Liv. viii. 6.

many allies, whom it had found so much difficulty in subduing successively. Happily this wonderful circumstance contains as little truth as probability. The abridger of Livy has preserved the names of all the communities which composed this confederacy. They were the Samnites, Lucani, Picentes, Marsi, Peligni, Vestini, and Marrucini.* With regard to this fact, Livy's authority is better than any other; and in such an enumeration, an abridger having nothing to do but to copy, it is to be supposed that he does it correctly. The Samnites then were at the head of this league, into which they had prevailed on six other communities to enter, who were their neighbours, allies, or colonies. They were afterwards joined by several other cities, but not until the Romans, recovering from their consternation, had recalled their armies from abroad, fortified the passes into their territory, and even gained several victories over the allies. Livy informs us in general of those subsequent revolts,† but the particulars are to be found in Appian‡ and Strabo.§ They number among the rebels, the Frentani, Hirpini, Peucetii, with some cities of Apulia and Umbria. Of the former, Appian names Canusium and Venusia; speaking only in general of the *Umbrii*, I was surprised to find this historian also name the *Pompeiani*.‖ These could only be the inhabitants of Pompeii, a maritime city of Campania, near to Naples.¶ Did Pompeii exist in the time of the social war? It cannot be of an earlier date than the family from which it derived its name: and this family was unknown until the time of the great Pompey's father, that Cneius Pompeius Strabo, who was consul in the 665th year of Rome, and the second year of the social war. But supposing the antiquity of Pompeii, can it be imagined that a single city, and that a small one, should have ventured to revolt against the republic though situate in the midst of so many more important places, which faithfully maintained their allegiance? I know that the scene of the war was changed to Campania, and am willing to believe that a party of the allies, having taken possession of Pompeii, there stood a siege;** but this explication tends rather to extenuate than to justify Appian's mistake. I am inclined to seek the names of the states which entered into confederacy against Rome, in the narrative which Livy and other historians give of the war, rather than to content myself with Appian's general description, when he says that the confederacy comprehended all the nations between the Liris, or Liturnus, and the Ionian sea.†† Of this description, one of the clauses is false, the other inaccurate. The Ionian sea is taken in so many different meanings, that it denotes any thing you will.‡‡ The Liris and Liturnus were quite different

* Tit. Liv. Epitom. lib. lxxii. † Tit. Liv. Epitom. lib. lxxiii.
‡ Appian de Bell. Civil. lib. i. p. 374, 376, 379.
§ Strab. Geograph. lib. v. p. 166, 167. ‖ Appian de Bell. Civil. lib. i. p. 374.
¶ Cluv. Ital. Antiq. lib. iv. cap. iii. p. 1154.
** I have since discovered that the etymology of *Pompeii* is uncertain, and that I was right in my conjecture of its having been besieged. V. Vell. Patercul. lib. ii. cap. 16.
†† Appian de Bell. Civil. lib. i. p. 374.
‡‡ Vide Cluv. Ital. Antiq. lib. iii. cap. x. p. 1075; et lib. iv. cap. xvii. p. 1334.

rivers, and had only one circumstance in common, that both were sometimes called Clanis, or Clanius. Such then were the allies. They surely were formidable; but fear or affection still collected many Italian nations around the standard of the republic; the whole of Latium, Campania, Brutium, Calabria, the Sabines, all Etruria, a part of Umbria and Apulia, and the whole of the colonies of Magna Græcia. The cities of Tuscany prepared for joining the allies; but the senate warded off this danger by granting, of its own accord, the rights of the city to that important province.* A great number of colonies spread over all the districts of Italy, whose fidelity being secured by interest as well as gratitude, supplied the Romans with magazines, and with the protection of their fortresses. In those republics which declared against Rome, the citizens were not unanimous. The Romans had their creatures in each of those communities, whose avowed opposition, or secret intrigues, disturbed the measures of the prevailing party.† Each individual sided with the senate or the league, which became the watch-word of faction, like the names Guelphs and Ghibelines, which divided and desolated the same country thirteen centuries afterwards. The Abbé Vertot, when he explained the difficulties with which the Romans had to contend, should also have mentioned the resources by which they were enabled to surmount them. 3. The nation of the Marsi, though formidable by its valour, was inferior in strength to the Samnites and the Picentes. Yet it had the honour of giving its name to the war, which is as well known by the appellation of the Marsic, as the Social. The Marsi were the only people on the Roman side of the Apennines, who ventured to declare against the republic. Their country became the first theatre of the war, and when the senate assigned armies to the consuls, it was by granting them the Marsi for their province. This is not the first example of the least considerable portion of a league giving its name to the whole. We know the ancient Scythians by the general denomination of Tartars, because the small tribe so called always formed the van of the Mogul armies during the extensive conquests of Zingis Khan and his successors.‡ 4. The allies, though finally defeated in the war, obtained the rights of Roman citizens, which they had so eagerly desired. But they obtained this honour only to participate with Rome in all the calamities of which their own revolt had been the principal cause; and to ruin that republic and themselves. Generals commanding armies in the heart of Italy, and Italy converted into one city, whose inhabitants were citizens only by a kind of fiction, were circumstances which too plainly prepared the way for slavery. How much must the allies have regretted that tranquillity and happy obscurity which they had long enjoyed without knowing its value! During the period of a hundred and twenty years that elapsed from

* Appian de Bell. Civil. lib. i. p. 374.

† Vell. Paterculus, lib. ii. cap. 16. The Minatius Magius there spoken of, belonged to the very city which began the war, by the murder of a prætor and a legate.

‡ See Reflections on Ancient Nations, by Mr. Freret, in the eighteenth volume of the Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres.

e second Punic to the Social war, the nations of Italy flourished der the mildest of all governments. They had lost that unhappy ht of making war on each other, which was no longer necessary their defence. Secure under the protection of the Romans, ey had nothing to fear from invaders. Their domestic disputes re settled by the senate, who beheld them all with the same pa- nal eye, and whose interposition liberated them from the miser- le necessity of having recourse to arms. In return for these nefits, the whole of Italy supplied a body of infantry equal to that awn from the single city of Rome, and double the number of valry ;* a light contribution in itself, and which, by giving a mili- y turn to their youth, tended to render them respectable to the omans. Their authority was sovereign, as to all other matters ich contribute to the happiness of nations, namely, the affairs justice, police, and political economy. They had not to endure e tyranny of governors, as insolent as rapacious; their lawsuits re not carried by appeal to the capital; and a wall of brass did t form an insurmountable barrier between the citizen and the bject. They were debarred, indeed, collectively, from the rights Roman citizens; but whenever an individual proved that his am- ion was justified by his merit, Rome was too attentive to her erests not to acknowledge him for her own.† I write in the Pays Vaud. Its inhabitants ought to be contented with their con- ion ; yet it will not gain by a comparison with that of the people of aly. I know that some advantages were withholden from that people the pride of the Romans, as to the concerns of private life, mar- ges, testaments, &c. I perceive also that they had reason to mplain of some acts of violence, especially in latter times; and I sensible that such things are more striking to the fancy, than the general advantages derived from the operation of good laws, ich pass almost unobserved. 5. In undertaking this war, the ies were guilty of imprudence; were they also unjust? Could they tify their refusal to observe their former treaties, and the insur- tion which their refusal produced? I do not mean completely to cuss a question as extensive as it is difficult. I will endeavour, wever, to establish the following principles. 1. The treaties en- ed into by the general assemblies of two nations ought to bind ir heirs and successors; because it is not presumable that either rty has agreed to submit to any inconvenience without obtaining ne advantage in return; and he who reaps the benefit of one part a contract, ought to bear the burden contained in the other. e same principle does not apply to treaties entered into between tions and their leaders. These treaties hardly deserve the name, ing destitute of a condition essential to the validity of every con- ct; namely, the mutual independence of the parties, and their wer to provide for their respective advantages. They deserve the

T. Livius, lib. xxii. cap. 36. It appears from several passages of this author, that was the ordinary proportion. Velleius Paterculus exaggerates a little, when he aks of double the number of troops. Lib. ii. cap. 15.
Tacit. Annal. xi. 24.

name rather of general resolutions than of treaties, and derive their force merely from the will of those by whom they were embraced. 2. The validity of a treaty is founded on the will of the contracting parties. That will ought to be free. It will be granted that every kind of violence, affecting the body, renders a contract null; for such violence does not merely constrain, but annihilates the will. But there is a milder violence which we daily experience, that acts on the will by presenting it with the almost necessary alternative of happiness or misery. It rarely happens that individuals or nations undertake engagements, unless when they are impelled by this universal motive. The law of nature must either allow that this violence is consistent with liberty, or fidelity to our engagements will be reduced to an empty name. On the other hand, if fear does not nullify a promise, honesty must be its own victim, and robbers will acquire a right to all the goods of the earth. These difficulties may be removed by the following easy and simple distinction. Promises are binding only with respect to those who were entitled to inflict the evils with which they threatened us. These evils not being inflicted, change their nature, and become real goods bestowed on us, which serve as a sufficient basis to treaties; being a proper compensation for the burdens to which we engage to submit. 3. Society reuniting in the body politic the rights and wills of individuals, the community at large enjoy all the rights which were enjoyed by individuals in a state of nature. The right of self-preservation holds the first place. It necessarily includes the right of self-defence, of repelling force by force, and of subjecting the unjust aggressor to all the evils with which he threatens us, even to death itself. This right therefore still subsists in communities; the magistrate is entrusted with the national force to make war, not against individuals, but against the members of a foreign community, of which individuals are merely the instruments. He attacks the community only. If his cause is just, and the hatred and violence of his antagonist renders *his* death necessary to his own safety, he then exercises the rights of nature, and takes away his life; that is, his civil life, by subduing and destroying the constitution of his country. On this principle the right of conquest is founded. If the conqueror exercise his right in all its rigour, and the conquered acknowledge him for their master, I think they are bound to maintain inviolate an engagement by which they have acquired the benefit of public tranquillity. But from this point, which is perhaps the feeblest bond of human probity, two kinds of treaties gradually diverge, and gradually gain strength as they remove from their source. The first is that, where, in proportion as the conquest is less complete, the necesity of contracting the obligation is indeed diminished, but the equality between the parties is increased to that perfect independence, which leaves them at the full liberty of their own wills in their respective engagements. If the conqueror, on the other hand, having it in his power to destroy his enemies, has thought proper to save them, the contract acquires a degree of force proportional to the advantages which he might have taken away, but which he has

been pleased to leave. The observations formerly made concerning the happy state of the people of Italy, sufficiently show how much validity the wisdom of the Roman conquerors had given to their treaties with the vanquished. 4. But, it will be asked, had these treaties the most essential of all conditions? The right of conquest ought to be founded on justice; a virtue to which those robbers of the earth were strangers. I wish not to enter into historical discussions, because I am in quest, not of facts, but of principles. In our present state of error, vice, or weakness, we are often obliged to give up absolute truths for those that are merely conventional, because the only truths within our reach. It is thus, that, with regard both to individuals and societies, reason allows us to examine the foundation of their authority, but not to find fault with the manner in which they are pleased to exercise it. Both the right and the exercise of that right ought to be founded on justice; but as our reason is not always able to distinguish wherein that justice consists, we are obliged to suppose it on the side of those whose power we are unable to resist.

I have endeavoured to be as concise as possible, avoiding reflections merely accessory; consequences, and, above all, applications. On the whole, I am forced to give sentence against the allies.

But on every supposition, Velleius Paterculus is blameable. After acknowledging the just pretensions of the allies,* he has the impudence to praise the conduct of Minatius Magius, one of his own ancestors, who, maintaining his fidelity to the Romans, raised a legion for their service, and distinguished his valour in the sieges of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Casa.† But this Minatius, who, according to Velleius, was the defender of tyrants, could not approve his fidelity to Rome, without being a traitor to Asculum. It is plain, that the flatterer of Sejanus was not a fit judge of the great principles concerning the law of nations.

November 2nd.—I read the continuation of an extract in the second volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée, containing the history of Servetus written by Mr. Alevoerde, under the eyes of the famous Mosheim. The journalist (perhaps Mr. de la Chapelle) has many observations and researches concerning this extraordinary transaction, which are far more valuable than the book itself. The two authors had treated Calvin with great severity. The reviewer repels their attacks, which he ascribes to the rancour of Lutheran zeal against the patriarch of the Calvinists. The punishment of Servetus cannot indeed be justified; but, in this business, Calvin was not actuated by worldly motives, but by a mistaken religious zeal, and a respect for maxims which, though cruel and sanguinary, were acknowledged and avowed by all Christian churches. But many observations still remain to be made. 1. The examples of churches and theologians who declare in favour of the punishment of heretics, are nothing to the present question. Men's actions are never less guided by their principles, than when those principles run counter to

* Vell. Patercul. lib. ii. c. 15. † Ibid. c. 16.

the natural sentiments of humanity. The heart here corrects the errors of the understanding. A man of a humane character, under the influence of a false zeal, will in his closet condemn a heretic to death; but will he drag him to the stake? Not to shudder at the shedding of innocent blood, requires a heart totally insensible to pity. 2. I acknowledge the power of false zeal and an erroneous conscience. It is sufficient to silence the voice of pity; but can it stifle its murmurs? Will not the unhappy theologian feel a combat in his own breast between religion and humanity? Will not the outward expressions of sorrow indicate how deeply he is afflicted to shed his brother's blood? Brutus saw that the death of his sons was necessary to save the liberty of Rome. He pronounced the fatal sentence; but had he sent them to punishment without any emotions of grief, it might have been justly said, that his natural ferocity hindered him from perceiving the magnitude of the sacrifice that he had made, and even that he had sacrificed them rather to his own hatred and vengeance than to the safety of his country. In Calvin's behaviour I can see nothing but the most abominable cruelty. He loads Servetus with invectives, he fears lest his victim should escape from his hands; and, in a tone of triumph, passes on him his sentence of condemnation. But Servetus did not spare the Geneva divine. I know it. But the one loaded with reproaches a wretch whom he had confined in irons; the other only breathed out too loudly his agonies of suffering. Hard must be the heart which does not feel the difference! 3. A few years before, Servetus had communicated to Calvin all his religious opinions. Their epistolary correspondence was of considerable duration. But when Servetus was seized at Vienna, Calvin sent all his letters to the magistrates. In this instance, he may justly be reproached with having violated the tacit promise which is always supposed in such a correspondence, and which an honest man would have held sacred, instead of availing himself of the frankness of this Spaniard, for the purpose of destroying him. 4. We must recollect Calvin's situation in Geneva. He was the legislator of a new republic, and experienced the difficulties incident to innovators. A numerous faction, headed by the first syndic, pressed on him with rancour, and espoused the cause of Servetus because Calvin was his enemy. The latter was sensible that the process of Servetus was his own: and the reviewer ingenuously confesses, that unless Servetus perished, Calvin was ruined. Calvin's friends acknowledge that he was opinionative, haughty, and jealous of his authority. Let themselves draw the consequence. It was necessary that the throne of the reformer should be cemented with the blood of Servetus. 5. In a letter written to an intimate friend, Calvin does not dissemble his hopes that Servetus would be soon condemned to death. He wishes, however, that he may escape the utmost rigour of that punishment; probably, that he might not be burnt alive. Yet this very rigour was afterwards approved by himself; and that at a time when he was all-powerful at Geneva. Either this reformer concealed his real sentiments under dark hypocrisy and *inquisitorial* mildness, or motives very different from those of religion

hindered him from soliciting from the magistrates a favour, which his conscience obliged him to demand, and which he was sure would not have been refused. 6. When we collect and combine all these circumstances with the acknowledged character of the reformer, can we doubt that a hard and cruel heart, an ambitious soul, and hatred towards the man who despised his instructions and impeached his opinions, united with religious zeal in impelling Calvin to persecute the unfortunate Servetus? Voltaire, therefore, is right, when he says, that Calvin had an enlightened mind, but an atrocious soul.

3rd.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. ii. cap. xv. xvi. p. 762—786: where the first volume ends. He concludes his account of the Marsi, and then describes the rude and mountainous country of the Equi, whom it cost the Romans, in the infancy of their state, so much trouble to conquer. Alba Fucentia was a Roman colony in the territory of the Marsi, on the banks of the lake Fucinus. The pleasantness of the country, and the security of its inland situation, made the Romans often send thither prisoners of state, conquered and dethroned kings, to whom they wished to give, instead of a prison, a soft and comfortable retreat. Perseus, King of Macedon, died there, and was honoured with a public funeral; a treatment very different from that of the unfortunate Jugurtha, who was thrown into the Carcer Tullianus, to die of cold and hunger. The reason for this difference will be explained elsewhere.*

4th.—I read Cluverius, lib. iii. cap. i. p. 787—820. He comes at length to the most interesting part of Italy—Latium and the neighbourhood of the capital; not however without leading us through the tiresome round of the Œnotri, Siculi, Pelasgi, and Aborigines; in which obscure researches the thread of connexion is always slipping through our hands. Cluverius had not that clearness and criticism necessary for unravelling the perplexities of those remote antiquities; the difficulties of which Freret has eluded, because he was not able to resolve them.

I finished the twenty-eighth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains the History of the Jesuits: an idle rhapsody of well known stories, the belief of which supposes, perhaps with good reason, unbounded wickedness in the Jesuits, and unbounded credulity in the public. This work, besides, is ill-written, without method, and deformed by digressions.—Defence of the Translation of the History of the Council of Trent, by Father Courayer. The reviewer is angry at this amiable writer for accepting of the degree of doctor from the university of Oxford, although he was not a Protestant. Yet, without coming to a perfect identity of opinions, the two religions nearly meet; the university carrying to the utmost length the opinions of the Anglican church, and the Father Courayer softening as much as possible those of the church of Rome. — Pontoppidan's Gesta Danorum extra Daniam: a curious collection of truths and fable, to raise the glory of a nation, which required only the former.—Hardouin's Commentary on the New Testament. He pretends that

* See Detached Pieces, No. 7.

the Vulgate is the true original, of which the Greek text is only translation.—Machiavel a Republican. The author makes u the vulgar argument, viz. that Machiavel wrote his Prince to in the Medicis with maxims that must render them universally odi but this argument is destroyed by proving that treatise to have written before their usurpation.—Antiquities of the French N by M. le Gendre: learned, but without criticism. The simp of the good Le Gendre discovers the Scythians to be the ance of the French, from their polite behaviour to the Amazons. Pol Discourses, by Mr. Gordon; and a Parallel of the French wit Romans, by the Abbé Mably. These two writers have gai great reputation; the one by boldness and enthusiasm, the oth his appearance of honesty and calm reasoning. Yet I have been able to discover in their works any thing but common pla have been in company with the latter, and can answer for it. his admiration of monarchy has much cooled in the space of t years.

5th.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. iii. cap. ii. [p —870. He is here rather the critic and antiquary than the g pher, which last character becomes him far the best. W incredulity beyond that of Pouilly and Beaufort, he regar whole history of the first ages of Rome as fabulous. He detl the Roman as well as the Alban kings; and has no more bel Romulus than in Æneas; using learned arguments, weakly drawn from the contradictory accounts of writers concernin origin of Rome, the gross ignorance of the first Romans, a improbable circumstances told of the birth and education of founder. Having overturned the received system, he proce explain his own. When the aborigines left the country Sabines to invade the Siculi, they were in alliance with a Pe colony from Arcadia. The Siculi were conquered; and the of the Pelasgi took possession of Valentia, one of their tow the banks of the Tiber, and gave it the name of Rome. The P afterwards separated; and mixing with the aborigines, formed them the nation called Latins. This event happened fifteen turies before the Christian era; and to this Pelasgic chief, th founder of Rome, ought to be referred the few facts on the b which so many fables have been built concerning the suppose sonages, Saturn, Janus, Evander, Æneas, and Romulus. system is new, and in some parts specious; but it is so weak two reflections are sufficient to overturn it. 1. Can it be ima that the Romans, having lost all memory of eight hundred ye their history, and not being able to go higher than the eighth tury before Christ, should have been obliged to conceal their rance under the absurd fable which they gave out concerning pretended founder? Many cities have invented fictions fo purpose of magnifying their antiquity and nobility. But the fabricated by the Romans, abridges their history by the per 760 years, and substitutes for their ancient Pelasgic origin, *tended* descent from shepherds and robbers. The Romans

ast they believed, the settlement of Evander on mount Palatine; if they were ignorant of the transactions of the intermediate uries, would not this space have been filled up by names, genes, and fables, such as were interposed to form the chain between as and Romulus? These suppositions are necessary for Cluve- system, but cannot be made without supposing in the first ans a degree of gross ignorance inconceivable in a nation inha- g cities, and enjoying the use of letters. 2. But these suppo- s, if granted, would militate against the system which they are t to establish. The same ignorance which obliterated the ry of the Romans, must also have destroyed that of the Pelasgi, remote ancestors. How extraordinary is the privilege granted e latter nation, whose ancient migrations are supposed to be ibted facts that admit not of dispute, and that ought to be yed for dissipating all the clouds that obscure the history of more recent posterity.

e hypothesis of the learned geographer must fall to the ground; ne falseness of that hypothesis does not prove the Roman his- o be true. I readily give up to historical scepticism, or rather ntempt and oblivion, the high exploits of Æneas, the Trojan y, the kings of Alba, and the wolf of Romulus. But what e of credit ought to be given to the first decade of Livy? To s fully such a question would require knowledge and leisure. e neither of the two. Yet merely to break new ground on a ion almost exhausted, I would observe; 1. That it requires er precision of ideas than has hitherto been aimed at. Cluve- vould allow that some truths may be discovered amidst the of fables; and the Abbé Sallier would acknowledge that the n had shared the fate of all histories, whose purity has been pted by some fictions. Before entering upon the controversy, l give my own articles of faith; and not to expatiate in too a field, shall confine myself to the transactions related in the ment of the first books of Livy. I would venture to maintain hese transactions happened, without giving up some of the probable circumstances with which they are said to have been panied. 2. The subject of the external proofs is exhausted. rning the great annals, the domestic memoirs, &c. nothing can ded to the arguments of Messrs. Sallier and Freret on one and the objections of Messrs. Pouilly and Beaufort on the

I would change the mode of attack, and make use of the which divines call internal. My argument would be, that rst Roman historians having lived in the days of Hannibal, bles which, according to my adversaries, they refuted, must gained possession of the public fifty years before that period. ld combine the nature of those fables with the condition of omans, and examine whether it is likely that, under such nstances, similar fables should either have been invented or ed.

.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. iii. cap. iii. p. 870—900. reats of the maritime places of Latium. They were few in

number; we meet however with the celebrated names of the river Numicus, Ostia, Laurentum, and Lavinium, often confounded with Lanuvium. I am surprised he should omit to speak of Pliny the younger's Laurentina villa, which is so well described by its master. He might easily have ascertained its situation, and have very properly inserted those passages of Pliny, which exhibit so lively a picture of the circumjacent country. I perceive that Virgil makes the Trojans sail up the Tiber, and places Æneas' first camp on the banks of the river; whereas the greater part of writers, relying on the story of the sow, and some very vague expressions indeed of the poet himself, suppose that hero to have landed at the mouth of the Numicus, near to the place where he built shortly afterwards the city of Lavinium.

7th.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. iii. cap. iv. p. 900—950. The author continues to describe Latium; the inland country contained Lanuvium, Aricia, Alba, Tusculum, and Gabii; places famous during the first ages of Rome, on account of their resistance to its arms; and afterwards, on account of the beautiful villas with which the great men of the republic, and the emperors, crowded the neighbourhood of the capital. Continually Greek fables; there is scarcely one of those cities which has not a supposed founder belonging to that nation. Of all those fables, often very ill-contrived by the Greeks, concerning western nations, especially Italy, there are some few that stand apart, but the greater number are connected with one or the other of those three celebrated events, the return of Hercules from his Iberian expedition, the voyages of the Argonauts, and those of Ulysses.

I finished the twenty-ninth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains De Traditione Principiorum Legis Naturalis, by Ausaldus. The primitive revelation, whether preserved by tradition, or by principles which each individual may discover by the exercise of his own reason, will be attended with the same consequences; but the latter hypothesis is more simple, and more consonant to the attributes of the Creator.—The Universal History, by a Society of Men of Letters: first and second extract. The excellence of the first part of this great work is well known. The reviewer shows clearly that the hailstones which completed the defeat of the inhabitants of Canaan, was only a storm of ordinary hail, and refutes the credulity of those historians who think that it consisted of large stones, formed and supported in the air till the moment of their fall.—A Methodical Catalogue of the Plants found in Switzerland, by Albert Haller. I am little interested in a work on botany, but very much in M. Haller. This universal genius unites the fire of poetry with the sagacity and discernment of the philosopher; his natural abilities are equal to his acquired knowledge. His memory is retentive to a degree almost miraculous. A few years ago he supped with M. de G. whose memory is also surprising. The conversation turned on the affairs of Sweden and the antiquities of Rome; and the scholar always corrected the traveller. With all his admirers, *Haller* has but few friends. Wherever he has happened to reside,

Gottingen, Berne, or the Pays de Vaud, his harsh, haughty, and bitious character has offended all his acquaintances.—The His- y of William the Conqueror, by the Abbé Prevôt. I found in it ıe quotations from an old chronicle, the natural simplicity of ich gave me great pleasure.—History of Mount Vesuvius, by the ademy of Naples: very curious. The heat of the lava, even ɐr its first violence has abated, is far greater than that of red- iron.

ɜth.—Being unwell, I did nothing but read a small work which . Pavillard had lent to me. It is entitled, Letters written from Country, and relates to the troubles of Geneva; concerning ich I know nothing more than the public at large. These letters written by a man of abilities, who affects too much however the le of Montesquieu. He is an advocate for the magistrates, and siders as a salutary check the previous approbation of the little ncil, before any bill can be proposed to the general assembly. is regulation he compares with the king's negative in the consti- ion of England. But there is a wide difference between a nega- ɜ before, and after deliberation.

.1th.—I finished the thirtieth volume of the Bibliothèque isonnée. It contains Cuper's Letters; which give as favourable impression of the heart as of the understanding of this learned tchman.—The Civil History of the Kingdom of Naples, by M. ınnone. The candour, penetration, and freedom of this excellent yer, will ever ensure to this work the esteem of all wise men. ırchmen are not always of the number.—Poems, by the King of ɤarre: highly valuable, on account of the rank of the author, their iquity, and their own real beauties.—Taylor's Dissertation on the ɯ of the Decemvirs against Insolvent Debtors. His conclusion ıot new. He thinks the debtor was sold as a slave, and the price eived for him divided amongst his creditors, and not the slave ıself. As this journal begins to grow too fashionable, the reviewer s not venture to insert the Latin, which cannot however easily dispensed with in this discussion.—Universal History: third ract. The reviewer collects a great number of curious examples the power of music.—Natural History of Fishes, by Klein: ious.—The Count d'Estrade's Letters lay open the springs the French policy, and all the ambition of Louis XIV.—A ɜatise on the Number of Inhabitants in Holland and West esland, by Mr. Kerseboom. As this curious work is in Dutch, hall speak of it at some length. The result of his observation 1. The number of children born yearly amount to 28,000. 2. ɜ total of the inhabitants to 980,000; that is, in the proportion 35 to 1 of the births. 3. The number of married couples is),000. After subtracting the bastards, it turns out that of teen married couples of all ages, two produce children yearly. 4. . Kerseboom finds by his calculation, that of two persons that ɜr into wedlock between the ages of 20 and 50, it is 13 to 7 that will die before the lapse of twenty years. 5. Of 1400 new-born

children, the probable number of those who will remain alive at each of the assigned ages, is as follows:

Age.	Alive.	Age.	Alive.	Age.	Alive.
1	1125	40	605	80	100
10	895	50	507	90	10
20	817	60	382	95	1
30	711	70	245		

12th.—I read a small new work, a poem in prose, intitled, Olivier. The style is easy and flowing, but rarely elevated to a pitch deserving the name of poetry. The story is interesting; we are pleased with the adventures of this Olivier, who subdues the Count's hatred by good offices. The characters of Enguerrand and his squire are amusing. His adventure in the village of the Limousin is a counterpart to that of Gil Blas with the Archbishop of Grenada. The travels of Fleur d'Epine are throughout too extravagant. The isle of musicians is not a bad fancy; but the whole pleasantry is founded on a pun, the double meaning of the word "air." The arrangement of the poem is detestable. I am provoked to find the narrative continually broken into cantos; and those parts of it resumed which had been almost forgotten. The author has imitated Ariosto. That is true; but Ariosto's arrangement is good for nothing. Besides, we ought not to confound the natural wanderings of a great genius unacquainted with rules, and the studied disorder of a writer who is extravagant by design, and who gives himself much trouble to violate those laws of composition with which he is acquainted.

14th.—I read Cluverius, lib. iii. cap. iv. v. p. 950—979. The author treats of the other inland cities of Latium; Tibur, Prænestę, Gabii, &c. He thence proceeds to the Rutuli, who inhabited a small district between the sea, the Latins, and the Volsci. This little community must have separated itself from the political confederacy of the Latins, since it did not participate in the sacrifices on Mount Alba, which the members of that confederacy annually met to celebrate. The poets, however, often confound those two nations; which were indeed nearly united by the situation of their territories and their common origin. Ardea, the capital of the Rutuli, was taken and burnt by Eneas; the poets feign that a bird flew from its ashes; a strange fable, as shocking to the fancy as to reason. But the dogma of the metempsychosis was extremely metaphysical, and of that kind of metaphysics, of which the consequences became the more refined in proportion to the absurdity of the fictions on which they were founded. Our religion assures us of the soul's immortality, and even immateriality; but the doctrine of the resurrection makes us consider the body as an essential part of the man, and tends to persuade us that without the assistance of organs, the soul would not be capable of action. The metempsychosis, on the contrary, separates the soul and body, without depriving the former of any of its faculties. These faculties it owes

itself: man is still a man; and in the body of another can think and reflect as well as in his own. When this is adopted, though we may dispute concerning the nature of l, we must allow that it has nothing in common with the body t inhabits.

.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. iii. cap. vi. vii. viii. —1048. He casts a glance on the little country of the i, inclosed in the mountains; and describes at length the ex- territories of the Volsci, of which Antium was the capital. ation had a marine, consisting of light vessels, with which fested the seas of Greece and Italy. Alexander sent am- rs, complaining to the Romans of their depredations; and mans endeavoured to repress their piracy.—Who was this der? I think he was that king of Epirus, who made war in nd whom the Greek colonies there chose for their general otector against the barbarians. This office naturally con- him with the Romans. When some writers speak of an y sent by the senate to Alexander the Great, they confound le with the nephew. The authority of the ancients, as well improbability of the thing itself, convince me that the Romans ad any communication with the conqueror of Asia.

.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. iii. cap. ix. p. 1048 . He speaks of that confusion of the names of nations and which it is so difficult to unravel. The Opici, the Osci, the s, and Aurunci, are so continually confounded, that there ave been different names for the same people, or their terri- nust have been strangely intermingled.

.—I read Cluverius, lib. iii. cap. x. lib. iv. cap. i. ii. p. 1062 . The author enters into particulars concerning the country Ausones, which became afterwards a part of New Latium. e was distinguished by the infamous honour of being the of the Lestrigones, at the time when Italy was to the Greeks he inland parts of America are to us. Homer has rendered le interesting. The discovery of an unknown country, where bject surprises and affects us, where curiosity is continually . and continually gratified, affords a pleasure similar to that our travels. Yet the poet may be reproached with two incor- ches, which somewhat disfigure his picture. 1. The Lestrigones her too refined, or too barbarous. They inhabit cities, they hariots, and hired shepherds. Yet they are men-eaters. y for human nature, this ferocity never existed but in nations devoid of culture; and even among them man does not his fellow-creatures unless driven to this madness by famine eance. 2. The Lestrigones were giants. Every thing be- to them ought to be in due proportion; their children, , and cities. Yet Ulysses' spies travel through the country, se with the king's daughter, and follow her without distrust father's palace. Their fears are not mentioned, till they see een of the Lestrigones. Gulliver was a better observer of tions.

18th.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. iv. cap. ii. p. 1102—1115. After having determined the situation and bounds of Campania, he describes the sea coast from Sinuessa, *viz.* Vulturnum, Liternum, Sylva Gallinaria, and Cumæ. This last place is described at great length. Its foundation and power, above all its Sibyl, immortalized by Virgil, furnish the geographer with an abundant crop. This last article is well treated, without confusion, but with his natural copiousness.

20th.—I read Cluverius, lib. iv. cap. ii. p. 1115—1146. In pursuance of his design, he describes the coast of Campania from Cumæ to Naples: a small district, famous in all ages. Misenum, Baiæ, Puteoli, with the lakes Avernus and Lucrinus, the terror of the early Greeks, and the delight of the Romans, will always render this coast highly interesting.

21st.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. iv. cap. iii. p. 1146—1164. He continues and concludes his account of the coasts of Campania and Naples, to the promontory of Minerva, which separated them from the territory of the Picentini. Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiæ, and Surrentum, are the principal places described in his route.

There are different opinions concerning the place of Virgil's tomb. St. Jerome and Donatus appear on one side; but Cluverius, followed by Mr. Addison, on the other, rejects without ceremony their evidence; and, upon the authority of Statius, transports this monument to the other side of the city, and the foot of Mount Vesuvius. I should with them prefer Statius's information, were it conveyed in precise terms. But this poet speaks in general only of the Chalcidic shores, places which experienced the rage of Vesuvius; and such vague language seems merely to indicate the neighbourhood of Naples. St. Jerom and Donatus, on the other hand, tell us, that Virgil was buried at the distance of two miles from that city, and on the high road to Puteoli; this account is so clear, that it cannot be mistaken. It may be reconciled with that of Statius, and is justified by the tradition of the country. Why should it be rejected?

22nd.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. iv. cap. iv. p. 1164—1171. He treats of the isles lying opposite to the coast of Campania. The two largest appear like advanced works, intended to guard the two promontories of the bay of Naples. The one is called Ænaria or Pithecusa; the other is the famous Capreæ.

24th.—I read Cluverius, lib. iv. cap. v. p. 1171—1179. After having treated of the coasts and islands of Campania, he proceeds to the inland country. We behold the fertile fields of Falernum and Capua, whose corn and wine formed the surest revenue of the republic, and nourished a vast multitude of citizens. The district of Falernum was bounded by the vineyards of Mount Massicus. The ancients often confounded these two growths. Capua appears next; that proud city, whose inhabitants foolishly thought that their riches would enable them to contend with Rome. The Romans destroyed the republic, but spared the city; and in never re-establishing its political constitution, an event which they always feared,

they were guided rather by a concern for the safety of their own government, than by maxims of external policy. Cicero artfully confounds those two objects in his pleadings against Rullus; he had good reasons for so doing.

25th.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. iv. cap. vi. vii. viii. p. 1179—1205. The author describes the remainder of Campania, and the territories of the Picentini, Hirpini, and Samnites. These two nations inhabited mountains of little fertility, which were almost deserts, under the Romans; who had conquered the Samnites only by extirpating them. Florus is right. It is impossible to find in these districts objects worthy of twenty-four triumphs. Mr. Addison is again in my way. Why should he place in Umbria Lake Ampsanctus, which Virgil had so well described? Was he ignorant of, or did he despise, the passages of Cicero and Pliny which place that lake in the country of the Hirpini? The Fury could not make a choice more worthy of her character, than that of plunging into a lake whose waters proved fatal to all who approached them.

I finished the thirty-first volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Lucian, by Messrs. Hemsterhuis and Gesner, accompanied with every help that can render an edition valuable; manuscripts collated, a new translation, and remarks of many of the learned. In speaking of the Philopatris, the editors prove that it must have been written under an emperor of Constantinople, who allowed the Christians to be insulted. This era, being applicable only to Julian, destroys all the consequences which have been deduced from this work.—Account of a Mission into Greenland, by Mr. Egede, in Danish. All here is curious: the design of the voyage, uncommon among Protestants; the country; and its inhabitants. Nature is clad in terror; the animals are small and few. No other plants can thrive, excepting those which ripen in a summer of two months, and can bear a winter of ten. Corn will not grow beyond the sixty-fourth degree: beyond the sixty-fifth spirits of wine freeze. There is not even snow; all is hard ice, whose sparkling colours gladden this scene of horror. Yes, man is naturally good; I appeal to these Greenlanders, who are no strangers to love in the midst of their frozen regions, but are strangers to war excepting against the brute creation. They are lazy, inconstant; exempt from ill-nature, but destitute of great virtues. The Iroquois, who eat their prisoners, have also laws, ideas, and arts; with which last the Greenlanders are unacquainted. Compared with the Greenlanders, the Iroquois are a civilised nation. How delightful is the contemplation of nature!—Theology of Insects, by Mr. Lesner; very curious.—Letters of Count d'Estrades: highly useful for the history of negotiations, a kind of history almost unknown to antiquity.—Fourmont's Chinese Grammar. A striking proof of the superiority of the Europeans. Chinese grammars are written in Paris: will French grammars ever be written in Pekin? I am doubtful whether the mandarins themselves know the principles of their own language as well as Mr. Fourmont.—A Treatise on the Senses, by Mr. Le Cat. The knowledge of the senses approaches

nearly to that of the soul, of which they are the organs. Mr. Le Cat explains their anatomy, functions, and objects, with penetration always guided by experience. His work has given me a pleasure not to be described.—The Universal History, by a Society of Men of Letters. This extract relates to the history of the Persians, according to Oriental writers; whom the editors boldly prefer to the Greek. Many learned men have entertained the same opinion, which appears to me indefensible. 1. In the Oriental writers, the characteristics of the fabulous are predominant; there is no attention to chronology; geographical errors abound; and the marvellous forms the essential part of the narrative, instead of being merely an accessory. 2. In the history of Persia, there are many transactions concerning which the Greeks could not be mistaken; as the time of the establishment of Cyrus' empire, and the wars between the Persians and themselves. But the Persian accounts differ as widely from the Greek, with respect to those matters, as they do with respect to all others. 3. I know that the Greeks only showed themselves in Persia, and that their Eastern subjects lived quietly under their transitory reign. But their successors, the Parthians, a Scythian nation who hated the Persians, whose effeminacy they despised, kept them during five centuries under a yoke of iron. A conflagration, or other transient calamity, rarely destroys the whole monuments of a country; but, under a cruel government which renders each generation more stupid than the preceding, they crumble into dust, and become a prey to worms; and truth is soon stifled under a weight of fabulous tradition. The history of the dynasty of the Sassanides is less liable to objection. It is better connected, more probable in itself, as well as more conformable to the narratives of European writers. Yet a considerable time elapsed from the Arabian conquest, before the Persians endeavoured to collect their historical monument.

27th.—I read Saurin's famous pleading against Rousseau. How singular a business is this! While wars and negotiations are almost forgotten, this dispute between two private individuals is still remembered, and, after the lapse of sixty years, still foments party passions. All I can decide is, that this performance of Saurin's is a fine exhibition of taste and eloquence.

28th.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. iv. cap. ix. x. xi. xii. xiii. p. 1205—1242. He proceeds to the coasts of the Adriatic, and speaks shortly of the Frentani. He then treats of the country called Japygia by the Greeks, and Apulia by the Romans: giving its general division and limits. In page 1210 the editor apprises us, that Cluverius did not proceed farther in revising his work; and that the remainder will appear less polished, less elaborate, and perhaps less accurate. Heinsius' delicacy in giving this information is commendable; but I have not yet discovered its necessity. All the towns of Apulia and Calabria here pass in review; Arpi, Canusium, Luceria, Brundusium, and last of all Tarentum, which is treated with a copiousness proportional to its importance.

29th.—I finished the thirty-second volume of the Bibliothèque Rai-

sonnée. It contains Philosophical Researches of St. Hyacinthe; a small performance, by a man who has more talent for ridicule than for reasoning.—Cumberland's Treatise on the Laws of Nature, translated and commented by Barbeyrac. A learned refutation of Hobbes. This philosopher had degraded man to the condition of a beast; the bishop exalts him to that of an angel. Man, Cumberland tells us, is made for society; he is the only animal that laughs and weeps. Hobbes maintains that man is not made for society, because children and idiots, though participating of human nature, do not know what society means.—Calvin's Letters to Jacques de Bourgogne. Here we find you, harsh and intractable spirit! quarrelling with a respectable friend, because he wishes to snatch a victim from your theological zeal. On the subject of these letters, the librarian of Geneva writes one to the reviewers, containing a curious investigation of the whole business. This librarian had already supplied them with several other pieces: which treat indeed merely of literary trifles, but these trifles are written agreeably and elegantly.—Conformities between Jesus Christ and St. Francis of Assise. Bartholemy of Pisa discovered only forty, but this author carries the number to four thousand, most of them trivial, or too subtile. The absurdity of this book gives it a kind of value.—Philo, by Mangey. Philo, in the first century, always quotes the Old Testament in Aquila's version, who lived in the second: a perplexing difficulty for critics.—Missions to Tranquebar. This is the counterpart of the Voyage into Greenland; all is opposite in these voyages, excepting the design for which they were undertaken. The ancients went too far in their assertions; but if the frozen and torrid zones are inhabited, is it by men? I doubt whether these regions will ever be civilized like the temperate zones. The scarcity and weakness of animals, and the want of corn, wine, and iron, will always form natural obstacles of great importance. But I intend to read the book itself, and therefore leave the subject at present.

30th.—I read Cluverius, lib. iv. cap. xiii. xiv. p. 1242—1282. After finishing the subject of Calabria, he proceeds to Lucania, the only province which commanded a view of both seas. There were many Greek cities on the coast, and a numerous and fierce people inhabited the inland country. These dissensions were abolished by the Roman conquests. The few inhabitants who escaped the effects of their fury, lost all remembrance of their former condition. The geographer perhaps sees better than the historian, how dearly it cost the world to become Roman.

December 3rd.—I read Cluverius' Ital. Antiq. lib. iv. cap. xvi. xvii. p. 1320—1338; which concludes the fourth book, and the whole work; a truly laborious task; undertaken by me with more ardour, than it was continued with perseverance. But intervals of relaxation were pardonable. His materials are immense, his method perplexed, and his style a motley mixture of quotations from authors of all ages. My undertaking is now accomplished; and I have derived from it much useful knowledge, which will not be easily forgotten. I have already remarked his prodigious mass of mate-

rials. In speaking of the meanest village, all the learning of antiquity and the middle ages occurs to his memory; and a passage is not more concealed from his keen eye in a legend of the tenth century, than if it stood at the head of the Æneid. Throughout, his authorities are produced, and sifted, and compared with each other; and the result of the comparison is not always to their honour. The ancients quoted often from memory. Books were scarce; maps still scarcer; and in a science where the mind is so liable to wander without the direction of the eye, error was unavoidable. Servius the commentator is often exposed to Cluverius' criticism. This pretended scholar is here stripped of his mask of counterfeit erudition. His absurd mistakes are only to be equalled by those of Appian the historian. But our author's censure spares not the greatest names of ancient geography; Ptolemy, who knew the East better than the West; Strabo, who is sometimes an historian, politician, or philosopher, rather than a geographer; and Pliny, who undertakes to describe the world in thirty-seven small books, whose brevity is often obscurity, and who frequently sees by other men's eyes, and those not always to be depended on. After so much experience of their inaccuracy, it could hardly be expected that Cluverius should maintain the infallibility of the ancients. But we may perceive in his work the same superstitious veneration for the great names of antiquity, which prevailed among his contemporaries. When no other excuse for them remains, he is sure to throw the blame on transcribers. This principle, that the true text need only be restored, in order to restore its propriety, he applies with unwearied diligence. The great number of his corrections is only equalled by their boldness; the greater part are rash or useless; but some of them are extremely happy. The change of Athesis and Ufens into Æsis and Aufens, rescued the text of Livy from an absurdity almost inconceivable; substituted two obscure but fit names, instead of two far more illustrious, but totally misplaced; and restored the Galli Senones to their proper habitation. This correction has been adopted by Livy's editors, and admitted into the text.

5th.—I finished the thirty-third volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains the Life of Richard of Cornwall, Emperor of Germany, by Mr. Gebauer, Professor at Gottingen. Had not this German been a subject of the King of Great Britain as Elector of Hanover, would he ever have disturbed the ashes of this obscure prince, whose weak and ignorant reign was as pernicious to England as useless to Germany? Would he ever have preferred this prince to the wise King of Castile?—Universal History, by a Society of Men of Letters. This extract treats of the history of the Macedonians. It is executed with much erudition, taste, and judgment. This Universal History would be invaluable, were all its parts of equal merit. I remember with pleasure that I formed the same opinion of this article when I read it at Bath, in 1751. I was then fourteen years old.—Dissertation on the Medal of Smyrna, by Mr. Boze: replete with erudition and taste; containing curious researches on the pre-eminence of the cities of Asia.—Researches

on the Polypus, by Mr. Trembley. A new world! throwing light on physics, but darkening metaphysics.—Vegetius' Institutions. This writer on tactics has good general notions; but his particular account of the Roman discipline is deformed by confusion and anachronisms.—Theological Faults. Who does not know them?—Conformity between the Pagan and Catholic Rites of Worship. Messrs. Warburton and Middleton are divided on this question. The latter thinks that the Christians copied after the Pagans. The former thinks that both followed the natural impulse of human sentiment, always prone to superstition. These two opinions are not materially different. The will must always be actuated by some motive. These rites were familiar and suitable to the Romans of the fourth century. They had renounced them with reluctance; they resumed them with pleasure.

7th.—I returned to my geographical collection on Italy, which had been a short time interrupted. I divide the country according to the regions of Augustus, introducing under each region the most interesting particulars that occur in the course of my reading. This collection cannot fail being much augmented by my travels in Italy; and, at my return to England, I hope to be able to give a description of ancient Italy, which will be the joint result of my studies, reflections, and observations. Such a work still remains to be written; that of Cluverius by no means supplying its place. 1. Cluverius is too diffuse. We live not in that age of industry, when studies were valued in proportion to their extent and difficulty. Our men of letters are afraid to encounter two volumes in folio. Yet those who have curiosity, cannot be contented with such meagre abridgments as enrich neither the understanding nor memory. A book holding the middle place between Cluverius and Cellarius would suit the public taste. 2. An abridgment of the former would not answer the purpose. In abridgments, the proportions of the original must be preserved; and those of Cluverius are not always accurate. Without reproaching him with excessive diffusion in some parts, and contraction even to torture in others, three objects are totally omitted, which surely merited his attention: the division of the provinces by Augustus and his successors; the great roads of Italy, and the topography of the city of Rome. Cluverius is scarcely sensible of these omissions. He was not indeed obliged to anticipate the discoveries of the present age; but it happens fortunately for a more modern writer, that it is in his power to avail himself of a more accurate knowledge of itinerary measures, and to enrich his work with the first fruits of two new discoveries, the Tuscan monuments and those of Herculaneum. 3. Latin is no longer the language even of learning, and Cluverius's Latin was never the language of taste. The public would be pleased to see his broken chain of quotations melted down by a good writer into a clear, methodical, and interesting narrative. Sometimes I would preserve, however, the very words of my authorities, when they happened to be poets, whose style often forms their principal merit, and whose smiling images would enliven the dryness of geographical description.

4. I would follow Strabo rather than Pliny. To my general divisions and tables I would endeavour to give all the neatness and perspicuity possible; while I examined with the eye of a philosopher the interior of the country and the manners of its inhabitants; the productions of art and nature, as far as they were known to the ancients; the migration of tribes, their laws and character. Amidst so many interesting objects, I would seize every opportunity of investigating how far public transactions and manners were affected by local situation and climate. 5. Arrangements are arbitrary. The method which I should follow, appears to me natural and luminous. I would place myself with Romulus on the Palatine Mount, and thus proceed to the different quarters of Rome, from the cradle of the nation to the first pomœrium of the city. In describing Italy, I would follow the progress of Roman conquests, and pay particular attention to its division by Augustus into regions; with this one exception, that I would separate the territory of the Sabines from Samnium, and put it at the head of Latium. By this small alteration I would reconcile the two principles of my arrangement; and the reader would easily follow the progress of Roman arms, and Livy's history. A work of this kind, well executed, would be favourably received by the public. It might enrich a bookseller, pass through ten editions, and become a classical book with students in colleges, travellers, and even men of letters. The author, however, would do wrong to value himself on a performance, which owed its whole success to the nature of the subject, industry, and method. To speak only of my own essay, the production of my youth, written in two months, and forgotten in four, yet does it show more originality of genius, than would be required for such a geographical performance. Of the two sources of literary fame, difficulty and utility, the second is the surest, though the least flattering to vanity.

9th.—I read the Bibliothèque Raisonnée, volume thirty-four, part first. It contains three treatises of Mr. Harris, on the subjects of art, music and painting, and happiness. He is a great admirer of Plato and Aristotle, from whom he has learned to express common-place thoughts in technical language; and an enthusiasm for the beautiful, the true, and the virtuous, which are often substituted with him for precision of ideas. These faults chiefly prevail in the first and third of those essays. The second, containing many just observations and nice distinctions, is more conformable with the taste of modern philosophy.—Natural History of Bees, extracted from the Works of Mr. Reaumur: written in the best taste; the choice of the subject, the refinement, copiousness, and singularity of the observations, the beauties of style and arrangement, all contribute to raise the value of this little performance.

11th.—I read the thirty-fifth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains An Extract from the Universal History, concerning the Life of Alexander. A good compiler would not have expatiated on a life so well known. A few sections would have sufficed. These compilers commit the same fault with regard to Crevier's Roman *History*. This practice multiplies useless books, disgusts their

readers, and enriches none but booksellers.—Sermons, on the Social Duties, by Doctor Delany. This historian of David savours much of the enthusiast; but he says excellent things. His discourse against the common vice of not paying our debts, is a performance as excellent as it is new.—Bibliothèque Française, by the Abbé Goujet, volumes seventh and eighth; the continuation of a curious work.—A Letter of the Librarian of Geneva, concerning John Faustus. This excellent correspondent of the Review clearly proves that the inventor of printing died at Paris of the plague.—A Voyage to the North, by Mr. Outhier. He was one of the companions of Mr. Maupertuis. This voyage, or journey, was surely useful to astronomy; but geography gained little by it.—Dissertation on David's Curses. The author attempts to prove that David might wish for the destruction of his enemies, and rejoice in their calamities, without offending against charity. The task is difficult; any man would fail in performing it: by a man of sense it would not have been undertaken.

17th.—I employed myself very ill for some days, with the Memoirs of Abbé Montgon, in eight volumes large 12mo. small letter, and very thick volumes. The decided patience of a German would be tired with eight large volumes, which, with the greatest facility, might be reduced to a hundred pages. Whatever concerns the Abbé Montgon appears to himself to deserve the attention of all Europe. Fifty pages are consumed in a conversation with the Archbishop of Amida; one hundred pages in an intrigue between the Duchess of St. Pierre and Count Rottembourg; the other parts are in due proportion. The abbé's enemies, I perceive, accuse him of two faults; a boundless ambition, and a suspicious temper, which was always haunting him with imaginary enemies. I am inclined to think the accusations just; and that Cardinal Fleury's cabal was as chimerical as that of Jurieu. Why should the cardinal have been the abbé's enemy? Montgon did not deserve to be the object of his vengeance, still less of his hatred or jealousy. Yet to hurt this man, the Cardinal during five years employs concealed and almost invisible instruments, and transforms into rogues or cowards the Archbishop of Amida, the Duchess of St. Pierre, the Marquis of Brancas, and the Count of Rottembourg; who, according to the abbé, had all of them formerly been very honest people. His ambition appears very manifest. A holy ecclesiastic does not think of quitting his retreat, but with a view to become the attendant of a great king. This was an inclination which he ought to have distrusted. Before his departure, this prince remounts his throne. What had the good abbé to do at his court? Yet he goes there, plunges into worldly affairs, and the only signs of devotion that I can discover in the sequel of his work, consist in some passages of scripture, which he applies to his enemies. I acknowledge that our abbé followed his natural vocation. He had a turn for business; and, though too fond of minutiæ, was not deficient in address, prudence, and persuasion. The two most interesting parts of his work are, 1. The curious picture of Spain after the treaty of Vienna, which united in the closest amity two princes, who had disputed a crown with the fiercest animosity.

The court of Madrid was the dupe of that of Vienna. By means of a chimerical marriage shown in distant prospect, Austria drew vast sums from Spain, at the same time that she gained real advantages for her commerce. The Austrian ambassador, Count Konigseck, governed Spain with the authority of a first minister. His weight was so great, that he caused the council of Castile to confirm the letters patent which Charles VI. had granted to some Spaniards, creating them grandees, in reward of their services in resisting the tyranny of the Duke of Anjou. 2. The commission granted to the abbé shows clearly, how little dependence is to be had on the renunciation made by the house of Anjou of its rights to the crown of France; and that these rights would be enforced on the first favourable opportunity. It is true that such an opportunity is much less likely to occur now, than it was then. The Abbé Montgon's style is inaccurate and uninteresting; that of a man unacquainted with the beauties and rules of his own language. What strange words are Despoticité, Stoicité!

19th.—I read Claudii Rutilii Numantiani Iter, lib. i. v. 1—644; lib. ii. v. 1—68. This is all that remains of a work that contained two complete books. I read it in Burmann's Edition of the Poetæ Latini Minores. Leyden, 1731; one of those Dutch editions, cum notis Variorum, in which the text only peeps out amidst a heavy mass of commentary. The 700 verses of Rutilius are spread over 200 quarto pages, crowded with the remarks of Simber, Castalio, Pithœus, Sitzmanus, and Barthius. Yet Rutilius is not a difficult author; once or twice only I should have been glad of an explanatory note; I looked for it in vain, but knew commentators too well to be surprised at the disappointment. The author of this little poem lived under the Emperor Honorius, by whom he had been raised to the first employments. He was Consul, Præfectus Prætorii, or Governor of Rome: being a Gaul by birth, he embarked at Ostia the 9th of October 416, A. U. C. 1169;* to return to his native country. The account which he has left us of his voyage along the coasts of Etruria and Liguria is imperfect, concluding at the town of Luna. His work may be considered in relation, 1. to its subject; 2. its style and poetry; 3. the personal character of its author. 1. If Rutilius had lopped off the first 180 verses of his poem, the reader would not have been a loser. After briefly mentioning the object of his voyage, and his sorrow at leaving Rome, his adopted country, and the scene of his honours, he expatiates on the glory of the capital, that eternal city, to whose empire Jupiter had not assigned any limits, and which was destined to reign over all nations, and during all ages. Such a subject required a truly poetical genius; and Rutilius is only a cold declaimer, who strains his faculties to string common-place thoughts, without finding in nature and himself colours fitted to adorn his theme. This theme indeed would not have been chosen by a judicious writer; for the reign of Honorius was not a proper period for describing the greatness of Rome; a greatness long since fallen to decay. A veneration, and even terror for her name, had been sup-

* Cl. Rutilii Iter. lib. i. 183. 205.

ported by her antiquity and extent of empire. But the illusion was now over. The barbarians gradually knew, despised, and destroyed her. Great Britain separated from the empire; the Goths, Vandals, and Suevi overflowed the finest provinces of Spain and Gaul; and when Rutilius wrote, Alaric had already been for six years master of Rome. I acknowledge that our poet, who was sensible of these calamities, endeavours ingeniously to dissemble their disgrace; comparing them with the defeats of Allia and Cannæ, to show that Rome never suffered a reverse of fortune without rising more vigorous from the shock. But the comparison is feeble and false. Since the Punic wars, circumstances were totally changed. In the time of Rutilius, the springs of government were worn out; the national character, religion, laws, military discipline, even the seat of the empire, and the language itself, had been altered or destroyed, under the impression of time and accident. It would have been difficult to revive the empire; but even could that have been effected, it would have been the empire of Constantinople or Ravenna, rather than that of Rome. Rutilius might have felt how destitute his panegyric was of truth or probability, from the false and confused ideas excited by his personification of Rome. In the time of Virgil, this figure would have been natural. Rome, regarded as a goddess, and invoked in temples, had an existence in the opinion of the multitude as well as in the fancy of poets. As the mother of the citizens, and the mistress of the provinces, her name recalled the image of her empire; but when this empire consisted in the assemblage of nations, subject to the same prince, Rome was no longer its sovereign; and this city, reduced to an idea merely physical, represented nothing more but walls, temples, and houses, built on seven hills and on the banks of the Tyber. The remainder of Rutilius' voyage is stamped with a higher value. The objects which he describes have not only more simplicity, but also more reality; and as they were observed with attention, they are painted with those colours of truth and nature, which always distinguish the result of experience from the fruit of study and invention. By a distinct and easy road he conducts us along the coast of Etruria, which was become almost a desert; he points out the ruins of cities, the beauties of the landscape, and all those places which were distinguished either by art or nature. Our traveller forgets not the neighbouring isles; and his curiosity leads him more than once into the interior of the country. The dryness of a didactic poem is occasionally enlivened by digressions either immediately, or not too remotely connected with the subject;* such as the character of the Lepidi, the discovery of the use of iron, the Jewish religion, and the Christian monks. He is worthy of commendation for not giving to his narrative, serious as it is, too much of the marvellous; which never becomes a poem, where the author is his own hero. The marvellous is pleasing to our fancy, but is rejected by our reason. When we consider that conditional faith and imperfect delusion with which we are affected in works of fiction, it should seem as if there was a conflict of two hostile powers, by which the mind is kept in a state

* I except his invective against Stilicho, lib. ii. v. 41.

of suspense, that can only be maintained by distance and obscurity, and an air of mystery hanging over either the actor or the author. When the poet unites both characters in his own person, we are disposed to examine his narrative by the maxims of experience; and our voluntary delusion cannot, without the greatest difficulty, be supported.

2. Rutilius's voyage is read with pleasure: it is interesting and useful; but why was it written in verse? Poetry seems equally to misbecome the subject and the genius of the author. The narrative of a voyage comes very properly from a philosopher, a man of parts, or a fine writer, but has no connexion with verse. When we attempt to adorn with numbers a subject plain and simple, it is scarcely possible that our style should not be either unpoetical or improper. The subject requires ease, perspicuity, precision, and some ornaments introduced seasonably, and with a sparing hand. But the poet, in order to affect his reader with enthusiasm, must first feel it himself; he must aim at energy of expression and harmony of numbers; and be willing to sacrifice to them all beauties of an inferior order. The language of poetry suits only those strong passions of the soul by which it was originally produced; and he who attempts to employ this language on topics which leave the mind in tranquillity, will find himself between two rocks, on one of which he must shipwreck; the brilliancy of his expression will either misbecome the simplicity of his thoughts, or the tameness of his words and phrases will disgrace the dignity of verse. All these reflections are applicable to Rutilius's voyage. His thoughts are ingenious, artfully arranged, and expressed with clearness, precision, and taste. But his poetry is mean and creeping, destitute of strength, and devoid of harmony. We see that he distrusts his natural vigour, and has recourse to contrivances of art; contrivances weak and common, scarcely pardonable in great authors, and for which they seldom stand in need of pardon. 1. Rutilius seems to have thought that swelling words, which best filled the mouth, were also most pleasing to the ear. But I wish such words were resigned to Oriental poets, of whom only they are not unworthy. I doubt whether Bellerophonteis solicitudinibus* be ever quoted, except on account of the singularity that two words should compose a pentameter verse. 2. He is bold even to licentiousness in forming new words, or giving new combinations to the old. What can be more forced than using connubium for concilium?† I am pleased however with this epithet legiferi, applied to the Roman triumphs. Laws, order, and civility were produced by those triumphs, and were their ordinary fruits. 3. I thought that I had discovered some rhymes,‡ but they are too few to enable us to determine whether they ought to be ascribed to negligence, or were the effect of that bad taste, which the corruption of language and connexion with the barbarians, who were fond of rhyme, gradually introduced among the Romans.

3. Authors describe themselves in their works: a maxim as true

* Rutil. Iter. lib. i. 450. † Idem. lib. i. 18. ‡ Idem. lib. i. 39, 107, &c.

n it is ancient. We may add that the shades which appear in the icture certainly were to be found in the original. The character of Rutilius appears to me to have been amiable. I perceive a love for is country, especially in its adversity; a heart susceptible of friend-ip, and a tender and respectful regard for the memory of his ather. Are so many good qualities to suffer a total eclipse from a ittle too much vanity? Rutilius reviews the stages of his greatness vith complacence; his country, his friends, his father, are endeared o him by their connexion with his own honours. His vanity is ontemptible. Cicero boasted not of being consul, but of saving he republic in his consulship. Men may be more easily pardoned or being proud of their actions and talents, than for valuing them-elves on their employments and titles, the vain and frivolous dis-nctions of society. Rutilius detested the Jews, and despised the onks. Was this in *him* a crime? I could wish indeed that his elings had been expressed with more philosophical moderation, nd rested on a better principle. But he was a Pagan, who beheld s religion sinking under the weight of years, and involving the mpire in its fall. The Christians insulted the decline of his sect, hich they endeavoured to hasten by persecution. A little bad mour was excusable. Nothing can be more animated than his escription of the monks in the isle of Capraria, or more judicious an the reflections with which it is accompanied. The folly of ese monks is extreme, in thinking that God took pleasure in the fferings of his creatures; but their conduct was conformable with eir principles. Had Rutilius lived in the twelfth century, what ould he have said of their successors, who availed themselves of eir voluntary poverty and humility, to acquire the esteem of the ultitude, and of that esteem, to appropriate to themselves temporal ower, and half the riches of Europe?

20th.—I read the Journal des Savans, for the months of Ja-uary, February, and March, 1763. I can hardly express how uch I am delighted with this journal; its characteristics are udition, precision, and taste; but what I most admire is that im-rtiality and candour which distinguish the beauties and defects of work, giving to the former due and hearty praise, and calmly and nderly pointing out the latter. This journal, the father of all the st, is still their superior: of late it must have acquired the help some new labourers. I should like to know the author of an ex-llent piece, an analysis and criticism of the new tragedy of Zelmire. here is nothing to be wished for in this journal but a little more ldness and philosophy; but it is published under the chancellor's e.

23rd.—I read two detached pieces of Virgil, of great import-ce in geography. The first is the review of Turnus's army, . vii. v. 641—817: the second, an account of the succours ich Eneas received from Etruria, lib. x. ver. 163—214. My reflec-ns on these passages will be found in No. 1 of my new Collec-n of Observations.

24th.—I read with the same design the review of the Roman

army, by Silius Italicus, before the battle of Cannæ; Punic, lib. vii. v. 334—623. I read it over again, rather to engrave it on my memory, than to please my fancy. See No. II.

25th.—I read the fifth satire of the first book of Horace, containing his journey to Brundusium. Geography rather than poetry was my object. This satire gave occasion to some reflections on the journeys of the ancients in general, which I have collected in No. III., and from which the reader will see with how little foundation Mr. Addison estimates the ordinary day's journey of a Roman nobleman at fourteen miles.

26th.—I read several dissertations in the twenty-sixth volume of the Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres, relative to my present pursuit.—Memoirs of Mr. D'Anville on the Roman Mile, p. 346—362. The result is drawn by this learned man from a number of particular miles measured on the Emilian way, and in the neighbourhood of Milan. He makes the Roman mile 756 fathoms long.—Remarks on some points of Ancient Geography, by M. de la Nauze, p. 362—397. He treats, 1. Of the distance between Rome and Aricia: it was certainly 16 Roman miles, or 128 stadia. Though Strabo makes it 160 stadia, this must be imputed either to his ignorance, or the fault of his transcribers, and by no means to his reckoning by a particular stadium in the neighbourhood of Rome. 2. Pliny agrees with Strabo in making the distance from Hydruntum to the coast of Epirus 50 Roman miles. 3. There were two kinds of stadia; the ancient of ten, and the modern of eight, to a Roman mile. This distinction is a necessary one, but unfortunately it only substitutes uncertainty for difficulty. 4. Until the time of Augustus, the miles were reckoned from the gates of Rome; and the first milestone only denoted the commencement of a mile; but when that prince erected the gilt pillar in the Forum, the milestone at the gates denoted the end of a mile; but that mile depended on the distance of the Forum from the several gates, and contained two or three miles.

27th.—I read the Abbé Barthelemy's Memoir on the ancient Monuments of Rome, in the twenty-sixth volume, p. 579—611, of the Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres. It is replete with taste, erudition, and good sense; worthy of the amiable scholar, whom I well knew at Paris. I was present last year at the public meeting of the academy after the Easter holidays. The abbé was to read a discourse on the Coptic. This was known beforehand; and everybody blamed the choice of so thorny a subject, that was fitter to be discussed at the academy's private meetings. But our pleasure was heightened by surprise, when we perceived the abbé rendered his subject interesting to his audience of people of fashion and women, by the beauties of his style, the delicacy of his criticisms, and his principles of reasoning as perspicuous as they were solid.

30th.—There remained for me nothing to read concerning the ancient geography of Italy, except the books of Strabo on that subject. I read lib. iv. p. 139—144, and lib. v. p. 145—157, in

Xylander's Latin translation revised by Casaubon. Strabo there treats of Venetia, Cisalpine Gaul, the Alps, Liguria, Etruria, and Umbria.

31st.—I read Strabo's Geography, lib. iv. p. 157—173, and lib. vi. p. 174—199; having skipped over that part which relates to Sicily. I have always been an admirer of Strabo's good sense, and variety of knowledge. Antiquity has left us more brilliant performances than his; but I know of none more solid and more useful.

1764, January 1st.—In the month of January I began to read Ovid's Fasti, in the Delphin edition. Purposing to add the study of medals and antiquities to that of geography, I thought this didactic poem, containing the whole Roman mythology, would be a good introduction to those pursuits. As a poem, this work by no means corresponds to the favourable opinion which I had conceived of it, from the commendation of ancient and modern critics; but this is not the place for considering it in that light. The edition is that of Crispin, a Swiss in the service of the Dauphin. Bishop Huet had good reason to complain of negligence in selecting competent persons for executing Mr. Montausier's excellent design. This edition is handsome, well printed, and carefully corrected. The bookseller has done his part well; but this is far from being the case with the editor. His notes are below criticism. They are fit only for a school-boy, who would often be bewildered by their absurdity. To render them completely ridiculous, they wanted only a copious apparatus of morality, and even of theology, as a fit appendage to the poem of a Pagan and a libertine. The author has taken care to supply that defect. His explanation might have been useful, had he substituted common for uncommon words; and simple for poetical phrases. But Crispin's interpretation is at once swollen and prosaic; equally unfit for displaying Ovid's beauties, and for making his meaning understood. It has been justly remarked, that those enormous indices, which commonly make a fourth part of the Delphin editions, ought to have been employed in pointing out the delicacies and idioms of the language or author, and not in enumerating how many times he uses *et* and *que* in their common signification. Mr. Crispin has prefixed an ancient calendar to the Fasti: he confesses that it does not agree with Ovid's: he had not time to reconcile them. Every thing disgusts us in this edition, even to the mode of reference; which is to the page, and not to the book; which prevents the possibility of verifying the quotations.

I read four volumes of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée; the 36th, 37th, 38th, and 39th. Not having the 36th at hand, and retaining but a confused notion of its contents, I shall only speak of one article with which I was highly pleased. This is a learned and curious Dissertation concerning the pretended Martyrdom of the Thebæan Legion. The author insists with great force on the improbability of the fact, and the silence of contemporary writers. He investigates the origin of a fable, so useful to the church of St. Maurice in the Valley, and traces it back to Eucher, Bishop of

Lyons, who lived a century and a half after Diocletian, and the first related it on the authority of a vague and obscure report. It appears that some legionary soldiers with their officer had, about that time, suffered martyrdom in Syria. But Fame, in bringing this transaction to the West, magnified them into a complete legion entirely composed of Christians.

The 37th volume contains a Letter concerning the Food of the First Men. The question is as idle as it is vague and obscure. I do not see the necessity of making them leave off vegetables so soon. The earth must have been slowly peopled with men and animals; and for a long time must have supplied all living tribes with such abundant nourishment as precluded the necessity of devouring each other. At length, animals became formidable to man, who was in danger of starving. But nothing short of urgent danger could overcome his natural repugnance to the shedding of blood. Are five or six generations sufficient for producing all these revolutions?—Description of the East, by Mr. Pococke: learned and curious. The houses of the first inhabitants of Egypt are still to be seen in the Thebaid, in the hollows of rocks. Magnificence improved the works of necessity. The arts of the Egyptians bore no relation to those of Greece. The latter, harmonised by proportions, were bold and liberal; the former, enslaved by caprice, were extravagant rather than original.—Epistolary Correspondence between Leibnitz and John Bernouilli. It is a pleasure to contemplate these two vigorous minds: the force and depth of the one; the variety, extent, and penetration of the other.—The History of New France, by Father Charlevoix: well written, curious, and unfaithful.—History of Lewis XI. by Mr. Duclos. Lewis XI. is an uninteresting object; his age quite the reverse. But Mr. Duclos has shown us only the prince, and neglected the history of his age.—Virgil's Georgics, translated into English by Martyn: useful for its knowledge of the plants mentioned by Virgil.

The 38th volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée contains the Harleian Miscellany, vol. iii. We meet with the Process of Nicholas Antony, burnt at Geneva in 1632, not for inventing a new heresy, but for preferring the Jewish religion to the Christian. It forms the counterpart to the history of Servetus.—Description of Iceland, by Mr. Anderson. The country and the manners of its inhabitants are equally strange: Death only can make them quit this wretched island.—The Necessity of Public Worship, by Mr. de la Chapelle, in answer to an anonymous Letter. Mr. Chapelle's adversary is a minister in the Pays de Vaud, of the name of Allemand, and never did I know a man of finer genius. His mind embraced all kinds of learning, but philosophy was his principal study. On all questions, he had contrived systems, at least arguments, equally new and ingenious. His ideas were refined and perspicuous; his expression natural and happy. He was justly reproached with too much subtlety of thought, with pride, ambition, and excessive warmth of temper. This man, qualified to enlighten or disturb a nation, lived and died in obscurity. He left nothing in

writing, except a few short performances in answer to questions put to him.—Travels into Egypt, by Mr. Granger: bold, but superficial. The canals of the ancient kings carried the waters of the Nile and fertility into all the provinces of Egypt. These canals are not kept in repair by the Turks. The country has lost its fruitfulness; and Mr. Granger gives the lie to all ancient writers, who declare that it formerly was fruitful.—A Poem of Peter Ebato, on the Troubles of Sicily in the Reign of the Emperor Henry VI., published from the library of Berne by Mr. Eugel. The work is curious: poetry is the history of barbarous ages; and has then all the circumstantial minuteness which history requires.—"Letters of a Frenchman," true; "on the English," false. Poor Abbé le Blanc!

The 39th volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée contains a letter of the librarian of Geneva, on a singular bull of Clement VI. Singular indeed! This bull is a permission, granted in 1354, to all the confessors of all the kings of France, to grant dispensations to their sovereigns from the obligation of oaths which it might be inconvenient for them to observe. The librarian's reflections and researches throw much light on the authenticity, the character, the object, and the style of this bull. This letter is written with moderation and taste.—Aminta and Theodora, by Mr. Mallet. If my friend should ever attain poetic fame, it will be acquired by this work. Mr. Maty furnished the extract, which pleased Mallet so much that he requested his friendship. This anecdote I learned from both parties.—Travels into Western Gothland, by Mr. Linnæus; and into Siberia, by Mr. Gmelin. These two works, the latter especially, which opens to us an unknown world, do much honour to the sovereigns of the North.—The Works of Virgil, with the Commentaries of Heinsius and Peter Burman. As this is the latest, so it is the best edition of Virgil and Servius.—Haller's Poems, translated from the German; distinguished by a rich imagination, energy of style, and an air of philosophy, which he has thought fit to lay aside.—Theory of Agreeable Sentiments, by M. de Pouilly. Unity and variety are the sources of our pleasures. The idea seems to be just; but it has not enough either of novelty or precision to deserve being expanded into a book. I read also Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters, just published. They contain an account of a journey in which she accompanied her husband in his embassy to Constantinople; and are lively and entertaining. I am most pleased with what she says concerning those inner apartments into which men are not allowed to penetrate. She maintains that the Turkish women enjoy a great deal of liberty, and walk out alone veiled as often as they please, on pretence of going to the bath or the mosque. The Turks marry only one wife: and though some use the permission of concubinage with slaves, they are regarded as libertines, and forsaken by their wives. She studied the Turkish language; and speaks in high terms of the Turkish music and poetry. The manners, customs, and genius of the Greeks seem to have undergone little change since the days of Homer.

February 1st.—I read Ovid's Fasti, lib. iv. p. 599—610. The

festival of Palilia is an object of much attention; it is different from that of the foundation of Rome, though both happened on the same day, the 21st of April. To what extravagances is not the human mind liable? Purify a nation! and that too with the blood of a horse, the husk of a bean, and the ashes of the bowels of a calf killed in the belly of its mother, and burnt on the altar of Vesta. Ovid clearly justifies the founder of Rome from the guilt of killing his brother. Remus was put to death in consequence of a wise law made by his brother, and which this prince unintentionally violated. If Romulus did not show grief for his death, this was to maintain the inviolable sanctity of his laws, a thing necessary in his infant kingdom.

2nd.—I read Ovid's Fasti, lib. v. p. 610—620. His account of the different etymologies of the month of May is curious, and well expressed. We may distinguish in it an Oriental allegory, a Greek fable, and a Roman tradition. The issuing of the gods from chaos, and the majesty of Olympus arranging the celestial hierarchy, is sublimely extravagant. The picture of the Muses is well delineated; but Ovid should have remembered that these infallible divinities were always of one mind.

4th.—I read Ovid's Fasti, lib. v. p. 620—630. He explains the origin of the Floral games in a manner less dishonourable for his religion. It is not credible that any people should have erected altars to a harlot. It was enough for them to celebrate the festival of a goddess, in whom they already believed, by the dances of naked girls. All the ceremonies of this goddess savoured of debauchery; but the season productive of flowers too naturally inspires those with licentious sentiments who have never heard of the courtesan Flora. Why have recourse to fable for what may be found in nature?

I read Ovid's Fasti, lib. v. p. 630—643. The poet's genius ennobles every object; even nine black beans thrown behind the back, to which he gives an air of solemnity, and even of sublimity. He chiefly employs that doubtful and faint colouring which renders objects more terrible, by showing them partially and confusedly; silence, obscurity, the shadow which follows us with light steps, and which we dare not look behind us to see; all these touches belong to that kind of sublimity which is well pointed out by Mr. Burke.* The temple of Jupiter the Avenger must have been magnificent. The worship of the Pagans had at least more consistency than that of the Catholics. Mars the Avenger punishes the murderers of a great warrior, his descendant. This is more natural than the interference of an apostle or hermit in wars and victories; and wars often undertaken merely for worldly interests.

6th.—I went to the library to consult the article Flora in Bayle's Dictionary. Lactantius too well imitates the fathers of his age. The Floral games, founded A. U. C. 514, first celebrated occasionally, afterwards rendered annual in 580, by an order of the senate,

* Upon the Sublime and Beautiful.

and their expense defrayed by money levied on fines; all this has not any resemblance to the testamentary arrangement of a courtesan.

7th.—I read Ovid's Fasti, lib. vi. p. 648—687, the conclusion of the book, and of all that part of the work which has come down to us. The six other books, which completed the Roman calendar, have perished. The beginning of the sixth book is beautiful. The dispute of the three goddesses is more pleasing, because borrowed from that of Paris and Mount Ida. Juno's speech is also cast in the same mould with that in the first book of the Æneid; but the amiable Hebe expresses herself with those graces that are peculiar to Ovid.

8th.—I read a little pamphlet of thirty-eight pages, by John James Rousseau. It contains an abstract of Plato's arguments against imitative poetry, especially the drama. I was astonished at the weakness and falseness of the whole first part, which treats of the imperfection of imitation. Towards the conclusion, his reasonings are more specious. I acknowledge that the theatre, and especially that of Athens, sometimes paints its heroes too weak and too much alive to their misfortunes. But some indulgence must be granted to humanity, which groans in secret, or pours its grief into the bosom of a friend. The spectators are indeed confidants of the poet, but not of his characters.

9th.—While I waited for the sequel of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée, I read an excellent work on the Method and Choice of our Studies, by the Abbé Fleury: Paris, 1753, in 12mo. pp. 364. The whole breathes a spirit of truth and virtue, together with that clearness and strength of reason, and that superior good sense, which is more uncommon than wit, and almost as rare as genius. The author was a Roman Catholic and a priest; but this fault is perceived by those only who are neither the one nor the other. He begins by the history of education in different countries, of which he gives us a beautiful picture. That of the Greeks alone was philosophical and national. The want of education among the Romans was supplied by virtue and natural good sense. The studies of the barbarians of the north were as barbarous as themselves. To ages of ignorance succeeded those of the pretended philosophy of Aristotle, the Arabs and scholastics. The humanists of the fifteenth century revived the knowledge of the ancients. From all these united, is composed that chaos of learning taught in our universities and colleges, alike destitute of system, order, and utility. The Abbé Fleury, who wishes to bring down science from the heavens to the earth, proposes a plan equally short and reasonable, the care of the body and the mind, and the knowledge of economy and laws. A Frenchman justly reckons history and politics among those studies which are rather curious than useful. The citizen of a free country regards them as indispensable. To this treatise the Abbé Fleury has added a Discourse on Plato. He despises both his physics and metaphysics; but sets the highest value on his logic, morals, style, and method.

10th.—I read over with care the six books of Ovid's Fasti: and

have written the reflections, which occurred to me in the perusal, in my Collection of Observations, No. IV.

11th.—I began to read Mr. Addison's charming little Treatise on Ancient Medals, in the third volume of his Works, London, 1746. I read p. 1—113. He considers the different advantages that may be derived from the study of medals; and dwells on the striking connexion between their reverses and the descriptions of Latin poets. In this view, he examines two series of medals; the one containing allegorical personages, and the other enigmatic symbols. Each class furnishes him with twenty examples. The passages of the poets are selected with taste; and the author's reflections are replete with judgment and sagacity. No man ever benefited more than Mr. Addison by the study of the Belles Lettres. His works have much contributed to improve the English language and literature.

12th.—I finished Addison's work, Dialogues upon the Usefulness of Ancient Medals; p. 113—167: besides which, the plates take up sixty-eight pages. The third series of examples contains the representation of countries on medals: it is curious. Mr. Addison has a third dialogue, in which the parallel is drawn between ancient and modern medals; rather flattering for the ancients. In the third dialogue, the author sets out well: his characters are well marked; and the whole has the air of a free conversation among polite and learned friends: but the two following dialogues might as well have been called letters or essays. Pope's epistle is worthy of himself; but the inscription on his imaginary medal of Craggs, filling six verses, would not have been relished by Addison.* It is a bad compliment to a didactic work, to violate, in commending it, the most important precept which it contains.

I began Spanheim's noble work de Præstantiâ et Usu Numismatum, in two volumes, 4to. Amsterdam. This is not the best edition; but I make use of it till I receive that of London, 1708, from Geneva. I read the Preface and Dissertation I. p. 1—49, on the beauty and entertainment of medallic knowledge: and Dissertation II. p. 49—68, on the assistance which it may afford to grammarians in ascertaining the letters and orthography, of ancient languages. I finished some reflections on Ovid's Fasti. See my Collection of Observations, No. IV.

13th.—I wrote some remarks concerning the allegorical personages on medals. See my Collection, No. V.

I read Spanheim, de Usu et Præstantiâ Numismatum, Dissert. II. p. 68—93. It contains the sequel of his grammatical observations. They are curious, but rather dry. Spanheim forgets his politeness in refuting Tristan. The latter's mistake indeed was a most absurd one.

I finished the fortieth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Dr. Middleton's Treatise on the Roman Senate. The question concerning the mode of entering into the Roman senate

* V. Dialog. iii. p. 154—156.

appears to me capable of an easy answer. The nomination belonged successively to the kings, consuls, and censors. But as they always named the quæstors, their right of naming gradually became of less value as the quæstors became more numerous, and was reduced to a mere formality, when their number became sufficient to supply that of the senate.—History of Sweden, by Mr. Dalin, in Swedish. This is a new country. Two thousand years ago the mountains of Sweden, as well as those of Denmark, stood in an archipelago of little islands intersected by canals and straits. The sea retired, and still continues to retire, the space of fifty inches each century. It is thought also that the ocean, which covered a far greater surface towards the beginning of the Roman empire, opened a communication with the Caspian Sea. This circumstance, and a climate milder than the present, facilitated the emigrations of the Scythians. Their most celebrated colony travelled to the north in the year of J. C. 100, under the conduct of Odin, a Scythian from the banks of the Tanais. This legislator of the north resided at Upsal, the seat of his religion and empire. His successors, both kings and priests, were masters of a fine country, and respected by the other kings of the nation. They reigned at Upsal till A. C. 870. Their family was not extinct in Normandy till 1060.

15th.—I read Spanheim, de Præstantiâ et Usu Numismatum, Dissert. II. p. 93—112: and found it a tiresome declamation on the morality and policy to be learned from medals; in which the author has contrived to introduce all the technical medallic terms. Why does he justify the senate for removing the only check that remained on the tyranny of the emperors? They praised them, he says, to show to them the road of virtue and glory. This excuse was good in the first year of Domitian's reign; but was good for nothing in the fifteenth. Besides, what new praise was kept in reserve for Trajan?

16th.—I read Spanheim, de Præstantiâ Numismatum, Dissert. II. p. 112—122. He describes the advantages which natural history may derive from medals. I saw with pleasure the proof of what I had said in my Essay on the subjects of the Circus and Amphitheatre.

I finished the forty-first volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Anson's Voyage, first and second extract. I know few books that are more amusing; but the hero is painted in too flattering colours. When afterwards raised to the first employments of state, he was unable to support the weight of his renown. One praise indeed belongs to him, that of choosing and employing merit. Brett, Saunders, Rodney, and Keppel are among those whom he brought forward and educated.—Mr. le Moine's Treatise on Miracles. Such a work tends to injure the cause of religion which it endeavours to support. How ill qualified are we to ascertain the powers of nature, and of angels! Do we know the extent of those belonging to our fellow creatures?—Morals. The enemies of Revelation can no longer be accused of hostility to natural religion. Poor Toussaint is now the editor of the Brussels Gazette. Strange

employment for a philosopher!—Penelope's Web, or Machiavel Physician, by Mr. de la Metrie: a severe, ingenious, and learned satire against the faculty in Paris, particularly Astruc, Sylva, Chirac, and Winslow.

17th.—This morning was lost, except that I found time to read Spanheim, de Præstantiâ Numismatum, Dissert. III. p. 166—196. He continues the same subject: panthers, serpents, dolphins. The part respecting serpents, those ministers of oracles and tutelary genii, is particularly curious.

18th.—In the evening I read a tale in verse, which was lent to me, just published by Voltaire. What most pleases women? Command. The design is borrowed from Pope's Wife of Bath. The narrative is rather diffuse, and the verses have not that natural ease and briskness which is an essential requisite. I borrowed, at the same time, the Panegyric of the Duke of Sully, by Mr. Thomas; a performance which gained the prize proposed by the French Academy.

19th.—Instead of continuing Spanheim, I resumed my Geographical Collection on Italy, which I wish to put out of hand. I wrote two pages and a half of it, on Etruria.

I finished Sully's Panegyric. Mr. Thomas is a great orator. What strength of thought, what rapidity of style! He has the soul of a citizen, the sense of a philosopher, and the pencil of a great painter. His manner is that of Demosthenes, but of Demosthenes who has sacrificed to the graces. United with the pomp of eloquence, we find an accurate detail of particulars, which are never minute when they are well chosen and well expressed; and that historical truth which always embellishes the panegyric of every man entitled to public praise. The parallel of Sully with Colbert is not drawn with flattery, scarcely with equity, towards the former. Mr. Thomas dwells too long on the comparison of the difficulties which these two ministers had respectively to encounter. The horrors of the league, forty years of civil war, enthusiasm and independence in the public mind, and eight hundred millions of debt; these were difficulties incomparably greater than the caprices of the Fronde, some extortions on the part of Cardinal Mazarin, a nation destitute of either principles or leaders of rebellion, and long weary of domestic disturbances. Mr. Thomas does not always remember that a panegyric ought to hold the middle place between a history and a funeral oration. Perhaps the strength and sublimity of his style, replete with images as bold as they are natural, might have enabled him to dispense with comparisons, apostrophes, and all those figures, which more properly belong to poetry. I am certain he would have done well to omit his comparison of Sully's operations with those of eternal wisdom; a species of false sublime which can only tend to degrade both the compared objects.

20th.—I wrote a page and a half of my Geographical Collection on the Tiber, and the rivers which flow into it.

I finished the forty-second volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. If we consider only Mr. Ellis's Voyage to Hudson's Bay, the exist-

ence of a north-west passage will appear very doubtful. Be that as it may, the company will always endeavour to prevent its discovery. —An Essay, by Mr. Deslandes, on the Marine of the Ancients. The ancients never made use of any but trireme gallies, that is, vessels with three tier of oars of different lengths. The quadriremes, &c. had decks above these barns of oars, provided with machines of war; but they had only three tier of oars.—Maclaurin's Account of Sir Isaac Newton's Discoveries. A work admired by all mathematicians. I hope to be able, at some future time, to bestow on it enlightened approbation.—Narrative of a Voyage to Peru, by Mr. Bouguer. The Cordilleras form the highest chain of mountains in the world. The top of Chimboraço is 3217 fathoms above the sea; at the height of 2400 the snow never melts. The province of Quito, through a valley in the Cordilleras, is the highest inhabited country known. Subsisting monuments still attest the former greatness of the Incas. We yet behold the vestiges of the causeway extending 400 leagues, from Cusco to Quito.—The Harleian Miscellany, vol. vi. contains the sequel of a work distinguished by the spirit of sound philosophy. From the axiom that the Eternal Being is all-sufficient in himself, a religion is deduced, free from superstition, contradictions, and eternal punishments.—Travels in Turkey and Persia, by Mr. Otter: curious, but dry.—The happy Life, by Mr. de la Metrie: the work of a fool, whose laughter is poisonous.—Remarks on Bayle's Dictionary. Intolerant superstition is more dangerous than impiety.

24th.—I wrote a page and a half of my Geographical Collection, on the subject of Umbria. I began to put the materials in order, belonging to each region of Italy, which will be of much use to me.

25th.—I finished the forty-third volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Leibnitzii Protogea: a posthumous work of this great man, on the original structure of the earth. Chaos first reigned; a conflagration melted the mass; and different substances acquired different degrees of hardness, from fluid water to vitrified gems, in proportion to the time they were in cooling.—The History of the Office of Stadholder, and of the Parliament of England, by the Abbé Raynal. The pictures which he draws are filled with pretty antitheses.—The History of Jovian, and the Translation of some Works of Julian, by the Abbé de la Blétérie: admirable, in point of erudition, taste, elegance, and I will add, moderation. Julian was a pagan, but the Abbé hates only the jesuits.—The Spirit of Laws. What occasion was there to speak of it here?—Lord Bolingbroke's Patriot King. This lord had strength and elevation of mind; but he was a sorry philosopher.—Middleton's Free Inquiry into the Miracles, &c. This man was endowed with penetration and accuracy. He saw where his principles led; but he did not think proper to draw the consequences.

26th.—I wrote three pages of my Geographical Collection, on the subject of Samnium. I have now finished the country of the Sabines, and a part of the territories of the Marsi.

27th.—I wrote two pages of the chapter Samnium in my Geo-

graphical Collection, describing the lake Fucinus, and the countries of the Equia and Peligni.

I also read Spanheim, de Usu et Præstantiâ Numismatum, Dissert. III. p. 196—245. He treats of fabulous animals, the sphynx, hydra, sirenes, the birds of Stymphalus, the phœnix, &c. We may perceive that the genius of the Greeks, romantic as it was, employed itself rather in embellishment than invention. The sphynx was originally an Ethiopian ape, whom the inhabitants of Thebais chose for the symbol of mystery, and placed at the gates of their temples.

28th.—I read in Spanheim only Dissert. III. p. 245—253. He treats of monsters and hieroglyphics, whose names are unknown.

I finished the forty-fourth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Bower's Lives of the Popes, first and second extract. The beginnings of Christian Rome are at least as obscure and fabulous as those of the pagan. The author is reproached with making a partial and ill-digested compilation of papal biography. He is a rogue unmasked, who enjoyed, for twenty years, the favour of the public, because he had quitted a sect to which he still secretly adhered; and because he had been a counsellor of the inquisition in the town of Macerata, where an inquisition never existed.—The Free Voice of a Citizen. When a king of Poland writes on the constitution of his country, we should not expect to find the trite topics of a rhetorician, or the speculative dreams of a pedant.—A Treatise on Systems, by the Abbé Condillac: judicious, and abounding with fine thoughts; but the Abbé sometimes confounds theory and truths flowing from a few general principles, with those practical arts which require talents and experience, and which from their nature are liable to great uncertainty.—The Toleration of the Asiatics; truths common and important, expressed with much boldness.—The Art of Hatching Eggs, &c. by Mr. Réaumur. That proposed is sure and easy. This author will make me in love with natural history. How extraordinary an instinct is that of the chicken, which employs itself half a day in the difficult work of its own birth!—Essay on Moral Philosophy, by Mr. Maupertuis. No; you are not able to make me hate life.

The Eloge of Mr. Schultens. This learned man preferred the Jews too much to the Arabians.

March 1st.—I read Spanheim, Dissert. IV. p. 253—265. From animals, he proceeds to plants, and particularly to the lotus, with which the Egyptian medals often crown their kings, gods, and sacred animals.

2nd.—I read Spanheim, Dissert. IV. p. 265—310. He still treats of the plants represented on medals.

I finished the forty-fifth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Edmond's Negotiations, published by Dr. Birch; curious, in as far as it relates to the character, last years, and the death of Queen Elizabeth.—Memoirs of Brandenburgh. They are well written; but the memoirs of the author himself—how impatiently do I expect *them*!—Treatise on Ice, by Mr. Marian; judicious and profound. I

perceived, as well as the journal-writer, that causes ought not to be multiplied without necessity; and that fire set in motion is sufficient without the subtile matter.—Natural History, by Mr. Buffon, a great painter, and an original genius. The reviewer endeavours to defend the deluge; but confesses that shells are found in the mountains only at the elevation of six hundred feet.—A Collection of Pieces of Eloquence of the French Academy; vox et præterea nihil.—The History of Sweden, by Mr. Dalin, in Swedish, vol. ii. Superstition and clerical power reached the highest pitch in Sweden. At the time of their conversion, the Swedes adopted the whole papal system, and became Christians after the fashion of the twelfth century. They could not plead the authority of any ancient traditions; their history furnished them not with any argument against the Roman faith, and their ignorance hindered them from seeking such arguments in the history of other nations, in reason, or in scripture.—Parallel of the Arundelian Marbles with the Egyptian Chronicles. I perceive that the author, the Abbé Richer du Bouchet, has a great contempt for these marbles; and that he is deep in Manetho. All his discoveries are connected with a general system of chronology, which he does not explain. I do not expect much from it.

3rd.—I read Spanheim, Dissert. IV. p. 310—340; and Dissert. V. p. 340—344. He concludes the article of plants; I am glad of it; they are but little connected with medals; Spanheim was not a botanist, nor do I wish to become one. I have now finished the most interesting part of his work. The second dissertation is dry, but useful; his declamations on morals and politics might be reduced to ten pages; and from the last two dissertations I would select only a few facts, cleared from all circumstances foreign to the subject.

4th.—I read Spanheim, Dissert. V. p. 344—373. This part is replete with erudition, and enters into many curious particulars concerning the horns which adorn the head of Ammon, Juno, Bacchus, Rivers, Alexander, and his successors.

5th.—I glanced over the New Aretin. Gross ignorance, blackguard buffoonery, and impertinent reasonings, which have not even the merit of novelty, disgrace this wretched performance, which would be thrown by with disgust, did it not attack religion with the most shocking indecency.

6th.—I finished the forty-sixth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Suetonius, by Oudendorp. The edition is good, but unnecessary after that of Grævius. Why are the excellent commentaries of Torrentius and Casaubon omitted?—Memoirs of Queen Christiana: a curious work, and of immense industry.—Memoirs of the Academy of Petersburgh. All the institutions of the Russians ought to be well contrived, and skilfully proportioned. They may be made at one cast, from models highly improved among their neighbours.—A New Historical and Critical Dictionary, by Mr. Chaufepié: the learning and accuracy of Bayle, without his philosophy and genius.

9th.—I wrote three pages and a half of my Geographical Col-

lection. I have now finished the chapter on Samnium, by a complete abridgment of what concerns the Samnites and the duchy of Beneventum. I have also begun the chapter on Apulia; and finished the first division, *viz.* the territory of the Hirpini.

10th.—I wrote nearly four pages of my Geographical Collection; containing the remainder of Apulia. There is a pretty extensive article on Tarentum.

I finished the forty-seventh volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Critical Memoirs on the Swiss, by Mr. Bochat; turning on the vain and futile science of etymology.—Wetstein's New Testament. The Alexandrian manuscript appears to have been written in Egypt towards the end of the fifth century.—Letters on Jubilees, by Mr. le Chais: learned and philosophical.—Monogamy, by Mr. Prémontval. Why should religion be introduced into a question depending on calculation and circumstances?—Defence of Christianity, by Dr. Stebbing. He is a good polemic, but embraces too wide a field; the outermost works should be relinquished.—Moses defended against Appian, by the Abbé Richer du Bouchet. He still throws an air of mystery over his chronological system. I speak not decidedly, but to me he appears a little of a visionary. 1. He speaks of the Egyptian dynasties as he would of the court of Lewis XIV.; showing too much confidence and certainty on a subject, which admits only of probability and conjecture. 2. When he investigates the key to Manetho's historical fragment, he quits the road of criticism, but gives us to understand that this knot can be unravelled only by geometrical analysis. Does not this savour of madness? 3. Esau and Osiris! Their sameness, I see, is the foundation of his system. How easily might it be refuted! No two princes, if Osiris was really a prince, had ever less resemblance.

11th.—I wrote two pages of the chapter on Lucania in my Geographical Collection; comprehending almost the whole of Lucania properly so called.

12th.—I wrote two pages on the chapter of Lucania, comprehending the rest of proper Lucania and a part of Brutium.

13th.—I wrote only three quarters of a page of my chapter on Lucania, being a continuation of Brutium.

14th.—I read a new work by Voltaire; Treatise on Toleration. The end is commendable; to awaken in the soul the feelings of humanity, and display the dreadful consequences of superstition. But in point of execution this work is a trifling collection of common-place remarks, in which the author expatiates rather on every other topic than the great principles belonging to his subject. I am diverted with his false and contradictory conclusions concerning ancient history. This history, he says, is filled with prodigies. They cannot be true; therefore ancient history consists merely of fables and conjectures.* Again, this history is filled with prodigies: we are obliged to believe them; therefore the principles of nature, as well as of men, were quite different then from what they are at pre-

* Traité sur la Tolérance, cap. ix. n. c. p. 71—75.

sent.* He calls in question the infamous debaucheries of Tiberius in the island of Capreæ. Yet Tacitus and Suetonius were almost the cotemporaries of that prince. I perceive not any marks of hatred in their works. They often justify Tiberius, and distinguish with as much penetration as honesty the different stages of the dissimulation, cruelty, and public debaucheries of that emperor. The abominable licentiousness of those times is well known; and it is not matter of surprise that Tiberius should refuse nothing to his appetites, when he had the unbounded power of gratifying them with impunity, especially when they were concealed by his retirement from the public eye, which is the only restraint on the behaviour of a despot. As for those refinements in debauchery which astonish Voltaire, it is precisely in an old profligate of seventy that I should expect to meet with them.†

15th.—I finished the forty-eighth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains the Discoveries made at Herculaneum, by the Marquis Venuti. This ancient city, which deserved to be examined more accurately and faithfully, was found at the depth of seventy-three feet under many successive beds of earth and vitrified stone. Herculaneum was but an obscure place; yet it was adorned by a theatre three hundred feet in circumference, raised on brick pilasters, covered with a beautiful varnish, and ornamented with cornices of marble.—Letters on Jubilees. It is difficult to distinguish with theologians between the defilement of sin and its punishment. In the church of the Feuillans at Paris, indulgences may be procured, in the space of one Lent, for 150,000 years.—Essay on Spirit. This work of the Bishop of Clogher contains a metaphysical Arianism.—Dissertation on the Chronology of Usher. The Abbé Richer again. This man is a fool. Wherefore so much rage against the Jews and Protestants in treating a question of criticism? He rejects the chronology of the Jews, because it came from the schools of Tiberias, and is approved by a Protestant bishop.

16th.—I wrote a page of the chapter of Lucania in my Geographical Collection; it is the continuation of Brutium.

17th.—I wrote a page and a half of my chapter on Lucania, concerning Magna Græcia: after which I went to the library to read Freret's learned researches on the first inhabitants of Italy; Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres, vol. xviii. p. 72—114.

18th —I wrote a page and an half of the chapter intitled "Nations," in my Geographical Collection; it treats of the first communities in Italy.

19th.—I wrote a page and an half on the chapter "Nations," concerning the first communities in Italy.

I finished the forty-ninth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée, It contains Letters on the Use of the Pronoun Thou, by Mr. Vernet: I am inclined to think both *thou* and *you* ought to be used.—Considerations on Morals, by Mr. du Clos. The work is in general good: some chapters treating of the connexion of genius with character are

* Traité sur la Tolérance, cap. xii. p. 127—129.
† Idem, cap. viii. p. 62, 63.

excellent. Du Clos, before he was secretary of the academy, had been that of the coffee-house; where he carefully treasured up the conversations of men of wit.—The Roman History of Dion Cassius, by Messrs. Fabricius and Raymar: an excellent edition.—Maupertuis' Works: and Appeal to the Public, by Mr. Kœnig. In his own works, Maupertuis appears only as an extravagant visionary, whose fame rests not on any solid basis. In his dispute with Kœnig he is a cowardly persecutor, who employs the secular arm to crush one of his colleagues.—The Spirit of Nations: a wretched imitation.—The Treasury of Imperial Medals, by Morell, with the Commentaries of Gori and Havercamp: what riches!—Wetstein's New Testament. In a dispute which the Franciscans had with John XXII. they first gave that explanation of the Revelations, which makes the Pope Antichrist. Numerous swarms of those monks left their convents, and embraced Luther's reformation. They spread this Capuchin notion among the Protestants.

20th.—I wrote a page and an half of my Geographical Collection, which finishes the chapter on the Nations of Italy.

21st.—I wrote four pages of the chapter Campania in my Geographical Collection. They treat of the division of that country and Latium Proper.

I finished the fiftieth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains, Essay on the Nature of the Office of Sacrificer. The Christian clergy have perhaps succeeded only to the philosophers and prophets, who taught morality; and not to the priests, who performed sacrifices and other parts of the ceremonial law.—Scarron's Works. His comic romance alone will live: in other parts of his works, the wit is rather in the style than in the thought. At best, it results from the contrast between his character and situation.—St. Clement's two Epistles, in Syriac and Latin. Dissertation on two Epistles, &c. Dr. Lardner disputes Mr. Wetstein's discovery of this monument of the first Christians. Sub judice lis est. St. Clement's ideas on celibacy are carried, I perceive, to great extravagance. But even *they* are natural to the enthusiasm of a rising persecuted sect! If these epistles are authentic, St. John must have written his Gospel a long time before the old age of Clement, who was only in his thirtieth year in A. D. 60.

It is a great convenience to have always at hand some book containing easy and interesting productions, that they may be read by snatches, at moments which would otherwise be lost. Nothing answers this end better than a good journal; which title the Bibliothèque Raisonnée certainly merits. It may be divided however into two parts, of nearly equal extent, but of completely different characters. The first part is adapted to the taste for true learning which prevailed in the seventeenth century; containing a great deal of theology, jurisprudence, and belles lettres; erudition drawn from the source, and mixed with sound criticism. The spirit of religious controversy is rather too prevalent; and we are disgusted with too much minuteness, or provoked at too much asperity. The second part of the journal has more affinity with the taste at present;

uniting much indifference about theology, with superficiality of learning, and boldness in philosophy; its tone is dogmatical, and its style more broken into short sentences and more metaphorical.

22nd.—I wrote a page and an half of my Geographical Collection, containing a Description of the Countries of the Rutili and Hernici, comprehended in the chapter on Campania.

23rd.—I wrote near three pages of my Geographical Collection, on the countries of the Volsci and Ausones, comprehended in the chapter on Campania.

24th.—I wrote a page of my chapter on Campania, which is the beginning of Campania Proper.

25th.—I wrote about three pages, finishing the chapter on Campania, and inserting some detached materials into other chapters.

26th.—I wrote nearly three pages of my chapter on Rome.

27th.—I wrote more than a page and a half of my chapter on Rome.

28th.—I wrote more than two pages of the chapter on Rome.

29th.—I wrote two pages on the Itineraries and high Roads of the Romans; and stop short at present with a rich fund of ninety-two folio pages closely written. My travels in Italy, with my future studies, will swell this collection to such a magnitude, that it will be necessary for me only to arrange my materials to have a complete description of Italy.

30th.—I resumed the perusal of Spanheim, de Usu et Præstantiâ Numismatum; of which I read Dissert. V. p. 373—476. He treats of the medals of kings, particularly the successors of Alexander, and the epithets bestowed on them—friends to the Romans or Greeks; victorious; thunderers; great kings; king of kings; autocrator, or possessor of independent power; the name of God in general; and the particular names of Bacchus, of God the Saviour, or Soter; and of God manifested on earth, Epiphanes, which is not fully translated by "illustrious."—All these medals are Greek. We have not any other medals of barbarian kings, but those struck by the Greek cities in their dominions.

I read Piron's Comedy, Métromanie, which there was an intention of acting at Mon Repos. The versification is beautiful, and many of the sentiments correct and well expressed. This applies to the whole scene between Mr. Ballivau and Damis. But I never read any thing worse contrived than the plot. There is much confusion in that part which regards the lovers Dorante and Lucile. The part of Damis is diverting, but unnatural. Where is it possible to find a poet that will resign a rich and handsome mistress for another that has no existence but in the Mercury? What an extravagant attempt is it, to endeavour to render the character of this poet at once heroical and ridiculous! Compare together his scene with his uncle and that with his valet. I know that in Molière's masterpiece, the Misanthrope is at once ridiculous and respectable. But this happens because his faults consist in virtues carried to excess; which, though ridiculous in their effects, are respectable in their principle. There is no connexion in the part of Damis. The bad poet is one character; the just and generous man who pardons his friend's

have written the reflections, which occurred to me in the perusal, in my Collection of Observations, No. IV.

11th.—I began to read Mr. Addison's charming little Treatise on Ancient Medals, in the third volume of his Works, London, 1746. I read p. 1—113. He considers the different advantages that may be derived from the study of medals; and dwells on the striking connexion between their reverses and the descriptions of Latin poets. In this view, he examines two series of medals; the one containing allegorical personages, and the other enigmatic symbols. Each class furnishes him with twenty examples. The passages of the poets are selected with taste; and the author's reflections are replete with judgment and sagacity. No man ever benefited more than Mr. Addison by the study of the Belles Lettres. His works have much contributed to improve the English language and literature.

12th.—I finished Addison's work, Dialogues upon the Usefulness of Ancient Medals; p. 113—167: besides which, the plates take up sixty-eight pages. The third series of examples contains the representation of countries on medals: it is curious. Mr. Addison has a third dialogue, in which the parallel is drawn between ancient and modern medals; rather flattering for the ancients. In the third dialogue, the author sets out well: his characters are well marked; and the whole has the air of a free conversation among polite and learned friends: but the two following dialogues might as well have been called letters or essays. Pope's epistle is worthy of himself; but the inscription on his imaginary medal of Craggs, filling six verses, would not have been relished by Addison.* It is a bad compliment to a didactic work, to violate, in commending it, the most important precept which it contains.

I began Spanheim's noble work de Præstantiâ et Usu Numismatum, in two volumes, 4to. Amsterdam. This is not the best edition; but I make use of it till I receive that of London, 1708, from Geneva. I read the Preface and Dissertation I. p. 1—49, on the beauty and entertainment of medallic knowledge: and Dissertation II. p. 49—68, on the assistance which it may afford to grammarians in ascertaining the letters and orthography, of ancient languages. I finished some reflections on Ovid's Fasti. See my Collection of Observations, No. IV.

13th.—I wrote some remarks concerning the allegorical personages on medals. See my Collection, No. V.

I read Spanheim, de Usu et Præstantiâ Numismatum, Dissert. II. p. 68—93. It contains the sequel of his grammatical observations. They are curious, but rather dry. Spanheim forgets his politeness in refuting Tristan. The latter's mistake indeed was a most absurd one.

I finished the fortieth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Dr. Middleton's Treatise on the Roman Senate. The question concerning the mode of entering into the Roman senate

* V. Dialog. iii. p. 154—156.

their union, formed the Imperial authority: Cæsar, Augustus, Imperator, High Priest, Father of the Country, Proconsul, Tribune—all these taken together rendered the emperors far greater than kings. This last title was also given to them as early as the time of Domitian by Greek historians and Latin poets, though those princes themselves did not venture to assume it, till the time of Constantine and the lower empire, when all republican maxims had been effaced from the minds of their subjects.

I went to the library to re-examine Mr. de la Condamine's Journal, which I had read too hastily. I met with the two following particulars concerning the height of mountains. 1. The 1460 fathoms given for the altitude of Mount Cenis are not applicable to the road, but to a station far more elevated, which Mr. de la Condamine reached with the utmost difficulty. The Pilgrim's Hospital is 500 fathoms lower. 2. Falio de Duillier made the lake of Geneva 426 fathoms above the level of the sea, and Mount Blanc 2000 fathoms higher: in all 2426 fathoms. But of the two elements of this calculation, the one is taken too high, and the other too low. Mr. de Cheseaux, measuring a larger base, found Mount Blanc to be 2250 fathoms above the level of the lake; but the height given to the lake above the sea, corrected by barometrical observations at Geneva, Turin, and Genoa, appears to be only 188, instead of 426 fathoms: so that the true height of Mount Blanc is 2438. Mr. de la Condamine thus rectifies, in the History of the Academy, the notions which he had not sufficiently examined when he published his journal.

4th.—I read Spanheim, de Usu Numismatum, Dissert. VIII. p. 737—757. After discussing the honorary titles of princes, he proceeds to the medals called the Spintriæ of Tiberius: he believes them to have been pieces of money that were scattered among the common people at the obscene games of Flora. He then treats of colonies; sacred, free, and independent cities; the bounties of the emperors; the *vehiculatio Italiæ;* the arrears of imposts; the whole forming a classic book on the subject of medals.

I finished Bayle's General Criticism on Maimbourg's History of Calvinism; in 12mo. Villa Franca, 1684, third edition. The fashion of the age made the philosopher Bayle enter the lists of controversy; into which he brought with him a measure of knowledge, precision, and candour, as well as entertainment, seldom exhibited there. In his reasonings concerning infallibility, and the rights of an erroneous conscience, you see the accurate and enlightened dialectician; but he is rather too diffuse. No man was ever better qualified than Bayle for assuming the character of his adversary, showing his system in a new garb, and for availing himself of all the places open to assault; which is one of the greatest advantages of the sceptical philosophy. His chapters on the marriage of the clergy are full of pleasantry, learning, and knowledge of human nature; and his two letters on the love of parents towards their children, and on jealousy, contain a profound philosophy; in which he unfolds a chain of prejudices connected with our existence, necessary for our happiness, and intended by the Supreme Being to supply

employment for a philosopher!—Penelope's Web, or Machiavel Physician, by Mr. de la Metrie: a severe, ingenious, and learned satire against the faculty in Paris, particularly Astruc, Sylva, Chirac, and Winslow.

17th.—This morning was lost, except that I found time to read Spanheim, de Præstantiâ Numismatum, Dissert. III. p. 166—196. He continues the same subject: panthers, serpents, dolphins. The part respecting serpents, those ministers of oracles and tutelary genii, is particularly curious.

18th.—In the evening I read a tale in verse, which was lent to me, just published by Voltaire. What most pleases women? Command. The design is borrowed from Pope's Wife of Bath. The narrative is rather diffuse, and the verses have not that natural ease and briskness which is an essential requisite. I borrowed, at the same time, the Panegyric of the Duke of Sully, by Mr. Thomas; a performance which gained the prize proposed by the French Academy.

19th.—Instead of continuing Spanheim, I resumed my Geographical Collection on Italy, which I wish to put out of hand. I wrote two pages and a half of it, on Etruria.

I finished Sully's Panegyric. Mr. Thomas is a great orator. What strength of thought, what rapidity of style! He has the soul of a citizen, the sense of a philosopher, and the pencil of a great painter. His manner is that of Demosthenes, but of Demosthenes who has sacrificed to the graces. United with the pomp of eloquence, we find an accurate detail of particulars, which are never minute when they are well chosen and well expressed; and that historical truth which always embellishes the panegyric of every man entitled to public praise. The parallel of Sully with Colbert is not drawn with flattery, scarcely with equity, towards the former. Mr. Thomas dwells too long on the comparison of the difficulties which these two ministers had respectively to encounter. The horrors of the league, forty years of civil war, enthusiasm and independence in the public mind, and eight hundred millions of debt; these were difficulties incomparably greater than the caprices of the Fronde, some extortions on the part of Cardinal Mazarin, a nation destitute of either principles or leaders of rebellion, and long weary of domestic disturbances. Mr. Thomas does not always remember that a panegyric ought to hold the middle place between a history and a funeral oration. Perhaps the strength and sublimity of his style, replete with images as bold as they are natural, might have enabled him to dispense with comparisons, apostrophes, and all those figures, which more properly belong to poetry. I am certain he would have done well to omit his comparison of Sully's operations with those of eternal wisdom; a species of false sublime which can only tend to degrade both the compared objects.

20th.—I wrote a page and a half of my Geographical Collection on the Tiber, and the rivers which flow into it.

I finished the forty-second volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. If we consider only Mr. Ellis's Voyage to Hudson's Bay, the exist-

The Roman denarius, or Greek drachma, will make 7½ English pence, about fourteen French sous.

The Attic talent 187*l.* 10*s.*; about 4280 French livres.

The sestertium, or great sesterce, 7*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* or 180 French livres.

Florence, June 25th.—I procured two volumes of Mr. Gori's Symbolæ Florentinæ, in order to read Mr. Muratori's dissertation on the brazen table found near Velleia, which he has prefixed to an accurate plate of the table itself. See Symbolæ, vol. v. p. 1—56, and seven sheets for the table itself. It is written with as much precision and perspicuity as learning. Mr. Muratori is not a mere antiquary. He proves clearly that Trajan first instituted the Pueri Alimentarii in Italy, A. D. 103; and that this institution was supported by his successors to the time of Pertinax, who entirely abolished it. He thinks that this inscription, far longer than any other, may throw much light on the history, geography, and economy of that age. I quite agree with him; but, after maturely considering the inscription, do not think that he has seen all the consequences which ought to be drawn from it.

July 2nd.—I carefully re-examined Muratori's dissertation. I take the trouble of extracting from the bronze table the rents which a vast number of citizens of Velleia covenant to pay, and the funds from which they are to raise them. The task is dry and unpleasant; but, before building an edifice, it is necessary to lay the foundation; there must be bricklayers as well as architects. I hope to benefit by this enumeration,

4th.—I finished the volume of Statues, with Gori's observations.

14th.—I read Mr. Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, with a Translation of the Edda, the sacred book of the ancient Celts. We have now half a dozen of bibles, if we include our own. A valuable work might be written, giving a philosophical picture of religions, their genius, reasonings, and influence on the manners, government, philosophy, and poetry of their respective votaries. Mr. Mallet is a man of sense and candour; he has carefully examined his subject, but treats it with more perspicuity than elegance. His great principle, that the religion of Odin formed that character of the northern nations, whose effects are still perceptible among ourselves, is judicious, in many respects well founded, and perfectly well illustrated. He makes excellent observations on the populousness of the north; tending to show that the numerous swarms which issued from it in ancient times do not prove it to have been more populous than it is at present. The Edda supplied him with copious materials on the subject of religion and morals. In treating of government, he has not a voucher equally authentic, and is obliged to have recourse to Tacitus and analogy. These guides are not always to be trusted. Tacitus indeed comprehended Scandinavia under the name of Germany; but in his general description of the Germanic institutions, he had chiefly in view the nations with which he was best acquainted, those situate near the Rhine and the Danube. Besides, it is not certain that the religion of Odin is as old as the

graphical Collection, describing the lake Fucinus, and the countries of the Equia and Peligni.

I also read Spanheim, de Usu et Præstantiâ Numismatum, Dissert. III. p. 196—245. He treats of fabulous animals, the sphynx, hydra, sirenes, the birds of Stymphalus, the phœnix, &c. We may perceive that the genius of the Greeks, romantic as it was, employed itself rather in embellishment than invention. The sphynx was originally an Ethiopian ape, whom the inhabitants of Thebais chose for the symbol of mystery, and placed at the gates of their temples.

28th.—I read in Spanheim only Dissert. III. p. 245—253. He treats of monsters and hieroglyphics, whose names are unknown.

I finished the forty-fourth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Bower's Lives of the Popes, first and second extract. The beginnings of Christian Rome are at least as obscure and fabulous as those of the pagan. The author is reproached with making a partial and ill-digested compilation of papal biography. He is a rogue unmasked, who enjoyed, for twenty years, the favour of the public, because he had quitted a sect to which he still secretly adhered; and because he had been a counsellor of the inquisition in the town of Macerata, where an inquisition never existed.—The Free Voice of a Citizen. When a king of Poland writes on the constitution of his country, we should not expect to find the trite topics of a rhetorician, or the speculative dreams of a pedant.—A Treatise on Systems, by the Abbé Condillac: judicious, and abounding with fine thoughts; but the Abbé sometimes confounds theory and truths flowing from a few general principles, with those practical arts which require talents and experience, and which from their nature are liable to great uncertainty.—The Toleration of the Asiatics; truths common and important, expressed with much boldness.—The Art of Hatching Eggs, &c. by Mr. Réaumur. That proposed is sure and easy. This author will make me in love with natural history. How extraordinary an instinct is that of the chicken, which employs itself half a day in the difficult work of its own birth!—Essay on Moral Philosophy, by Mr. Maupertuis. No; you are not able to make me hate life.

The Eloge of Mr. Schultens. This learned man preferred the Jews too much to the Arabians.

March 1st.—I read Spanheim, Dissert. IV. p. 253—265. From animals, he proceeds to plants, and particularly to the lotus, with which the Egyptian medals often crown their kings, gods, and sacred animals.

2nd.—I read Spanheim, Dissert. IV. p. 265—310. He still treats of the plants represented on medals.

I finished the forty-fifth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Edmond's Negotiations, published by Dr. Birch; curious, in as far as it relates to the character, last years, and the death of Queen Elizabeth.—Memoirs of Brandenburgh. They are well written; but the memoirs of the author himself—how impatiently do I expect *them*!—Treatise on Ice, by Mr. Marian; judicious and profound. I

perceived, as well as the journal-writer, that causes ought not to be multiplied without necessity; and that fire set in motion is sufficient without the subtile matter.—Natural History, by Mr. Buffon, a great painter, and an original genius. The reviewer endeavours to defend the deluge; but confesses that shells are found in the mountains only at the elevation of six hundred feet.—A Collection of Pieces of Eloquence of the French Academy; vox et præterea nihil.—The History of Sweden, by Mr. Dalin, in Swedish, vol. ii. Superstition and clerical power reached the highest pitch in Sweden. At the time of their conversion, the Swedes adopted the whole papal system, and became Christians after the fashion of the twelfth century. They could not plead the authority of any ancient traditions; their history furnished them not with any argument against the Roman faith, and their ignorance hindered them from seeking such arguments in the history of other nations, in reason, or in scripture.—Parallel of the Arundelian Marbles with the Egyptian Chronicles. I perceive that the author, the Abbé Richer du Bouchet, has a great contempt for these marbles; and that he is deep in Manetho. All his discoveries are connected with a general system of chronology, which he does not explain. I do not expect much from it.

3rd.—I read Spanheim, Dissert. IV. p. 310—340; and Dissert. V. p. 340—344. He concludes the article of plants; I am glad of it; they are but little connected with medals; Spanheim was not a botanist, nor do I wish to become one. I have now finished the most interesting part of his work. The second dissertation is dry, but useful; his declamations on morals and politics might be reduced to ten pages; and from the last two dissertations I would select only a few facts, cleared from all circumstances foreign to the subject.

4th.—I read Spanheim, Dissert. V. p. 344—373. This part is replete with erudition, and enters into many curious particulars concerning the horns which adorn the head of Ammon, Juno, Bacchus, Rivers, Alexander, and his successors.

5th.—I glanced over the New Aretin. Gross ignorance, blackguard buffoonery, and impertinent reasonings, which have not even the merit of novelty, disgrace this wretched performance, which would be thrown by with disgust, did it not attack religion with the most shocking indecency.

6th.—I finished the forty-sixth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Suetonius, by Oudendorp. The edition is good, but unnecessary after that of Grævius. Why are the excellent commentaries of Torrentius and Casaubon omitted?—Memoirs of Queen Christiana: a curious work, and of immense industry.—Memoirs of the Academy of Petersburgh. All the institutions of the Russians ought to be well contrived, and skilfully proportioned. They may be made at one cast, from models highly improved among their neighbours.—A New Historical and Critical Dictionary, by Mr. Chaufepié: the learning and accuracy of Bayle, without his philosophy and genius.

9th.—I wrote three pages and a half of my Geographical Col-

lection. I have now finished the chapter on Samnium, by a complete abridgment of what concerns the Samnites and the duchy of Beneventum. I have also begun the chapter on Apulia; and finished the first division, *viz.* the territory of the Hirpini.

10th.—I wrote nearly four pages of my Geographical Collection; containing the remainder of Apulia. There is a pretty extensive article on Tarentum.

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14th.—I read a new work by Voltaire; Treatise on Toleration. The end is commendable; to awaken in the soul the feelings of humanity, and display the dreadful consequences of superstition. But in point of execution this work is a trifling collection of common-place remarks, in which the author expatiates rather on every other topic than the great principles belonging to his subject. I am diverted with his false and contradictory conclusions concerning ancient history. This history, he says, is filled with prodigies. They cannot be true; therefore ancient history consists merely of fables and conjectures.* Again, this history is filled with prodigies: we are obliged to believe them; therefore the principles of nature, as well as of men, were quite different then from what they are at pre-

* Traité sur la Tolérance, cap. ix. n. c. p. 71—75.

sent.* He calls in question the infamous debaucheries of Tiberius in the island of Capreæ. Yet Tacitus and Suetonius were almost the cotemporaries of that prince. I perceive not any marks of hatred in their works. They often justify Tiberius, and distinguish with as much penetration as honesty the different stages of the dissimulation, cruelty, and public debaucheries of that emperor. The abominable licentiousness of those times is well known; and it is not matter of surprise that Tiberius should refuse nothing to his appetites, when he had the unbounded power of gratifying them with impunity, especially when they were concealed by his retirement from the public eye, which is the only restraint on the behaviour of a despot. As for those refinements in debauchery which astonish Voltaire, it is precisely in an old profligate of seventy that I should expect to meet with them.†

15th.—I finished the forty-eighth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains the Discoveries made at Herculaneum, by the Marquis Venuti. This ancient city, which deserved to be examined more accurately and faithfully, was found at the depth of seventy-three feet under many successive beds of earth and vitrified stone. Herculaneum was but an obscure place; yet it was adorned by a theatre three hundred feet in circumference, raised on brick pilasters, covered with a beautiful varnish, and ornamented with cornices of marble.—Letters on Jubilees. It is difficult to distinguish with theologians between the defilement of sin and its punishment. In the church of the Feuillans at Paris, indulgences may be procured, in the space of one Lent, for 150,000 years.—Essay on Spirit. This work of the Bishop of Clogher contains a metaphysical Arianism.—Dissertation on the Chronology of Usher. The Abbé Richer again. This man is a fool. Wherefore so much rage against the Jews and Protestants in treating a question of criticism? He rejects the chronology of the Jews, because it came from the schools of Tiberias, and is approved by a Protestant bishop.

16th.—I wrote a page of the chapter of Lucania in my Geographical Collection; it is the continuation of Brutium.

17th.—I wrote a page and a half of my chapter on Lucania, concerning Magna Græcia: after which I went to the library to read Freret's learned researches on the first inhabitants of Italy; Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres, vol. xviii. p. 72—114.

18th —I wrote a page and an half of the chapter intitled "Nations," in my Geographical Collection; it treats of the first communities in Italy.

19th.—I wrote a page and an half on the chapter "Nations," concerning the first communities in Italy.

I finished the forty-ninth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Letters on the Use of the Pronoun Thou, by Mr. Vernet: I am inclined to think both *thou* and *you* ought to be used.—Considerations on Morals, by Mr. du Clos. The work is in general good: some chapters treating of the connexion of genius with character are

* Traité sur la Tolérance, cap. xii. p. 127—129.
† Idem, cap. viii. p. 62, 63.

excellent. Du Clos, before he was secretary of the academy, had been that of the coffee-house; where he carefully treasured up the conversations of men of wit.—The Roman History of Dion Cassius, by Messrs. Fabricius and Raymar: an excellent edition.—Maupertuis' Works: and Appeal to the Public, by Mr. Kœnig. In his own works, Maupertuis appears only as an extravagant visionary, whose fame rests not on any solid basis. In his dispute with Kœnig he is a cowardly persecutor, who employs the secular arm to crush one of his colleagues.—The Spirit of Nations: a wretched imitation.—The Treasury of Imperial Medals, by Morell, with the Commentaries of Gori and Havercamp: what riches!—Wetstein's New Testament. In a dispute which the Franciscans had with John XXII. they first gave that explanation of the Revelations, which makes the Pope Antichrist. Numerous swarms of those monks left their convents, and embraced Luther's reformation. They spread this Capuchin notion among the Protestants.

20th.—I wrote a page and an half of my Geographical Collection, which finishes the chapter on the Nations of Italy.

21st.—I wrote four pages of the chapter Campania in my Geographical Collection. They treat of the division of that country and Latium Proper.

I finished the fiftieth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains, Essay on the Nature of the Office of Sacrificer. The Christian clergy have perhaps succeeded only to the philosophers and prophets, who taught morality; and not to the priests, who performed sacrifices and other parts of the ceremonial law.—Scarron's Works. His comic romance alone will live: in other parts of his works, the wit is rather in the style than in the thought. At best, it results from the contrast between his character and situation.—St. Clement's two Epistles, in Syriac and Latin. Dissertation on two Epistles, &c. Dr. Lardner disputes Mr. Wetstein's discovery of this monument of the first Christians. Sub judice lis est. St. Clement's ideas on celibacy are carried, I perceive, to great extravagance. But even *they* are natural to the enthusiasm of a rising persecuted sect! If these epistles are authentic, St. John must have written his Gospel a long time before the old age of Clement, who was only in his thirtieth year in A. D. 60.

It is a great convenience to have always at hand some book containing easy and interesting productions, that they may be read by snatches, at moments which would otherwise be lost. Nothing answers this end better than a good journal; which title the Bibliothèque Raisonnée certainly merits. It may be divided however into two parts, of nearly equal extent, but of completely different characters. The first part is adapted to the taste for true learning which prevailed in the seventeenth century; containing a great deal of theology, jurisprudence, and belles lettres; erudition drawn from the source, and mixed with sound criticism. The spirit of religious controversy is rather too prevalent; and we are disgusted with too much minuteness, or provoked at too much asperity. The second part of the journal has more affinity with the taste at present;

uniting much indifference about theology, with superficiality of learning, and boldness in philosophy; its tone is dogmatical, and its style more broken into short sentences and more metaphorical.

22nd.—I wrote a page and an half of my Geographical Collection, containing a Description of the Countries of the Rutili and Hernici, comprehended in the chapter on Campania.

23rd.—I wrote near three pages of my Geographical Collection, on the countries of the Volsci and Ausones, comprehended in the chapter on Campania.

24th.—I wrote a page of my chapter on Campania, which is the beginning of Campania Proper.

25th.—I wrote about three pages, finishing the chapter on Campania, and inserting some detached materials into other chapters.

26th.—I wrote nearly three pages of my chapter on Rome.

27th.—I wrote more than a page and a half of my chapter on Rome.

28th.—I wrote more than two pages of the chapter on Rome.

29th.—I wrote two pages on the Itineraries and high Roads of the Romans; and stop short at present with a rich fund of ninety-two folio pages closely written. My travels in Italy, with my future studies, will swell this collection to such a magnitude, that it will be necessary for me only to arrange my materials to have a complete description of Italy.

30th.—I resumed the perusal of Spanheim, de Usu et Præstantiâ Numismatum; of which I read Dissert. V. p. 373—476. He treats of the medals of kings, particularly the successors of Alexander, and the epithets bestowed on them—friends to the Romans or Greeks; victorious; thunderers; great kings; king of kings; autocrator, or possessor of independent power; the name of God in general; and the particular names of Bacchus, of God the Saviour, or Soter; and of God manifested on earth, Epiphanes, which is not fully translated by "illustrious."—All these medals are Greek. We have not any other medals of barbarian kings, but those struck by the Greek cities in their dominions.

I read Piron's Comedy, Métromanie, which there was an intention of acting at Mon Repos. The versification is beautiful, and many of the sentiments correct and well expressed. This applies to the whole scene between Mr. Ballivau and Damis. But I never read any thing worse contrived than the plot. There is much confusion in that part which regards the lovers Dorante and Lucile. The part of Damis is diverting, but unnatural. Where is it possible to find a poet that will resign a rich and handsome mistress for another that has no existence but in the Mercury? What an extravagant attempt is it, to endeavour to render the character of this poet at once heroical and ridiculous! Compare together his scene with his uncle and that with his valet. I know that in Molière's masterpiece, the Misanthrope is at once ridiculous and respectable. But this happens because his faults consist in virtues carried to excess; which, though ridiculous in their effects, are respectable in their principle. There is no connexion in the part of Damis. The bad poet is one character; the just and generous man who pardons his friend's

have written the reflections, which occurred to me in the perusal, in my Collection of Observations, No. IV.

11th.—I began to read Mr. Addison's charming little Treatise on Ancient Medals, in the third volume of his Works, London, 1746. I read p. 1—113. He considers the different advantages that may be derived from the study of medals; and dwells on the striking connexion between their reverses and the descriptions of Latin poets. In this view, he examines two series of medals; the one containing allegorical personages, and the other enigmatic symbols. Each class furnishes him with twenty examples. The passages of the poets are selected with taste; and the author's reflections are replete with judgment and sagacity. No man ever benefited more than Mr. Addison by the study of the Belles Lettres. His works have much contributed to improve the English language and literature.

12th.—I finished Addison's work, Dialogues upon the Usefulness of Ancient Medals; p. 113—167: besides which, the plates take up sixty-eight pages. The third series of examples contains the representation of countries on medals: it is curious. Mr. Addison has a third dialogue, in which the parallel is drawn between ancient and modern medals; rather flattering for the ancients. In the third dialogue, the author sets out well: his characters are well marked; and the whole has the air of a free conversation among polite and learned friends: but the two following dialogues might as well have been called letters or essays. Pope's epistle is worthy of himself; but the inscription on his imaginary medal of Craggs, filling six verses, would not have been relished by Addison.* It is a bad compliment to a didactic work, to violate, in commending it, the most important precept which it contains.

I began Spanheim's noble work de Præstantiâ et Usu Numismatum, in two volumes, 4to. Amsterdam. This is not the best edition; but I make use of it till I receive that of London, 1708, from Geneva. I read the Preface and Dissertation I. p. 1—49, on the beauty and entertainment of medallic knowledge: and Dissertation II. p. 49—68, on the assistance which it may afford to grammarians in ascertaining the letters and orthography, of ancient languages. I finished some reflections on Ovid's Fasti. See my Collection of Observations, No. IV.

13th.—I wrote some remarks concerning the allegorical personages on medals. See my Collection, No. V.

I read Spanheim, de Usu et Præstantiâ Numismatum, Dissert. II. p. 68—93. It contains the sequel of his grammatical observations. They are curious, but rather dry. Spanheim forgets his politeness in refuting Tristan. The latter's mistake indeed was a most absurd one.

I finished the fortieth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Dr. Middleton's Treatise on the Roman Senate. The question concerning the mode of entering into the Roman senate

* V. Dialog. iii. p. 154—156.

appears to me capable of an easy answer. The nomination belonged successively to the kings, consuls, and censors. But as they always named the quæstors, their right of naming gradually became of less value as the quæstors became more numerous, and was reduced to a mere formality, when their number became sufficient to supply that of the senate.—History of Sweden, by Mr. Dalin, in Swedish. This is a new country. Two thousand years ago the mountains of Sweden, as well as those of Denmark, stood in an archipelago of little islands intersected by canals and straits. The sea retired, and still continues to retire, the space of fifty inches each century. It is thought also that the ocean, which covered a far greater surface towards the beginning of the Roman empire, opened a communication with the Caspian Sea. This circumstance, and a climate milder than the present, facilitated the emigrations of the Scythians. Their most celebrated colony travelled to the north in the year of J. C. 100, under the conduct of Odin, a Scythian from the banks of the Tanais. This legislator of the north resided at Upsal, the seat of his religion and empire. His successors, both kings and priests, were masters of a fine country, and respected by the other kings of the nation. They reigned at Upsal till A. C. 870. Their family was not extinct in Normandy till 1060.

15th.—I read Spanheim, de Præstantiâ et Usu Numismatum, Dissert. II. p. 93—112: and found it a tiresome declamation on the morality and policy to be learned from medals; in which the author has contrived to introduce all the technical medallic terms. Why does he justify the senate for removing the only check that remained on the tyranny of the emperors? They praised them, he says, to show to them the road of virtue and glory. This excuse was good in the first year of Domitian's reign; but was good for nothing in the fifteenth. Besides, what new praise was kept in reserve for Trajan?

16th.—I read Spanheim, de Præstantiâ Numismatum, Dissert. II. p. 112—122. He describes the advantages which natural history may derive from medals. I saw with pleasure the proof of what I had said in my Essay on the subjects of the Circus and Amphitheatre.

I finished the forty-first volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Anson's Voyage, first and second extract. I know few books that are more amusing; but the hero is painted in too flattering colours. When afterwards raised to the first employments of state, he was unable to support the weight of his renown. One praise indeed belongs to him, that of choosing and employing merit. Brett, Saunders, Rodney, and Keppel are among those whom he brought forward and educated.—Mr. le Moine's Treatise on Miracles. Such a work tends to injure the cause of religion which it endeavours to support. How ill qualified are we to ascertain the powers of nature, and of angels! Do we know the extent of those belonging to our fellow creatures?—Morals. The enemies of Revelation can no longer be accused of hostility to natural religion. Poor Toussaint is now the editor of the Brussels Gazette. Strange

employment for a philosopher!—Penelope's Web, or Machiavel Physician, by Mr. de la Metrie: a severe, ingenious, and learned satire against the faculty in Paris, particularly Astruc, Sylva, Chirac, and Winslow.

17th.—This morning was lost, except that I found time to read Spanheim, de Præstantiâ Numismatum, Dissert. III. p. 166—196. He continues the same subject: panthers, serpents, dolphins. The part respecting serpents, those ministers of oracles and tutelary genii, is particularly curious.

18th.—In the evening I read a tale in verse, which was lent to me, just published by Voltaire. What most pleases women? Command. The design is borrowed from Pope's Wife of Bath. The narrative is rather diffuse, and the verses have not that natural ease and briskness which is an essential requisite. I borrowed, at the same time, the Panegyric of the Duke of Sully, by Mr. Thomas; a performance which gained the prize proposed by the French Academy.

19th.—Instead of continuing Spanheim, I resumed my Geographical Collection on Italy, which I wish to put out of hand. I wrote two pages and a half of it, on Etruria.

I finished Sully's Panegyric. Mr. Thomas is a great orator. What strength of thought, what rapidity of style! He has the soul of a citizen, the sense of a philosopher, and the pencil of a great painter. His manner is that of Demosthenes, but of Demosthenes who has sacrificed to the graces. United with the pomp of eloquence, we find an accurate detail of particulars, which are never minute when they are well chosen and well expressed; and that historical truth which always embellishes the panegyric of every man entitled to public praise. The parallel of Sully with Colbert is not drawn with flattery, scarcely with equity, towards the former. Mr. Thomas dwells too long on the comparison of the difficulties which these two ministers had respectively to encounter. The horrors of the league, forty years of civil war, enthusiasm and independence in the public mind, and eight hundred millions of debt: these were difficulties incomparably greater than the caprices of the Fronde, some extortions on the part of Cardinal Mazarin, a nation destitute of either principles or leaders of rebellion, and long weary of domestic disturbances. Mr. Thomas does not always remember that a panegyric ought to hold the middle place between a history and a funeral oration. Perhaps the strength and sublimity of his style, replete with images as bold as they are natural, might have enabled him to dispense with comparisons, apostrophes, and all those figures, which more properly belong to poetry. I am certain he would have done well to omit his comparison of Sully's operations with those of eternal wisdom; a species of false sublime which can only tend to degrade both the compared objects.

20th.—I wrote a page and a half of my Geographical Collection on the Tiber, and the rivers which flow into it.

I finished the forty-second volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. If we consider only Mr. Ellis's Voyage to Hudson's Bay, the exist-

ence of a north-west passage will appear very doubtful. Be that as it may, the company will always endeavour to prevent its discovery. —An Essay, by Mr. Deslandes, on the Marine of the Ancients. The ancients never made use of any but trireme gallies, that is, vessels with three tier of oars of different lengths. The quadriremes, &c. had decks above these barns of oars, provided with machines of war; but they had only three tier of oars.—Maclaurin's Account of Sir Isaac Newton's Discoveries. A work admired by all mathematicians. I hope to be able, at some future time, to bestow on it enlightened approbation.—Narrative of a Voyage to Peru, by Mr. Bouguer. The Cordilleras form the highest chain of mountains in the world. The top of Chimboraço is 3217 fathoms above the sea; at the height of 2400 the snow never melts. The province of Quito, through a valley in the Cordilleras, is the highest inhabited country known. Subsisting monuments still attest the former greatness of the Incas. We yet behold the vestiges of the causeway extending 400 leagues, from Cusco to Quito.—The Harleian Miscellany, vol. vi. contains the sequel of a work distinguished by the spirit of sound philosophy. From the axiom that the Eternal Being is all-sufficient in himself, a religion is deduced, free from superstition, contradictions, and eternal punishments.—Travels in Turkey and Persia, by Mr. Otter: curious, but dry.—The happy Life, by Mr. de la Metrie: the work of a fool, whose laughter is poisonous.—Remarks on Bayle's Dictionary. Intolerant superstition is more dangerous than impiety.

24th.—I wrote a page and a half of my Geographical Collection, on the subject of Umbria. I began to put the materials in order, belonging to each region of Italy, which will be of much use to me.

25th.—I finished the forty-third volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Leibnitzii Protogea: a posthumous work of this great man, on the original structure of the earth. Chaos first reigned; a conflagration melted the mass; and different substances acquired different degrees of hardness, from fluid water to vitrified gems, in proportion to the time they were in cooling.—The History of the Office of Stadholder, and of the Parliament of England, by the Abbé Raynal. The pictures which he draws are filled with pretty antitheses.—The History of Jovian, and the Translation of some Works of Julian, by the Abbé de la Blétérie: admirable, in point of erudition, taste, elegance, and I will add, moderation. Julian was a pagan, but the Abbé hates only the jesuits.—The Spirit of Laws. What occasion was there to speak of it here?—Lord Bolingbroke's Patriot King. This lord had strength and elevation of mind; but he was a sorry philosopher.—Middleton's Free Inquiry into the Miracles, &c. This man was endowed with penetration and accuracy. He saw where his principles led; but he did not think proper to draw the consequences.

26th.—I wrote three pages of my Geographical Collection, on the subject of Samnium. I have now finished the country of the Sabines, and a part of the territories of the Marsi.

27th.—I wrote two pages of the chapter Samnium in my Geo-

graphical Collection, describing the lake Fucinus, and the countries of the Equia and Peligni.

I also read Spanheim, de Usu et Præstantiâ Numismatum, Dissert. III. p. 196—245. He treats of fabulous animals, the sphynx, hydra, sirenes, the birds of Stymphalus, the phœnix, &c. We may perceive that the genius of the Greeks, romantic as it was, employed itself rather in embellishment than invention. The sphynx was originally an Ethiopian ape, whom the inhabitants of Thebais chose for the symbol of mystery, and placed at the gates of their temples.

28th.—I read in Spanheim only Dissert. III. p. 245—253. He treats of monsters and hieroglyphics, whose names are unknown.

I finished the forty-fourth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Bower's Lives of the Popes, first and second extract. The beginnings of Christian Rome are at least as obscure and fabulous as those of the pagan. The author is reproached with making a partial and ill-digested compilation of papal biography. He is a rogue unmasked, who enjoyed, for twenty years, the favour of the public, because he had quitted a sect to which he still secretly adhered; and because he had been a counsellor of the inquisition in the town of Macerata, where an inquisition never existed.—The Free Voice of a Citizen. When a king of Poland writes on the constitution of his country, we should not expect to find the trite topics of a rhetorician, or the speculative dreams of a pedant.—A Treatise on Systems, by the Abbé Condillac: judicious, and abounding with fine thoughts; but the Abbé sometimes confounds theory and truths flowing from a few general principles, with those practical arts which require talents and experience, and which from their nature are liable to great uncertainty.—The Toleration of the Asiatics; truths common and important, expressed with much boldness.—The Art of Hatching Eggs, &c. by Mr. Réaumur. That proposed is sure and easy. This author will make me in love with natural history. How extraordinary an instinct is that of the chicken, which employs itself half a day in the difficult work of its own birth!—Essay on Moral Philosophy, by Mr. Maupertuis. No; you are not able to make me hate life.

The Eloge of Mr. Schultens. This learned man preferred the Jews too much to the Arabians.

March 1st.—I read Spanheim, Dissert. IV. p. 253—265. From animals, he proceeds to plants, and particularly to the lotus, with which the Egyptian medals often crown their kings, gods, and sacred animals.

2nd.—I read Spanheim, Dissert. IV. p. 265—310. He still treats of the plants represented on medals.

I finished the forty-fifth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Edmond's Negotiations, published by Dr. Birch; curious, in as far as it relates to the character, last years, and the death of Queen Elizabeth.—Memoirs of Brandenburgh. They are well written: but the memoirs of the author himself—how impatiently do I expect *them*!—Treatise on Ice, by Mr. Marian; judicious and profound. I

perceived, as well as the journal-writer, that causes ought not to be multiplied without necessity; and that fire set in motion is sufficient without the subtile matter.—Natural History, by Mr. Buffon, a great painter, and an original genius. The reviewer endeavours to defend the deluge; but confesses that shells are found in the mountains only at the elevation of six hundred feet.—A Collection of Pieces of Eloquence of the French Academy; vox et præterea nihil.—The History of Sweden, by Mr. Dalin, in Swedish, vol. ii. Superstition and clerical power reached the highest pitch in Sweden. At the time of their conversion, the Swedes adopted the whole papal system, and became Christians after the fashion of the twelfth century. They could not plead the authority of any ancient traditions; their history furnished them not with any argument against the Roman faith, and their ignorance hindered them from seeking such arguments in the history of other nations, in reason, or in scripture.—Parallel of the Arundelian Marbles with the Egyptian Chronicles. I perceive that the author, the Abbé Richer du Bouchet, has a great contempt for these marbles; and that he is deep in Manetho. All his discoveries are connected with a general system of chronology, which he does not explain. I do not expect much from it.

3rd.—I read Spanheim, Dissert. IV. p. 310—340; and Dissert. V. p. 340—344. He concludes the article of plants; I am glad of it; they are but little connected with medals; Spanheim was not a botanist, nor do I wish to become one. I have now finished the most interesting part of his work. The second dissertation is dry, but useful; his declamations on morals and politics might be reduced to ten pages; and from the last two dissertations I would select only a few facts, cleared from all circumstances foreign to the subject.

4th.—I read Spanheim, Dissert. V. p. 344—373. This part is replete with erudition, and enters into many curious particulars concerning the horns which adorn the head of Ammon, Juno, Bacchus, Rivers, Alexander, and his successors.

5th.—I glanced over the New Aretin. Gross ignorance, blackguard buffoonery, and impertinent reasonings, which have not even the merit of novelty, disgrace this wretched performance, which would be thrown by with disgust, did it not attack religion with the most shocking indecency.

6th.—I finished the forty-sixth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Suetonius, by Oudendorp. The edition is good, but unnecessary after that of Grævius. Why are the excellent commentaries of Torrentius and Casaubon omitted?—Memoirs of Queen Christiana: a curious work, and of immense industry.—Memoirs of the Academy of Petersburgh. All the institutions of the Russians ought to be well contrived, and skilfully proportioned. They may be made at one cast, from models highly improved among their neighbours.—A New Historical and Critical Dictionary, by Mr. Chaufepié: the learning and accuracy of Bayle, without his philosophy and genius.

9th.—I wrote three pages and a half of my Geographical Col-

lection. I have now finished the chapter on Samnium, by a complete abridgment of what concerns the Samnites and the duchy of Beneventum. I have also begun the chapter on Apulia; and finished the first division, *viz.* the territory of the Hirpini.

10th.—I wrote nearly four pages of my Geographical Collection; containing the remainder of Apulia. There is a pretty extensive article on Tarentum.

I finished the forty-seventh volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Critical Memoirs on the Swiss, by Mr. Bochat; turning on the vain and futile science of etymology.—Wetstein's New Testament. The Alexandrian manuscript appears to have been written in Egypt towards the end of the fifth century.—Letters on Jubilees, by Mr. le Chais: learned and philosophical.—Monogamy, by Mr. Prémontval. Why should religion be introduced into a question depending on calculation and circumstances?—Defence of Christianity, by Dr. Stebbing. He is a good polemic, but embraces too wide a field; the outermost works should be relinquished.—Moses defended against Appian, by the Abbé Richer du Bouchet. He still throws an air of mystery over his chronological system. I speak not decidedly, but to me he appears a little of a visionary. 1. He speaks of the Egyptian dynasties as he would of the court of Lewis XIV.; showing too much confidence and certainty on a subject, which admits only of probability and conjecture. 2. When he investigates the key to Manetho's historical fragment, he quits the road of criticism, but gives us to understand that this knot can be unravelled only by geometrical analysis. Does not this savour of madness? 3. Esau and Osiris! Their sameness, I see, is the foundation of his system. How easily might it be refuted! No two princes, if Osiris was really a prince, had ever less resemblance.

11th.—I wrote two pages of the chapter on Lucania in my Geographical Collection; comprehending almost the whole of Lucania properly so called.

12th.—I wrote two pages on the chapter of Lucania, comprehending the rest of proper Lucania and a part of Brutium.

13th.—I wrote only three quarters of a page of my chapter on Lucania, being a continuation of Brutium.

14th.—I read a new work by Voltaire; Treatise on Toleration. The end is commendable; to awaken in the soul the feelings of humanity, and display the dreadful consequences of superstition. But in point of execution this work is a trifling collection of common-place remarks, in which the author expatiates rather on every other topic than the great principles belonging to his subject. I am diverted with his false and contradictory conclusions concerning ancient history. This history, he says, is filled with prodigies. They cannot be true; therefore ancient history consists merely of fables and conjectures.* Again, this history is filled with prodigies: we are obliged to believe them; therefore the principles of nature, as well as of men, were quite different then from what they are at pre-

* Traité sur la Tolérance, cap. ix. n. c. p. 71—75.

sent.* He calls in question the infamous debaucheries of Tiberius in the island of Capreæ. Yet Tacitus and Suetonius were almost the cotemporaries of that prince. I perceive not any marks of hatred in their works. They often justify Tiberius, and distinguish with as much penetration as honesty the different stages of the dissimulation, cruelty, and public debaucheries of that emperor. The abominable licentiousness of those times is well known; and it is not matter of surprise that Tiberius should refuse nothing to his appetites, when he had the unbounded power of gratifying them with impunity, especially when they were concealed by his retirement from the public eye, which is the only restraint on the behaviour of a despot. As for those refinements in debauchery which astonish Voltaire, it is precisely in an old profligate of seventy that I should expect to meet with them.†

15th.—I finished the forty-eighth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains the Discoveries made at Herculaneum, by the Marquis Venuti. This ancient city, which deserved to be examined more accurately and faithfully, was found at the depth of seventy-three feet under many successive beds of earth and vitrified stone. Herculaneum was but an obscure place; yet it was adorned by a theatre three hundred feet in circumference, raised on brick pilasters, covered with a beautiful varnish, and ornamented with cornices of marble.—Letters on Jubilees. It is difficult to distinguish with theologians between the defilement of sin and its punishment. In the church of the Feuillans at Paris, indulgences may be procured, in the space of one Lent, for 150,000 years.—Essay on Spirit. This work of the Bishop of Clogher contains a metaphysical Arianism.—Dissertation on the Chronology of Usher. The Abbé Richer again. This man is a fool. Wherefore so much rage against the Jews and Protestants in treating a question of criticism? He rejects the chronology of the Jews, because it came from the schools of Tiberias, and is approved by a Protestant bishop.

16th.—I wrote a page of the chapter of Lucania in my Geographical Collection; it is the continuation of Brutium.

17th.—I wrote a page and a half of my chapter on Lucania, concerning Magna Græcia: after which I went to the library to read Freret's learned researches on the first inhabitants of Italy; Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres, vol. xviii. p. 72—114.

18th —I wrote a page and an half of the chapter intitled "Nations," in my Geographical Collection; it treats of the first communities in Italy.

19th.—I wrote a page and an half on the chapter "Nations," concerning the first communities in Italy.

I finished the forty-ninth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains Letters on the Use of the Pronoun Thou, by Mr. Vernet: I am inclined to think both *thou* and *you* ought to be used.—Considerations on Morals, by Mr. du Clos. The work is in general good: some chapters treating of the connexion of genius with character are

* Traité sur la Tolérance, cap. xii. p. 127—129.
† Idem, cap. viii. p. 62, 63.

excellent. Du Clos, before he was secretary of the academy, had been that of the coffee-house; where he carefully treasured up the conversations of men of wit.—The Roman History of Dion Cassius, by Messrs. Fabricius and Raymar: an excellent edition.—Maupertuis' Works: and Appeal to the Public, by Mr. Kœnig. In his own works, Maupertuis appears only as an extravagant visionary, whose fame rests not on any solid basis. In his dispute with Kœnig he is a cowardly persecutor, who employs the secular arm to crush one of his colleagues.—The Spirit of Nations: a wretched imitation.—The Treasury of Imperial Medals, by Morell, with the Commentaries of Gori and Havercamp: what riches!—Wetstein's New Testament. In a dispute which the Franciscans had with John XXII. they first gave that explanation of the Revelations, which makes the Pope Antichrist. Numerous swarms of those monks left their convents, and embraced Luther's reformation. They spread this Capuchin notion among the Protestants.

20th.—I wrote a page and an half of my Geographical Collection, which finishes the chapter on the Nations of Italy.

21st.—I wrote four pages of the chapter Campania in my Geographical Collection. They treat of the division of that country and Latium Proper.

I finished the fiftieth volume of the Bibliothèque Raisonnée. It contains, Essay on the Nature of the Office of Sacrificer. The Christian clergy have perhaps succeeded only to the philosophers and prophets, who taught morality; and not to the priests, who performed sacrifices and other parts of the ceremonial law.—Scarron's Works. His comic romance alone will live: in other parts of his works, the wit is rather in the style than in the thought. At best, it results from the contrast between his character and situation.—St. Clement's two Epistles, in Syriac and Latin. Dissertation on two Epistles, &c. Dr. Lardner disputes Mr. Wetstein's discovery of this monument of the first Christians. Sub judice lis est. St. Clement's ideas on celibacy are carried, I perceive, to great extravagance. But even *they* are natural to the enthusiasm of a rising persecuted sect! If these epistles are authentic, St. John must have written his Gospel a long time before the old age of Clement, who was only in his thirtieth year in A. D. 60.

It is a great convenience to have always at hand some book containing easy and interesting productions, that they may be read by snatches, at moments which would otherwise be lost. Nothing answers this end better than a good journal; which title the Bibliothèque Raisonnée certainly merits. It may be divided however into two parts, of nearly equal extent, but of completely different characters. The first part is adapted to the taste for true learning which prevailed in the seventeenth century; containing a great deal of theology, jurisprudence, and belles lettres; erudition drawn from the source, and mixed with sound criticism. The spirit of religious controversy is rather too prevalent; and we are disgusted with too much minuteness, or provoked at too much asperity. The second part of the journal has more affinity with the taste at present:

uniting much indifference about theology, with superficiality of learning, and boldness in philosophy; its tone is dogmatical, and its style more broken into short sentences and more metaphorical.

22nd.—I wrote a page and an half of my Geographical Collection, containing a Description of the Countries of the Rutili and Hernici, comprehended in the chapter on Campania.

23rd.—I wrote near three pages of my Geographical Collection, on the countries of the Volsci and Ausones, comprehended in the chapter on Campania.

24th.—I wrote a page of my chapter on Campania, which is the beginning of Campania Proper.

25th.—I wrote about three pages, finishing the chapter on Campania, and inserting some detached materials into other chapters.

26th.—I wrote nearly three pages of my chapter on Rome.

27th.—I wrote more than a page and a half of my chapter on Rome.

28th.—I wrote more than two pages of the chapter on Rome.

29th.—I wrote two pages on the Itineraries and high Roads of the Romans; and stop short at present with a rich fund of ninety-two folio pages closely written. My travels in Italy, with my future studies, will swell this collection to such a magnitude, that it will be necessary for me only to arrange my materials to have a complete description of Italy.

30th.—I resumed the perusal of Spanheim, de Usu et Præstantiâ Numismatum; of which I read Dissert. V. p. 373—476. He treats of the medals of kings, particularly the successors of Alexander, and the epithets bestowed on them—friends to the Romans or Greeks; victorious; thunderers; great kings; king of kings; autocrator, or possessor of independent power; the name of God in general; and the particular names of Bacchus, of God the Saviour, or Soter; and of God manifested on earth, Epiphanes, which is not fully translated by "illustrious."—All these medals are Greek. We have not any other medals of barbarian kings, but those struck by the Greek cities in their dominions.

I read Piron's Comedy, Métromanie, which there was an intention of acting at Mon Repos. The versification is beautiful, and many of the sentiments correct and well expressed. This applies to the whole scene between Mr. Ballivau and Damis. But I never read any thing worse contrived than the plot. There is much confusion in that part which regards the lovers Dorante and Lucile. The part of Damis is diverting, but unnatural. Where is it possible to find a poet that will resign a rich and handsome mistress for another that has no existence but in the Mercury? What an extravagant attempt is it, to endeavour to render the character of this poet at once heroical and ridiculous! Compare together his scene with his uncle and that with his valet. I know that in Molière's masterpiece, the Misanthrope is at once ridiculous and respectable. But this happens because his faults consist in virtues carried to excess; which, though ridiculous in their effects, are respectable in their principle. There is no connexion in the part of Damis. The bad poet is one character; the just and generous man who pardons his friend's

he marched night and day; and the zeal of the allies co-operated with the attentions of the general in procuring for them, in abundance, every comfort and assistance proper for softening their fatigues and reviving their strength. With all these advantages, it would be impossible for modern troops to make such a march. To accomplish it required Romans, and Romans of the age of Scipio. As soldiers, their bodies were patient of fatigue and toil; as citizens, they had a country for which to fight. Their exertions were quite different from those of a herd of mercenaries, whose only hope is that of pay, and whose only fear is that of punishment.

This is a sketch of the chapter which I said was wanting;—but, how imperfect have I left it!

NO. IV.

Lausanne.—Much philosophical and much theological knowledge may be derived from Ovid's Fasti. The religion of the Romans, the points in which it agrees with or differs from that of the Greeks, is a subject as curious as it is new. I reckon for nothing the researches of a Coyer.

The poetry of the Fasti appears to me more liable to blame than worthy of praise. I acknowledge with pleasure all the merit of Ovid; his astonishing fancy, a perpetual elegance, and the most agreeable turn of mind. I principally admire his variety, suppleness, and (if I may say so) his flexibility of genius, which rapidly embraces the most opposite subjects, assumes the true style of each, and presents them all under the most pleasing forms of which they are susceptible. The thought almost always suits the subject; and the expression rarely fails in being suitable to the thought. In the Fasti, the same ideas are perpetually recurring; but the images under which they are represented are continually different. The passages of the Fasti which have given me most pleasure are, 1. The origin of sacrifices: 2. The adventure of Lucretia: 3. The festival of Anna Perenna: 4. The origin of the name of May: 5. The dispute of the goddesses for that of June.

The following are some of the faults in the character either of the poet or of his subject; which it is painful to perceive. Ovid appears to me defective in point of strength and elevation; and his genius loses in depth what it gains in surface. In painting nature, his strokes are vague, and without character. His expression of the passions is rarely just; he is sometimes weak, sometimes extravagant, always too diffuse; and though he continually seeks the road to the heart, is seldom fortunate enough to find it. His light and tender character, softened by pleasure and rendered more interesting by misfortune, made him acquainted with the tones of sadness and joy. He knows how to lament the misery of a forsaken mistress, or to celebrate the triumphs of a successful lover. But the great passions are above his reach; fury, vengeance, the fortitude or ferocity of the soul, which either subdues its most impetuous movements, or precipitates their unbridled career. His heroes think more of the reader than of themselves; and the poet, who

ought to remain concealed, is always ready to come forward, and to praise, blame, or pity them. Ovid wrote a tragedy; but, notwithstanding the judgment of Quintilian, I cannot much regret its loss. 2. He was ignorant of the rules of proportion, rules so necessary to a writer who would give to each sentiment its due extent, and arrange it in its proper place, agreeably to its own nature, and the end for which he employs it. In Ovid, you may perceive thoughts the most interesting, and narratives closely connected with the very essence of his subject, pass away lightly without leaving a trace behind; while he dwells with complacency on parts merely ornamented, frivolous, or superfluous. Can it be believed that the rape of Proserpine should be described in two verses, when the enumeration of the flowers which she gathered in the garden of Enna had just filled sixteen?* I acknowledge that the subject of the Fasti exposed him to faults in proportioning the parts of his work. That subject is connected with the whole of the Greek mythology; it contains, also, much of the Roman history. It was sometimes necessary to relate the whole fable; at other times, to hint at, or even to suppose it, was sufficient. It was requisite for him to decide how far each story was likely to be known by an ordinary reader, and how much the knowledge of it contributed to that of his subject: but the principles of such decisions are extremely delicate. 3. Some writers have praised Ovid for the artfulness of his transitions in a work so various as that of the Metamorphoses. Yet this subject, without possessing the unity of epic poetry, supplied him with very natural principles of connexion. But the Fasti is a subject totally disjointed. Each ceremony, and each festival, is altogether distinct from that which follows it, and which follows it only by an imaginary chronology. The poet always traces the era of their institution, which falls, if you will, on the month of January; but they are Januaries of different years, or rather of different centuries. Ovid was so sensible of this defect in his subject, that he endeavours to associate festivals on the earth with the phenomena of the heavens, in order to give a connexion more real, but extremely uninteresting, to his calendar. 4. Ovid heard from the mouth of the gods the laws of their worship, the origin and principle of each fable, and of each ceremony. Such is the nature of the human mind; even in fiction we require the appearance of truth. We cannot bear to see the poet's invention at work. But Ovid shows to us too plainly, that all his ingenious conversations with the gods are the work of his own brain. When he speaks seriously, as he once does in mentioning Vesta, it is to over-run the whole fanciful fabric at one blow. I acknowledge, that a Roman poet must have been perplexed by the perpetual mixture of the serious with the fantastic, and by a poetical religion which was also that of state. Among the early Greeks, the inspiration of Homer did not differ from that of Calchas. His works and those of his successors were the scriptures of the nation. With us, on

* Ovid Fast. lib. iv. p. 583.

the other hand, the inspiration of poets is merely a transient and voluntary illusion to which we submit ourselves. But among the Romans, who alternately believed in and laughed at their gods, but who had no faith whatever in their poets, the part of these last was very difficult to act. 5. I ought not to reckon the employment of elegiac verse as a particular fault, though heroic measure would have been well adapted to the subject of the Fasti. Elegiac verse has always tired me. The pause constantly recurs on the middle of the foot of the pentameter; and the sense must always be included in a couplet. This monotony fatigues the ear; and causes the introduction of many useless words merely for the sake of the measure. There is far more variety, liberty, and true harmony in the flow of heroic verse.

NO. V.

Lausanne.—In consequence of reading Addison's treatise, the following remarks have occurred to me on the allegorical beings which we find on the reverses of medals. How limited is the human mind! its boldest inventions are copies.

1. All those beings are represented under the human figure. Our eyes, accustomed to behold the exercise of reason only under this shape, required such a sacrifice. Yet, by our inability of separating from the idea of the human figure the circumstances which commonly accompany it, our fancy requires also that the sex should be determined. The circumstance of sex however implies gross images, which ill correspond with the purity of the virtues, or the spirituality of metaphysical beings. After having made those two sacrifices to the mind and the eyes, a third was still required by the ear. The distinction of sex was not marked by characteristic attributes appropriated to the male and female. This method might have furnished some tolerable allegories. But the genders of their names was injudiciously chosen as the only foundation of distinction, since in all languages those genders have been determined by the caprice and ignorance of the first persons who spoke them. In Greek and Latin, most of those names are feminine. The beings whom they express are therefore, for the most part, represented by female figures. I say for the most part, for they are sometimes unfortunately masculine: and at other times we have two synonymous words of different genders; and the same being assumes the male or female form, according to the word employed as its name. I shall mention only the example of Gloria and Honos. In consequence of so faulty an arrangement, the character of the being is often at variance with that of its sex. True virtue is consistent; and we cannot conceive the truth, justice or humanity of a woman exercised at the expense of chastity and decency. Yet when the attributes of an allegorical being require that it should be represented naked, we see Valour, Justice, and Hope exhibited in a manner in which a modest woman would blush to appear. It is useless to tell me, these are not women, but female figures. My under-

nding perceives the difference; but the imitative arts must speak the fancy.

2. Whatever symbols we invent, human qualities alone cannot be resented under human figures. Piety is only a pious woman; l Courage, a courageous one, &c. Much is done when the soul is ged of all passions but one, which occupies it entirely, and shows lf manifestly in air, action, demeanour, and even dress. This traction has been realised, though rarely; it may be conceived the fancy, and may therefore be represented. But those symbols always most striking which quit the region of chimeras, and give ideas that are precise and conformable to the nature of things. e of the most interesting is that of Piety under the form of a man vestal. The senate carried this principle too far, when it resented the virtues under the portraits of its princes. Of human lities, those that are fixed and permanent are marked with more ce than those that are uncertain and transient. The latter are ressed alone by the air and attitude; in the representation of the mer, one may add to these characteristics, the features, figure, and ss. The symbols of Virtue or Chastity may be far more distinctly racterised than those of Hope or Fear.

The other abstractions which have been represented by human ures, Victory, Eternity, Abundance, &c. are recognised only by ne of their perceptible effects, or by some real object whose idea associated with their own. We should have much difficulty in enting them, when wanted, if history and fable did not supply a nber of arbitrary signs, which receive their meaning merely from ivention. In the symbolic representation, the woman is merely accessory. Eternity is very well represented by a globe and a enix: in the thirteenth medal of the first series, a woman sitg holds them in her hand. In the fifteenth medal there is no man, though the idea is still the same; and if we examine all the ier medals, we shall find that women are there merely to make a ire, but never answer the purpose of symbols. The provinces are a middle kind, they are never symbols of countries, but are often of the genius and manners of their inhabitants.

3. Mr. Addison proposes an explanation of the thirty-fifth ode of first book of Horace, in speaking of a medal which represents curity resting on a pillar.*

> Regumque matres barbarorum, et
> Purpurei metuunt tyranni;
> Injurioso ne pede proruas
> Stantem columnam ———

ey feared lest fortune might overturn the pillar of their security. t fear and security are inconsistent. Besides, Horace would not bably have made use of so subtle and far-fetched an illusion with- giving warning of it, at least, by some epithet. Why may not se words be applied literally to those statues and pillars which tery erects to tyrants, and which are commonly the first victims popular fury at the time of a revolution? I conjecture that the

* Dialogues upon Medals, Dial. ii. p. 47.

poet might allude to the king of the Parthians, the most powerful monarch of the east. Fortune might justly be dreaded by the murderer of his father, and of his whole family. The Romans had seen proofs of his anxiety. He had given to Augustus several of his nearest relations as hostages, whom that emperor caused to be educated at Rome. The haughty Phraates intended less to flatter the Romans by this humiliating measure, than to deprive his discontented subjects of men fit to head their revolt.*

NO. VI.

Florence, 5th August, 1764.—I have been reading a little work, entitled, A Critical Letter of the Chevalier Lorenzo Guazzesi Aretino, to Doctor Anthony Cocchi, Physician and Antiquary of his Catholic Majesty, respecting some Transactions in the Cisalpine Gallic War, in the Year of Rome 529: Arezzo, 1752; in 12mo. pp. 103. I find in this little work, erudition, good sense, sound criticism, with much local knowledge. Its chief fault is that of the chevalier's country, an Asiatic style, prejudicial to strength, precision, and brevity. I shall unite, under one point of view, what I have learned from him on the subject, and the additions which my own reflections have made to it. This sketch would be less imperfect, had I a Polybius at hand.

1. I cannot imagine any event that would have more endangered the greatness of Rome than the union of the Gauls and Carthaginians in the first Punic war. Both these nations were formidable to that ambitious republic; and in both the projects of vengeance would have been directed by the wisest policy. Each would have brought with it the advantages in which its ally was deficient. Carthage was powerful in wealth, shipping, and military discipline. The populousness, valour, and advantageous situation of the Gauls made the Romans always consider a Gallic war as an event big with alarm and danger. Had the allies succeeded, the difference of their views and character would have facilitated the friendly division of their conquests, and cemented their union. But the cautious and narrow policy of the Carthaginians, and the lazy insensibility natural to improvident barbarians, delivered the Romans from the danger of this alliance. The republic, I imagine, who knew how to dissemble her hatred as well as her ambition, was careful to keep on good terms with the Gauls; and, before provoking their resentment, patiently waited until they should have no other resource than in themselves.

In the year of Rome 470, the Galli Senones were almost extirpated. The colonies of Castrum and Sena were sent into the country extending from the Æsis to the Ufens; and the whole of their territory, the Ager Gallicus, was added to the dominions of the state. Fifty-eight years afterwards, a tribune, ambitious of popularity, obtained a law for dividing this public property among the citizens. It is difficult to perceive why this distribution of lands

* Tacit. Annal. ii. 1.

which had ceased to belong to the Gauls, should at once provoke a war as fierce as it was general: all that I understand is, that the neighbouring Boii enjoyed the right of public pasturage, on paying a small quit rent called *scriptura*, and that the lands were perhaps subfarmed by individuals. The avarice of the new proprietors may be supposed to have expelled the feeble remnant of the Senones, which the wise moderation of government had left unmolested. The neighbourhood of the Romans would grow more formidable to the Gauls, in proportion as that frontier was fortified and peopled by a rival and warlike colony. Whatever were the reasons, it is certain that this law spread dismay and fury through the whole of Cisalpine Gaul. These nations flew to arms, and invited into Italy numerous mercenaries from beyond the Alps. The Romans prepared for resisting the storm. By an enumeration of their forces in Italy, they found they could send into the field 700,000 foot and 70,000 horse. The consul Emilius, at the head of a numerous army, took post at Ariminum, to defend the Ager Gallicus, the object of the war; and one of the prætors was entrusted with the defence of Tuscany. Atilius, the other consul, had sailed to Sardinia, with a view of conquering the barbarians of that island.

2. It is not material to determine by what route the barbarians penetrated into Etruria, which they thought fit to render the first theatre of the war. The prætor had naturally posted himself near to Arezzo, the principal fortress of the Romans in Tuscany. If they marched by the sea side, the Gauls might have deceived his vigilance; if they pursued the road of Bologna and Valdimugello,* the general must have been too weak to resist them, and therefore felt the necessity of allowing them to ravage with impunity the rich Tuscan pastures.† They got possession of an immense booty in cattle and slaves. Proud of following the footsteps of their ancestors, they advanced to Clusium, on the straight road to the capital. There they heard that the prætor, who had perhaps received a reinforcement, pursued them by forced marches. They changed their direction, in order to meet him; and on the evening of the first day's march, the two armies were in sight of each other. Both sides fortified their camp. If we examine the road by Clusium to Arezzo in the Valdichiana, we shall find the villages of Lucignana and Sinalunga situated at a convenient distance.‡ The Romans had occupied an excellent camp; and the barbarians, notwithstanding their impetuosity, thought it wiser to withdraw them from it by stratagem, than to dislodge them by force. They marched with their whole infantry, left their fires burning to deceive the Romans, as well as their cavalry, who might continually harass them, until they were drawn to the place to which they wished to decoy them. The prætor fell into the snare, and was punished for his credulity by a bloody defeat. He with much difficulty retired to an eminence, and defended himself till the arrival of the consul Emilius, who by forced marches had passed the Apennines. His arrival saved the prætor; and the Gauls now thought only of securing their booty,

* Litera Crit. p. 37. † Id. p. 39. ‡ Id. p. 51.

and making their retreat along the sea coast. The narrative of Polybius is clear; and if Casaubon had taken the sense of the passage as well as Mr. Gauzzesi, the text of this great historian would no longer contain any geographical difficulties. He says of the retreat of the Gauls, Ποιησαμενοι την ὑποχωρησιν ὡς ἐπι πολιν Φαισυλαν. If we translate the words, Fæsulas tendunt, we suppose the Gauls to perform a march almost incredible, and to make a movement altogether absurd, since it implies that the Romans pursued their cavalry sixty miles without putting them to the rout. These difficulties are increased, when we follow the Gauls to Fæsulæ and the foot of the Apennines; and as it is impossible to understand how they can retreat to Telamon, we adopt the opinion of Cluverius, in preferring on this occasion the authority of Orosius to that of Polybius, and supposing that the last battle was fought near to Arezzo. Why should not the words ὡς ἐπι Φαισυλαν, versùs Fæsulas, be translated, in the direction of Fæsulæ, according to the most natural signification and the easiest construction? The Gauls then pursued the road from Clusium to Fæsulæ, but had scarcely concealed themselves behind the chain of hills which separate the duchy of Tuscany from the district of Sienna, when they were obliged to come to an engagement. Thanks to the happy discovery of Mr. Gauzzesi, the whole plan of the campaign is unravelled.* The Romans retired to one of those hills; and by despatching couriers across the thick woods by which they were covered, communicated the news of their situation to the consul.

Why did the barbarians prefer the road by the coast to that of Valdimugello, which is far shorter? Why did they not traverse the country in a right line, in order to arrive at the mouth of the Arno, and then follow the coast to the openings of the hills of Valdimagra? We are sure that Port Telamon is nearer than the mountains of Sienna to Rome. Mr. Guazzesi well explains these difficulties, by the changes which time has effected in the nature of the country, and by our ignorance whether this route was not the only one practicable for an army; by the preference given by the Gauls to the plain country, where they could avail themselves of their numerous cavalry, and by the hope of meeting with piratical vessels belonging to their own nation or the Ligurians, in which they might transport their booty without difficulty or danger. But I believe it will be necessary to penetrate into the motives by which the barbarians were actuated, before we can fairly appreciate their conduct in passing from fury to dismay; and in marching up to their enemies, merely that they might fly before them, especially after they had just tasted the sweets of victory. The Gallic army was governed by two principles extremely different. The Cisalpine nations perceived that such a war could only terminate in their own destruction or that of the Romans. They fought like men, who had their dearest interests at stake; but their allies the Gesatæ were not animated by a similar spirit. These troops were not a nation, but rather an assemblage from different nations, who had

* V. especially Litera Crit. p. 41—58.

passed the Alps merely for the sake of plunder, and who wished to secure their booty by a speedy retreat, without longer exposing their persons in a war which did not concern them. Their leader Anocrestes was the first who proposed this measure; and as the age was ignorant of the principles of geography, and the barbarians were acquainted both with the country and the language, they could only shape their route by the course of those rivers which, swelled to torrents, had forced their passage through the least obstructed vallies. They were then near the source of the Umbro; and as that river flows from the south-west, they must have approached Rome, as they came to its mouth, near Port Telamon. If the Cisalpine Gauls, who were better acquainted with the country, were loth to leave it; there is reason to think they would with pleasure avail themselves of this circumstance.

I say that they followed the course of the Umbro till they came to its mouth, although Port Telamon be eighteen miles nearer to Rome. But we learn from a passage of Frontinus's Stratagems, that they entered the plain at Colonia; and that the Boii posted ten thousand men in a wood in that neighbourhood. The consul Emilius discovered the ambush, and cut the enemy in pieces. Critics, to whom the name of Colonia was unknown, have endeavoured in their usual way to explain or correct it. This place, now Colonna, was called Columnata in the middle ages; it is a village in the territory of Grossetto, between the mouth of the Umbro and Castigilione, or Aprilis;* and was the scene of the battle, which derives its name from Port Telamon, a place far better known.

History informs us, that the consul Emilius continued to follow the army of the barbarians without venturing to provoke them to a battle; and that, by a singular chance, his colleague Atilius, who had disembarked his army at Pisa, unexpectedly fell in with their vanguard; that a battle ensued, in which that consul was slain; while Emilius, on his side, having also attacked the enemy, obtained a complete victory, destroyed the whole barbarian army, and gave the mortal wound to the liberty of the Cisalpine Gauls. Of all those circumstances, I find most difficulty in understanding the surprise of Atilius. He could not have left his province of Sardinia without the orders of the senate. His instructions must have required him to gain information, both of the motions of the enemy and of those of his colleagues, in concert with whom he was to act. This duty was easily performed in a friendly country, where the consternation of the people and the flight of the peasants loudly proclaimed the approach of the barbarians. In whatever manner this may be explained, the Gallic army, attacked in front and rear by two Roman consuls, advancing in contrary directions, will always, in my opinion, wear the aspect of a well-combined project, rather than of a military neglect hardly conceivable. * * * * * *

Mr. Guazzesi is of opinion that Tuscany formerly abounded in forests; and that the districts of Cortona, Arezzo, and Fæsulæ were entirely covered with them. The extent of the Ciminian wood is

* Litera Crit. p. 77—87.

well known. In the year of the city 444, Livy tells us, that there was a forest near Clusium. During the Punic wars, the Romans brought their timber for shipbuilding from Rusellæ, Perugia, and Clusium; and wood abounded in the territories of Sienna, Volaterra, and Populonium, whose inhabitants wrought the iron from the island of Elba. Flavius Vopiscus observes, that in the time of Aurelian there was a great quantity of wood near the Aurelian way; and Strabo extends the remark to all Tuscany. By digging into the Valdichiana, even near the surface, the workmen still find trees of a prodigious size, which are now petrified. Need we appeal to the ancient names and epithets of the country, La Farneta, Alberoso, Frassinetto, Cereto, La Selve; or to the obligations imposed on the communities in those parts, as late as the eleventh century, of furnishing yearly to their lords a certain number of wild boars!

NO. VII.—UPON THE TRIUMPHS OF THE ROMANS.

Rome, 28th November, 1764.—Romulus was soon obliged to take arms against the little cities of the Sabines, whom the rape of their daughters had justly provoked against his rising state. Acron, king of the Ceninians, was the first victim of Roman valour. He fell by the hand of Romulus; and his subjects had the good fortune to be allowed to unite with the new colony. The conqueror was eager to reap the first fruits of his glory. Driving before him herds and prisoners, and attended by the companions of his victory, he entered the city amidst public acclamation, and ascended the Capitoline hill, in order to deposit his trophies and his gratitude in the temple which he had dedicated to Jupiter Feretrius. By this ceremony, military virtue was for ever associated with religion in the imagination of the Romans. Such was the origin of the triumph, an institution which proved the principal cause of the greatness of Rome.* Three hundred and twenty triumphs† raised her to that exaltation, which she had attained under the reign of Vespasian. I venture to submit the following reflections on the right of triumph, the road through which it proceeded, and the show itself.

The right of triumph may be considered under three aspects. 1. The authority by which it was conferred; 2. The persons upon whom; and, 3. The reasons for which it was granted.

1. Under the royal government, I should suppose that the kings, whose authority was as independent in military, as it was limited in civil affairs, entered the city in triumph, whenever they thought themselves entitled to that honour; and thus dispensed in their own favour the benefits of an institution which had been established by their predecessor. After the expulsion of Tarquin, the senate, which had been the council of the prince, and was that of the nation, naturally assumed the power of dispensing military rewards.‡ The

* Montesquieu on the Greatness and Decline of the Romans.
† Onuphr. Panvin. on Triumphs. The number is taken from Orosius.
‡ Tit. Liv. lib. ii.; Dionys. Halicarn. lib. v.

senate conferred on Valerius Publicola the honour of a triumph, for having defeated the Tarquins in that battle in which Brutus was slain. From this era, the triumph possessed a real value in the opinion of all acquainted with true glory. This ceremony was no longer a vain show, fitted merely to dazzle the populace; but a solemnity in which a meritorious consul found the best of all panegyrics—the praise of his equals and of his rivals. Some senators had attained, many of them aspired to, the triumph; and as all of them felt an interest in keeping untarnished an honour, which was in some measure their own, they judged the candidate with a severity as salutary for the state as glorious for himself. The senate considered this right as its most precious prerogative; preserved it in reality to the last days of the republic; and affected to preserve it to the latest times of the empire. It once had the pain to see itself divested of this right, and to feel that it justly merited the punishment. In the year of Rome 305, Valerius and Horatius, the two consuls who had abolished the decemvirate, gained two complete victories over the Volsci, the Equi, and the Sabines; but their conduct, too partial to the populace, and their eagerness in prosecuting the decemvirs, drew on them the hatred of the leaders of the senate, who pitied their unfortunate kinsmen, at the same time that they detested their crimes. The senate refused to these consuls the honour of a triumph;* affording therein an example highly pernicious in a free state, of being influenced in the distribution of military favours by the party which the generals take in politics. In consequence of this injustice, a tribune appealed to the people, who seized with pleasure the opportunity of at once rewarding their favourites, and of extending their own power. Valerius and Horatius triumphed without the consent of the senate; to which, however, the people restored a prerogative, which they themselves had usurped on this particular occasion. I am not ignorant that this politic council, which had ages of wisdom, and only moments of passion, endeavoured, by the impartiality and prudence of its decrees, to confirm its precarious authority; and that the public at large profited by its fears. It could not indeed but fear the decision of a delicate question respecting its own constitution. Since the decrees of the people superseded the best established rights of the senate, in what other light could that senate be regarded, but as a commission delegated by the people, for the purpose of exercising rights, which those who had conferred them might at pleasure resume? The patrician party were glad to have the senate considered as the representatives of their own order, as the comitia tributa represented the plebeians. Agreeably to this principle, these two bodies united composed the commonwealth; but each of them apart enjoyed its sacred and inviolable rights. The consent of the senate opened the gates to the triumphal car; but the people were entitled to stop its career. Upon entering the Pomœrium, all military command ceased; and the consuls, who were generals abroad, became simple magistrates in Rome; which acknowledged no other authority than

* Tit. Liv. lib. iii.; Dionys. Harlicarn. lib. xi.

that of the laws. Yet the triumphant general returned at the head of his legions, and continued to appear in a military character. To reconcile respect for the laws with the glory due to conquerors, the senate always proposed continuing the general in his command during the day of his triumph. The people usually acceded to this proposal; which they were entitled however to reject; and which they had nearly rejected, in order to hinder the triumph of Paulus Emilius.

2. Those only could demand a triumph who had been invested with supreme command. The discipline of the Romans would never have allowed a tribune or a lieutenant, to apply to the senate for the reward of his services. What reward could a subaltern deserve, whose only virtues were those of valour and obedience; virtues which it was the duty of his general to remunerate. The principle of military subordination was carried so far, that a commander in chief appropriated the glory of his most distant lieutenants,* who were considered as indebted for their success merely to the orders which he had given to them.† The emperors, therefore, as sole heads of the army, were alone entitled to triumph for the victories which their genius had obtained, at the same time, on the Rhine and the Euphrates. On this occasion, also, we may perceive the perpetual connexion, among the Romans, of religion and policy. The people, in conferring the supreme command, conferred with it the right of taking the auspices, and of interrogating the gods, concerning the fortune of the state. This sacred prerogative established a peculiar connexion between the general and the gods of his country. He alone could interrogate them, and solicit their favour by vows, which the state was bound to perform. When his prayers were heard, it belonged, therefore, to him in particular, to demonstrate the public gratitude to the gods; and to lay at their feet hostile spoils and victorious trophies. To the martial superstition of the Romans, no offerings could appear more acceptable.

In the first ages of the republic, it was easy for the consuls and prætors to unite with their civil functions the management of campaigns, which consisted only in marches of a few days, immediately followed by a battle. But when Rome was obliged to act, both offensively and defensively, in all the provinces of Italy, in Sicily, Spain, and Africa; it became necessary to increase the number of generals, and to extend the military command of the consuls and prætors beyond the term assigned for their civil authority. These proconsuls and proprætors finally became the only generals of the state; and in consequence of the weight of affairs which increased with the extent of the empire, although the same persons continued to exercise both civil and military functions, yet they ceased to exercise them simultaneously. These extraordinary magistrates, who enjoyed the same sacred prerogatives as when they were consuls and prætors, were entitled also to demand a triumph, when their exploits

* Cicer. in Pison. cap. xxiii.

† See the Abbé Bléterié's Dissertation on the title Imperator. Mém. de l'Académ. des Belles Lettres, tome xxi.

nerited that honour. It would have been unjust indeed to debar hem from this reward, and to blast their laurels, because the dis-ance of the province and the difficulty of the war had prevented them rom terminating it in a single campaign. During the second Punic ar, young Scipio demanded a triumph, which he had fairly earned, y avenging the death of his uncles, and by recovering for the repub-ic the great province of Spain. His situation was as singular as his ervices. His own boldness and the favour of the people had raised im to supreme command at the age of twenty-four. He became a eneral without having ever been a magistrate. It appeared dan-erous to accustom the favourites of the people to despise civil em-loyments, and to open for themselves shorter roads to power. By efusing a triumph to Scipio, the Romans protested in favour of max-ms which themselves had violated: the people were taught to under-tand that their authority was subordinate to the laws; and that ash ambition was suppressed, which might too probably have been nflamed by the success of Scipio in separating the reward of military lory from the honours of civil magistracy. The senate maintained he cause of wisdom and of discipline; and the conqueror submitted o their refusal. This decree, which was founded on reasons of state ather felt than expressed, came to be considered as the law of riumph; which the people never granted to any but magistrates: he precedent in the case of Scipio was thenceforth decisive. The trict sense of this decree allowed a triumph only to those consuls nd prætors whose magistracies had been prolonged by the people; ut both reason and custom extended this honour to citizens in-ested by public authority with the power belonging to offices* hich they had formerly filled; the indulgence of the senate oblitter-ting, as it were, the years which had elapsed since the term of their mployment, and considering them as still bearing a character which hey had once honourably sustained. I know not how far the senate xtended this indulgence; and whether it allowed, for example, he triumph to a prætor of a former year, when invested with pro-onsular authority. I am inclined to think that this wise council ever anticipated the decisions of cases which had not actually hap-ened; and that according to circumstances it would have extended he right of triumph even to a proconsul, who had never held any ther magistracy than the ædileship. The ædile having attained t least the age of thirty-eight, must have been known for twenty ears in the army and in the city. His talents and his character night have been appreciated by his behaviour in the quæstorship, and is political principles could not fail of being discovered in the enate. But both the letter and the spirit of this decree excluded rom triumphal honours the simple citizen or knight, that the laws night not be suspended even in favour of the most distinguished nerit. The authority of these laws became so thoroughly estab-ished, that the people no longer sought to dispense their favours, ut agreeably to the order which they prescribed. I know that

* I can only cite the authority of Livy and the Fasti of the sixth and seventh cen-uries of Rome.

young Pompey, while yet a simple knight, forced the dictator Sylla to grant him a triumph, at that unhappy crisis when the laws were overwhelmed by the power of individuals.* Although the senate afterwards bestowed on him a similar power, the authority of Pompey, and the enthusiastic admiration of the multitude, justified an indulgence which would not be construed into a precedent.

3. It is well known that the victorious general, at his return to Rome, assembled the senators in a temple without the walls, and explained to them his just pretensions to a triumph, by supplying them with a written narrative of his victory, confirmed by a solemn oath. The form by which Claudius Nero and Livius Salinator demanded a triumph for their victory at Metaurus was that employed by the subsequent generals. They requested that thanks might be rendered to the gods; and that they themselves might be allowed to enter the city in triumph, for their faithful and courageous management of the affairs of the republic.† I am of opinion that this condition, which admitted of great latitude of interpretation from the prudence and equity of the judges, was the only one essential, although several writers suppose a variety of particular laws, which controlled the deliberations of the senate, and compelled them either to admit or to reject the pretensions of those who demanded a triumph.‡ Yet those writers have not been able to bring forward, on this subject, any thing deserving the sacred name of a law. The particulars which they mention are inferred from a few examples, the force of which is destroyed by others directly opposite; and they cannot but perceive that he who maintains the negative against them, overturns, by a single fact, all the probabilities which they can accumulate.

They lay it down as a law of the triumph, that a general could not claim that honour, who had not in a pitched battle killed five thousand of the enemy; and suppose that he was entitled to demand it, upon fulfilling this single condition, as the due recompense of his merit. Yet it is not easy to believe that in appreciating military services, the senate should have been guided by a circumstance so exceedingly uncertain as the number of the slain. On how many occasions might a general deserve the warmest gratitude of the public, without contenting those nice arithmeticians who calculated the quantity of human blood with such scrupulous accuracy? If he carried on war against the effeminate nations of the East, whose cowardice was alarmed even by the war shouts of the legions, a victory almost bloodless might put him in possession of a whole kingdom. A commander, sparing of the blood of his fellow citizens, might think military talents more honourably displayed in the skill and success of a campaign, than in the blind fortune and havoc of a day of battle. His well-contrived and well-executed movements might deprive the enemy of every resource, without excepting that of an engagement: and compel them to surrender their arms and their persons, a prize undiminished by any loss in the field. Towns strongly fortified

* Appian de Bell. Civil. lib. i.; Cicer. pro leg. Manil. † Tit. Liv. xxviii.
‡ V. Onuphr. Panvin. de Trumphis, et Appian in Lybicis.

by art or nature, and defended by garrisons more obstinate than numerous, might oppose obstacles worthy of exercising all the skill and perseverance of a general; who, by carrying such places, might often terminate wars as burdensome to the republic as pernicious to the provinces. I shall exemplify only the second of those cases; and my example shall be that of the younger Scipio, whose glory equalled that of his uncle, though he had never conquered a Hannibal; and who triumphed twice, without having ever fought a single pitched battle. By taking Carthage and Numantium, he obtained those triumphs, and two surnames, still more glorious. Yet, in the course of those sieges, it is impossible to find an action in which five thousand of the enemy perished; and there are authors who affirm, that those brave Numantians who resisted with such perseverance and success the forces of the republic, never exceeded four thousand men, whose numbers were multiplied only by their valour.*

Another regulation is mentioned, not less wise, and just as well founded as that already stated. A triumph, it is said, could be obtained only by the conquerors of nations, who had never previously acknowledged the authority of the Romans; the reduction of a province did not suffice; the senate made no account of victories which did not extend the frontiers of the empire. In this supposed regulation, it seems to me as if the heroism of romance were substituted instead of the dictates of prudence and true honour. Was a province the less valuable to the Romans because it had been long in their possession, peopled by their numerous colonies, and enriched by their attention in improving its natural and artificial advantages? Was the honour of the republic more concerned in subduing free nations, who had sarcely ever heard of the name of Rome, than in suppressing the rebellion of a revolted province, which upbraided her injustice, defied her power, and seduced by a dangerous example the allegiance of her other subjects? Was a less obstinate resistance to be expected from a people who had no other choice than victory or death, whose generals and even soldiers had learned war under the Roman standard, than from those barbarous nations, whose slightest submissions were readily accepted by a senate, always content with merely imposing the yoke at first, that its weight might afterwards be more severely felt? In one word, were the wars against revolted provinces regarded as too unimportant to merit the only reward worthy of a victorious general? The existence of such a regulation could be proved only by the most decisive facts; but the facts on record are directly against it. I will not avail myself of the numerous triumphs over communities, an hundred times conquered, to which the Romans granted very unequal conditions of peace, and treated rather as subjects than allies;† but when Titus and his father triumphed over the Jews, and when the senate commemorated their victories by medals and that triumphal arch which has subsisted to the present day, they did nothing more than triumph over a revolted province, which had been subdued by the

* V. Flori Epitom. Orosium; T. Liv. lv. Auctor de Vir. illustriss.

† V. Joseph. Antiq. Judaic. et de Bell. Judaico.

arms of Pompey, and governed by Roman magistrates for the space of fifty years. I agree with Onuphrius Panvinius, that Fulvius did not obtain a triumph for the important conquest of Capua. Of the reasons which made the senate refuse it to him, I am ignorant; it is uncertain whether justice or intrigue defeated the prospects of this proconsul; but I know that nearly about the same time, Fabius Maximus triumphed for the conquest of Tarentum,* a city which had acknowledged the sovereignty of Rome ever since the war against Pyrrhus. I go farther; and observe, that Rome more than once experienced those disasters, which made it her duty to bestow the highest marks of her gratitude on those generals who had saved their country, without adding a foot of ground to its territory. Neither Scipio nor Pompey, but Camillus and Marius, were associated with Romulus, in the honourable appellation of Founders of Rome. These great men repressed the inundations of the barbarians, and destroyed their armies; but never thought of pursuing them into their own wilds, with the situation of which they were scarcely acquainted. What must have been the absurdity of a law, which denied to such men the triumph, while it lavished that honour on proprætors, whose names are known only by the Capitoline records?

> Hic tamen et Cimbros, et summa pericula rerum
> Excipit, et solus trepidantem protegit urbem.
> Atque ideò postquam ad Cimbros, stragemque volabant
> Qui nunquam attigerant majora cadavera corvi,
> Nobilis ornatur *lauro* collega *secundd*.†

It may be asked with greater probability, whether the senate was satisfied with a single victory? or whether, to have a right to demand the triumph, it was not necessary to terminate the war by subduing the enemy, or at least by making a treaty advantageous to the republic. In such a regulation, I should perceive nothing but the wisdom of the senate, which was careful not to debase its honours by too lavish a prodigality; and which itself, always sovereign and free, knew how to refuse to a presumptuous general, who courted the triumph by inglorious conquests over unworthy enemies. But in deciding according to facts, and by facts we ought to decide, I perceive that the conduct of the senate varied in different ages of the republic; and that the cause of this variation depended on a circumstance altogether distinct from the merit of the general. It was customary that the brave citizens who had shared his dangers should also partake of the glory of his triumph. The soldiers followed his chariot, crowned with laurels, and decorated with the military ornaments, which their valour had merited.‡ They appropriated to themselves the honours conferred on their commander; and this commander derived his sweetest reward from the praises of his soldiers, and still more from their coarse raillery, the surest mark of their frankness and esteem. During the first wars of the republic, while Rome contended against enemies in her neighbourhood, and unprovided

* Tit. Liv. xxvii. † Juvenal Satir. viii. 249, et seq.
‡ See the Oration of M. Servilius, Tit. Liv. xlv.

with regular troops, the victorious consul brought back his legions to the capital, and the troops needed no other winter quarters than their respective homes. I perceive that in ages the most observant of discipline, the senate granted triumphs for victories which decided the fortune of a campaign, without terminating the war. Fabius Rullianus was allowed to triumph over the Tuscans, Umbrians, Samnites, and Gauls.* The senate well knew that the confederacy of those nations was conquered without being subdued; and that the victory of Fabius had given neither possessions nor peace to his country. In the war against Hannibal, the senate indeed varied its conduct, but its principles were unalterable. Rome was obliged to act on the defensive in all the provinces of Italy at once. Whenever a considerable victory allowed her to withdraw the army employed in one of those provinces, she granted a triumph to its general, that he might not be separated from his troops. When the senate decreed a triumph to Livius Salinator,† his colleague Nero followed his car on horseback, and swelled the train of him whom he had enabled to conquer. One reason for this was, that the army of Livius had returned to Rome, and that the troops commanded by Nero could not be recalled, because they then opposed Hannibal. When Rome attacked the great powers of Greece, the East, and Africa, her legions did not recross the sea until they had subdued the countries which they invaded. Triumphs in those wars were purchased only by conquests; and, in consequence of the excellence of those laws whose execution varies with the nature of things, rather than with the passions of men, the increasing majesty of the triumph kept pace with the growing greatness of the state. But from the time that Marius polluted the legions by a mixture of the vilest populace, war became a trade instead of a duty; the troops remained in the provinces; and, in disbanding or calling home the legions, the senate obeyed the maxims of policy rather than those of justice. It became the custom to crown generals, who, after once conquering an enemy, left it for their successors to subdue him, and who conducted back to Rome only a small band of officers and soldiers who were peculiarly attached to them, and who were best qualified to grace their triumph. I shall cite only the example of Lucullus. He triumphed for his victories over the great Mithridates, so often conquered, yet always so formidable. A glance at Cicero's oration in favour of the Manilian law, will convince us that the Romans were far from thinking this war concluded.

These observations are sufficient to prove that there never existed a code of triumphal laws, such as the fancies of Appian of Alexandria and Onuphrius Panvinius have thought fit to compile. The Egyptian rhetorician and Augustine hermit, being alike unqualified for sounding the profound policy of the senate, have considered as general laws what were only particular examples. The spirit of this wise tribunal, which knew so well how to unite prudence with justice, formed to itself a living law, which comprehended all that variety of cases, concerning many of which the dead letter of written laws must ever be

* T. Liv. x. † Id. xxviii.

silent, imperfect, or contradictory. The senate compared the abilities of the general with the character of the enemy, the importance of the acquisition with the wisdom or good fortune with which it had been obtained, and the facility of the conquest with the means employed in effecting it. The aged senators, whose authority guided the votes of their assessors, had grown old in military command; and granted rewards whose value they could estimate, to generals whose worth they were capable of appreciating. I perceive also, that they were not less attentive to the safety of the citizens than to the glory of the state; and more than once refused triumphs to victorious consuls, who had purchased their advantages by an unnecessary or useless prodigality of Roman blood.* They thought it their duty to repress the cruel ambition of leaders, by refusing to them a triumphant return into a city which their exploits had filled with mourning.

There was, as far as I can discover, but one precise condition always required by the senate, namely, the rank or quality of the enemy. The triumph would have been disgraced by granting it for victories over slaves or pirates; *their* blood too vile, and that of the citizens too precious, equally blasted the laurels of a victorious general.

It belongs to the civil magistrate, rather than to the military commander, to curb the audacity of malefactors, who set at defiance justice and the laws. When bands of robbers become so numerous that they must be opposed by a military force, such wars have always been regarded as more necessary than difficult, and more difficult than glorious. The weakness and tyranny of masters made the slaves in Sicily twice shake off the yoke. The Romans were ashamed to employ their legions against such ignoble adversaries; but their shame was greater to see those legions defeated; and when their generals finally succeeded in repressing the insurrection, the senate was sensible that it had often decreed a triumph for less meritorious exploits. Yet the name of slave was not to be got over; the senate feared lest the triumph should be profaned; to deny it seemed not pregnant with very evil consequences. The victorious generals, therefore, were honoured only with an ovation; which gave to them crowns of myrtle, instead of those of laurel; and entitled them to be attended with a train of peaceful citizens, not by a military procession. The Romans reasonably expected that the dreadful discipline thenceforth established respecting slaves would in future prevent similar revolts. But, by a strange combination of circumstances, the republic was obliged in the same age to carry on two obstinate wars against pirates and gladiators; the one of which endangered the commerce and dignity of the empire, and the other threatened the destruction of the Roman name. Could the senate foresee such events, or uniformly decree the triumph according to rules previously established? But when Crassus had ruined the army of Spartacus, the wisdom of the senate perceived that the public disgrace would be commemorated rather than the glory of the general, by granting

* Tit. Liv. x.

to him a triumph for terminating a servile war. The partizans of Pompey would naturally employ on this occasion the eloquence of Cicero; and would be themselves heard with pleasure by the people, when they ascribed to their favourite almost the whole merit of this exploit. Afterwards, when the same Pompey subdued the pirates, the pride of two triumphs, and the laurels which he expected to reap in the Mithridatic war, made him disdain the honour of an ovation, which Crassus had accepted; and which thenceforth became, in the estimation of the Romans, the natural reward for such victories.

Pride, opposite as it is to contempt, produced in the present case precisely the same effects; the Romans refused to triumph over slaves, the objects of their contempt; and over citizens who were the objects of their esteem. The conquerors in the civil wars might have extorted from the senate the rewards most flattering to their vanity; but, though masters of the laws, they still respected the public opinion, and the prejudices of their country, from which they themselves were not perhaps totally exempted. They were afraid of degrading the dignity of the Roman name, by treating their fellow citizens like conquered kings; and even Sylla, who ventured to kill by his proscriptions so many senators and knights, would have been ashamed to drag them after his triumphal chariot, and to have thanked the gods of the Capitol for melancholy victories, which it was his duty to wish buried in eternal oblivion. I am persuaded that those tyrants of their country, Sylla, Cæsar, and Augustus, who knew the dignity of the laws which they violated, and the disposition of the people whom they oppressed, dreaded to provoke their despair, by presenting to the public eye, in an offensive show, the picture of lost liberty, and the illustrious victims sacrificed to ambition. Cæsar himself was mortified at hearing the lamentations of public sorrow, when the images of Scipio, Cato, and Petreius passed in the train of his African triumph.* If the image of the great Pompey had not been cautiously concealed, what was grief might have become fury in a people, whose only consolation for slavery was, that it was artfully disguised. But if, on one hand, satiated ambition could still retain the justice of feeling itself undeserving of the rewards of virtue, avenged liberty might surely decree to its restorers the laurel as well as the civic crown. During the short joy inspired into the senate by the news of the battle of Modena, Cicero† proposed a resolution to which Cato would have been happy to have acceded. He granted, in honour of the consuls and young Octavius, a supplication or thanksgiving of fifty days; and the name of Imperator. He could not have refused them the triumph which usually followed these honours; and it appears that he foresaw the consequence without alarm. "Shall we grant," he observed in the senate, "rewards to those who have killed a thousand barbarians, which we deny to the saviour of the republic? Let us forget in Antony and his adherents the character of citizens, justly lost by their violation of all its duties. Rome ought to see in them nothing but enemies equally cruel, and an hundred times more

* Appian de Bell. Civil. lib. ii. † Cicer. Philippic xiv. pass. 5.

deserving of punishment than Hannibal himself." The only objection that could have been made to Cicero was the defeat of Catiline, whose conqueror had not obtained a triumph. But that conqueror was the feeble-minded Antonius, who had not spirit to act the part either of a conspirator or of a citizen, and who tamely submitted to behold the destruction of his ancient friends by the arms of his lieutenant Petreius. Cicero would have been pleased to add, that Catiline had been conquered by himself in the senate; and that this conspirator, who was formidable only in Rome, became from the moment of his flight from the capital, no better than the leader of a miserable band of robbers.

The subverters of liberty, who were unwilling that their exploits should be forgotten in fighting against their country, endeavoured, like the great Condé, to contrive means for immortalising their glory without perpetuating the memory of their crimes. 1. For the ostentation of a triumph, they substituted the more modest ceremony of an ovation, in which the victors were honoured, and the vanquished were not insulted. It was thus that Augustus returned to Rome after the defeat of Brutus and Cassius: and after the war in Sicily, and his victory over young Pompey. 2. As the civil wars involved the whole Roman world, and each factious leader had kings and nations for his allies, the triumph openly exposed only those foreign allies, and left to the imagination of the Romans the supplying of the domestic victims which the conqueror had the address to appear willing to conceal. Augustus triumphed for the defeat of the Egyptian fleet at Actium, and the conquest of Egypt. He suppressed the name of Antony and his lieutenants; but who did not recollect them at hearing that of Cleopatra? This artifice was employed so late as the reign of Vespasian,* when the name of the Sarmatians was used to justify the triumphal honours decreed by the senate to Mucianus for his services in the civil war.

There remain many observations to be made on the right of triumphs; the title of Imperator; the triumphs on Mount Alba; and the triumphal ornaments. But we have already detained our generals too long at the gates of Rome. It is time to conduct them into the city, and to examine the road which they followed in ascending the Capitol.

CONCERNING THE TRIUMPHAL ROAD.

I at first thought that the triumphs did not follow any particular road; and that the gate through which they entered into the city, as well as the streets through which they passed to the foot of the Capitol, depended on the situation of the country which had been the theatre of the war. The triumphs, I considered, were nothing but a picture of the general's return. Amidst all the artificial decorations of pride and magnificence, there must have been an inclination to confine them within the bounds of nature and probability. When Paulus Emilius returned from the conquest of Macedon, he must have pursued the Appian way to the Porta Capena; and the con-

* Tacit. Hist. iv. 4.

querors of the northern provinces must have entered Rome through the gates distinguished by the names Flaminia and Collina. A passage of Cicero first made me change this opinion. In his bloody invective against Piso, the orator sets before his eyes his shameful return to Rome, a return truly worthy of his scandalous administration. To the numerous train, the acclamations, and the public joy by which victorious proconsuls were constantly attended, and which already gave them a foretaste of their triumph, he sets in opposition the contempt or obscurity with which Piso had returned from a province, that would have afforded laurels to every man but himself:* "Dreading," he observes, "to meet the light and the eyes of men, you dismissed your lictors at the Cælimontane gate." Piso foolishly enough interrupted him, "You are mistaken; I entered by the Esquiline." "What matters that," rejoined the orator, "provided you did not enter by the *porta triumphalis*, a gate always open to your predecessors?" The consequence naturally follows; that triumphant generals entered by a gate which was open for them alone. This custom raised the dignity of the triumph, by clearly distinguishing it from an ordinary return; and was worthy of the policy of the Romans, who regarded no circumstance as unimportant which had a tendency to affect the imagination of the multitude. Cicero's authority proves that such an institution prevailed in his times; and the nature of the thing persuades me that it was still more ancient. In enlightened ages, men seldom venture to establish customs which are respectable only in their end and purpose. The people, who respectfully follow the wisdom of their ancestors, would despise that of their contemporaries; and would regard such establishments merely in that point of view which laid them open to ridicule. Romulus, besides, when he instituted the triumph, fixed by his example, not only the place where the trophies were to be deposited, but the road which the procession was to follow. Conformably to this example, all those who afterwards entered in triumph came to adore the Jupiter of the Capitol. I am persuaded they also came by the same road which Romulus had traced; and which, in the eyes of posterity, must have acquired the character of sanctity. Who would have been the first to venture to change the route of this ancient procession, to despise an authority fortified by time, and to forsake the footsteps of the founder of Rome and of the triumph? What could be the motive for such an innovation, since the example of Romulus was surely sufficient to determine a choice totally indifferent in itself? Had there been any of the triumphant generals of so very extraordinary a temper as to despise ancient ceremonies, which were highly flattering to their own personal glory, would the wisdom of the senate have indulged so very unreasonable a caprice; and have substituted, for the revered institution of their ancestors, an innovation proceeding from no warrantable motive, and terminating in no useful end? Romulus chose the Capitoline Mount as a place

Religione patrum, et sævâ formidine sacrum;

and doubtless pursued the shortest and most convenient road in his

* Cicer. in Pison. cap. xxiii.

return from Cenina. Amidst the different accounts of authors concerning this city, we may form a general notion of its situation. Some place it in the territory of the Sabines, others in that of the Latins; which makes me believe that it stood in that slip of ground on the banks of the Anio, where the colonies of the two nations were mixed and confounded with each other.* The different lines which may be drawn from this district to Rome, meet in the Campus Martius. The side of the Capitoline hill which faces the Campus Martius is rude and almost inaccessible. Romulus, therefore, was under the necessity of making a circuit, either by the valley between the Quirinal and Capitoline hills, or by the plain which lies between the latter and the Tiber. The gate of which we are in quest ought to be found within these limits. A chain of conjectural evidence leads me to this conclusion, which facts alone can substantiate.† Among the extraordinary honours designed for the memory of Augustus, it was proposed that his funeral procession should pass through the triumphal gate. The place of his sepulchre was already fixed. The citizens constantly beheld before their eyes that lofty mausoleum which already entombed a part of his family. It stood in the Campus Martius. The triumphal gate, therefore, could not be far distant from it.

Guided by such preliminary notions, we may easily follow the triumphal processions, particularly those of Paulus Emilius and Vespasian. The latter, after spending the night in the temple of Isis, met the senate, which waited for him in the Octavian Portico. These two circumstances bring us to the Field of Mars, and even to the vicinity of the theatre of Marcellus. At the triumph of Paulus Emilius, the people raised scaffoldings in the two Circuses to see the procession pass. It proceeded, therefore, by the Circus of Flaminius, as well as by that distinguished by the epithet of Maximus. Horace, moreover, indulged the hope of one day seeing the Britons in chains descend the Via Sacra. This word "descend," combined with the supposition that the triumphal gate was near to the Campus Martius, enables us to trace the whole progress of the procession. On this subject, I could only follow and abridge Father Donati,‡ a skilful antiquary, who has treated this question with a degree of taste and erudition, which fully removes all difficulties.

It may be supposed, therefore, with much probability, that the triumphal train having assembled in an open space, such as the Equiria, or that properly called the Campus Martius, immediately under the mausoleum of Augustus, passed through the Circus of Flaminius, entered the city by the triumphal gate between the Capitol and the Tiber, traversed the placè called the Velabrum, as well as the whole length of the Circus Maximus, and completed the circuit of the Palatine Mount by descending through the Via Sacra into the Forum, in order again to mount to the Capitol by the Clivus Capitolinus, which begins at the arch of Septimius Severus. This hypothesis,

* Plutarch et Stephanus; Tit. Liv.; Dionys. Halicarn. et Festus.
† Tacit. Annal. i. 8; Sueton. in Aug. cap. 100.
‡ Donat. Roma Vetus, lib. i. cap. 22, p. 79—88.

which is supported by the direct testimony of ancient authors, also corresponds with all the circumstances known respecting the triumph. Romulus (to resume our first conjecture) not being able to traverse his new colony, which then occupied only the craggy top of Mount Palatine, naturally resolved to make a circuit round it, in order to display before the citizens the monuments of his first victory. When Rome afterwards extended over the seven hills, the procession would naturally advance along the most considerable and best peopled parts of the city. A numerous crowd of people, seated at their ease in the circuses and porticoes of the Forum, beheld it pass under their eyes; and there were few of the inhabitants of the Palatine, or of one side of the Esquiline and Aventine, who might not perceive it at a distance from the tops of their houses and temples. We still find triumphal arches of several of the emperors, Constantine, Titus, and Septimius; all of whom really triumphed. It is difficult to determine how the senate proceeded in raising them. I am inclined to think, that after adorning the triumphal road by temporary wooden arches, more solid ones were afterwards erected of stone or marble, in such places as were least crowded with those monuments. As to the arches of those emperors who never actually triumphed, it should seem that their own will, the choice of the senate, or some particular circumstance, determined the site of those eternal proofs of imperial vanity and Roman meanness.

On this subject I am not afraid to oppose the united authority of Nardini and Donati.* They differ from each other with respect to the situation of the triumphal gate. Nardini places it between the Capitol and the Tiber; Donati, between the Quirinal and the Capitol; and both of them remove it to a part of the city far distant from the Porta Flaminia; whereas its proximity to that gate seems to me essentially connected with every probable hypothesis on the subject. I might content myself with allowing these antiquaries to dispute with each other; and listen to Nardini, while he proves that the Porta Flaminia was the same with the Flumentana, and, therefore, near to the river; and to Donati, while he maintains that the triumphal gate stood between the Capitol and the Tiber; and from the particular facts which they prove, might infer a general conclusion. But, instead of displaying vain erudition, I choose rather to appeal to the following plain and convincing reflections: 1. There must have been an easy access to one of the roads most frequented, and communicating with the principal streets and buildings of the city. 2. The triumphal procession must also have entered Rome by one of the broadest roads, and through the midst of the most distinguished buildings. This supposition may be overturned without affecting my inference. If the triumphal road was that followed by Romulus, the vanity of the censors would spare no pains to adorn it in a manner suited to its high destination. 3. As the triumphal gate was open only to the conqueror and his train, another was re-

* Donat. loc. citat. lib. i. cap. 21, p. 72; Nardini, Roma Antica, lib. i. cap. 9, p. 38; et cap. 10, p. 47—50.

quisite for admitting the vast crowds of people who flocked to Rome by the triumphal road, which I consider with Martial to have been the same with the Flaminian.* Let us examine, according to these principles, the two most probable sites of the Triumphal and Flaminian gates. In the one, I find the most ancient edifices of the Campus Martius, and the beginning of the suburbs, which, as early as the sixth century of Rome, extended beyond the Carmentale gate; I find also the theatre of Marcellus; several temples, particularly that of Bellona, where the general convened the senate to solicit his triumph; the Octavian portico, and the Flaminian circus, in which last Lucullus distributed a donative to his troops. In the other of those sites, I scarcely discover any thing more ancient than the age of Trajan, when that prince dug through a part of the Quirinal, extended the valley between that mountain and the Capitol, and at the same time adorned it with a magnificent Forum. It was extremely natural that a new road called the Broad-way should soon afterwards be made between the Flaminian road and the city. Why should I here conceal a conjecture respecting the triumphal gate, which appears to me characterised by several marks of probability? I think that this gate was really no other than the famous Janus Geminus, called often the Temple of Janus, the gates of which, as they were open or shut, were appointed by Numa to denote respectively the conditions of war and peace. The following are some of the circumstances which persuade me of the truth of a supposition that may, at first sight, appear paradoxical. Among the real or pretended obscurities of the accounts of the ancients on the subject of Janus, I shall choose for my guide the learned Varro, who deserved from the Roman contemporaries of Cicero the praise of introducing them to the knowledge of their own city. That antiquary thus describes Janus, in speaking of the gates of Rome, in the time of Romulus: "Tertia Janualis dicta ab Jano, et ideò ibi positum Jani signum, et ejus institutum à Numâ Pompilio, ut scribit in annalibus L. Piso, ut sit clausa semper, nisi cum bellum sit." It is known that the wall built by Romulus, though it was extended in all other directions, remained always the same on the side of the Capitol and the Tiber: and the expressions of Varro clearly refer to a gate which existed in his own time, or at least in that of Piso. The same sense may be extracted from the most correct writers of antiquity. I too well know the danger of exclusive propositions to affirm, that the phrase "Temple of Janus" is not to be found in any writer of pure Latinity; but I perceive that Livy, Horace, Suetonius, and Pliny† always employ the proper expression of Janus Geminus, or Janus Quirini, or Quirinus. Virgil, who describes ancient customs with the fire of a poet, and the accuracy of an antiquarian, makes mention of this institution among the ancient Latins; but never introduces the word "temple" in speaking of the gates of war.

* Martial, Epig. x. 6.

† Tit. Liv. lib. i.; Sueton. in August. xxii., et in Neron. xiii.; Horat. Carm. iv. 15; Plin. Hist. Nat. xxxiv. 7.

Sunt geminæ belli portæ, (sic nomine dicunt,)
Religione sacræ et sævi formidine Martis:
Centum ærei claudunt vectes, æternaque ferri
Robora: nec custos absistit limine Janus.*

In this description, every word indicates an arcade, such as that of the gates of cities, shut on both sides by doors of bronze, and consecrated by a statue of Janus, placed perhaps in a niche in the wall. Although modern writers have endeavoured to convert the Janus Geminus into a celebrated temple, their want of accuracy needs not hinder me from giving to the words their primitive sense, which perfectly accords with the expressions of Varro. The triumphal gate and that of Janus belonged, therefore, to the same wall. I may thence venture to conclude that their identity is possible. 2. But to render the thing probable, we must endeavour to fix more accurately the situation of the Janus Geminus.† According to Livy, Numa Pompilius erected it at the lower extremity of the Argiletum, to serve as the index of war and peace. We know that the Argiletum, though its etymology is uncertain, was situate near the foot of the Tarpeian rock, not far from the Tiber;‡ and Servius fixes its site still more precisely, by saying it was in the vicinity of the Temple of Marcellus. The triumphal gate and that of Janus must also have stood within the limits of this small portion of the wall, extending from the Tarpeian rock to the river. Within the same limits, therefore, we are obliged to place three gates, the Flumentana or Flaminia, near to the river; the Carmentalis, at the foot of the rock; and the Triumphal in the middle, between the two others. In an extent of only an hundred fathoms§ of a wall crowded with towers, is it natural to suppose a fourth gate; or is it not more probable that this supposed fourth gate was merely a different name for one of the others? The placing of Janus in the Argiletum, which is done expressly by Livy and Servius, and which is quite consistent with the terms of Varro, is opposed by no other authority than that of Procopius,‖ who says, that the Temple of Janus stood opposite to the Capitol, and in the middle of the Forum. But Procopius does not say that this temple was the Janus Geminus: and whatever he might say, I should be inclined rather to reject the authority of a soldier of the sixth century, who spoke of a monument no longer in existence, than to suppose with Nardini,¶ that there were two Januses, employed as tokens of war and peace; one of which was the ancient Porta Janualis, which Numa converted into a temple; and the other a temple which he afterwards built in the Argiletum. These two Januses are totally unknown to ancient authors; and Varro directly says, what Livy plainly insinuates, that Numa instituted a new ceremony without building a new edifice. 3. The gates of war and

* Virgil, Æneid, lib. vii. 608.

† Tit. Liv. lib. i.; Serv. ad Æneid vii.; Nardini, Roma Antiqua, lib. vii. cap. 4, p. 439.

‡ Donati Roma Vetus, lib. ii. cap. 26, p. 212.

§ I measured the distance on Nolli's great map of Rome.

‖ Procop. de Bell. Gothic. lib. i.

¶ Nardini, Roma Antica, lib. i. cap. iii. p. 13, et lib. v. cap. vii. p. 256, 257.

triumph were therefore so near to each other, that it is difficult to distinguish them; and a peculiarity which they possessed in common makes me inclined to consider them as the same. Both these gates were consecrated by public opinion and the ceremonies of religion. According to the institutions of the Tuscans,* walls were sacred, but gates were profane; and when they traced the sacred site of the Pomœrium, it was customary at times to interrupt the action of the plough, that spaces might be left free for these necessary outlets, which, for the convenience of the city, must often be defiled by impurities. But the triumphal gate, which was destined solely for admitting into the city a most venerable religious procession, needed not to be included under this law; and that it certainly was not, appeared from what happened respecting the honours which it was proposed to bestow on the memory of Augustus.† Tiberius rejected these, however, as offensive to religion; to which the proposition of making a dead body pass through the triumphal gate was reckoned as contrary as that of collecting the bones of Augustus by the hands of priests, and of determining the age or century by the length of his life. It belonged to the gods alone to mark by prodigies the duration of each period. 4. The supposed identity of the two gates, whose resemblance is very striking, perfectly explains the institution of Numa, and the reason why Janus was open in war and shut in peace. The contrary symbols might appear more natural. A free and open access to a city bespeaks the security of peace. Amidst the fear and distrust occasioned by war against neighbouring enemies, the shutting of the gates is employed as the most natural means of defence. But, by the institution of Numa, the gates of war were opened, because they were gates of glory; and they continued open, to admit the small number of great men, who were entitled to pass through them. They were, on the other hand, shut when the return of peace shut up the triumphal road. Among the Romans, indeed, this road was rarely interrupted. For the ceremony of shutting Janus required not merely an actual peace, which the Romans often enjoyed, but an inclination also in the senate to render that peace lasting; an inclination which that body testified only during the tranquil reigns of Numa and Augustus, and during that period of national weakness which was occasioned by the first Punic war.

ON THE TRIUMPHAL CEREMONIES.

It is here necessary to pause. This chapter might become a volume. We may commit to antiquaries the care of describing the triumphal show; the victims, sacrifices, vases of gold and silver, and crowns. I shall dwell on one circumstance alone, more deserving the attention of a philosopher, because by it this institution is honourably distinguished from those vain and fatiguing solemnities which create nothing but weariness or contempt. The triumph converted the spectators into actors, by showing to them objects great, real, and which could not fail to move their affections.

* Plutarch in Romul. † Sucton. in Aug. cap. 100; Tacit. Annal. i. 8.

The most brilliant shows in courts, the carousals of Lewis XIV. or the festivities of the Duke of Wurtemberg, attested the wealth, and sometimes the taste, of princes. We may throw a glance on them, to remark the state of arts and manners in a certain age or country; but our eyes are soon tired or disgusted by perceiving that these immense expenses are consumed in relieving the languor or gratifying the vanity of one man. I perceive crowds of courtiers indifferent, or yawning, or wretchedly occupied in concealing, under the mask of pleasure, their inward uneasiness. I hear the loud complaints of a whole people; who have felt, in an expensive hunting-match, the desolation of a province; and can trace, in a gilded dome, the marks of an hundred cottages, overwhelmed by the weight of taxes. From such objects I remove my attention with horror. The ceremonies of religion, when presented to mankind in a venerable garb, ought powerfully to interest their affections; but their influence cannot be completely felt, unless the spectators have a firm faith in the theological system on which they are founded; and unless they also feel in themselves that particular disposition of mind which lays it open to religious terrors. Such ceremonies, when they are not viewed with respect, are beheld with the contempt excited by the most ridiculous pantomime.

In the triumph, every circumstance was great and interesting. To receive its full impression, it was enough to be a man and a Roman. With the eyes of citizens, the spectators saw the image, or rather the reality, of the public glory. The treasures which were carried in procession, the most precious monuments of art, the bloody spoils of the enemy, exhibited a faithful picture of the war, and illustrated the importance of the conquest. A silent but forcible language instructed the Romans in the exploits and valour of their countrymen: symbols chosen with taste, showed to them the cities, rivers, mountains, the scenes of their national enterprise, and even the gods of their prostrate enemies, subdued under the majesty of Capitoline Jupiter. Under the impression of recent and manifest favours, pride, curiosity, and devotion warmed into one strong and prevailing passion of enthusiasm. Sometimes sentiments more tender penetrated the citizen's heart, when he beheld a son, a brother, or a friend, escaped from the dangers of war, following the triumphal chariot, and crowned with the rewards of his valour. The general's glory was not confined within the narrow sphere of his own family and friends. It redounded to the honour of every citizen, who rejoiced at the new dignity thereby acquired to the Roman name; and who remembered, perhaps, that his own vote had helped to raise to the consulship the great man, whose merit he had the discernment to perceive, and whom he had the disinterestedness to prefer to all his rivals.

When the citizen cast his eye on the vanquished kings dragged in triumph, his own pride triumphed at once over them and insulted humanity. But if a sentiment of compassion overcame his stern prejudices, and he melted at the sight of a fallen monarch, and his innocent children still unconscious of their misfortune, his tenderness

must have been rewarded with that delightful pleasure with which nature repays such tears.

The lot of those unfortunate princes is but too well known. Victims of state policy and Roman pride, they ended a shameful captivity by an ignominious death, which had been delayed only by their disgrace of being led in triumph. In the conduct of the Romans toward them, there was however a singular capriciousness, which it is not easy to explain. Of this, the following is a memorable example. After the triumph of Paulus Emilius for the conquest of Macedon, the senate banished Perseus to Alba Facetia, in the territory of the Marsi, supplied him with every comfort that can be enjoyed without liberty, and honoured his remains with the pomp of a public funeral. This treatment was totally the reverse of that experienced by the unhappy Jugurtha, who expired in a dungeon, after enduring the torments of hunger and despair; torments the more horrible in his forlorn and solitary state, unrelieved by the hope of glory, the presence of spectators, or the show of a public execution, which, while it frightens, fortifies the mind. What was the reason for making this difference? Both princes were sworn enemies of the Roman name, and each was stained with the blood of a brother who had been a friend to the Romans. To these crimes Perseus had added the assassination of a king allied to the senate, and an attempt to poison the Roman ambassadors. But Perseus was a monument of the virtue of the republic. With him was associated the idea of a glorious war; but, with Jugurtha, the Romans must have wished to bury for ever the memory of their own disgrace; their legions made to pass under the yoke; consuls, ambassadors, the whole senate, corrupted by the bribes of that prince; the concealed baseness of the republic unveiled to the whole world. Such were the crimes of Jugurtha, crimes for which the Romans could never possibly forgive him.

Rome, 13th December, 1764.

NO. VIII.

Rome, 29th December, 1764.—I have been reading a MS. of the Abbé Gio. Vicenzo Gravina, which belongs to Mr. Lumsden, a Scotch gentleman, and a friend of Mr. Byers, through whose means I procured it. The title of it is, Del Governo Civile di Roma; in 4to. pp. 76: and its principal subject, the revolutions of the city after the fall of the empire; a subject which interests me much. This performance is an excellent abridgment, but merely an abridgment; the author not having sounded the depths of his subject, nor ransacked archives. His citations are few; and those only of well-known authors, such as Baronius, Blondus, or Sigonius. It may, however, be worth while to extract, without order or method, the particulars which I have learned from this work.

After the foundation of Constantinople, New Rome yielded in all matters of ceremony to her elder sister. The consul of the West preceded the consul of the East.—*Procopius's Secret History.*

Mr. Gravina believes in the donations of Pepin and Charlemagne. But, according to him, these princes gave the duchy of Rome and the exarchate of Ravenna to the popes, as chiefs of the senate and Roman republic during the vacancy of the empire.

In the insurrection of the Romans against King Hugh and Marozia, they established their ancient government by two annual consuls and tribunes. Young Alberic was one of the first consuls. Gravina cites Blondus; but Muratori, who places this event in the year 932 instead of 928, does not speak of consuls. I am inclined however to believe Gravina. The consuls were certainly re-established about that time.

Mr. Gravina thinks that Otho III. abolished the consulship in 995, after the death of Crescentius. The observation seems probable; yet he does not give his authority; and it is proved that the office of consul subsisted immediately afterwards, as well as in the following age.

Innocent III. received the homage of the præfect of Rome, and granted to him the investiture of his office.—*Sigon. de Regn. Ital.* At the request of the people, he created fifty senators to govern the city; but as they exceedingly abused their power, he reduced them to one only, appointed to distribute justice.—*Cantilius de Romanâ Historiâ à Carolo Magno.*

Under the pontificate of Martin IV. the Orsini, to avenge the affront which they had received from the Annibaldesi (who had driven them from Viterbo, after the death of their uncle Nicholas III.) entered with an armed force into Rome, which they ravaged with fire and sword. At that time were burnt the ancient edifices whose ruins are still visible on the declivity of the Capitoline hill.

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

THE NINTH CENTURY.

THE more civilised part of the globe was divided between the Christians and the Mahometans; the former under two emperors, the latter under two caliphs. 1. The newly-erected empire of the Franks extended over France, Germany, and Italy, and even the Christian princes of Britain and the mountains of Spain respected the power and dignity of Charlemagne. 2. The empire of the Greeks, or as they vainly styled it, of the Romans, had preserved only Macedonia, Thrace, and Asia Minor. 3. The caliphs of the house of Ommiyah reigned in Spain. 4. Africa, Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and Persia, were subject to the Abassides. Whatever lay beyond the limits of these four empires, was still pagan, and, excepting China, still barbarous.

The overgrown monarchy of the Abassides soon declined. The powerful viceroys of great and distant provinces gradually usurped

the prerogatives, though they still respected the dignity of the caliph. The reigns of Al Rashid, Al Mamûn, and Al Motassem were, however, wise and prosperous: but their feeble successors, immersed in the luxury of the seraglio, resigned the guard of their throne and person to a body of Turkish mercenaries, who, as their interest or passions might dictate, deposed, massacred, and created the lieutenants of the prophet. At length they began to experience the dire effects of the enthusiasm to which they owed their grandeur. A sect of desperate fanatics, called Karmathians, disturbed Irak and Arabia. The Assassins of Syria, so much dreaded during the crusades, were the last remains of them.

The ruin of the French empire was more precipitate, and attended with greater calamities. It is chiefly to be ascribed to the fierce spirit of the Franks, unable to support either an arbitrary or a legal government; to the incapacity of Lewis the Debonnaire, and to the ambition of his four sons, who, in one battle, destroyed a hundred thousand of their subjects. The dignity of the throne and blood of Charlemagne was eclipsed, as every prince divided his dominions among his children; and the spirit of union was irrecoverably lost. Charles the Bald disgraced the imperial purple by acknowledging that he held it from the favour of his subject the bishop of Rome. Another Charles, as unworthy as the former, was deposed by his subjects, and the vacant empire usurped by the kings of France, of Burgundy, of Arles, of Germany, and of Italy, all strangers to the family of Charlemagne. The dukes and the counts who had served their ambition, converted their governments into hereditary possessions, which they shared among their barons, and these again among their followers; the superior still reserving the faith, homage, and military service of his vassal. The people, both of the cities and country, was reduced to a state of slavery. The clergy sometimes imitated, and sometimes moderated the tyranny of the military order.

In the mean while the Normans from the north, the Hungarians from the east, and the Arabs, or Saracens, from the south, assaulted this defenceless empire on every side. Rome and Paris were besieged, and these invaders often met each other in the centre of the ruined provinces. The Normans especially, animated by the Saxons, great numbers of whom had retired into Scandinavia to escape the bloody baptism of Charlemagne, inflicted a dreadful revenge on the persons and property of the Christian priests.

The union of the Saxon heptarchy was effected by Egbert, king of the West Saxons, who had been trained to arms and policy in the school of Charlemagne; but it was scarcely yet cemented, when England experienced the same calamities as the Continent from the Danes or Normans. They were with much difficulty expelled, or subdued, by the victories of Alfred. Amidst the deepest gloom of barbarism, the virtue of Antoninus, the learning and valour of Cæsar, and the legislative genius of Lycurgus, shone forth united in that patriot king. Several of his institutions have survived the Norman conquest, and contributed to form the English constitution.

The Arabs, whether subject to the house of Abas or to that of

Ommiyah, formed but one people. The Christians of the western and eastern empires had scarcely any common resemblance, except that of religious superstition. The Franks had almost forgotten to read or write, in the most literal sense of these words. The Greeks preserved their ancient authors without attempting to imitate them. But the Arabs were poets and philosophers; bewildered themselves very ingeniously in the maze of metaphysics, and improved the more useful sciences of physic, astronomy, and the mathematics. The arts, which minister to the convenience and luxury of life, were known only in the East, and at Constantinople.

From these arts the Arabs derived their splendor, and the Greeks their existence. A people without valour or discipline, and a throne perpetually stained with blood and occupied by weak princes, could not long have withstood the numerous enemies which on every side surrounded them. Constantinople alone, attracting by its situation and industry the commerce of Europe and Asia, supplied the absolute monarch with an inexhaustible source of wealth and power.

THE TENTH CENTURY.

Out of respect to Charlemagne's memory, Charles the Simple and his descendants to the third generation, were permitted to hold the crown of France: but it was a crown without either power or splendour. Italy, with the imperial dignity; Germany, with the neighbouring provinces of Lorraine, Alsace, Franche Comté, Dauphiné, and Provence, were separated from the French monarchy. The last Carlovingian princes, reduced to the city of Laon, beheld the misery of their country, and the wars among their great vassals. Of these the most powerful were the dukes of France, of Normandy, of Burgundy, and of Aquitaine; the counts of Flanders, of Champagne, and of Toulouse. Rollo, the first duke of Normandy, acquired that fertile province by conquest and by treaty: his barbarian followers readily adopted the French manners, religion, and language. Hugh Capet, duke of France, and count of Paris and Orleans, wrested from the last of the Carlovingians the sceptre, which still remains in the hands of his posterity: but his new regal title scarcely gave him any authority over his *peers*, and his ample fiefs composed a very inconsiderable kingdom.

The Germans, freed from the French yoke, elected for their king Conrad, Duke of Franconia, and after him a line of Saxon princes. Henry the Fowler chastised the Hungarians, civilised his rude subjects, and was the first founder of cities in the interior parts of Germany. His son, Otho the Great, passed the Alps, gave laws to Italy and to the popes, and for ever fixed the imperial dignity in the German nation. He imposed a tribute on the vanquished Danes and Bohemians, and since that time the King of Bohemia has acknowledged himself the first vassal of the German empire, which was treated with contempt by the Greeks, reluctantly submitted to by the Italians, but respected by the rest of Europe. The second and third Otho, son and grandson to the first, supported, though with less vigour and capacity, the claims which he transmitted to them.

Spain flourished under the happy government of the Ommiades more than in any former or later period. Their capital, Cordova, is said to have contained two hundred thousand houses, and the adjacent country twelve thousand villages. The active genius of the Arabs was at once employed in war, science, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. The annual revenue of the caliph Abdourbrahman III. exceeded six millions sterling, and probably surpassed that of all the Christian kings united. Under the reign of his grandson, the viziers became masters of the palace, and the governors of their provinces.

The Christian princes of Gothic or Gascon extraction, who had maintained their independence in the Pyrenean and Asturian mountains, and of whom the King of Leon was the most considerable, prepared to take advantage of the intestine divisions of the Mahometans.

A new empire arose in Africa. Obeidollah, who styled himself the descendant and avenger of Ali, reduced under his obedience the whole country from the Atlantic ocean to the frontiers of Egypt, together with the island of Sicily; and founded the dynasty of the Fatimite caliph. Moez Ledinilla, the fourth in descent and succession from him, conquered Egypt and Syria, and built Grand Cairo on the banks of the Nile, which soon became one of the first cities of the world. But in proportion as the Fatimite caliphs extended their conquests towards the East, their western dominions of Africa escaped from their yoke. In the meanwhile the Arabs of Mauritania, who still retained their pastoral life, spread the terror of their arms and the law of Mahomet among the negro nations in the interior parts of Africa.

The empire of the Abassides was dismembered by twenty dynasties, Arabs, Turks, and Persians. The caliph of Bagdad, a prisoner in his palace, enjoyed the vain honour of being named first in the public prayers, and of granting the investiture of his provinces to every fortunate usurper. The Greeks seized the favourable opportunity, recovered Antioch, and once more extended their power as far as the banks of the Euphrates.

As England formed a separate world, which maintained very little intercourse with other nations, it may be reserved for the last place. Edward the Elder and Athelstan inherited the military virtues of Alfred. The great grandson of that prince, Edgar, is celebrated by the monks for his profuse devotion to their order; and by rational men, for the attention he gave to the natural strength of his kingdom, a maritime power. The Danes, who since the time of Alfred had respected the coasts of England, renewed their attacks as soon as they discovered the weakness of young Ethelred, the son of Edgar.

While the Musulmans, notwithstanding their intestine troubles, preserved the light of science, Europe sunk still deeper into ignorance, barbarism, and superstition. The Benedictine abbeys, though they nursed the last of these monsters, opposed some faint resistance against the two former. They transcribed ancient books, improved *their lands*, and opened an asylum for the slaves of feudal tyranny,

which had every where erected fortified castles on the ruins of cities and villages. The inhabitants of the rocks of Genoa, and of the marshes of Venice, began to seek, first a subsistence, and soon afterwards wealth and power, in the useful employments of trade and navigation.

THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

The general history of this age may be comprehended under four great events. 1. The empire of the Turks in Asia. 2. The disputes between the emperors and the popes. 3. The conquest of England and Naples by the Normans; and, 4. The crusades against the Mahometans.

1. Mahmud of Gesna was the first prince, who, under the empire of the caliphs, assumed the title of Sultan. He reigned over the eastern parts of Persia, and invaded the rich and peaceful nations of Hindostan, several of which bowed to his yoke, and to that of the Alcoran. As he had occasion for great armies, he invited into his service the tribe of Seljuk, one of the bravest and most numerous among the Turks. They served the father, but rebelled against the son. The several dynasties of Persia fell successively before the sword of Togrul Beg, their first sovereign. The feeble caliph of Bagdad was obliged to grant him the investiture of his conquests, and to receive a Turk for his protector and his son-in-law. Alp Arslan, the successor of Togrul, took the Emperor Romanus Diogenes prisoner in a great battle, and treated him with a generous courtesy that would have done honour to the most civilised nations. Asia Minor, a part of the Greek empire, and Syria, and Palestine, then subject to the caliphs of Egypt, were subdued by the victorious Turks. The empire of Malek Shah extended from India to the Hellespont: his court was the seat of learning, justice, and magnificence. The Turks, who had adopted the religion and manners of the Arabs, studied to conceal from the nations of Asia that they had changed their masters.

2. The emperor Otho III. was succeeded by his cousin Henry II., surnamed the Saint, because he chose to be the last of his family. The Franconian princes, Conrad the Salic, Henry III., and Henry IV. succeeded to the house of Saxony. These emperors possessed as much power as was compatible with the feudal system. Their great vassals were more accustomed to order and obedience than those of France. They enjoyed a large domain and revenue in Germany. Italy, once the mistress, and since the slave of the nations, was treated as a conquered country. The right of granting the investiture of benefices, and even of the see of Rome, became in their hands an inexhaustible source either of power or of profit. Gregory VII., a monk of daring and obstinate spirit, embraced the pretence of abolishing simony, and the opportunity of delivering himself and his successors from an odious yoke. The emperor was excommunicated and deposed, and these spiritual arms were seconded, either from interested or pious motives, by the Normans, by the Countess Matilda, by the princes of Germany, and even by the sons of Henry. Though he defended himself with vigour, and was victorious in sixty-

six battles, the church still maintained the war with new resources and inflexible resolution; and the Roman pontiff exalted his mitre above all the crowns in Europe.

3. In this century, England was twice subdued by foreign invaders. Sweyn the Dane ravaged the country; but his son Canute, who had embraced Christianity, was acknowledged king by the nation, and showed himself as mild in peace as he had been terrible in war. The dominion of the Danes expired with the sons of Canute, and Edward the Confessor ascended without opposition the vacant throne. The more than doubtful testament of this weak prince, the last of the Saxon line, was however the best pretence with which William, the bastard Duke of Normandy, could colour his invasion of England. In the decisive battle of Hastings, the valour of the English was unable to withstand the flower of Europe's chivalry, led on by an experienced general, and supported by the thunder of a papal excommunication. William secured his conquest, at first by the most gentle, afterwards by the most violent measures. He attempted to abolish the laws and language of the Anglo-Saxons, and divided their country among the companions of his victory. Fourteen hundred manors, which he reserved for the crown, formed an ample and independent revenue. Sixty thousand knights were bound by duty and interest to support the throne of their benefactor. The government was military; and a military government always verges towards despotism. The only compensation which England received for so many calamities, was a system of manners somewhat more polished, and a more extensive influence on the Continent. The power of William the Conqueror and of his son, William Rufus, eclipsed their sovereigns, the kings of France. Robert, Henry I. and Philip I. the successors of Hugh Capet in lineal descent, wanted both talents and opportunity to wrest the prerogatives and provinces of their crown from the great vassals on whose usurpations time had almost bestowed a legal sanction.

The Normans were at that time renowned in arms beyond all the European nations. A few private gentlemen of Normandy, who visited the southern parts of Italy as pilgrims, and served there as mercenaries, soon formed themselves into a little army of conquerors, and erected a formidable power on the ruins of the Greeks, the Arabs, and the Lombards. Robert Guiscard, the greatest of their chiefs, who passed the Alps with only six horsemen and thirty foot, attained the honour of protecting Gregory VII. and of seeing both the emperors of the West and of the East successively fly before him. His vast projects against the latter of these empires were interrupted only by an untimely death. The devotion, or the policy of the Normans, engaged them to put their conquests under the protection of St. Peter; and, since that time, the kingdom of Naples has been a fief of the church of Rome.

4. As soon as the caliphate of Spain was destroyed, the Christians emerged from obscurity, and in their turn attacked the Moors or Arabs, now divided into twenty petty sovereignties. While each Mahometan prince defended himself separately, all were vanquished.

but the victory was long doubtful and bloody. Every district cost a battle: every city a siege. The siege of Toledo lasted a year, and the reputation of the Spanish general, celebrated in history and romance under the name of the Cid, attracted the bravest knights of Italy and France to his standard. The dominions of his master, Alfonso VI., comprehended both the Castiles, Leon, Biscay, Asturias, and Gallicia. The Spanish princes of Navarre, Arragon, and Catalonia were still confined between the Ebro and the Pyrenees. About the same time Count Roger the Norman, brother of Robert Guiscard, expelled the Arabs from the island of Sicily, and pursued them to the coast of Africa.

These advantages were preludes to the great enterprise of the crusades. When we recollect that arms and devotion were the ruling passions of the independent barons and their numerous followers, and that fame, riches, and Paradise were held forth as the sure rewards of this holy warfare, we shall be the less surprised that more than a million of men enlisted under the banner of the cross. Of this undisciplined multitude, the far greater part perished in Hungary and Asia Minor. Godfrey of Bouillon, and the other Christian leaders, arrived on the banks of the Jordan with only twenty thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse; but even this handful of warriors was sufficient to recover the holy sepulchre, and to establish a feeble and transitory dominion over Jerusalem, Antioch, Tripoli, and Edessa. The French and Normans had the greatest share in the folly and glory of the first crusade, which roused Europe from its long and profound lethargy, and was productive of so much unforeseen benefit to the popes, the kings of France, and the commercial states of Italy.

Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Poland, Bohemia, and Hungary adopted the Christian, or rather popish faith, a more civilised life, and the first rudiments of feudal policy. The conversion of Russia was the work of the Greek church. The Sclavonian tribes on the coasts of the Baltic, from the Elbe to the gulf of Finland, still preserved their ancient religion and savage independence.

THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

The popes prevailed against their ancient sovereigns the emperors of Germany, and deprived the unfortunate Henry IV. of his dominions, his reputation, his life, and the last honours of a grave. To escape a similar fate, Henry V. resigned the long contested right of investitures, which was gradually usurped by the Roman pontiff. The clergy, instead of regaining their liberty, soon experienced a yoke, still heavier when imposed by one of their own order. The fictitious donation of Constantine, and the will of Matilda, were likewise asserted by the popes, but with less success; and they found it easier to shake the thrones of other princes than to establish their own temporal dominion. A jealous truce subsisted between the church and empire during the reigns of Lothaire II. and Conrad III., the latter of whom was the first of the

house of Swabia. The war was renewed between the emperor Frederic I., surnamed Barbarossa, and Pope Alexander III., each of whom pretended that the other was his creature and vassal. The cities of Lombardy, enriched by commerce and aspiring to liberty, ranged themselves under the papal banner. Though Frederick maintained his lofty claims with the greatest resolution and ability: though he set up an anti-pope, marched six times into Italy, besieged Rome, and levelled Milan with the ground, yet he was at last obliged to bend before the throne of Alexander, and confirm all the immunities of the Italian confederacy.

This emperor and his successor Henry VI. were, however, dreaded and obeyed in Germany, now enlarged by the forced conversion of the Vandals of Mecklenburgh and Pomerania. In the north of Italy the imperial authority was almost lost: but in the south, Henry VI. acquired the kingdom of the two Sicilies, by marrying Constantia, the daughter of Roger I., who had united the Norman conquests and assumed the regal title. A powerful party was unable to resist the right and the arms of Henry, but he sullied his victory with cruelty and avarice.

The kings of France still remained the feeble heads of a great body. In private quarrels, the most inconsiderable baron was able to wage war against his sovereign: but when Louis VI. assembled the national force against a foreign enemy, two hundred thousand men appeared under the banner of the Oriflamme. Louis VII. was a prince of slender abilities, who lost the great duchy of Aquitain by divorcing his wife Eleanor on a jealous suspicion. His minister Suger, and his son Philip Augustus, deserve to be considered as the founders of the French monarchy. The former was an honest statesman and a monk, without the prejudices of a convent. The fortune of the latter was equal to his genius.

In England the weak title of Henry I., youngest son of the conqueror, his marriage with a Saxon princess, and, above all, the hand of time, gradually uniting the Normans and the English into one people, contributed to abolish the memory of the conquest, and to relax the chains of despotism. After the death of Henry, England was afflicted with a civil war between his daughter Matilda and his nephew Stephen, till at length the contending parties acknowledged Henry II., the son of Matilda, an active, powerful, and fortunate monarch. From his mother he inherited England and Normandy: from his father, Fulk Plantagenet, the counties of Anjou, Maine, and Touraine. By the marriage, which he most eagerly contracted with the repudiated Eleanor, he obtained the provinces of Aquitain and Poitou. He disposed of the duchy of Brittany in favour of his third son Jeffrey. The king of Scotland did him homage, the Welsh dreaded his power, and to the adventurous valour of some subjects he was indebted for the sovereignty of Ireland; a conquest at that time of little value, but which now contains more wealth and industry than the extensive empire of Henry II. His reign was, however, disturbed by the ambition, and still more by the murder, of Becket; by the intrigues of the French king, and by the

ingratitude of his sons. Richard the first, the second of them, possessed only the personal courage of a soldier. John, the youngest, (who usurped the crown in prejudice to his nephew Arthur, the son of Jeffrey,) was then devoid of that vulgar merit. The crusade and captivity of Richard exhausted England, and impoverished the crown.

The Christians of Spain acquired a manifest superiority over the Infidels. The kingdom of Castile was already a considerable power, and Alfonso VIII. vainly styled himself Emperor of Spain. The little kingdom of Navarre still remained among the Pyrenees; but the kings of Arragon (one of whom married the heiress of Catalonia) descended from the mountains into the plain, took Saragossa, and carried their arms to the frontiers of Castile and Valentia. The progress of the kingdom of Portugal was still more rapid. A prince of the house of France had received from Alfonso VI. the city of Porto Calle, with the title of count; his successor assumed that of king, took Lisbon, with the assistance of some English and Flemish crusaders, and subdued the western coast of Spain, from Gallicia to the Algarves. All these victories were attended with the greater difficulty and glory, as the Moors, both of Spain and Africa, were united under the empire of the Miramolins; in whom were revived the zeal, the valour, the learning, and the magnificence of the caliphs. Their capitals, Fez and Morocco, were superior to any cities in Christendom.

Each state, unconnected with its neighbours, had its own revolutions; but the expeditions to Palestine were the common business of Europe. Though the sermons of St. Bernard excited a second crusade more formidable than the first, the far greater part of the numerous armies which followed the emperor Conrad and Louis VII. of France, perished by the artifices of the Greeks and the arms of the Turks; and those monarchs appeared in the Holy Land rather as pilgrims than as conquerors. The most dangerous enemy of the Christians was Saladin, who abolished the Fatimite caliphs, and raised himself from a private station to the sovereignty of Egypt and Syria. Zeal and policy forbade him to suffer a Christian kingdom in the heart of his dominions. Jerusalem yielded to his arms, and the Christians experienced a generous treatment as unexpected as it was undeserved. The news of this loss filled Europe with shame, grief, and indignation. Suspending their domestic quarrels, the military force of Germany, France, and England, marched into the East, under their respective monarchs. Frederic Barbarossa died in Asia Minor, in a career of useless victories. Philip Augustus, and Richard I., who preferred the safer but more expensive method of transporting their troops by sea, took the inconsiderable town of St. John d'Acre after a siege of two years. This third crusade was followed by the death of Saladin, who left a name, admired in Asia, dreaded and esteemed in Europe.

The provinces beyond the Tigris no longer obeyed the house of Seljuk. New princes (to use the Eastern expression) had arisen from the dust before their throne. A race of slaves, the governors,

triumph were therefore so near to each other, that it is difficult to distinguish them; and a peculiarity which they possessed in common makes me inclined to consider them as the same. Both these gates were consecrated by public opinion and the ceremonies of religion. According to the institutions of the Tuscans,* walls were sacred, but gates were profane; and when they traced the sacred site of the Pomœrium, it was customary at times to interrupt the action of the plough, that spaces might be left free for these necessary outlets, which, for the convenience of the city, must often be defiled by impurities. But the triumphal gate, which was destined solely for admitting into the city a most venerable religious procession, needed not to be included under this law; and that it certainly was not, appeared from what happened respecting the honours which it was proposed to bestow on the memory of Augustus.† Tiberius rejected these, however, as offensive to religion; to which the proposition of making a dead body pass through the triumphal gate was reckoned as contrary as that of collecting the bones of Augustus by the hands of priests, and of determining the age or century by the length of his life. It belonged to the gods alone to mark by prodigies the duration of each period. 4. The supposed identity of the two gates, whose resemblance is very striking, perfectly explains the institution of Numa, and the reason why Janus was open in war and shut in peace. The contrary symbols might appear more natural. A free and open access to a city bespeaks the security of peace. Amidst the fear and distrust occasioned by war against neighbouring enemies, the shutting of the gates is employed as the most natural means of defence. But, by the institution of Numa, the gates of war were opened, because they were gates of glory; and they continued open, to admit the small number of great men, who were entitled to pass through them. They were, on the other hand, shut when the return of peace shut up the triumphal road. Among the Romans, indeed, this road was rarely interrupted. For the ceremony of shutting Janus required not merely an actual peace, which the Romans often enjoyed, but an inclination also in the senate to render that peace lasting; an inclination which that body testified only during the tranquil reigns of Numa and Augustus, and during that period of national weakness which was occasioned by the first Punic war.

ON THE TRIUMPHAL CEREMONIES.

It is here necessary to pause. This chapter might become a volume. We may commit to antiquaries the care of describing the triumphal show; the victims, sacrifices, vases of gold and silver, and crowns. I shall dwell on one circumstance alone, more deserving the attention of a philosopher, because by it this institution is honourably distinguished from those vain and fatiguing solemnities which create nothing but weariness or contempt. The triumph converted the spectators into actors, by showing to them objects great, real, and which could not fail to move their affections.

* Plutarch in Romul. † Sueton. in Aug. cap. 100; Tacit. Annal. i. 8.

The most brilliant shows in courts, the carousals of Lewis XIV. or the festivities of the Duke of Wurtemberg, attested the wealth, and sometimes the taste, of princes. We may throw a glance on them, to remark the state of arts and manners in a certain age or country; but our eyes are soon tired or disgusted by perceiving that these immense expenses are consumed in relieving the languor or gratifying the vanity of one man. I perceive crowds of courtiers indifferent, or yawning, or wretchedly occupied in concealing, under the mask of pleasure, their inward uneasiness. I hear the loud complaints of a whole people; who have felt, in an expensive hunting-match, the desolation of a province; and can trace, in a gilded dome, the marks of an hundred cottages, overwhelmed by the weight of taxes. From such objects I remove my attention with horror. The ceremonies of religion, when presented to mankind in a venerable garb, ought powerfully to interest their affections; but their influence cannot be completely felt, unless the spectators have a firm faith in the theological system on which they are founded; and unless they also feel in themselves that particular disposition of mind which lays it open to religious terrors. Such ceremonies, when they are not viewed with respect, are beheld with the contempt excited by the most ridiculous pantomime.

In the triumph, every circumstance was great and interesting. To receive its full impression, it was enough to be a man and a Roman. With the eyes of citizens, the spectators saw the image, or rather the reality, of the public glory. The treasures which were carried in procession, the most precious monuments of art, the bloody spoils of the enemy, exhibited a faithful picture of the war, and illustrated the importance of the conquest. A silent but forcible language instructed the Romans in the exploits and valour of their countrymen: symbols chosen with taste, showed to them the cities, rivers, mountains, the scenes of their national enterprise, and even the gods of their prostrate enemies, subdued under the majesty of Capitoline Jupiter. Under the impression of recent and manifest favours, pride, curiosity, and devotion warmed into one strong and prevailing passion of enthusiasm. Sometimes sentiments more tender penetrated the citizen's heart, when he beheld a son, a brother, or a friend, escaped from the dangers of war, following the triumphal chariot, and crowned with the rewards of his valour. The general's glory was not confined within the narrow sphere of his own family and friends. It redounded to the honour of every citizen, who rejoiced at the new dignity thereby acquired to the Roman name; and who remembered, perhaps, that his own vote had helped to raise to the consulship the great man, whose merit he had the discernment to perceive, and whom he had the disinterestedness to prefer to all his rivals.

When the citizen cast his eye on the vanquished kings dragged in triumph, his own pride triumphed at once over them and insulted humanity. But if a sentiment of compassion overcame his stern prejudices, and he melted at the sight of a fallen monarch, and his innocent children still unconscious of their misfortune, his tenderness

must have been rewarded with that delightful pleasure with which nature repays such tears.

The lot of those unfortunate princes is but too well known. Victims of state policy and Roman pride, they ended a shameful captivity by an ignominious death, which had been delayed only by their disgrace of being led in triumph. In the conduct of the Romans toward them, there was however a singular capriciousness, which it is not easy to explain. Of this, the following is a memorable example. After the triumph of Paulus Emilius for the conquest of Macedon, the senate banished Perseus to Alba Facetia, in the territory of the Marsi, supplied him with every comfort that can be enjoyed without liberty, and honoured his remains with the pomp of a public funeral. This treatment was totally the reverse of that experienced by the unhappy Jugurtha, who expired in a dungeon, after enduring the torments of hunger and despair; torments the more horrible in his forlorn and solitary state, unrelieved by the hope of glory, the presence of spectators, or the show of a public execution, which, while it frightens, fortifies the mind. What was the reason for making this difference? Both princes were sworn enemies of the Roman name, and each was stained with the blood of a brother who had been a friend to the Romans. To these crimes Perseus had added the assassination of a king allied to the senate, and an attempt to poison the Roman ambassadors. But Perseus was a monument of the virtue of the republic. With him was associated the idea of a glorious war; but, with Jugurtha, the Romans must have wished to bury for ever the memory of their own disgrace; their legions made to pass under the yoke; consuls, ambassadors, the whole senate, corrupted by the bribes of that prince; the concealed baseness of the republic unveiled to the whole world. Such were the crimes of Jugurtha, crimes for which the Romans could never possibly forgive him.

Rome, 13th December, 1764.

NO. VIII.

Rome, 29th December, 1764.—I have been reading a MS. of the Abbé Gio. Vicenzo Gravina, which belongs to Mr. Lumsden, a Scotch gentleman, and a friend of Mr. Byers, through whose means I procured it. The title of it is, Del Governo Civile di Roma; in 4to. pp. 76: and its principal subject, the revolutions of the city after the fall of the empire; a subject which interests me much. This performance is an excellent abridgment, but merely an abridgment; the author not having sounded the depths of his subject, nor ransacked archives. His citations are few; and those only of well-known authors, such as Baronius, Blondus, or Sigonius. It may, however, be worth while to extract, without order or method, the particulars which I have learned from this work.

After the foundation of Constantinople, New Rome yielded in all matters of ceremony to her elder sister. The consul of the West preceded the consul of the East.—*Procopius's Secret History.*

Mr. Gravina believes in the donations of Pepin and Charlemagne. But, according to him, these princes gave the duchy of Rome and the exarchate of Ravenna to the popes, as chiefs of the senate and Roman republic during the vacancy of the empire.

In the insurrection of the Romans against King Hugh and Marozia, they established their ancient government by two annual consuls and tribunes. Young Alberic was one of the first consuls. Gravina cites Blondus; but Muratori, who places this event in the year 932 instead of 928, does not speak of consuls. I am inclined however to believe Gravina. The consuls were certainly re-established about that time.

Mr. Gravina thinks that Otho III. abolished the consulship in 995, after the death of Crescentius. The observation seems probable; yet he does not give his authority; and it is proved that the office of consul subsisted immediately afterwards, as well as in the following age.

Innocent III. received the homage of the præfect of Rome, and granted to him the investiture of his office.—*Sigon. de Regn. Ital.* At the request of the people, he created fifty senators to govern the city; but as they exceedingly abused their power, he reduced them to one only, appointed to distribute justice.—*Cantilius de Romanâ Historiâ à Carolo Magno.*

Under the pontificate of Martin IV. the Orsini, to avenge the affront which they had received from the Annibaldesi (who had driven them from Viterbo, after the death of their uncle Nicholas III.) entered with an armed force into Rome, which they ravaged with fire and sword. At that time were burnt the ancient edifices whose ruins are still visible on the declivity of the Capitoline hill.

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

THE NINTH CENTURY.

The more civilised part of the globe was divided between the Christians and the Mahometans; the former under two emperors, the latter under two caliphs. 1. The newly-erected empire of the Franks extended over France, Germany, and Italy, and even the Christian princes of Britain and the mountains of Spain respected the power and dignity of Charlemagne. 2. The empire of the Greeks, or as they vainly styled it, of the Romans, had preserved only Macedonia, Thrace, and Asia Minor. 3. The caliphs of the house of Ommiyah reigned in Spain. 4. Africa, Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and Persia, were subject to the Abassides. Whatever lay beyond the limits of these four empires, was still pagan, and, excepting China, still barbarous.

The overgrown monarchy of the Abassides soon declined. The powerful viceroys of great and distant provinces gradually usurped

the prerogatives, though they still respected the dignity of the caliph. The reigns of Al Rashid, Al Mamûn, and Al Motassem were, however, wise and prosperous: but their feeble successors, immersed in the luxury of the seraglio, resigned the guard of their throne and person to a body of Turkish mercenaries, who, as their interest or passions might dictate, deposed, massacred, and created the lieutenants of the prophet. At length they began to experience the dire effects of the enthusiasm to which they owed their grandeur. A sect of desperate fanatics, called Karmathians, disturbed Irak and Arabia. The Assassins of Syria, so much dreaded during the crusades, were the last remains of them.

The ruin of the French empire was more precipitate, and attended with greater calamities. It is chiefly to be ascribed to the fierce spirit of the Franks, unable to support either an arbitrary or a legal government; to the incapacity of Lewis the Debonnaire, and to the ambition of his four sons, who, in one battle, destroyed a hundred thousand of their subjects. The dignity of the throne and blood of Charlemagne was eclipsed, as every prince divided his dominions among his children; and the spirit of union was irrecoverably lost. Charles the Bald disgraced the imperial purple by acknowledging that he held it from the favour of his subject the bishop of Rome. Another Charles, as unworthy as the former, was deposed by his subjects, and the vacant empire usurped by the kings of France, of Burgundy, of Arles, of Germany, and of Italy, all strangers to the family of Charlemagne. The dukes and the counts who had served their ambition, converted their governments into hereditary possessions, which they shared among their barons, and these again among their followers; the superior still reserving the faith, homage, and military service of his vassal. The people, both of the cities and country, was reduced to a state of slavery. The clergy sometimes imitated, and sometimes moderated the tyranny of the military order.

In the mean while the Normans from the north, the Hungarians from the east, and the Arabs, or Saracens, from the south, assaulted this defenceless empire on every side. Rome and Paris were besieged, and these invaders often met each other in the centre of the ruined provinces. The Normans especially, animated by the Saxons, great numbers of whom had retired into Scandinavia to escape the bloody baptism of Charlemagne, inflicted a dreadful revenge on the persons and property of the Christian priests.

The union of the Saxon heptarchy was effected by Egbert, king of the West Saxons, who had been trained to arms and policy in the school of Charlemagne; but it was scarcely yet cemented, when England experienced the same calamities as the Continent from the Danes or Normans. They were with much difficulty expelled, or subdued, by the victories of Alfred. Amidst the deepest gloom of barbarism, the virtue of Antoninus, the learning and valour of Cæsar, and the legislative genius of Lycurgus, shone forth united in that patriot king. Several of his institutions have survived the Norman conquest, and contributed to form the English constitution.

The Arabs, whether subject to the house of Abas or to that of

Ommiyah, formed but one people. The Christians of the western and eastern empires had scarcely any common resemblance, except that of religious superstition. The Franks had almost forgotten to read or write, in the most literal sense of these words. The Greeks preserved their ancient authors without attempting to imitate them. But the Arabs were poets and philosophers; bewildered themselves very ingeniously in the maze of metaphysics, and improved the more useful sciences of physic, astronomy, and the mathematics. The arts, which minister to the convenience and luxury of life, were known only in the East, and at Constantinople.

From these arts the Arabs derived their splendor, and the Greeks their existence. A people without valour or discipline, and a throne perpetually stained with blood and occupied by weak princes, could not long have withstood the numerous enemies which on every side surrounded them. Constantinople alone, attracting by its situation and industry the commerce of Europe and Asia, supplied the absolute monarch with an inexhaustible source of wealth and power.

THE TENTH CENTURY.

Out of respect to Charlemagne's memory, Charles the Simple and his descendants to the third generation, were permitted to hold the crown of France: but it was a crown without either power or splendour. Italy, with the imperial dignity; Germany, with the neighbouring provinces of Lorraine, Alsace, Franche Comté, Dauphiné, and Provence, were separated from the French monarchy. The last Carlovingian princes, reduced to the city of Laon, beheld the misery of their country, and the wars among their great vassals. Of these the most powerful were the dukes of France, of Normandy, of Burgundy, and of Aquitaine; the counts of Flanders, of Champagne, and of Toulouse. Rollo, the first duke of Normandy, acquired that fertile province by conquest and by treaty: his barbarian followers readily adopted the French manners, religion, and language. Hugh Capet, duke of France, and count of Paris and Orleans, wrested from the last of the Carlovingians the sceptre, which still remains in the hands of his posterity: but his new regal title scarcely gave him any authority over his *peers*, and his ample fiefs composed a very inconsiderable kingdom.

The Germans, freed from the French yoke, elected for their king Conrad, Duke of Franconia, and after him a line of Saxon princes. Henry the Fowler chastised the Hungarians, civilised his rude subjects, and was the first founder of cities in the interior parts of Germany. His son, Otho the Great, passed the Alps, gave laws to Italy and to the popes, and for ever fixed the imperial dignity in the German nation. He imposed a tribute on the vanquished Danes and Bohemians, and since that time the King of Bohemia has acknowledged himself the first vassal of the German empire, which was treated with contempt by the Greeks, reluctantly submitted to by the Italians, but respected by the rest of Europe. The second and third Otho, son and grandson to the first, supported, though with less vigour and capacity, the claims which he transmitted to them.

Spain flourished under the happy government of the Ommiades more than in any former or later period. Their capital, Cordova, is said to have contained two hundred thousand houses, and the adjacent country twelve thousand villages. The active genius of the Arabs was at once employed in war, science, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. The annual revenue of the caliph Abdourbrahman III. exceeded six millions sterling, and probably surpassed that of all the Christian kings united. Under the reign of his grandson, the viziers became masters of the palace, and the governors of their provinces.

The Christian princes of Gothic or Gascon extraction, who had maintained their independence in the Pyrenean and Asturian mountains, and of whom the King of Leon was the most considerable, prepared to take advantage of the intestine divisions of the Mahometans.

A new empire arose in Africa. Obeidollah, who styled himself the descendant and avenger of Ali, reduced under his obedience the whole country from the Atlantic ocean to the frontiers of Egypt, together with the island of Sicily; and founded the dynasty of the Fatimite caliph. Moez Ledinilla, the fourth in descent and succession from him, conquered Egypt and Syria, and built Grand Cairo on the banks of the Nile, which soon became one of the first cities of the world. But in proportion as the Fatimite caliphs extended their conquests towards the East, their western dominions of Africa escaped from their yoke. In the meanwhile the Arabs of Mauritania, who still retained their pastoral life, spread the terror of their arms and the law of Mahomet among the negro nations in the interior parts of Africa.

The empire of the Abassides was dismembered by twenty dynasties, Arabs, Turks, and Persians. The caliph of Bagdad, a prisoner in his palace, enjoyed the vain honour of being named first in the public prayers, and of granting the investiture of his provinces to every fortunate usurper. The Greeks seized the favourable opportunity, recovered Antioch, and once more extended their power as far as the banks of the Euphrates.

As England formed a separate world, which maintained very little intercourse with other nations, it may be reserved for the last place. Edward the Elder and Athelstan inherited the military virtues of Alfred. The great grandson of that prince, Edgar, is celebrated by the monks for his profuse devotion to their order; and by rational men, for the attention he gave to the natural strength of his kingdom, a maritime power. The Danes, who since the time of Alfred had respected the coasts of England, renewed their attacks as soon as they discovered the weakness of young Ethelred, the son of Edgar.

While the Musulmans, notwithstanding their intestine troubles, preserved the light of science, Europe sunk still deeper into ignorance, barbarism, and superstition. The Benedictine abbeys, though they nursed the last of these monsters, opposed some faint resistance against the two former. They transcribed ancient books, improved *their lands*, and opened an asylum for the slaves of feudal tyranny,

which had every where erected fortified castles on the ruins of cities and villages. The inhabitants of the rocks of Genoa, and of the marshes of Venice, began to seek, first a subsistence, and soon afterwards wealth and power, in the useful employments of trade and navigation.

THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

The general history of this age may be comprehended under four great events. 1. The empire of the Turks in Asia. 2. The disputes between the emperors and the popes. 3. The conquest of England and Naples by the Normans; and, 4. The crusades against the Mahometans.

1. Mahmud of Gesna was the first prince, who, under the empire of the caliphs, assumed the title of Sultan. He reigned over the eastern parts of Persia, and invaded the rich and peaceful nations of Hindostan, several of which bowed to his yoke, and to that of the Alcoran. As he had occasion for great armies, he invited into his service the tribe of Seljuk, one of the bravest and most numerous among the Turks. They served the father, but rebelled against the son. The several dynasties of Persia fell successively before the sword of Togrul Beg, their first sovereign. The feeble caliph of Bagdad was obliged to grant him the investiture of his conquests, and to receive a Turk for his protector and his son-in-law. Alp Arslan, the successor of Togrul, took the Emperor Romanus Diogenes prisoner in a great battle, and treated him with a generous courtesy that would have done honour to the most civilised nations. Asia Minor, a part of the Greek empire, and Syria, and Palestine, then subject to the caliphs of Egypt, were subdued by the victorious Turks. The empire of Malek Shah extended from India to the Hellespont: his court was the seat of learning, justice, and magnificence. The Turks, who had adopted the religion and manners of the Arabs, studied to conceal from the nations of Asia that they had changed their masters.

2. The emperor Otho III. was succeeded by his cousin Henry II., surnamed the Saint, because he chose to be the last of his family. The Franconian princes, Conrad the Salic, Henry III., and Henry IV. succeeded to the house of Saxony. These emperors possessed as much power as was compatible with the feudal system. Their great vassals were more accustomed to order and obedience than those of France. They enjoyed a large domain and revenue in Germany. Italy, once the mistress, and since the slave of the nations, was treated as a conquered country. The right of granting the investiture of benefices, and even of the see of Rome, became in their hands an inexhaustible source either of power or of profit. Gregory VII., a monk of daring and obstinate spirit, embraced the pretence of abolishing simony, and the opportunity of delivering himself and his successors from an odious yoke. The emperor was excommunicated and deposed, and these spiritual arms were seconded, either from interested or pious motives, by the Normans, by the Countess Matilda, by the princes of Germany, and even by the sons of Henry. Though he defended himself with vigour, and was victorious in sixty-

six battles, the church still maintained the war with new resources, and inflexible resolution; and the Roman pontiff exalted his mitre above all the crowns in Europe.

3. In this century, England was twice subdued by foreign invaders. Sweyn the Dane ravaged the country; but his son Canute, who had embraced Christianity, was acknowledged king by the nation, and showed himself as mild in peace as he had been terrible in war. The dominion of the Danes expired with the sons of Canute, and Edward the Confessor ascended without opposition the vacant throne. The more than doubtful testament of this weak prince, the last of the Saxon line, was however the best pretence with which William, the bastard Duke of Normandy, could colour his invasion of England. In the decisive battle of Hastings, the valour of the English was unable to withstand the flower of Europe's chivalry, led on by an experienced general, and supported by the thunder of a papal excommunication. William secured his conquest, at first by the most gentle, afterwards by the most violent measures. He attempted to abolish the laws and language of the Anglo-Saxons, and divided their country among the companions of his victory. Fourteen hundred manors, which he reserved for the crown, formed an ample and independent revenue. Sixty thousand knights were bound by duty and interest to support the throne of their benefactor. The government was military; and a military government always verges towards despotism. The only compensation which England received for so many calamities, was a system of manners somewhat more polished, and a more extensive influence on the Continent. The power of William the Conqueror and of his son, William Rufus, eclipsed their sovereigns, the kings of France. Robert, Henry I. and Philip I. the successors of Hugh Capet in lineal descent, wanted both talents and opportunity to wrest the prerogatives and provinces of their crown from the great vassals on whose usurpations time had almost bestowed a legal sanction.

The Normans were at that time renowned in arms beyond all the European nations. A few private gentlemen of Normandy, who visited the southern parts of Italy as pilgrims, and served there as mercenaries, soon formed themselves into a little army of conquerors, and erected a formidable power on the ruins of the Greeks, the Arabs, and the Lombards. Robert Guiscard, the greatest of their chiefs, who passed the Alps with only six horsemen and thirty foot, attained the honour of protecting Gregory VII. and of seeing both the emperors of the West and of the East successively fly before him. His vast projects against the latter of these empires were interrupted only by an untimely death. The devotion, or the policy of the Normans, engaged them to put their conquests under the protection of St. Peter; and, since that time, the kingdom of Naples has been a fief of the church of Rome.

4. As soon as the caliphate of Spain was destroyed, the Christians emerged from obscurity, and in their turn attacked the Moors or Arabs, now divided into twenty petty sovereignties. While each Mahometan prince defended himself separately, all were vanquished

but the victory was long doubtful and bloody. Every district cost a battle: every city a siege. The siege of Toledo lasted a year, and the reputation of the Spanish general, celebrated in history and romance under the name of the Cid, attracted the bravest knights of Italy and France to his standard. The dominions of his master, Alfonso VI., comprehended both the Castiles, Leon, Biscay, Asturias, and Gallicia. The Spanish princes of Navarre, Arragon, and Catalonia were still confined between the Ebro and the Pyrenees. About the same time Count Roger the Norman, brother of Robert Guiscard, expelled the Arabs from the island of Sicily, and pursued them to the coast of Africa.

These advantages were preludes to the great enterprise of the crusades. When we recollect that arms and devotion were the ruling passions of the independent barons and their numerous followers, and that fame, riches, and Paradise were held forth as the sure rewards of this holy warfare, we shall be the less surprised that more than a million of men enlisted under the banner of the cross. Of this undisciplined multitude, the far greater part perished in Hungary and Asia Minor. Godfrey of Bouillon, and the other Christian leaders, arrived on the banks of the Jordan with only twenty thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse; but even this handful of warriors was sufficient to recover the holy sepulchre, and to establish a feeble and transitory dominion over Jerusalem, Antioch, Tripoli, and Edessa. The French and Normans had the greatest share in the folly and glory of the first crusade, which roused Europe from its long and profound lethargy, and was productive of so much unforeseen benefit to the popes, the kings of France, and the commercial states of Italy.

Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Poland, Bohemia, and Hungary adopted the Christian, or rather popish faith, a more civilised life, and the first rudiments of feudal policy. The conversion of Russia was the work of the Greek church. The Sclavonian tribes on the coasts of the Baltic, from the Elbe to the gulf of Finland, still preserved their ancient religion and savage independence.

THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

The popes prevailed against their ancient sovereigns the emperors of Germany, and deprived the unfortunate Henry IV. of his dominions, his reputation, his life, and the last honours of a grave. To escape a similar fate, Henry V. resigned the long contested right of investitures, which was gradually usurped by the Roman pontiff. The clergy, instead of regaining their liberty, soon experienced a yoke, still heavier when imposed by one of their own order. The fictitious donation of Constantine, and the will of Matilda, were likewise asserted by the popes, but with less success; and they found it easier to shake the thrones of other princes than to establish their own temporal dominion. A jealous truce subsisted between the church and empire during the reigns of Lothaire II. and Conrad III., the latter of whom was the first of the

house of Swabia. The war was renewed between the emperor Frederic I., surnamed Barbarossa, and Pope Alexander III., each of whom pretended that the other was his creature and vassal. The cities of Lombardy, enriched by commerce and aspiring to liberty, ranged themselves under the papal banner. Though Frederick maintained his lofty claims with the greatest resolution and ability; though he set up an anti-pope, marched six times into Italy, besieged Rome, and levelled Milan with the ground, yet he was at last obliged to bend before the throne of Alexander, and confirm all the immunities of the Italian confederacy.

This emperor and his successor Henry VI. were, however, dreaded and obeyed in Germany, now enlarged by the forced conversion of the Vandals of Mecklenburgh and Pomerania. In the north of Italy the imperial authority was almost lost: but in the south, Henry VI. acquired the kingdom of the two Sicilies, by marrying Constantia, the daughter of Roger I., who had united the Norman conquests and assumed the regal title. A powerful party was unable to resist the right and the arms of Henry, but he sullied his victory with cruelty and avarice.

The kings of France still remained the feeble heads of a great body. In private quarrels, the most inconsiderable baron was able to wage war against his sovereign: but when Louis VI. assembled the national force against a foreign enemy, two hundred thousand men appeared under the banner of the Oriflamme. Louis VII. was a prince of slender abilities, who lost the great duchy of Aquitain by divorcing his wife Eleanor on a jealous suspicion. His minister Suger, and his son Philip Augustus, deserve to be considered as the founders of the French monarchy. The former was an honest statesman and a monk, without the prejudices of a convent. The fortune of the latter was equal to his genius.

In England the weak title of Henry I., youngest son of the conqueror, his marriage with a Saxon princess, and, above all, the hand of time, gradually uniting the Normans and the English into one people, contributed to abolish the memory of the conquest, and to relax the chains of despotism. After the death of Henry, England was afflicted with a civil war between his daughter Matilda and his nephew Stephen, till at length the contending parties acknowledged Henry II., the son of Matilda, an active, powerful, and fortunate monarch. From his mother he inherited England and Normandy; from his father, Fulk Plantagenet, the counties of Anjou, Maine, and Touraine. By the marriage, which he most eagerly contracted with the repudiated Eleanor, he obtained the provinces of Aquitain and Poitou. He disposed of the duchy of Brittany in favour of his third son Jeffrey. The king of Scotland did him homage, the Welsh dreaded his power, and to the adventurous valour of some subjects he was indebted for the sovereignty of Ireland; a conquest at that time of little value, but which now contains more wealth and industry than the extensive empire of Henry II. His reign was, however, disturbed by the ambition, and still more by the murder, of Becket; by the intrigues of the French king, and by the

ingratitude of his sons. Richard the first, the second of them, possessed only the personal courage of a soldier. John, the youngest, (who usurped the crown in prejudice to his nephew Arthur, the son of Jeffrey,) was then devoid of that vulgar merit. The crusade and captivity of Richard exhausted England, and impoverished the crown.

The Christians of Spain acquired a manifest superiority over the Infidels. The kingdom of Castile was already a considerable power, and Alfonso VIII. vainly styled himself Emperor of Spain. The little kingdom of Navarre still remained among the Pyrenees; but the kings of Arragon (one of whom married the heiress of Catalonia) descended from the mountains into the plain, took Saragossa, and carried their arms to the frontiers of Castile and Valentia. The progress of the kingdom of Portugal was still more rapid. A prince of the house of France had received from Alfonso VI. the city of Porto Calle, with the title of count; his successor assumed that of king, took Lisbon, with the assistance of some English and Flemish crusaders, and subdued the western coast of Spain, from Gallicia to the Algarves. All these victories were attended with the greater difficulty and glory, as the Moors, both of Spain and Africa, were united under the empire of the Miramolins; in whom were revived the zeal, the valour, the learning, and the magnificence of the caliphs. Their capitals, Fez and Morocco, were superior to any cities in Christendom.

Each state, unconnected with its neighbours, had its own revolutions; but the expeditions to Palestine were the common business of Europe. Though the sermons of St. Bernard excited a second crusade more formidable than the first, the far greater part of the numerous armies which followed the emperor Conrad and Louis VII. of France, perished by the artifices of the Greeks and the arms of the Turks; and those monarchs appeared in the Holy Land rather as pilgrims than as conquerors. The most dangerous enemy of the Christians was Saladin, who abolished the Fatimite caliphs, and raised himself from a private station to the sovereignty of Egypt and Syria. Zeal and policy forbade him to suffer a Christian kingdom in the heart of his dominions. Jerusalem yielded to his arms, and the Christians experienced a generous treatment as unexpected as it was undeserved. The news of this loss filled Europe with shame, grief, and indignation. Suspending their domestic quarrels, the military force of Germany, France, and England, marched into the East, under their respective monarchs. Frederic Barbarossa died in Asia Minor, in a career of useless victories. Philip Augustus, and Richard I., who preferred the safer but more expensive method of transporting their troops by sea, took the inconsiderable town of St. John d'Acre after a siege of two years. This third crusade was followed by the death of Saladin, who left a name, admired in Asia, dreaded and esteemed in Europe.

The provinces beyond the Tigris no longer obeyed the house of Seljuk. New princes (to use the Eastern expression) had arisen from the dust before their throne. A race of slaves, the governors,

afterwards sultans of Carizme, enriched by their favour and spared by their clemency, deprived the last of these monarchs of his sceptre and life. The caliphs of Bagdad, with a juster title, had recovered their independence and the adjacent provinces of Irak. Two younger branches of the house of Seljuk still reigned in Kerman and Asia Minor.

Under the feudal system, the rights, natural as well as civil, of mankind, were enjoyed only by the nobles and ecclesiastics, who scarcely formed the thousandth part of the community. In this century they were gradually diffused among the body of the people. The cities of Italy acquired full liberty; the greater towns of Germany, England, France and Spain became legal corporations, and purchased immunities more or less considerable; even the peasant began to be distinguished from the rest of the cattle on his lord's estate.

With the liberty of Europe its genius awoke; but the first efforts of its growing strength were consumed in vain and fruitless pursuits. Ignorance was succeeded by error. The civil and canon jurisprudence were blindly adopted, and laboriously perverted. Romances of chivalry, and monkish legends still more fabulous, supplied the place of history. The dreams of astrology were dignified with the name of astronomy. To discover the philosopher's stone was the only end of chemistry. Superstition, instead of flying before the light of true philosophy, was involved in thicker darkness by the scholastic phantom which usurped its honours. The two great sources of knowledge, nature and antiquity, were neglected and forgotten.

THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

We may now contemplate two of the greatest powers that have ever given laws to mankind; the one founded on force, the other on opinion: I mean the Tartar conquerors, and the Roman pontiffs.

Birthright, election, personal merit, force of arms, and some claims to a divine mission, invested Zingis Khan with the absolute command of all the Tartar Mogul tribes. As soon as he had introduced a degree of order and discipline among his barbarous host, he invaded the empire of China, took Pekin, and subdued the northern provinces. From thence he marched into Persia against Mohammed, sultan of Carizme, who, by putting to death the Mogul ambassadors, drew ruin on himself, his family, and his dominions. From the Jaxartes to the Tigris, nothing could withstand the numbers and fury of the Moguls. Carizme, Bochara, Samarcand, &c. were levelled with the ground, and the rich provinces to the east and to the south of the Caspian sea were changed from a garden to a desert. Zingis died loaded with the spoils and curses of Asia. His successors trod in the same paths of rapine and conquest. About the same time, one army of Moguls completed the reduction of the northern empire of China, and penetrated to the farthest point of Corea, almost within sight of the shores of Japan; a

second overran Russia, Poland and Hungary, threatened Constantinople, and won the battle of Lignitz in Silesia; a third army took Bagdad, destroyed the empire of the caliphs, and laid waste Asia Minor and Syria. The Mogul princes of Persia and the Western Tartary long hesitated between the Gospel and the Alcoran. Their conversion would have been of greater benefit to the church than all the crusades; but at length they preferred the faith of Mahomet, and renounced all intercourse with the Great Khan, who still adhered to the worship of the Dalai Lama. Cublai Khan, the grandson and fourth successor of Zingis, united, by the extinction of the dynasty of the South, the whole Chinese monarchy with Eastern Tartary, adopted the laws and manners of the conquered people, encouraged the arts and artists of every nation, and is reckoned by the Chinese themselves among their best emperors.

The Roman pontiffs claimed an universal monarchy, temporal as well as spiritual; and maintained that all inferior powers, emperors, kings, and bishops, derived from the chair of St. Peter their delegated authority. Of all the popes, none asserted these lofty pretensions with more spirit and success than Innocent III. By establishing the doctrine of transubstantiation and the tribunal of the inquisition, he obtained the two most memorable victories over the common sense and common rights of mankind. He reduced the schismatic Greeks, exterminated the Albigeois heretics, despoiled Raymond, Count of Thoulouse, of his dominions, excommunicated two emperors, a king of France, and a king of England; the last of whom confessed himself the vassal and tributary of the see of Rome. Innocent reigned in Rome as the successor of Constantine, and in Naples as the natural guardian of young Frederic, the son of Henry the Sixth; who, after Philip of Swabia and Otho IV., was acknowledged Emperor of Germany.

The superior abilities of Frederic II., his Italian education, the imperial sceptre, the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and the vast possessions of the house of Swabia, rendered him formidable to the popes, who, unmindful of their accustomed policy, had rather assisted than checked his elevation. This fatal error could be retrieved only by the destruction of the house of Swabia, and the design was prosecuted during more than forty years with a constancy worthy of the ancient senate. The Roman pontiffs seized the first ground of dispute, rejected all terms of peace, and convinced both their friends and their enemies that they were resolved either to perish or to conquer. The parties of the church and of the empire, under the names of Guelphs and Ghibellines, divided and desolated Italy. Amidst this confusion Innocent IV. solemnly deposed Frederic in the council of Lyons, and pursued that unfortunate monarch to the grave. After his decease the name of emperor was assumed for a short time by his son Conrad IV., and the kingdom of Naples was defended by his bastard Mainfroy, till the papal arms were entrusted to Charles, Count of Anjou, the brother of Lewis IX. Followed by the bravest and most pious warriors of Christendom, that active prince passed the Alps, and in a single battle deprived

Mainfroy of his sceptre and his life. Conradin, the grandson of Frederic, and the last of that unhappy line, lost his head on a scaffold at Naples, after a brave but unsuccessful attempt to recover the throne of his ancestors. His blood was soon revenged by the blood of eight thousand French, in the Sicilian vespers, who fell the just victims of their licentious insolence. A long and bloody quarrel commenced between the house of Arragon, which was called by the oppressed people to the throne of Sicily, and the house of Anjou, which still remained in possession of Naples.

The free cities of Italy, now delivered from the German yoke, began to enjoy and to abuse the blessings of wealth and liberty. Of a hundred independent republics, every one, except Venice, was destitute of a regular government, and torn by civil dissensions. The Guelphs and the Ghibellines, the nobles and the commons, contended for the sovereignty of their country. The most trifling incident was sufficient to produce a conspiracy, a tumult, and a revolution. Among these troubles, the dark, insidious, vindictive spirit of the Italians was gradually formed.

In Germany, the death of Frederic II. was succeeded by a long anarchy. The prerogatives and domains of the emperors were usurped by the great vassals. Every gentleman exercised round his castle a licentious independence; the cities were obliged to seek protection from their walls and confederacies; and from the Rhine and Danube to the Baltic the names of peace and justice were unknown. It was at length discovered that, without an appearance of union, the Germanic body could not subsist. The great princes, who began to assume the title of electors, agreed to invest a first magistrate with the dignity, but not with the power of their ancient emperors. Their jealous caution successively fixed on Rodolph Count of Hapsburg, and Adolph Count of Nassau; whose fortune was far inferior to their birth and personal merit. The former, however, who was father of the house of Austria, transmitted to his son Albert such ample hereditary dominions, as enabled him to form a party against the Emperor Adolph, to wrest from him the sceptre, and to display that ambitious pride which has ever since been the characteristic of that family.

The aggrandisement of the French monarchy bore the appearance of an act of justice. Philip Augustus summoned John, King of England and Peer of France, before the parliament of Paris, to justify himself of the murder of his nephew Arthur. The parliament punished the contumacious vassal by the confiscation of his fiefs, and the king executed the sentence before the indignation of the other peers could subside into a sense of their common interest. Normandy, Anjou, Maine, and Poitou were united to the crown. Aquitain, or Guienne, still remained in the hands of the English. The victory of Philip over the empire was more splendid, but less useful. In the decisive and well fought battle of Bovines, he defeated Otho IV., at the head of two thousand Germans. His navy threatened England; and his son Louis, afterwards Louis VIII., was for a time acknowledged king by the English nation. The

reign of that prince was short and inglorious: but France owes as much to the laws of Louis IX. as to the arms of Philip Augustus his grandfather. Louis IX., notwithstanding he has been disgraced by the title of Saint, possessed uncommon virtues and abilities. To abolish private hostilities and judicial combats; to introduce an uniform and equitable jurisprudence; to receive appeals from the barons' courts; to protect and extend the liberties of the people; to acquire the esteem and confidence of his neighbours, were the honest arts of his wise policy. Notwithstanding his mad passion for the crusades (the only blemish of this accomplished character), he left his son, Philip III., surnamed the Bold, the most flourishing kingdom of Europe, which was soon augmented by the re-union of the rich county of Thoulouse. Philip III. was succeeded by his son Philip IV., surnamed the Fair.

To break the fetters which had been forged at the Norman conquest was the great business of the English barons. John, whose misfortunes deserve no pity, lost his reputation and foreign power by his contests with Rome and France; and his domestic authority by signing Magna Charta, which contains the rude outlines of British freedom. The fifty-six years of his son Henry III. were a long minority; during which the reins of government were successively resigned to foreign favourites, and usurped by the turbulent barons, under their leader Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. Edward I., then only the heir apparent, rescued his father, vanquished Montfort and his adherents in the field, and restored the royal authority; but his good sense soon taught him to respect the new barriers raised against it, to confirm Magna Charta, and to desist from a rash attempt to resume the alienated crown lands. Amidst these troubles, the house of peers became less numerous and more powerful; the commons were admitted to a share of the legislature; the common law and courts of justice received their present form, and the first statutes were enacted against the avarice of Rome. Edward the First, to whose wisdom we owe many of those advantages, conceived, and almost executed, the great design of uniting the whole island under one dominion. The Welsh lost their ancient independence, but for several ages preserved their savage manners. The throne of Scotland was disputed, almost with equal claims, by several candidates. Edward, who was acknowledged as umpire, awarded the crown to Baliol, the most obsequious of the competitors; treated him first as a vassal, and soon afterwards as a rebel; endeavoured by every expedient to break the spirit of a haughty nation, and sullied his glorious end by the injustice and cruelty of the means which he used to attain it.

The empire of the Miramolins was destroyed by the greatest battle ever fought between the Moors and the Christians. The latter pursued their advantage; Seville and Cordova were taken, and the provinces of Estramadura, Andalusia, and Murcia were, in about forty years, annexed to the crown of Castile. The kings of Arragon were not less successful. They wrested from the Moors the fertile kingdom of Valencia, and established a naval power by

the conquest of the islands of Majorca and Minorca. The bravest of the Moors took refuge in the kingdom of Grenada, and displayed as much industry in the improvement, as they exerted valour in the defence of this last remnant of their extensive conquests. The kings of Castile who acquired the greatest reputation were Ferdinand III., and Alphonso the Astronomer; the former for his political wisdom, the latter for his speculative knowledge.

Four great crusades, besides many smaller expeditions, were undertaken in this century; but though Palestine was still the object of the war, it was no longer the scene of action. The French and Venetians of the fourth crusade turned their arms against the schismatic Greeks, took Constantinople, and divided the empire. Constantinople was indeed recovered by the Greeks, but the trade and dominions which had once belonged to that capital were irretrievably lost. John de Brienne, a soldier of fortune, and titular king of Jerusalem, invaded Egypt, took Damietta (the old Pelusium) after a siege of two years; but soon thought himself happy to purchase a safe retreat, by surrendering that important place. The crusade of Louis IX. was more splendid at first; but in the end, more unfortunate. It seemed impossible that Egypt, subdued as often as it had been attacked, should withstand a young hero, at the head of sixty thousand valiant enthusiasts. The army was, however, destroyed, and the French monarch remained a prisoner among the infidels. Rather from a vague passion of combating the Mahometans, than from any rational prospect of recovering the Holy Land, Louis IX. led another crusade to Africa, and died of the plague under the walls of Tunis. The few places yet held by the Christians on the coast of Syria were swept away by the sultans, the successors, but no longer the descendants of Saladin. The Mamelukes, a body of Circassian and Tartar slaves, had dethroned their masters, usurped the sovereignty of Egypt and Syria, and established a military government, oppressive at home, but formidable abroad.

Of these seven great armaments which shook Asia, and depopulated Europe, nothing remained except the kingdom of Cyprus in the house of Lusignan, and the three military orders. The Templars, by their luxury and pride, hastened their dissolution. The Hospitallers and Teutonic Knights preserved themselves by their valour. The former conquered Rhodes, and are still settled at Malta: the latter formed a great dominion in Prussia and Courland, at the expense of the idolaters, whom they compelled to become Christians and subjects. A great part of the old nobility of Europe perished in the crusades, their fiefs reverted to their lords, and their place was supplied by new men, raised by wealth, merit, or favour; and who soon imbibed the vanity, though not the independence, of their predecessors.

The numerous vermin of mendicant friars, Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustines, Carmelites, who swarmed in this century, with habits and institutions variously ridiculous, disgraced religion, learning, and common sense. They seized on scholastic philosophy as a science peculiarly suited to their minds; and, excepting only Friar

Bacon, they all preferred words to things. The subtle, the profound, the irrefragible, the angelic, and the seraphic Doctor acquired those pompous titles by filling ponderous volumes with a small number of technical terms, and a much smaller number of ideas. Universities arose in every part of Europe, and thousands of students employed their lives upon these grave follies. The love-songs of the Troubadours, or Provençal bards, were follies of a more pleasing nature, which amused the leisure of the greatest princes, polished the southern provinces of France, and gave birth to the Italian poetry.

THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Both the popes and the emperors, the conquerors and the vanquished, withdrew from Italy, their field of battle. The former, invited by the kings of France, and disgusted with the rebellious spirit of the Romans, established the papal residence at Avignon during more than seventy years. These French pontiffs were more strongly possessed by the love of money than the love of power. John XXII., by the sale of benefices, indulgences, and absolutions, accumulated a treasure of twenty-five millions of gold florins. At the repeated solicitations of the Romans, who felt their error when it was too late, Gregory XI. returned to his capital; but his eyes were scarcely closed, when the enraged people surrounded the conclave, threatening the cardinals with instant death unless they chose an Italian pontiff. The affrighted Frenchmen yielded to their fury, but were no sooner at liberty, than they protested against their first election, and nominated one of their own countrymen. Europe was divided between the two rivals. Italy, Germany, and England acknowledged the pope of Rome: France and Spain sided with the pope of Avignon. Each had his adherents, his doctors, his saints, and his miracles; but their mutual excommunications, which at another time might have produced a battle of swords, only occasioned a war of pens.

Emperors, whose authority in Germany was so much circumscribed, could not invade with any success the confirmed liberty of the Italians. Henry VII. of Luxembourg and Louis V. of Bavaria entered Rome in triumph; but their triumph was not attended with any solid or permanent advantages. The grandson of Henry of Luxembourg, Charles IV., emperor and king of Bohemia, was invited by the eloquent Petrarch to assume the station and character of the ancient Cæsars. The Bohemian Cæsar marched into Italy; but it was only to see himself excluded from every fortified city as an enemy, or cautiously received as a prisoner. He was crowned at Rome, but quitted it the very day of his coronation; meanly, or perhaps wisely, resigning to the popes all the ancient rights which he derived from Charlemagne and Otho. His son Wenceslaus would gladly (to use his own expression) have relinquished the empire, with its remaining prerogatives, for a few hogsheads of Rhenish or Florence wine.

Although neither leisure, independence, nor ingenuity were want-

ing to the Italians, they were never able to connect themselves into a system of union and liberty. Naples flourished under the administration of Robert, the grandson of Charles of Anjou, but was almost ruined by his grand-daughter Joan. By the murder of her first husband Andrew, she drew down the vengeance of his brother, the stern King of Hungary; by adopting Louis Duke of Anjou, the brother of Charles V., entailed on her dominions a civil war, of which she was herself the first victim. Rome saw, for a moment, her tribunes, her freedom, and her dignity restored by Nicholas Rienzi, whose extraordinary character was a compound of the hero and the buffoon. Florence, like Athens, experienced all the evils incident, or rather inherent, to a wild democracy. The Venetians and the Genoese wasted each other's strength in naval wars, which allowed not the latter a moment's respite from their intestine dissensions. The free cities of Lombardy and Romagna were oppressed by domestic tyrants, under the specious titles of vicars of the church or of the empire; but these petty usurpers were gradually swallowed up in the power of the Visconti, first lords, and afterwards dukes of Milan.

The more phlegmatic Germans, though poor and barbarous, maintained, and even improved, the form of their constitution. Whatever concerned the election and coronation of the emperors, the most fruitful source of civil discord, was finally regulated by the golden bull published by Charles IV. in a general diet. The title and power of electors were confined to seven great princes, the Archbishops of Mentz, Treves, and Cologne, the King of Bohemia, the Duke of Saxony, the Margrave of Brandenburgh, and the Count Palatine. These electors soon asserted over the Emperor Wenceslaus their right of deposing an unworthy sovereign.

The Swiss owe their reputation to their freedom, and their freedom to their valour. The peasants of three vallies among the Alps, Uri, Schwitz, and Underwald, oppressed by the officers of the Emperor Albert, entered into a strict alliance, at first for seven years, and afterwards for ever. Leopold, Duke of Austria, and son of Albert, marched against them at the head of twenty thousand men; but was overthrown in the battle of Morgarten, by thirteen hundred Swiss. The little communities of Zug and Glaris, and the cities of Lucerne, Zurich, and Berne, gradually acceded to the confederacy, which was cemented with the blood of another Duke Leopold, who fell, with the flower of the Austrian nobility, in the battle of Sempach. Zurich and Berne were allowed the first rank among the eight cantons; the former for its wealth, the latter for its military power. In the five rustic communities, the government was a pure democracy; in the three cities, it was tempered with a small mixture of aristocracy, which time and circumstances have very much strengthened. The whole commonwealth, disclaiming the tyranny of the house of Austria, retained their ancient allegiance to the German empire.

The constitution of the French monarchy received new strength and harmony from the following events: 1. In the memorable quarrel between Pope Boniface VIII. and Philip the Fair, the

greater part of the French clergy remembered that they were subjects as well as priests. The liberties of the Gallican church were asserted with spirit and success; and the crown was in some degree delivered from a servile dependence on a foreign prelate. 2. The States General, composed of the clergy, the nobility, and the commons, were assembled by Philip the Fair, for the first time since the decline of the Carlovingian race. As their meetings were short and irregular, they never acquired the authority of legislators, and their tumultuous opposition commonly subsided into an obsequious compliance with the demands of the court. 3. The parliament of Paris was styled the Court of Peers, and should have been composed of the great vassals of the crown; but as they disdained the humble office of judicature, their place was supplied by the bishops, the barons, and the principal officers, whose *noble* ignorance was directed by some plebeian assessors. The servants gradually supplanted their masters, combated the violence of the nobility with the subtleties of law, and laboured to erect a pure monarchy on the ruins of the feudal system. For a long time these magistrates held their places only during the king's pleasure. 4. The Salic law, though of the most lasting benefit to the monarchy, occasioned the long and destructive wars between France and England. After a series of eleven kings, in lineal and male descent from Hugh Capet, Lewis X., Hutin, was succeeded by his brothers Philip V. and Charles IV., and afterwards by his first cousin, Philip VI. of Valois, on the acknowledged principle that females were incapable of inheriting the crown of France. Whether that principle be admitted or rejected, the claim of Edward III. of England is equally indefensible. The question was not, however, decided by arguments, but by arms. Both nations signalised their valour in the battles of Crecy and Poitiers; but the discipline of the English triumphed over the numbers of the French. The captivity of John, who had succeeded to the crown and misfortunes of his father Philip, exposed France to a total dissolution of government, with all its attendant calamities. However, though Edward was able to ruin, he was unable to conquer that great kingdom. By the treaty of Bretigny, he accepted of three millions of gold crowns, the city of Calais, and seven provinces adjacent to Guienne; but the last were soon wrested from him by the arms and policy of Charles V., whose wise administration healed the wounds of his country. They bled afresh under his unhappy son Charles VI.: first a minor, and afterwards deprived of his senses, he was ever a victim of the ambition and avarice of his uncles. In this century, Champagne and Dauphiné, the first by inheritance and treaty, the second by donation, were re-united to the crown.

The iron fetters in which Edward I. seemed for ever to have bound Scotland, were broken by the valour and fortune of Robert Bruce, a descendant of the ancient kings. To resist the heroic leader of a brave nation, combating for freedom and a throne, required all the powerful genius of Edward I., and was a task by far too arduous for his feeble son. The victory of Bannocks Boarn

secured to Robert a sceptre, which, by the marriage of his daughter, was transmitted to the house of Stuart. Edward II., vanquished by his enemies, despised by his subjects, governed by his favourites, betrayed by his brother, his wife, and his son, descended from a throne to a prison, and from a prison to an untimely grave. The English dwell with rapture on the trophies of Edward III. and his gallant son the Black Prince; on the fields of Crecy and Poitiers; and on the kings of France and Scotland, at the same time prisoners in London. To a thinking mind, Edward's encouragement of the woollen manufacture is of greater value than all these barren laurels. Richard II., son of the Black Prince, affords the second instance in this century of an English king deposed and murdered by his subjects. The house of commons acquired its present form, and a dignity unknown to the third estate in any other country, by the junction of the knights of shires, or representatives of the lesser nobility, who, about this time, separated themselves from the peers. After the deposition of Richard, Henry IV., son of John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, the third son of Edward III., usurped the crown. The posterity of the second son, Lionel of Clarence, was disregarded, but still existed latent in the house of York.

The Mahometan kingdom of Grenada, and the four Christian monarchies of Castile, Arragon, Navarre, and Portugal, preserved their respective laws and limits. The constitution of the Christian states was suited to the haughty and generous temper of the people. The justiciary of Arragon, a name dreadful to royal ears, possessed the noble but dangerous privilege of declaring *when* the subjects were justified in taking arms against their sovereign. The Castilians, without waiting for the sentence of a magistrate, knew how to resist a tyrant, either in the cortes or in the field. The civil war between Peter the Cruel, King of Castile, and his brother Henry, occasioned a great revolution, in which France and England took the opposite sides, rather from a wild love of enterprise, than from any rational motives of policy. After several turns of fortune the bastard was victorious, transmitted the crown to his posterity, and ratified a strict union with his French allies; binding France and Castile to each other, king to king, people to people, and man to man.

Africa, relapsing into its native barbarism, no longer merits our attention. Egypt and Syria continued to groan under the tyranny of the Mamelukes; although some of those sultans corrected, by their personal virtues, the defects of their institution. In the East, two formidable powers arose. The greatness of the Othman Turks was gradual and permanent; the conquests of Timur were rapid and transitory.

During the anarchy which overspread Asia Minor on the fall of the Seljukian dynasty, the Greeks recovered many of the maritime places, and every Turkish emir made himself independent within his jurisdiction. Othman first erected his standard near Mount Olympus in Bithynia; and as he commanded only a small tribe of shepherds and soldiers, he was branded with the name of robber. A more numerous army, and the reduction of Nice, Nicomedia, and

Prusa, bestowed on his son Orcan the appellation of conqueror. The imprudent Greeks, in the madness of civil discord, invited the Turks, opened the Hellespont, and betrayed Christendom. Adrianople became the capital of the Othman power in Europe; and the Eastern empire, reduced to the suburbs of Constantinople, was pressed on either side by the arms of Amurath I. That sultan instituted the janizaries, a body of infantry, from their arms, discipline, and enthusiasm, almost invincible. The flower of the Christian youth, torn in infancy from their parents, were gradually aggregated to the Turkish nation, after they had lost, in the severe education of the seraglio, all memory of their former country and religion. Bajazet I. deserved his surname of Ilderim, or Lightning, by the rapid impetuosity with which he flew from the Euphrates to the Danube. He triumphed by turns over the Mahometans of Asia Minor, and the Christians of Bulgaria, Servia, Hungary, and Greece; and the total defeat of an army of French, in the battle of Nicopolis, spread the terror of his name to the most remote parts of Europe.

Timur, or Tamerlane, raised himself from a private, though not a mean condition, to the throne of Samarcand. His first dominions lay between the Jaxartes and the Oxus in the country called Sogdiana by the ancients, Maurenahar by modern Persians, and by the Tartars Zagatay, from one of the sons of Zingis. The lawful successor of Zagatay, rather mindful of his situation than of his descent, served with humble fidelity in the army of the usurper. After reducing the adjacent provinces of Carizme and Khorasan, Timur invaded Persia, and extinguished all the petty tyrants who had started up since the decline of the house of Zingis. The khan of the Western Tartary (who ruled the kingdoms of Cazan and Astrachan, and exacted a tribute from the grand duke of Muscovy) was unable to elude the pursuit, or to resist the arms of Timur. From the deserts of Siberia he marched to the banks of the Ganges, and returned from Delhi to Samarcand laden with the treasures of Hindostan. He knew how to reign as well as how to conquer. Although very profuse of the blood of his enemies, he was careful of the lives and property of his subjects. He loved magnificence and society: encouraged the arts, and was versed in the Persian and Arabian literature. His zeal for the Mussulman faith inflamed his natural cruelty against the Gentoos of India and the Christians of Georgia.

The empire of the Moguls in China, founded on violence and maintained by policy, was at length dissolved by its own weakness. The Chinese placed a dynasty of their countrymen on the throne, whilst the Tartars, returning to the pastoral life of the desert, gradually recovered the martial spirit which they had lost amidst the arts and luxury of the conquered provinces.

A more diffusive commerce began to connect the European nations by their mutual wants and conveniences; the discovery of the compass inspired navigators with greater boldness and security. The Hanseatic cities of Prussia and Saxony formed a powerful association, engrossed the fishery, iron, corn, timber, hides, and furs of the North; and contended for the sovereignty of the Baltic with

the kings of Denmark and Sweden. The exchange of money, the finer manufactures, and the trade of the East, were in the hands of the Italians. The merchants of Venice and of Dantzic met at the common mart of Bruges, which soon became the warehouse of Europe. The Flemings, animated by the spectacle of wealth and industry, applied themselves with great ardour to the useful arts, and particularly to the making broad cloth, linen, and tapestry.

The advantages of trade were common to several nations; but the pleasures and glory of literature were confined to the Italians, or rather to a few men of genius, who emerged from an ignorant and superstitious multitude. The writings of Dante, Boccace, and Petrarch, for ever fixed the Italian language. The first displayed the powers of a wild but original genius: the Decameron of the second contains a just and agreeable picture of human life. A few stanzas on Laura and Rome have immortalised the name of Petrarch, who was a patriot, a philosopher, and the first restorer of the Latin tongue, and of the study of the ancients. If any barbarian on this side the Alps deserves to be remembered, it is our countryman Chaucer, whose Gothic dialect often conceals natural humour and poetical imagery.

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

After breaking the power of the Mamelukes, and ruining the cities of Bagdad, Aleppo, and Damascus, Timur advanced towards the frontiers of Bajazet. The situation and character of the two monarchs rendered a war inevitable. The armies met in the plains of Angora, and the contest was decided in the Tartar's favour, by the total defeat and captivity of his rival. After this victory, the empire of Timur extended from Moscow to the Gulf of Persia, and from the Hellespont to the Ganges; but his ambition was yet unsatisfied: death surprised him as he was preparing to invade China, to assert the cause of his nation and of his religion. His feeble successors, far from meditating new conquests, saw province after province gradually escape from their dominion, till a few cities near the Oxus were the only patrimony that remained to the house of Timur.

The Turks had been defeated, but not subdued. As soon as Timur was no more, they collected their scattered forces, replaced their monarchy on its former basis, and under the conduct of Mahomet I. were again victorious both in Europe and Asia. Amurath II. swayed the Othman sceptre with the abilities of a great monarch, and twice resigned it with the moderation of a philosopher. He was forced from his retreat to chastise the perfidy of Ladislaus King of Hungary, who, at the instigation of the court of Rome, had violated a solemn truce. That act of justice was most completely executed in the decisive battle of Warna, which was fatal to the king, to the papal legate, and to the whole Christian army. The little empire of Trebizond, and the other independent provinces of Greece and Asia Minor, soon experienced the same fate. Though Mahomet was obliged to raise the sieges of Belgrade and Rhodes, though he was for a long time stopped by Scanderbeg in the mountains of Al-

bania, yet his arms were generally successful from the Adriatic to the Euphrates, on the banks of which he vanquished Uzun Hassan, a Turcoman prince, who had usurped Persia from the posterity of Timur. The conquest of Rome and Italy was the great object of Mahomet's ambition; and a Turkish army had already invaded the kingdom of Naples, when the Christians were delivered from this imminent danger by the seasonable death of Mahomet, and the inactive disposition of his son Bajazet II. But the valour and discipline of the Turks were still formidable to Christendom, and the passion for crusades had ceased at the very time when it might have been approved by reason and justice.

The council of Pisa, by the election of a third pontiff, multiplied, instead of extinguishing, the evils of the great schism. The council of Constance, in which the five great nations of Europe were represented by their prelates and ambassadors, acted with greater vigour and effect. They rejected the defective title of two pretenders, and judicially deposed the third, by whose authority they were assembled. The election of Martin V. restored peace to the church; but the spirit of independence, which had animated the fathers of Constance, revived in the council of Basle. The assembled bishops of Christendom attempted to limit the despotic power which the Bishop of Rome had usurped over his brethren; but the treasures of the church, distributed with a skilful hand, silenced the opposition; and nothing remains of those famous councils but a few decrees, revered at Paris, detested and dreaded at Rome. Amongst these disorders, the laity of some countries discovered as much discontent at the riches of the clergy, as the clergy expressed at the power of the popes. John Huss and Jerome of Prague, two Bohemian doctors, who taught principles not very different from those of the Protestants, were committed to the flames by the council of Constance, before which they appeared under the sanction of the public faith. From their ashes arose a civil war, in which the Bohemians, inflamed by revenge and enthusiasm, for a long time inflicted and suffered the severest calamities.

Italy, undisturbed by foreign invasions, maintained an internal balance, through a series of artful negotiations and harmless wars, attended with scarcely any effusion of blood. The sword, which had fallen from the hands of the Italian sovereigns, was taken up by troops of independent mercenaries, who acknowledged no tie but their interest, nor any allegiance except the leaders of their own choice. The five principal powers were, the popes, the kings of Naples, the dukes of Milan, and the republics of Florence and Venice. 1. The popes, after the council of Constance and Basle, applied themselves to reconcile the Roman people to their government, and to extirpate the petty usurpers of the ecclesiastical state. 2. Their great fief, the kingdom of Naples, was the theatre of a long civil war between the houses of Anjou and Arragon. It flourished under the administration of Alphonso the Wise, who preferred Italy to his Spanish dominions. Ferdinand, his natural son, succeeded him in Naples only, oppressed the barons, protected the people, and

was delivered by a seasonable death from the arms of Charles VIII. King of France. 3. After the death of the last of the Visconti, the duchy of Milan, superior in value to several kingdoms, was claimed by the Duke of Orleans in right of his mother; but was usurped by Francis Sforza, the bastard of a peasant, and one of the most renowned leaders of the mercenary bands; who, with a policy equal to his valour, left Milan the peaceable inheritance of his family. 4. The elevation of the Medici was the more gradual effect of prudence and industry: Cosmo, the father of his country, and Lorenzo, the father of the muses, in the humble station of citizens and merchants, revived learning, governed Florence, and influenced the rest of Italy. The old forms of the commonwealth were preserved, and it was only by an unusual tranquillity that the Florentines could be sensible of the loss of their freedom. 5. The wisdom of the Venetian senate, the arts and opulence of Venice, an extensive commerce, a formidable navy, the possession of a long tract of sea-coast in Dalmatia, with the islands of Candia, Cyprus, &c., formed the natural strength of a republic respected in Europe as the firmest bulwark against the Turkish arms. The imprudent conquests in Lombardy, from which the Venetians were not able to refrain; the Friul, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Brescia, and Bergamo, drained the treasury of St. Mark, and excited the jealousy of the Italian powers.

The reign of the Emperor Robert, Count Palatine, was obscure and inglorious. Though Sigismund of Luxembourg presided with some dignity at the council of Constance, his administration was rather busy than active. After his death, the imperial crown returned for ever to the house of Austria, first in the person of Albert II. and then of Frederic III.; the latter possessed the title of emperor above half a century without either authority or reputation. Germany was without influence in Europe; but judicious foreigners began to discover the latent powers of that great body, when once roused into action by the necessity of its own defence. The levity of Maximilian I. engaged him in perpetual wars and treaties, which commonly ended in his disappointment and confusion. However, he may be considered as the founder of the Austrian greatness, by his marriage with Mary of Burgundy; and as the founder of the public law, by his useful institutions of the circles and of the imperial chamber.

The usurpation of the house of Lancaster was supported by the fortune and abilities of Henry IV. His warlike son, Henry V., asserted, by the victory of Azincourt, the claim of the Plantagenets to the French monarchy. The conquest of it was a task much too difficult for a prince whose revenue did not exceed an hundred and ten thousand pounds of our present money, and whose subjects were neither able nor willing to make any extraordinary efforts to render England in the end a province of France. The vindictive spirit of Queen Isabella, and of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, betrayed their country and posterity. The English monarch was *solicited* to sign the treaty of Troyes, and to accept, with the hand of the princess Catharine, the quality of regent and heir of France. His infant son,

Henry VI., was proclaimed at Paris as well as at London. His reign was a series of weakness and misfortunes. The French conquests were gradually lost, and the English barons returned into their island exasperated against each other, habituated to the power and licence of war, and as much discontented with the monkish virtues of Henry, as with the masculine spirit and foreign connexions of his queen, Margaret of Anjou. The pretensions of Richard, Duke of York, and of his son Edward IV., inflamed the discontent into civil war. Hereditary right was pleaded against long possession; the banners of the white and red roses met in many a bloody field, and the votes of parliament varied with the chance of arms. Edward of York assumed the title of king, revenged the death of his father, and triumphed over the Lancastrian party; but no sooner was the imprudent youth seated on the throne, than he cast away the friendship of the great Earl of Warwick, and with it the English sceptre. That warlike and popular nobleman, impatient of indignities, drove Edward into exile, and brought back Henry (scarcely conscious of the change) from the tower to the palace. Edward's activity soon retrieved his indiscretion. He landed in England with a few followers, called an army to his standard, obtained the decisive victories of Barnet and Tewkesbury, and suffered no enemy to live who might interrupt the security and pleasure of his future reign. The crimes of Richard III., who ascended the throne by the murder of his two nephews (Edward V. and his brother), reconciled the parties of York and Lancaster. Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, was invited over from Brittany as the common avenger, vanquished and slew the tyrant in the field of Bosworth, and uniting the two roses by his marriage with the eldest daughter of Edward IV., gave England a prospect of serener days. The kingdom had, however, suffered less than might be expected from the calamities of civil war. The frequent revolutions were decided by one or two battles; and so short a time was consumed in actual hostilities as allowed not any foreign power to interpose his dangerous assistance; no cities were destroyed, as none were enough fortified to sustain a siege. The churches, and even the privilege of sanctuaries, were respected, and the revenge of the conquerors was commonly confined to the princes and barons of the adverse party, who all died in the field or on the scaffold. The power and estates of this old nobility were gradually shared by a multitude of new families, enriched by commerce and favoured by the wise policy of Henry VII.; but between the depression of the aristocracy and the rise of the commons, there was an interval of unresisted despotism.

The factions of Burgundy and Orleans, who disputed the government of Charles VI., filled France with blood and confusion. The Duke of Orleans was treacherously murdered in the streets of Paris, and John, Duke of Burgundy, who avowed and justified the deed, was some years afterwards assassinated in the presence, and probably with the consent, of the young dauphin. That prince, persecuted by his mother, disinherited by the treaty of Troyes, and on every side pressed and surrounded by the victorious English, assumed

the title of Charles VII. on his father's death, and appealed, though with little hopes of success, to God and his sword. The French monarchy was on the brink of ruin, but like the Othman empire in the same century, rose more powerful from its fall. A generous enthusiasm first revived the national spirit, and awakened the young monarch from his indolent despair. A shepherdess declared a divine commission to raise the siege of Orleans, and to crown him in Rheims. She performed her promises; and the consternation of the English was still greater than their loss. The genius of Charles, seconded by his brave and loyal nobility, seemed to expand with his fortune. The Duke of Burgundy was reconciled to his kinsman and sovereign, Paris opened its gates with willing submission, and at length, after some years of languid operations or imperfect truces, the French recovered Normandy and Guienne, and left the English no footing in their country beyond the walls of Calais. The last years of Charles VIIth's reign were employed in reforming and regulating the state of the kingdom. He is the first modern prince who has possessed a military force in time of peace, or imposed taxes by his sole authority. The former composed of 1500 lances, who with their followers made a body of 9000 horse. The latter did not exceed £360,000 sterling. This great alteration was introduced without opposition, and felt only by its consequences, which gradually affected all Europe.

The feudal system, weakened, in France, by these innovations, was annihilated by the severe despotism of Louis XI., into whom the soul of Tiberius might seem to have passed. As it was his constant policy to level all distinctions among his subjects, except such as were derived from *his* favour, the princes and great nobility took up arms, and besieged him in Paris; but their confederacy, surnamed of the Public Good, was soon dissolved by the jealousy and private views of the leaders, few of whom afterwards escaped the revenge of a tyrant, alike insensible to the sanctity of oaths, the laws of justice, or the dictates of humanity. The gendarmerie of the kingdom was increased to 4000 lances, besides a disciplined militia, a large body of Swiss infantry, and a considerable train of artillery, the use of which had already altered the art of war. The revenue of France was raised to nearly a million sterling, as well by extraordinary impositions, as by the union of Anjou, Maine, Provence, Roussillon, Burgundy, Franche Comté, and Artois to the body of the French monarchy; which, under this wise tyrant, began to improve in domestic policy, and to assume the first station in the great republic of Christendom.

The revolution which restored Burgundy to the French monarchy merits more than common attention. Charles the Bold, of the house of France, Duke of Burgundy, and sovereign of the Netherlands, was the natural and implacable enemy of Louis XI. His subjects of Burgundy were brave and loyal; those of Flanders, rich and industrious; his revenue was considerable, his court magnificent; his troops numerous and well disciplined; and his dominions enlarged by the acquisition of Guelders, Alsace, and Lorraine. But

his vain projects of ambition were far superior either to his power or his abilities. At one and the same time he aspired to obtain the regal title, to be elected king of the Romans, to divide France with the English, to invade Italy, and to lead a crusade against the Turks. The Swiss Cantons, a name till then unknown in Europe, humbled his pride. Many writers, more attentive to the moral precept than to historic truth, have represented the Swiss as a harmless people, attacked without justice or provocation. Those rude mountaineers were, on the contrary, the aggressors: and it appears by authentic documents, that French intrigues, and even French money, had found a way into the senate of Berne. Louis XI., who in his youth had experienced the valour of the Swiss, inflamed the quarrel till it became irreconcileable, and then sat down the quiet spectator of the event. The gendarmerie of Burgundy was discomfited in three great battles, by the firm battalions of Swiss infantry, composed of pikemen and musketeers. At Granson, Charles lost his honour and treasures; at Morat, the flower of his troops; and at Nancy, his life. He left only an orphan daughter, whose rich patrimony Louis might perhaps have secured by a treaty of marriage. Actuated by passion, rather than sound policy, he chose to ravish it by conquest. Burgundy and Artois submitted without much difficulty; but the Flemings, exasperated by the memory of ancient injuries, disdained the French yoke, and married their young princess Mary to Maximilian, son of the emperor Frederic III. The Low Countries became the inheritance of the house of Austria, and the subject as well as theatre of a long series of wars, the most celebrated that have ever disturbed Europe.

Such was the growing prosperity of France, that even the disturbances of a minority proved favourable to its greatness. Brittany, the last of the great fiefs, escaped a total conquest only by the marriage of Anne, heiress of that great duchy, with Charles VIII., son and successor of Louis XI. The expedition of Charles VIII. into Italy displayed his character, and that of the nation which he commanded. In five months he traversed affrighted Italy as a conqueror, gave laws to the Florentines and the pope, was acknowledged King of Naples, and assumed the title of Emperor of the East. Every thing yielded to the first fury of the French; every thing was lost by the imprudence of their councils. The Italian powers, recovered from their astonishment, formed a league with Maximilian and Ferdinand, to intercept the return of Charles VIII. The kingdom of Naples escaped from his hands, and the victory of Fernova only served to secure his retreat. He died soon afterwards, leaving his kingdom exhausted by this rash enterprise, and weakened by the imprudent cession of Roussillon to the Spaniards, and of Franche Comté and Artois to the house of Austria.

Spain was hastening to assume the form of a powerful monarchy. Castile and Arragon were first under the same family, and not long afterwards under the same sovereigns. Henry IV., King of Castile, a prince odious for his vices, and contemptible for his weakness, was solemnly deposed in a great assembly of his subjects; who despising the

suspicious birth of his daughter Juanna, placed the crown on the head of Isabella, his sister. The marriage of that princess with Ferdinand of Arragon completed the salutary revolution. The Spaniards celebrate, with reason, the united administration of those monarchs; the manly virtues of Isabella, and the profound policy of Ferdinand the Catholic, always covered with the veil of religion, though often repugnant to the principles of justice. After a ten years' war, they executed the great object of delivering Spain from the infidels. The Moors of Grenada defended that last possession with obstinate valour, and stipulated, by their capitulation, the free exercise of the Mahometan religion. Public faith, gratitude, and policy ought to have maintained this treaty; and it is a reproach to the memory of the great Ximenes that he urged his masters to violate it. The severe persecutions of the Mahometans, and the expulsion of many thousands of Jewish families, inflicted a deep but secret wound on Spain, in the midst of its glory. The prosperity of Ferdinand and Isabella was embittered by the death of their only son. Their daughter Juanna married the Archduke Philip, (son of the Emperor Maximilian and of Mary of Burgundy), and the great successions of the houses of Austria, of Arragon, and of Castile, were gradually accumulated on the head of Charles V., the fortunate offspring of that marriage.

The dominion of Spain was extended into a new hemisphere, which had never yet been visited by the nations placed on our side of the planet. Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, obtained from the ministers of Isabella, after long solicitations and frequent repulses, three small barks and ninety men, with which he trusted himself to the unknown Atlantic. His timid and ignorant sailors repeatedly exclaimed, that he was carrying them beyond the appointed limits of nature, whence they could never return. Columbus resisted their clamours, and at the end of thirty-three days from the Canaries, showed them the island of Hispaniola, abounding in gold, and inhabited by a gentle race of men. In his subsequent voyages, undertaken with a more considerable force, he discovered many other islands, and saw the great continent of America, of whose existence he was already convinced from speculation.

The discoveries of Columbus were the effort of genius and courage; those of the Portuguese, the slow effect of time and industry. They sailed round the continent of Africa; found, by the Cape of Good Hope, a new and more independent route to the East Indies, and soon diverted the commerce of the east from Alexandria and Venice to Lisbon.

A new world was opened to the studious as well as to the active part of mankind. It was scarcely possible for the Italians to read Virgil and Cicero, without a desire of being acquainted with Homer, Plato, and Demosthenes. Their wishes were gratified by the assistance of many learned Greeks, who fled from the Turkish arms. The manuscripts which they had saved, or which were discovered in old libraries, were quickly diffused and multiplied by the useful invention of printing, which so much facilitated the acquisition of

knowledge. For some time, however, the genius of the Italians seemed overpowered by this sudden accession of learning. Instead of exercising their own reason, they acquiesced in that of the ancients; instead of transfusing into their native tongue the taste and spirit of the classics, they copied, with the most awkward servility, the language and ideas suited to an age so different from their own.

If we turn from letters to religion, the Christian must grieve, and the philosopher will smile. By a propensity natural to man, the multitude had easily relapsed into the grossest polytheism. The existence of a Supreme Being was indeed acknowledged; his mysterious attributes were minutely, and even indecently, canvassed in the schools; but he was allowed a very small share in the public worship, or the administration of the universe. The devotion of the people was directed to the Saints and the Virgin Mary, the delegates, and almost the partners, of his authority. From the extremities of Christendom thousands of pilgrims, laden with rich offerings, crowded to the temples and statues the most celebrated for their miraculous powers. New legends and new practices of superstition were daily invented by the interested diligence of the mendicant friars; and as this religion had scarcely any connexion with morality, every sin was expiated by penance, and every penance *indulgently* commuted into a fine. The popes, bishops, and rich abbots, careless of the public esteem, were soldiers, statesmen, and men of pleasure; yet even *such* dignified ecclesiastics blushed at the grosser vices of their inferior clergy.

ESSAY ON THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

The following is in French, in Mr. Gibbon's handwriting, on the back of the title-page of his own interleaved copy.

My friends made me publish this work, so to speak, in spite of myself. This hackneyed excuse of authors is not, however, such with me. My father wished me to publish it last winter. My youth, and a considerable stock of vanity, which renders me more sensitive to criticism than to praise, prevented me from acceding to his design. But being in the country with him in the month of March, he renewed his request in so pressing a manner, that I could not avoid it. Mr. Mallet introduced me to a bookseller named Becket, to whom I gave up my manuscript, agreeing for forty copies for myself.—Mr. Maty corrected the sheets. The printing of the work, which was commenced at the beginning of May, was not finished till the end of June, and my book was not published till towards the middle of the following month. Mr. Mallet took charge of the distribution of the greatest part of those which I wished to give as presents. The following is extracted from a letter he wrote me on the 9th of June, 1761:—

"Dear Sir,—I have executed the orders you gave me, and all the books have been delivered some days. Lord Chesterfield returns you his thanks, I expect, in writing, and have had Lady Harvey's in that manner. Lord Hardwicke, with his compliments for the book to himself, assured me he would send the other to his son, and recommend you to his acquaintance. Lord Egremont will be glad to know you, if ever you should think of a journey to Augsburg. I found Lord Granville reading you, after ten at night; his single approbation, which he assures you of, will go for more than that of a hundred other readers. I have gone further, in sending one copy to the Count de Caylus, another to the Duchess d'Aiguillon, and in giving a third to M. de Bussy."

TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.

Dear Sir,—No performance is, in my opinion, more contemptible than a dedication of the common sort; when some great man is presented with a book, which, if science be the subject, he is incapable of understanding; if polite literature, incapable of tasting: and this honour is done him as a reward for virtues which he neither does nor desires to possess. I know but two kinds of dedications which can do honour either to the patron or author. The first is, when an unexperienced writer addresses himself to a master of the art, in which he endeavours to excel; whose example he is ambitious of imitating; by whose advice he has been directed; or whose approbation he is anxious to deserve.

The other sort is yet more honourable. It is dictated by the heart, and offered to some person who is dear to us, because he ought to be so. It is an opportunity we embrace with pleasure of making public those sentiments of esteem, of friendship, of gratitude, or of all together, which we really feel, and which therefore we desire should be known.

I hope, dear sir, my past conduct will easily lead you to discover to what principle you should attribute this epistle; which, if it surprises, will, I hope, not displease you. If I am capable of producing any thing worthy the attention of the public, it is to you that I owe it; to that truly paternal care which, from the first dawnings of my reason, has always watched over my education, and afforded me every opportunity of improvement. Permit me here to express my grateful sense of your tenderness to me, and to assure you, that the study of my whole life shall be to acquit myself, in some measure, of obligations I can never fully repay.

I am, dear sir, with the sincerest affection and regard,

Your most dutiful son, and faithful servant,

E. GIBBON, junior.

May the 28th, 1761.

ADDRESS TO THE READER.

It is indeed an essay which I now bring to the light. I should wish to be acquainted with myself. My own prepossessions and

those of my friends would have inspired me with ideas too favourable towards it, had not my Apollo,* that secret voice which I cannot silence, often forewarned me to distrust their praises. Ought I to confine myself to receiving with gratitude the benefits conferred by those who have gone before me? Can I hope to add any thing to the common treasury of truths, or at least of ideas? I will endeavour to listen to the sentence of the public, and I shall hear it only to submit; without philippics against my times, without appeal to posterity.

The desire of vindicating a favourite study, that is, self-love a little disguised, gave rise to the following reflections. I wished to free an estimable science from the contempt under which it now languishes. It is true that the ancients are still read, but they are no longer studied. They are not looked at with that attention and that preparation of learning, which Cicero and Bossuet require of their readers. There are still persons of taste, but there are no literati; and those who know that literary men can forego pecuniary recompenses more easily than public esteem, will not be surprised at this.

This is, I repeat it, an essay; what is now to be read is not a finished treatise. I have contemplated literature under a few points which have particularly struck me. Several have, no doubt, escaped me; others I have neglected. I have not all entered on the vast field of the fine arts, of the beauties they borrow from literature, and of those they afford it. Why am I not a Caylus or a Spence?† Then would I raise an eternal monument to their alliance. In it should be seen the image of Jupiter developing itself in Homer's brain, and coming to lie beneath the chisel of Phidias. But I cannot, with Correggio, say to myself—"I, too, am a painter."

After having for two years kept back this little work, the amusement of my leisure in the country, I at last venture to lay it before the public. I need its indulgence both for the matter and the language. My youth gives me a just claim for the one, and my being a foreigner‡ renders the other exceedingly necessary.

April 16th, 1761.

LETTER TO THE AUTHOR.

I received, my dear sir, the sheets of your work, just wet from the press. The feeling which induced you to communicate them to me, has entered deeply into my heart. Ask not for my opinion again; it cannot but be partial.

But will the public have the eyes of a friend? Will this trial of your strength, this happy germ of more considerable works, be favourably received? Will it be spared? How natural this anxiety

* ————Cynthius aurem
Vellit et admonuit.

† Author of a work called Polymetis, in which the mythology of the poets is combined with that of the sculptors. This work, full of taste and learning, deserves to be better known in France.

‡ It will be recollected that the Essay was entirely a *French* work.

to a young author. It is to him an honour, to him only is it allowed. God forbid that you should for a long time lose that valuable mistrust of public approbation, which will place you in a condition to deserve it. If ever, when a practised writer, you take less pains, it will be because you know your judges better, and fear them less.

Would I deprive the young beauty the blush of that modesty which makes her distrust the value of her charms, and which will cease only when they are no more? No, sir, I do not seek to remove your fears; I enjoy your alarms; your judges are about to appear; arm yourself with intrepidity.

Can you believe that a man born to assist at the tumultuous meetings of parliament, and to destroy the foxes in his county, will be pardoned for discussing what was thought, two thousand years ago, about the divinities of Greece, and the early ages of Rome! What, not the least allusion to what is passing in our own days! A pamphlet treating neither of war nor commerce, where no boundaries are prescribed, no reduction proposed, no compliment paid to the prince, no lesson given to his ministers! Truly I wonder at you; and what, I ask, will be said about it in Hampshire?

Greek ought to be left to colleges and to plebeians. So have they decided among our neighbours, and the fashion threatens to become contagious. I know that Paris does not yet think herself disgraced by a Caylus and a Nivernois, and that your own island counts up with pleasure her Lyttletons, her Marchmonts, her Orrerys, her Baths, and her Granvilles. But you are young, and those whom I have now mentioned are suspected rather to belong to a past age. Your remarks are learned; but who can read them at Newmarket, or in Arthur's coffee-house?

"There is neither order nor connexion in it," says the offended mathematician. Do not be surprised, he will consider you a deserter. You have not awarded the apple to *his* Venus, and he judges of a work of taste, on the footing of Euclid's Elements.

Among your critics, I see the literary man himself. I will not say that you *think*, and leave to him the trouble of *compiling*. My respect for you is too great to allow me to filch this witticism from Voltaire. But your observations do not consist of corrections of passages. What verse of Aristophanes have you restored? On what manuscript do you rely? Besides, you look at some objects under a new or singular point of view. Your chronology is Newton's; you justify Virgil's anachronism; your gods are not *****'s. Tremble at his new edition; you will have a place in his notes.

I will not reproach you with the obscurity, shall I say, or the profundity of some of your thoughts, your abbreviated sentences, your bold figures. The Academic nation will be less merciful, and will ridicule any one who would apply to you one of your own remarks, and the modest avowal of the Roman orator, when reading over, at a mature age, a much applauded production of his youth. "Quantis illa clamoribus, adolescentuli," (he was six and twenty) "diximus de supplicio parricidarum! quæ nequaquam satis deferbuisse post aliquanto sentire cœpimus.....Sunt enim omnia, sicut adolescen-

tis, non tam re et maturitate, quam spe et expectatione, laudati." —Cicero, Orator. 29.

I have reserved the greatest of your crimes to the last. You are an Englishman, and you have chosen the language of your enemies. Old Cato groans aloud, and in his Antigallican Club denounces you, punch-bowl in hand, as an enemy to the country. "My dear friends," says he, "liberty is about to expire. This people, over whom we have always triumphed, regain by their artifices more than they are deprived of by our arms. Is it not enough that we have stage-dancers, hair-dressers, and cooks from Paris? that they drink in our island—yes, drink French wines,—that they read French books? Must it be? Good God! is it at the highest period of our glory that an Englishman should set this first example? must we *write* in their language?"

Against so grave an attack, what defence will you make? Will you find defenders where you have none but accomplices? Shall I dare to raise my voice—I, who, an Englishman only by choice, but not by birth, have not been able to naturalise my tongue so well as my heart?

Shall I say what Plutarch, who was nearly in the same situation as myself, would have said; that nothing was more empty than the prophecy of the snarling censor, that Greek would ruin his country, since, on the contrary, she rose to the highest pitch of glory and power, at the time when Grecian literature and foreign learning most flourished there;* that that people who, while they were free, placed their greatness in that only which constitutes the greatness of a nation, brought their grammarians, but not their generals, from Greece; while, on the other hand, Carthage drew thence her soldiers and her generals, and forbad the use of the language;† that Flaminius, Scipio, Cato himself——but, like them, I speak Greek to your accuser. He is equally ignorant that Cicero was initiated at Athens, and that the name of Chesterfield is found in the registers of a celebrated academy at Paris; he would swear that our Henrys and our Edwards never spoke, or at least never read French; and if I pressed him close, he would perhaps maintain that the King of Prussia would have been, ere this, master of Vienna, had he not written, in Voltaire's style, the Memoirs of the House of Brandenburgh.

Nothing, undoubtedly, is more dishonourable than to despise one's own language. But is it despised if every other is not excluded? Cicero, who wrote the history of his own consulship in Greek, preferred, it seems, that language; though he never had a rival in his own, thought the Latin, perhaps through prejudice, more copious than the Greek,‡ and, if he did not make it such, yet extended the boundaries of its dominion further than Cæsar did those of the republic.

Were it true that the unsociable genius of different languages prevents a person who wishes to reconcile them, from excelling in any, it would undoubtedly be wrong to run the risk of corrupting the purity of that one which is natural to us, without any hope of succeeding in that which is not. But experience is far from confirming

* Plutarch, Life of Cato the Censor. † Justin. xx. 5. ‡ De Finibus, lib. 3.

this pretended fear of admixtures; never did the Romans write better Latin than on coming out of the Greek academies. That piece of Cicero's which I have mentioned has probably enhanced the value of Sallust's Latin masterpieces; and had it not been for Polybius's history, reviewed by the hero* who had been his disciple, we should perhaps never have had either Livy or Tacitus.

Every language, when complete within itself, is limited. Your own, more than any other, has been enriching by borrowing. Is it impossible but that it may be rendered softer by Italian, more comprehensive by German, more precise and regular by French! Like those lakes whose waters grow purer and clearer by mixture and agitation with those they receive from neighbouring rivers, so modern tongues can only live by intercommunication, and I might venture to say, by their reciprocal clashings.

No, it is not from the author who exercises his pen in writing with purity a foreign language, that his own has to fear an injurious alteration. The degree of perfection to which it may attain is his object, and analogy is his rule. He is too well acquainted with the treasures of his own tongue, to load it with words uselessly transplanted. He has studied its character, and will not indulge himself in forced constructions under the pretext of causing himself to be read. Respecting even its singularities, he knows that a long continued custom requires delicacy of management, and that a sensible man never distinguishes himself most in this way, and is very rarely the first to do so.

Who, then, are the real corrupters of languages? Those little witlings, who, destitute of new ideas, can distinguish themselves only by their neologian jargon; those young travellers who from Paris, which they have badly seen, bring back and put in circulation the ephemeral expression which they have not understood; and, more insignificant perhaps than either, those half scholars who think they give relief to their paradoxes, and variety to their style, by the introduction of barbarous synonymes, the sense of which they have, perhaps with difficulty, found out in the dictionary.

Seldom does a foreigner succeed in writing in a foreign language in such a manner as not to be detected. But why should it not be so? Lucullus need not have affected Latinisms for fear of being taken for a Greek; and I do not suppose you pride yourself on being with more difficulty recognised for a Briton, than Lucullus for a Roman. But this very circumstance will give you additional merit in the eyes of the French. They will remark a word or an expression foreign to their language, and perhaps wish it were not so. Those striking features, those bold metaphors, that sacrifice of regularity to sentiment and of harmony to strength, will to them be characteristics of the originality of a nation which deserves to be studied, and which is continually being studied more and more. The individuality of the author will not escape their notice, and they will know how to discriminate between what your island owes to you, and what you owe to your island.

* Scipio Africanus.

When a person is acquainted with but one language, he can know foreign authors only by translations. Is this enough to judge of them by? Shall I be satirising those who devote themselves to the laborious task of translating, if I affirm that their least defect is that of depriving us of the national and personal character of their authors? Oh! why have not these authors themselves written, even though badly, in another language? My own expression is the accompaniment of my thoughts; you, who translate me, do you feel what I feel? Montaigne would always be Montaigne, even if he had himself dressed his essays in English; and I should esteem one book of Milton's, written in French or Italian by Milton himself, twenty times as much as the elegant translations of Boccaccio and Rolli.

If, in your so happily isolated country, some persons, jealous of the universality acquired by the French language on the continent, should complain that you have broken through the last barrier opposed to the inundation; let them allow me not to regard it as so great a misfortune, that one common tongue should increasingly unite the states of Europe, should facilitate ministerial conferences, should prevent long negotiations and equivocal treaties, should make peace to be desired, and render it more precious and more durable. The first step to be made towards agreement is to understand each other.

You, sir, have just set a great example. In the midst of the successes of your arms, you have honoured the literature of your enemies. This last triumph is the most noble. May it become general and reciprocal, and may the time come, when different nations, the scattered members of the same family, rising above the petty distinctions of English, French, Germans, and Russians, shall merit the appellation of *men*.

I have the honour to be, sir, with sentiments which depend on no climate and on no time, your very obedient, humble servant,

British Museum, June 16th, 1761. M. Maty.

ESSAY ON THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

I. The history of empires is the record of human misery; the history of the sciences is that of the greatness and happiness of mankind. If this last branch of study should be, for a thousand considerations, esteemed precious in the eyes of a philosopher, the reflection now made should render it dear to every philanthropist.

II. Oh, that so comfortable a truth were entirely free from exception! But, alas! human nature penetrates but too often into the scholar's study. In that refuge of wisdom it is still led astray by prejudice, agitated by passion, and debased by weakness.

The reign of fashion is founded on the fickleness of mankind; an empire so frivolous in its origin, so direful in its effects. The man of letters dares not rebel against its authority, and if his reasonings delay his defeat, they render it at least more disgraceful.

Every age and country has seen some particular science made the object of a preference, often undeserved, while other branches of study languish in as unreasonable a neglect. Metaphysics and dialectics under Alexander's successors,* politics and eloquence in the Roman republic, history and poetry in the Augustan age, grammar and jurisprudence under the Lower Empire, scholastic philosophy in the thirteenth century, and literature down to the days of our fathers, have in their turns formed the objects of men's admiration and contempt. Physics and mathematics are at present on the throne of power; they behold their sister sciences prostrate before them, chained to their car, or, at the most, reserved to adorn their triumph. Perhaps the period of *their* downfall is not far distant.

It would be worthy the attention of a clever man to follow this revolution through the religious governments and manners which have successively misled, devastated, and corrupted mankind. Let him take great care not to seek for a system, but let him be still more careful not to endeavour to avoid it.

III. Had not the Greeks been slaves, the Latins would still have been barbarians. Constantinople fell before the sword of Mahomet. The Medici entertained the desolated Muses. They encouraged literature; Erasmus did more, he cultivated it. Homer and Cicero penetrated into countries unknown to Alexander and unconquered by the Romans. Those ages found the ancients well worthy of study and of admiration;† our own thinks it more easy to be ignorant of and despise them. They are, I think, both of them right. The warrior then read them in his tent, the statesman studied them in his cabinet. Even that sex which, content with the graces, leaves intellectual illumination to ours, adorned the example of a Delia, and hoped in their lovers to find a Tibullus. Elizabeth (this name is all in all to Le Sage) learned in Herodotus how to defend the rights of mankind against a second Xerxes, and on terminating her battles saw

* This was the age of philosophical sects, who combated for the different systems of their respective masters with all the acrimony of theologians.

The love of system necessarily produces an attachment to generalisations, which usually leads to a contempt of the details of knowledge.

"The love of system," says M. Freret, "which took possession of men's minds after the time of Aristotle, induced the Greeks to abandon the study of nature, and put a stop to the progress of their philosophical discoveries. Subtle methods of reasoning took the place of experience; the exact sciences, geometry, astronomy, and real philosophy almost entirely disappeared. They were no longer occupied in carefully acquiring fresh knowledge, but in the arrangement and mutual connexion of that which they believed they already possessed, in order to form systems out of it. This gave rise to the formation of the different sects; minds of the highest order were spent in the abstractions of an obscure system of metaphysics, where most frequently words were substituted for things: or in the dialectic logic, which, though called by Aristotle the instrument of the mind, often became with its disciples the principal and almost sole object of their attention. The whole period of life was passed in studying the art of reasoning and in never reasoning, or at least in reasoning only about fantastical objects.—*Mémoires de l'Academie des Belles Lettres*, tom. vi. p. 159.

† Turn over the Bibliotheca Latina of Fabricius, that prince of compilers. You will there find, that within forty years after the discovery of printing, almost all the Latin authors had been printed, and some even more than once. It is true that the editors' taste was not equal to their zeal. The authors of the Augustan History appeared before Livy; and Aulus Gellius was brought out before they thought of Virgil.

herself celebrated by Æschylus * under the name of the victors at Salamis.†

If Christina preferred knowledge to the government of a kingdom, she may be despised by the politician and blamed by the philosopher, but the man of letters will cherish her memory. This queen studied the ancients; she esteemed their interpreters. She distinguished by her favours that Salmasius who neither deserved the admiration paid him by his contemporaries, nor the contempt which we force ourselves to heap upon him.

IV. Undoubtedly she carried her admiration for these scholars too far. Though often their defender, yet never their blind advocate, I shall without difficulty acknowledge that their manners were gross, their labours sometimes trifling, and that their minds, drowned in pedantic erudition, commented on what ought to have been felt, and compiled instead of reasoning. They were sufficiently enlightened to perceive the utility of their investigations, but they were neither rational nor polite enough to understand that these researches might have been guided by the torch of philosophy.

V. The day was about to dawn. Descartes was not a man of letters, but literature is under deep obligations to him. An intelligent philosopher,‡ who inherited his method of reasoning, thoroughly investigated the true principles of criticism. Le Bossu, Boileau, Rapin, and Brumoy, taught mankind a better acquaintance with the value of the treasures in their possession. One of those societies which have better immortalised Louis XIV. than an ambition which was often destructive to mankind, had already begun those researches in which are united discrimination, agreeableness, and erudition; wherein are found so many discoveries; and sometimes that which is scarcely inferior to discoveries, a modest and learned ignorance.

Had men been as rational in their actions as in their words, literature would then have become the object of admiration to the vulgar, and of esteem to the wise.

VI. From this period is to be dated the commencement of its decay. Le Clerc, to whom eulogiums are due both from liberty and science, complained of it so long as sixty years ago. But it received its death wound in the famous dispute between the ancients and the moderns. Never was there so unequal a strife. The exact reasoning of Terrasson, the acute philosophy of Fontenelle, the happy and elegant style of La Motte, the light jesting of St. Hyacinthe, all laboured in concert to reduce Homer to the level of Chapelain. Their adversaries opposed to them only an attachment to minutiæ,

* Æschylus wrote a tragedy, the Persæ, in which he has depicted in most vivid colours, the glory of the Greeks and the consternation of the Persians after the battle of Salamis. See Le Théâtre des Grecs du Père Brumoy, tom. ii. p. 171.

† Let us listen to the President Henault; "This princess was learned; one day, while conversing with Calignon, who was subsequently Chancellor of Navarre, she showed him a Latin translation she had been making of some of Sophocles' tragedies, and two orations of Demosthenes. She allowed him to take a copy of a Greek epigram of her own composition, and asked his opinion of some passages of Lycophron, which she was then upon, and portions of which she wished to translate."—*Abrégé Chronologique*, 4to. Paris, 1752, p. 307.

‡ M. le Clerc, in his excellent Ars Critica, and several other works.

some indefinite pretensions to superiority on the part of the ancients, prejudices, railings, and quotations. The whole of the ridicule lay on them; some of it rebounded from them on those ancients whose cause they had undertaken; and among that amiable nation which has, without being aware of it, adopted Lord Shaftesbury's principle, there is no distinction between the ridiculous and the wrong.

Since that time it has been matter of astonishment to our philosophers, that men could pass a whole life in collecting facts and words, and in loading the memory instead of enlightening the mind. Our geniuses have perceived what advantages will accrue to them from the ignorance of their readers. They have loaded the ancients and those who still continue to study them with contempt.*

VII. To this sketch I should wish to add a few reflections, which may fix the correct value of the Belles Lettres.

The examples of great men prove nothing. Cassini, before regulating the courses of the planets, thought he could read in them the destiny of mankind.† Nevertheless, when those examples are considerable in number, they give a prepossession before examination, and a confirmation after. It is seen at once, that a genius capable of reasoning, and an imagination, brilliant and vivid, will not have a taste for a branch of knowledge utterly unworthy of attention. Out of the number of men who have enlightened the world, several have devoted themselves to the study of literature; many have cultivated it; none, or almost none, have contemned it. The whole of antiquity was unveiled to Grotius' eyes: enlightened by its illumination, he unfolded the sacred oracles, combated ignorance and superstition, and softened the horrors of war. If Descartes, exclusively devoted to his philosophy, despised every study which had no relation to it, Newton‡ did not disdain to construct a system of chronology, which has had some partizans and many admirers. Gassendi, the most philosophic among literati, and the most literary among philosophers, explained Epicurus as a critic, and defended him as a naturalist; and Leibnitz passed from his immense researches into history to the investigation of infinitesimals. If his edition of Martianus Capella had seen the light, his example would have justified the cultivators of literature, while his knowledge would have instructed them.§ Bayle's Dictionary will be an immortal monu-

* This study has been deprived of the name of *Belles Lettres*, and has been called *erudition* instead. Our literary men are now become *erudite*. See La Motte and D'Alembert.

The Abbé Massieu regarded this last expression as neologian in 1721. (Massieu, in his preface to Toureil's Works.) Will he change his tone now? It would ill become a stranger to decide. I am well acquainted with the rights of great authors over language, but I wish that after having acknowledged that an *erudite* may have taste, knowledge, and penetration of mind, (D'Alembert, article *Erudition*, in the Encyclopédie Française), they would not employ the term to designate a servile admirer of the ancients, the blinder because he has seen every thing excepting their excellences and beauties. (D'Alembert, in the preliminary discourse to the Encyclopédie and elsewhere.)

See Fontenelle, in his Digression on the Ancients and Moderns, and elsewhere. Gresset's Works, vol. ii. p. 45.

† Fontenelle, in his eulogium.

‡ Newton reformed the common chronology, and found errors in it of five or six hundred years. See my critical remarks on this Chronology.

§ Life of Leibnitz by De Neufville, at the beginning of his Theodicæa.

ment of the strength and fertility of erudition when combined with genius.

VIII. If we pay attention exclusively to those who have consecrated the whole of their labours to literature, real connoisseurs will always be able to distinguish and appreciate the delicate and comprehensive mind of Erasmus, the precision of Casaubon and Gerard Vossius, the vivacity of Justus Lipsius, the acuteness and taste of Taneguy le Febvre, the fertile resources of Isaac Vossius, the bold penetration of Bentley, the agreeableness of Massieu and Fraguier, the solid and enlightened criticism of Sallier, and the deeply philosophic minds of Le Clerc and Freret. They will not confound these great men with mere compilers, a Gruterus, a Salmasius, a Masson, and so many others; men who are indeed useful by their labours, but who never deserve our admiration, who rarely gratify our taste, and who sometimes simply demand our esteem.

IX. The ancient authors have left models for those who dare to follow in their steps. They are teachers of others, who may learn from them the principles of good taste, and may occupy their leisure with the study of these precious productions, where truth is only seen under the ornaments afforded by all the treasures of imagination. Poets and orators ought to depict nature; all creation may furnish them with colours; but amid all this immense variety, the images to be made use of may be arranged under three classes; man, nature, and art. The images of the first species, the picture of human nature, of its excellences, littlenesses, passions, and changes, are those which most certainly conduct their describers to immortality. New beauties are discovered at every successive perusal of Euripides or Terence. Still, it is not to the often defective plot of their pieces, nor to the concealed ingenuity of their happy simplicity, that these poets owe their fame. The heart recognises its own image in their correct and inartificial delineations, and views the reflection of itself with delight.

Nature, vast as it is, has furnished the poets with but few ideas. Restricted, either by their design or by the prejudice of mankind to its mere outside shell, they have been able to depict only the successive variations of the seasons, a sea wrought up by tempests, or the zephyrs of spring breathing pleasure and love. A small number of geniuses quickly exhausted these subjects.

X. Art still remained. By art I mean all that by which man has adorned or disfigured nature; religions, governments, and customs. They have all made use of them, and it must be acknowledged that they were all justified in doing so. Their fellow citizens and contemporaries heard them without pain, and read them with pleasure. They delighted in finding once more, in the works of the great men belonging to their nation, all that had rendered their ancestors illustrious, all they regarded as sacred, and all they practised as useful.

XI. The manners of the ancients were more favourable to poetry than our own: this forms a strong presumption that they surpassed us in it.

In proportion as the arts attain greater perfection, the means made use of become more simplified. In war, politics, and religion, the greatest effects have been produced by the simplest means. Undoubtedly the Maurices and Cumberlands * understood the art of war better than the Achilles and Ajaxes.

"Tels ne parurent point aux rives de Scamandre,
Sous ces murs tant vantés que Pyrrhus mit en cendre,
Ces antiques héros qui, montés sur un char,
Combattaient en désordre et marchaient au hazard."†

Œuvres de Voltaire, tom. ii. p. 300.

Nevertheless, are the French poet's battles as diversified as those of the Greek? Are his heroes as interesting? All those single combats of the chiefs, those long discourses with the dying, those unexpected rencounters, prove the infancy of the art; yet afford to the poet the means of making us acquainted with his heroes, and of interesting us in their destiny. At the present day, armies are but vast machines animated by the general's breath. The Muse refuses to describe their manœuvres, and dares not pierce through the cloud of smoke and dust, that hides from her eyes both the brave and the coward, the soldier and the chief.

XII. The ancient republics of Greece were ignorant of the first principles of good government. The people met in tumultuous assemblies, to decide rather than to deliberate. Their factions were furious and lasting, their seditions horrible and frequent, their best days full of distrust, envy, and confusion;‡ their citizens were wretched, but their writers, having their imagination warmed by these frightful objects, depicted them from their own perceptions. The tranquil administration of the laws, those salutary decrees which, issuing from the cabinet of a monarch, or the councils of an oligarchy, spread happiness over a nation, excite in the poet nothing but admiration, the coldest of all the passions.

XIII. Ancient mythology, which infused animation into all nature, extended its influence over the poet's pen. Inspiring the muse, it sang the attributes, adventures, and misfortunes of the gods. That Infinite Being, disclosed to us by religion and philosophy, is above its songs; the sublime becomes puerile before Him. The "Fiat" of Moses strikes our minds;§ but reason cannot follow the labours

* I have not sought to pay a compliment to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, whose birth and rank I profoundly respect, without daring to appreciate his military talents. If it be recollected that the following verses are extracted from the poem on the battle of Fontenoy, it will be seen that M. Voltaire is the speaker rather than myself. I do not think this observation unnecessary. Men of genius have been deceived in this affair.

† Such were not, 'neath Troy's famous wall,
(By Pyrrhus' torch ordain'd to fall,)
Such were not on Scamander's shore
Those ancient heroes seen of yore,
Who, reckless, drove their cars along,
And fought in one tumultuous throng.

‡ See the third book of Thucydides; Diodorus Siculus, almost everywhere from the 11th to the 20th book; the Abbé Terrasson's preface to the third volume of his translation of Diodorus Siculus; and Hume's Political Essays, p. 191.

§ See the treatises of Huet and Despréaux, in the third volume of the works of the latter.

of that Deity, who without effort, without instruments, shakes into dust millions of worlds; and the imagination cannot with pleasure behold the devils in Milton, fighting for two days against the armies of the Omnipotent.*

The ancients understood their advantages, and employed them with success. Those master-pieces which still command our admiration, afford the best evidence of this.

XIV. But we, situated beneath another sky, born in another age, must necessarily lose all those beauties, for want of placing ourselves in the same point of view as that occupied by the Greeks and Romans. A minute acquaintance with their times is the only way that can conduct us thither. A few superficial ideas, a little information snatched from a commentary at the time of need, will enable us only to catch the most palpable and apparent excellences; all the more refined elegances of their works will escape us; and we shall esteem their contemporaries to be destitute of taste in having lavished praises on them, the justness of which our ignorance prevents us from seeing. A knowledge of antiquity is our best commentary; but that spirit which results from it is yet more necessary; a temper of mind which not only gives us the knowledge of things, but also makes us familiar with them, and confers on us, with regard to them, the eyes of the ancients. The famous example of Perrault, may serve to make my meaning understood. The grossness of the heroic ages shocked the Parisian's feelings; in vain did Boileau remonstrate with him, that Homer wished and ought to depict the Greeks, and not the French; his mind was convinced but not persuaded.† A taste for antiquity (I mean for conventional ideas) would have enlightened him more than all his adversary's instructions.

XV. I have just said that reason authorised this artificial imagery; but at the tribunal of the love of glory, I know not whether the same decision will pass. We are all fond of fame, but nothing can be more various than the degrees and natures of our love for it. Each man differs from the rest in his mode of attachment to it. This author prefers the praises of his contemporaries; death puts a termination to all his hopes and fears; the tomb that encloses his body may, for what he cares, bury his name. Such a man will, without scruple, make use of ideas familiar only to those critics whose applause he desires. Another leaves his name as a legacy to the most remote posterity;‡ he is pleased to think that, a thousand years after his death, the Indian on the banks of the Ganges, or the Laplander in the midst of the ice-fields, will read his works, and envy the age and country that witnessed his existence.

* We feel astonished at the golden compass with which, according to Milton, the Creator measures out the universe. In him perhaps it is puerile; in Homer it would have been sublime. Our philosophic ideas of the Deity are detrimental to the poet: the very ornaments which would have adorned the Grecian Jupiter, disfigure Him. The fine genius of Milton is continually at variance with his religious system, and never appears so magnificent as when it assumes a little unrestrained freedom; while Propertius, a cool, feeble declaimer, owes his fame entirely to the laughable spectacle of his mythology.

† See M. Despréaux's Remarks on Longinus.

‡ Mallet's Life of Bacon, p. 27.

He who writes for all mankind, should draw only from the sources common to all; the human heart and the objects in nature. Vanity alone can induce him to pass these limits. He may presume that the beauty of his writings will always secure him a number of Burmans, who will labour to explain him, and admire him still more because they have explained him.

XVI. Not only does the character of the author exercise an influence in this respect over his conduct, but also the nature of his work. The higher walks of poetry, the epic, tragic, and lyric, more rarely make use of these images than comedy and satire; because, while the former depict the passions, the latter delineate manners. Horace and Plautus are almost unintelligible to those who have not learned to live and think after the manner of the Romans. Plautus's rival, the elegant Terence, is better understood, because he has sacrificed pleasantry to good taste, while Plautus, on the contrary, has immolated decency at the altar of humour. Terence thought he was representing the Athenians; his plays are Greek in everything but the language.* Plautus knew he was speaking to Romans, and in him, whether at Thebes, Athens, or Calydon, the laws, manners, and even edifices, are Roman.†

XVII. In the heroic poets, manners, though they do not form the groundwork of their pictures, yet often ornament the distance. It is impossible to understand the design, art, and details of Virgil, without being thoroughly acquainted with the history, laws, and religion of the Romans, the geography of Italy, the character of Augustus, and the singular and unparalleled relation in which that prince stood to the senate and people.‡ Nothing could be more striking and interesting to that nation, than the contrast between straw-thatched Rome, containing three thousand citizens within its walls,§ and that same Rome, the capital of the universe, whose houses were palaces, whose citizens were princes, whose provinces were empires. Since Florus had been able to seize this contrast, it may be easily believed that Virgil had not overlooked it. He paints with the hand of a master. Evander conducts his guest to that village where all, even the monarch, breathes the air of rusticity.

* See Terentii Eunuchus, act i. scene 1. Heauton, act i. scene 1.

The Cupedinarii of whom Terence speaks, do not militate against this remark. This word (even if Salmasius' conjecture be not adopted) had from a proper name become an appellative. See Ter. Eunuch. Act ii. scene 2.

† Amphytrion, Act i. scene 1. "Quid faciam nunc, si Tresviri me in carcerem compegerint," &c.

‡ See M. de la Blétérie's Dissertations on the power of the Emperors, Mémoires de l'Académie des Belles Lettres, tom. xix. p. 357—457, tom. xxi. p. 299, &c., tom. xxiv. p. 261, &c. and p. 279, &c.

§ Varro de Linguâ Latinâ, lib. iv.; Dionysius Halicarnasseus, lib. xi. p. 76; Plutarch in Romulo.

‖ These are his words; "Sora (quis credat?) et Algidum terrori fuerunt. Satricum et Corniculum provinciæ. De Verulis et Bovillis pudet; sed triumphavimus. Tibur nunc suburbanum, et æstivè, Præneste deliciæ, nuncupatis in capitolio votis petebantur. Idem tunc Fæsulæ, quod Carræ nuper; idem nemus Aricinum, quod Hercynius saltus: Fregellæ quod Gessoriacum; Tiberis quod Euphrates. Coriolos quòque, proh pudor! victos, adeò gloriæ fuisse ut captum oppidum Caius Marcius Coriolanus, quasi Numantiam aut Africam, nomini induerit, extant; et parta de Antio spolia, quos Mœnius in

He explains its antiquities, and the poet skilfully affords us a hint of the destiny for which this village, the future Capitol, hidden by brambles, was reserved.* How striking is the picture! How vivid is the contrast to a man well acquainted with antiquity! How dull is it in the eyes of him who brings to the reading of Virgil no other preparation than a natural taste, and some knowledge of the Latin language!

XVIII. The better a person understands antiquity, the more will he admire this poet's ingenuity. His subject was slender enough; the flight of a band of exiles, the fightings of a few peasants, and the establishment of a paltry village, comprehend all the boasted labours of the pious Æneas. But the poet has ennobled them, and in doing so has known how to render them still more interesting. By an illusion too refined not to escape the notice of the generality of readers, and too felicitous to be displeasing to competent judges, he embellishes the manners of the heroic ages, but while he adorns, does not disguise them.† The pastoral Latinus and the seditious Turnus are transformed into mighty monarchs. All Italy trembles for the fate of her liberty. Æneas triumphs over gods and men. Moreover, Virgil knew how to throw all the Roman glory over the Trojans. The founder of Rome casts the founder of Lavinium into the shade. It is a kindling fire; soon it will envelope the whole world in its flames. Æneas, (if I may be allowed the expression,) contains within himself the germ of all his descendants. When besieged in his camp, he recalls to our minds Cæsar at Alexia.‡ We do not divide our admiration.

aggestu fori, captâ hostium classi, suffixit; si tamen illa, classis; nam sex fuêre ostratæ. Sed hic numerus illis initiis navale bellum fuit." (L. Annæi Flori, lib. i. ap. 11.) Propertius had a glimpse of the same idea, but confusedly:—

"Cossus at insequitur Veientis cæde Tolumni,
Vincere dum Veios posse laboris erat.
Necdum ultra Tiberim, belli sonus, ultima præda
Nomentum, et captæ jugera terna Coræ."

Propertii Elegiæ, lib. iv. eleg. 11, ver. 23.

But in the whole tirade he mingles two ideas, which are very different in their essences and consequences. The comparison of Rome flourishing with Rome newly founded, penetrates the mind with a feeling of magnificence and pleasure. Whereas, those uncultivated wastes where the ruins of the ancient Veii could with difficulty be discovered, inspire the thoughts with a tender melancholy.

* Virgil, Æneid, lib. viii. v. 185—370.

Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit,
Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis.
——————— armenta videbant
Romanoque foro et lautis mugire Carinis.

† Nothing is more difficult than for an author brought up in luxury, to describe simplicity of manners without meanness. If you read Penelope's Letter, in Ovid, you will be disgusted by the same rusticity which in Homer is delightful. Read Mademoiselle de Scudéry, and you will be disagreeably surprised at meeting with the pomp of the palace of Louis XIV. at the court of Tomyris. To catch the spirit of manners, it is necessary to live among them. Reflection supplied the place of experience to Virgil, and perhaps to Fenelon. They were aware that it was necessary to decorate them a little, to please the fastidious delicacy of their readers; but they also knew that they would shock that delicacy itself, were they to overload them with ornaments.

‡ I ought to have said Alesia. Alexia is an erroneous reading of some editions of the Commentaries; but the most ancient manuscripts always have Alesia, in agreement with other authors. Notice de l'Ancienne Gaule, par M. d'Anville, p. 49.

Never does Virgil better employ this sort of art than when descending with his hero to the infernal regions, his imagination appears untrammeled. He there creates no new or fantastic beings. Romulus and Brutus, Scipio and Cæsar, are there seen exactly such as Rome admired or dreaded them.

XIX. The Georgics are always read with that vivid taste which is due to the beautiful, and with that delicious pleasure, which is inspired by their agreeable subject into every sensible and well cultivated mind. That admiration is, however, increased, when their author's design is found to be as exalted as its execution is beautiful. I always take my model from Virgil. His elegant verses and the precepts of his friend Horace fixed the Romans' taste, and may prove instructive to the most remote posterity. But to explain my ideas properly, it is necessary to draw them from some little distance.

XX. The first Romans fought for glory and for their country. After the siege of Veii,* they received a trifling stipend, and sometimes rewards after the triumphs;† but they regarded them as a favour and not as a debt. When the war was finished, each soldier became a citizen, retired into his cottage and hung up his now useless arms, ready to resume them at the first signal.

When Sylla restored peace to the republic, affairs were greatly changed. More than three hundred thousand men, accustomed to slaughter and luxury, without property, country, or principles, looked for recompenses. Had the dictator paid them in money according to the rate afterwards settled by Augustus, they would have cost him more than thirty-two millions of our money,‡ an immense sum in the most prosperous times, but at that period greatly above the means of the republic. Sylla took a course dictated more by necessity and by his own private interest, than by a regard to the welfare of the state. He conferred lands on the soldiers. Forty-seven legions were dispersed up and down Italy.

* Livy, lib. iv. cap. 59, 60.

† Livy, lib. xxx. cap. 45, &c. Arbuthnot's Tables, p. 181, &c.

‡ This rate was 3000 drachmas, or 12,000 sesterces, for the private legionary soldier, (Dion. Cassius, lib. liv.; Lipsii Ex. ad lib. i. Annalium Taciti C.), twice as much for a cavalry soldier, or for a centurion, and four times as much for a tribune, (Wotton's History of Rome, p. 154.) The Roman legion, after its augmentation by Marius (Rosini Antiq. p. 964), consisted of six thousand infantry, and three hundred horse. This vast body had but sixty-six officers, viz. sixty centurions and six tribunes. The following is the calculation :—

282,000 Legionaries at 3000 drachmas, or 12,000 sesterces, or £105 sterling, each	£28,905,000
2820 Centurions, and 14,100 cavalry, at 6000 drachmas, or £210 each	3,468,600
282 Tribunes at 12,000 drachmas, or £420 each	115,650
Total	£32,489,220

According to Mr. Arbuthnot's calculations, this sum would only amount to £30,705,220, the drachma being worth 7¾d. English (Arbuthnot's Tables, p. 15); but according to some investigations I have made, the Attic drachma of the later times, equal to the Roman denarius both in weight and value, was worth 8½*d.* sterling. (See my manuscript remarks on the weights, &c. of the ancients; Hooper, p. 108; and Eisenschmidt, p. 23, &c.)

Four and twenty military colonies were founded.* This was a ruinous expedient: if they were mingled with the other inhabitants, they quitted their habitations to meet each other again; if they were left united in a body, the first seditious rebel found in them an army all ready made.† These veteran warriors, tired of repose, and thinking it beneath them to acquire by the sweat of their brow what might be procured at the mere expense of a little blood,‡ dissipated their new property in debauchery, and hoping for safety only in a civil war, powerfully aided Catiline's designs. § Augustus, embarrassed by the same difficulties, followed the same plan, and feared from it the same results. Unhappy Italy still smoked

"With fires by her dying freedom lit." ‖

The hardy veterans had bought their possessions only at the expense of a bloody war, and their frequent acts of violence sufficiently showed that they still fancied their weapons were in their hands.¶

XXI. What then could be more conformable with the mild policy of Augustus, than to employ his friend's melodious songs to reconcile them to their new condition? Therefore did he advise him to compose this work.

> Da facilem cursum, atque audacibus annue cœptis;
> Ignarosque viæ mecum miseratus agrestes,
> Ingredere; et votis jam nunc assuesce vocari.
>
> Virgil. Georgic. lib. i. v. 40.

Agriculture had, however, been treated of by more than fifty Greek authors;** Cato's and Varro's treatises were surer, more minute, and more exact guides than a poet could possibly be. But was it not more necessary to confer on soldiers a taste for rustic repose, than to instruct them in the knowledge of husbandry? From thence arise all those affecting descriptions of the innocent pleasures enjoyed by the peasant, his sports, his fireside, his delightful seclusion, as opposed to the frivolous amusements of other men, and to their business still more trifling than their amusements.

In this description, there are striking and unexpected features, sly and happy hits, which show that Virgil possessed a talent for satire which he was prevented from cultivating only by more exalted views and by the goodness of his disposition.†† What veteran would not recognise himself in old Corycius? ‡‡ Accustomed, like them, to arms in his younger days, he at last found happiness

* Livy, lib. lxxxix.; Epitome Freinsheim. Suppl. lib. lxxxix. cap. 34.
Respecting the particular of military colonies, the Cenotaphia Pisana of Cardinal Norris may be consulted; the second chapter of his first dissertation contains very instructive details on this subject.

† Taciti Annales, lib. xiv. p. 249, edit. Lipsii.

‡ Tacitus de Moribus Germanorum, p. 441.

§ Sallust in Bello Catilinario, p. 40; Cicero in Catilinam, Oratio ii. cap. 9.

‖ Racine, Mithridates, Act iii. scene 1.

¶ See Donatus in Vitâ Virgilii; Virgil, Eclogue ix. v. 2, &c.

** Varro de Re Rusticâ, lib. i. cap. 1.

†† Hic petit excidiis urbem, miserosque penates,
Ut gemmâ bibat, et Sarrano dormiat ostro, &c.
Virg. Georg. lib. ii. v. 505, et seq.

‡‡ Virg. Georg. lib. iv. v. 125, et seq.

in a wild retreat, which he had by his labours transformed into a paradise.*

The inhabitants of Italy, weary of dragging on a life filled by so many well-founded fears, deploring with Virgil the calamities of the times, and complaining that they saw their prince carried away by the violence of the veterans,

> Ut cùm carceribus sese effudêre quadrigæ,
> Addunt in spatio, et frustra retinacula tendens
> Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.
>
> Virg. Georg. lib. i. v. 512.

then recommenced their labours with the hope of a renewal of the golden age.

XXII. According to my ideas, then, Virgil is not a mere author describing country pursuits. He is a second Orpheus, who only touches his lyre to make wild beasts lay aside their ferocity, and to unite them in the bonds of morality and law.†

His poetry did accomplish this wondrous effect. The veterans became insensibly accustomed to repose. They peacefully passed the thirty years which elapsed before Augustus had, not without difficulty, established a military chest to pay them in money.‡

XXIII. Aristotle, who enlightened the darkness of nature and art, was the father of criticism. Time, whose slow but sure justice at last replaces error by truth, has broken the philosopher's statues, but has confirmed the critic's decisions. Destitute of observations, he laid down chimeras as facts. Educated in Plato's school, and by the writings of Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, and Thucydides, he drew his rules from the nature of things and from a knowledge of the human heart. He has illustrated them by examples taken from the most perfect models.

Two thousand years have elapsed since Aristotle's time. Critics have brought their art to perfection. Still, they are not yet agreed as to the object of their labours. A Le Clerc, a Cousin, a Desmaiseaux, and a Sainte Marthe § all offer us different definitions of it. For my own part, I think they are all too indefinite or too arbitrary. Criticism is, in my opinion, the art of judging of authors and their works. What they have said, whether they have said it well, and whether they have spoken truth.‖ Under the first of these branches is included grammar, a knowledge of languages and manuscripts, the discrimination of supposititious works, and the restoration of corrupted passages. Under the second is comprehended the whole theory of poetry and eloquence. The third opens an immense field,

* He was one of the pirates to whom Pompey had given land. See Servius in loco, and Velleius Paterculus, lib. ii. p. 56.

† Sylvestres homines sacer interpresque Deorum
Cædibus et victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus;
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rabidosque leones.
Horace, Ars Poetica, v. 391.

‡ Tillemont, Histoire des Empereurs; Taciti Annales, lib. i. p. 39; Dionysius, lib. iv. p. 565; Suetonius in Augustum, cap. 49.

§ Le Clerc, Ars Critica, lib. i. cap. 1.

‖ This *truth* must be confined to historical truth, the correctness of their testimony, not that of their opinions. This last sort of truth belongs rather to the province of logic than to that of criticism.

the critical examination of facts. The whole tribe of critics may, then, be divided into grammatical, rhetorical, and historical critics. The exclusive pretensions advanced by the first, have been injurious not only to their own labours, but also to those of their brethren.

XXIV. The domain of criticism includes all the past conditions of mankind, all the creations of genius, all the deductions of reason, and all the collections of research. Discrimination, tact, and penetration of mind are all necessary for its proper exercise. I follow the man of letters into his study, I see him surrounded with the productions of all ages; his library is well stored; his mind is enlightened, but not overloaded. He looks around on every side. The most remote author from his present occupation is not forgotten; a ray of light may even there be met with, which will confirm the critic's discoveries or stagger his hypotheses. The scholar's labour is accomplished. Our modern philosopher stops there, and praises the compiler's memory, who has sometimes been his own dupe, and has mistaken the materials for the edifice.

XXV. But the real critic sees that his task has only just begun. He weighs, combines, doubts, and decides. Exact and impartial, he yields only to reason, or to that authority which is the rationale of facts.* The most respectable name sometimes yields to the testimony of authors, on whom circumstances alone confer a transient importance. Ready and fertile in resources, yet he has no deceitful cunning; he is willing to sacrifice the most brilliant and specious theory, and does not make his authors speak the language of his own conjectures. A friend to truth, he seeks only for those kinds of proofs which are appropriate to his subject, and with them he is content. He does not sweep the scythe of analysis over those delicate beauties which wither at the slightest touch; but at the same time, far from being content with barren admiration, he dives into the most obscure recesses of the human heart to obtain a satisfactory explanation of his pleasures and dislikes. Modest and sensible, he does not display his conjectures as truths, his inductions as facts, his probabilities as demonstrations.

XXVI. It has been said that geometry is a good sort of logic, and this was supposed to be conferring on it high praise; but it is a greater glory to science to develop and perfect mankind, than it is to enlarge the boundaries of the known universe. But may not criticism claim part of this honour? It has even this advantage, that geometry is concerned with demonstrations which are to be found only in itself, while criticism weighs the different amounts of probability. It is by the comparison of these that we regulate our daily actions, and often decide on our future destiny.† Let us balance a few critical probabilities.

XXVII. Our age, which appears to believe itself destined to change every sort of law, has engendered a kind of historical Pyrrhonism, useful but dangerous. M. de Pouilly, a man of brilliant but superficial talent, who cited more authors than he had ever

* That is, authority drawn from experience.

† This is principally intended of the elements of geometry and of criticism.

read, doubted the certainty* of the first five centuries of Rome: but his mind, which was ill adapted to these researches, yielded without difficulty to the erudition and criticism of M. Freret and the Abbé Sallier.† M. de Beaufort revived this controversy, and Roman history suffered greatly from the attacks of a critic who knew both how to doubt and how to decide.

XXVIII. A treaty between the Romans and the Carthaginians, became in his hands an overwhelming difficulty.‡ This treaty is met with in Polybius, an exact and intelligent historian.§ The original was, in his time, preserved at Rome. Nevertheless, this authentic document contradicts all the historians. L. Brutus and M. Horatius appear in it as jointly invested with the consulship; though Horatius did not attain that honour till after Brutus' death. The Romans are there said to have those for their subjects, who were as yet only their allies. It speaks of the fleet of a people who did not build any ships till the first Punic war, two hundred and fifty years after Brutus' consulship. What fatal conclusions may not be drawn from these contradictions? They are all to the disadvantage of the historians.

XXIX. This objection has greatly embarrassed M. de Beaufort's opponents. They have doubted the authenticity of this original document. They have brought forward its date. Let us endeavour, by a probable explanation, to reconcile the document with the historians. First, let us separate the date from the body of the treaty. The latter is of the time of Brutus; the former is in the manner of Polybius or of his Roman antiquaries. The names of the consuls are never met with in solemn treaties; they were signed only by the *feciales*, the sole ministers of that department of religion, and by this circumstance the *fœdera* were distinguished from the *sponsiones*. We are indebted for this information to Livy.‖ This dissipates the difficulty. The antiquaries must have taken the *feciales* for the consuls. But without supposing such a mistake, these antiquaries, who were under no obligation to be precise in the explanation of public documents, may have marked the year of the regifuge by the celebrated names of the founders of their liberty and of the capitol. It was of little consequence to them to ascertain whether they exercised the consulship together.

XXX. The people of Ardea, Antium, and Terracina, were not subjects of the Romans; or if they were, the historians have given us a very incorrect idea of the extent of the republic. Let us transport ourselves in imagination to Brutus' times, and draw from the Roman policy a definition of the term *ally* very different from our

* A clear definition of this certainty, about which they were disputing, might have shortened the controversy. "It is historical certainty." Yes, but this certainty varies from age to age. In the gross I believe in the existence and actions of Charlemagne; but the certainty I feel of them is not at all equal to that of the exploits of Henri IV.

† See Mémoires de l'Academie des Belles Lettres, tom. vi. p. 14, 190.

‡ Dissertation sur l'Incertitude de l'Histoire Romaine, pp. 33—46.

§ Polybius' History, lib. i. cap. 22.

‖ Spoponderunt consules, legati, quæstores, tribuni militum, nominaque eorum qui spoponderunt adhuc exstant, ubi si ex fœdere acta res esset præterquam duorum fecialium non exstarent. Livy, lib. ix. cap. 5.

own. Rome, although the last colony founded by the Latins, began at a very early period to think of uniting all that nation under her own laws. Her discipline, heroes, and victories, soon acquired for her a decided superiority. Proud but politic, the Romans used this ascendancy with a wisdom worthy of their good fortune. They saw that ill-subdued cities would hinder the armies, exhaust the treasures, and corrupt the manners of the republic. Under the more specious name of *allies*, they knew how to make the vanquished love their yoke. These last willingly consented to recognise Rome as the capital of the Latin nation, and to furnish her with a body of troops in all her wars. The republic accorded them merely a protection which was a mark of its sovereignty, and which had cost them very dear. These people were the allies of Rome, but they were themselves not long in discovering that they were her slaves.*

XXXI. It will be said that this explanation diminishes the difficulty, but does not remove it. Ὑπηκοοι, the expression made use of by Polybius, signifies *subject* in the proper sense of the word. I will not deny it. But we have only a translation of this treaty; and if we may repose a conditional confidence in its copies, as to the main points, yet nothing ought to be drawn from their expressions rigorously understood. Assemblages of ideas are so arbitrary, shades of meaning so imperceptible, and languages so different, that the most skilful translator may seek for equivalent terms, but he rarely finds more than similar expressions.† The language in which this treaty was written, must have been antiquated. Polybius confided in the Roman antiquaries, whose vanity magnified the objects before them. *Fœderati* does not denote *equal allies;* let us, said they, translate it *subjects*.

XXXII. The Roman fleet is still a source of embarrassment to the critic. Polybius assures us that Duillius' fleet was their first essay in this way.‡ Well! Polybius is deceived, for he contradicts himself; such is my conclusion. But even admitting his assertion, still, the Roman history will not fall to the ground. The following is an hypothesis which will explain the phenomena in a rational manner; and from an hypothesis nothing more should be required. Tarquin oppressed both the people and the soldiers; he appropriated all the spoil to his own use; they became disgusted with the land service, and fitted out small vessels which made expeditions over the sea. These the rising republic protected, but by this treaty restrained their depredations. Continued wars, and the pay allowed to the troops on land, caused the fleet to be neglected; and in a century or two its existence was entirely forgotten.§ Polybius must have spoken in rather too general a manner.

XXXIII. Besides, the Romans' first fleet must have been composed

* Livy, lib. viii. cap. 4. The prætor Annius called the government of the Romans, *Regnum impotens*.

† See Le Clerc, Ars Critica, lib. ii. cap. 2, sects. 1, 2, 3.

‡ Polybius, lib. i. cap. 20.

§ I say nothing about the fleet that appeared before Tarentum. I believe that the vessels belonged to the inhabitants of Thuricun. See Freinsheim, Supplementum Livianum, lib. xii. cap. 8.

of fifty-oared galleys only. Gelo and Hiero built vessels of a larger size;* the Greeks and Carthaginians imitated them; and in the first Punic war, the Romans put to sea some of those galleys with three or four tiers of rowers, which are still matter of astonishment to our antiquaries and mechanicians. This armament would be well adapted to efface from their recollection their rude and ancient attempts.†

XXXIV. I have felt pleasure in defending a useful and interesting history; but I wished, more especially to show, by these reflections, how delicate are the discussions of criticism, where the object is not merely to lay hold of demonstration, but to compare the weight of opposing probabilities; and how much the most brilliant systems should be distrusted, since there are so few which will stand the test of a free and attentive examination.

XXXV. Another consideration embarrasses criticism with a fresh difficulty. There are some sciences which consist exclusively of knowledge; their principles are speculative truths, but not practical maxims. It is much easier barely to understand a proposition, than to render it familiar, to apply it with propriety, and to use it as a guide in study, and a torch in discovery.

The march of criticism is not a mere routine. Its general principles are correct but barren. The man who is acquainted only with these, is alike deceived whether he endeavours to follow or dares to leave them. A genius, full of resources, master of the rules, but master also of the reasons for the rules, often appears to neglect them. His new, bold path appears to diverge far away from them; but follow him to the goal, and you will find him an admirer, but an enlightened admirer, of those very rules, which are always the basis of his reasonings and discoveries. That all the sciences might be *legum non hominum respublica*, is what the people wish for from the learned. The accomplishment of this would be the perfection of their happiness; but it is but too well known that the good of the people at large, and the glory of those who enlighten or govern them, are often different, and sometimes opposing objects. The highest order of geniuses will only prosecute studies that resemble Achilles' spear; it was made for the hero's hands alone. Let us try to wield it.

XXXVI. The legislator of criticism has ordained that the poet ought to depict his heroes such as history presents them to our notice:

> Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,
> Scriptor; Homereum‡ si forte reponis Achillem,
> Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
> Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis, &c.
>
> Horace, Ars Poetica, ver. 119, et seq.

Shall we, then, restrict the poet to the part of a cold chronicler? Shall we deprive him of that great power of fiction, that contrast,

* Arbuthnot's Tables, p. 225; Huet's Histoire du Commerce des Anciens, cap. 22.

† Another hypothesis has been offered by M. Freret. Its simplicity is pleasing, but it appears to me to be untenable. See Mémoires de l'Academie des Belles Lettres, tom. xviii. p. 102, &c.

‡ See Bentley and Sanadon on ver. 120 of Horace's Ars Poetica.

that clashing of characters, those unexpected situations, in which we tremble for the man or admire the hero? Or shall we, fonder of beauty than of rules, pardon him for anachronisms rather than for tediousness?

XXXVII. The object of poetry is to delight, affect, and elevate the mind. It should never be forgotten, that partially applicable laws are only intended to aid, not to hinder its operations. It has been already seen that philosophy, though bristling with demonstrations, scarcely dares to disturb preconceived ideas; how, then, can poetry hope to please except in lending itself to them? We are pleased at again beholding the heroes and events of antiquity; if they appear under another aspect, they occasion surprise, but still a surprise which is disgusted at novelties. When an author wishes to risk some alteration, he ought to reflect whether there will thence arise a striking or a slighter beauty, and whether it would be proportionate to the violation of the rules. It is only at such a price that he can redeem the propriety of his attempt.

Ovid's anachronisms displease us.* In them truth is corrupted without being adorned. Of how different a character is Mezentius in Virgil! This prince perished by the arms of Ascanius; not before.† But where is the reader so frigid as to recollect this for an instant, when he beholds Æneas, the minister of celestial vengeance, becoming the protector of the oppressed nations, darting the thunderbolt at the head of the guilty tyrant, but weeping over the unfortunate victim of his blows, the young and pious Lausus, worthy of a better father and a more propitious fate. Of how many beauties does history deprive the poet! Encouraged by his success in this, he abandons it when he ought to follow. Æneas arrives in the so much longed for Italy; the Latins run to the defence of their homes; every thing threatens a bloody conflict;

> Déjà de traits en l'air s'élevait un nuage;
> Déjà coulait le sang prémices du carnage.‡
>
> Racine, Iphigenie, Act 5, scene last.

Æneas' name makes the weapons fall from the enemies' hands. They fear to engage that warrior, whose glory arises from amid the ashes of his country. They run to embrace this prince, foretold by so many oracles, who brings them, from the recesses of Asia, their gods, a race of heroes, and the promise of the dominion of the world. Latinus offers him an asylum and his daughter's hand.§ What a theatrical event! How worthy of the dignity of epic poetry and of

* In geography and chronology very little stress should be laid on Ovid's authority, or he was grossly ignorant of both those sciences. Read his description of Medea's travels, Metamorphoses, lib. vii. v. 350—402, and lib. xiv. The first of these is full of geographical errors, which torment even the commentators themselves; and the latter swarms with chronological blunders.

† Servius ad Virg. Æneid. lib. iv. v. 620; Dionysius Halicarnasseus; Antiquitates Romanæ, lib. i.

‡ Already through the darken'd air a cloud of arrows rush'd;
Already from the deadly fight the first blood trickling gush'd.

§ Livy, lib. i. cap. 1.

Virgil's pen! Compare with it, if you dare, Ilioneus' embassy, Latinus' palace, and the monarch's speech.*

XXXVIII. Again I say, let the poet run the risk, provided the reader always find in his fictions, the same amount of pleasure as would have been afforded him by truth and probability. Let him not overturn the annals of a century, merely for the sake of pointing an antithesis. Ingenious invention will not find this law too severe, if it be recollected that feeling belongs to all men, that knowledge is shared only by a few, and that beauty acts more powerfully on the heart, than truth does on the intellect. Let it also be always remembered, that there are departures from truth which nothing can justify. The vivid imagination of Milton, the harmonious versification of Voltaire, would never reconcile us to a cowardly Cæsar, a virtuous Catiline, or a Henri IV. conquering the Romans. In summing up our ideas, let us say that the characters of great men ought to be held sacred; but that poets may be permitted to write their history, rather as it ought to have been than as it really was; that an entirely new creation is less revolting than essential alterations, because the latter suppose a mistake, but the former merely ignorance; and, lastly, that times may be more easily brought together than places.

Some indulgence ought, undoubtedly, to be accorded to very remote ages, in which chronological systems differ scarcely at all from poetic fictions. Whoever dares condemn the episode of Dido, has more of the philosopher or less of the man in his composition than I have.†

* Virg. Æneid, lib. vii. v. 148—285.

† It may, however, be doubted whether this episode is at variance with correct chronology. In the plausible system of Sir Isaac Newton, Æneas and Dido are contemporaneous. (See Newton's Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms Reformed, p. 32.) The Romans ought to have been better acquainted with the history of Carthage than the Greeks. The archives of Carthage were transferred to Rome (Universal Hirtory, vol. xviii. p. 111, 112). The Punic language was there very well understood (Plautus, Pœnulus, Act v. scene 1). The Romans freely consulted the Africans on the subject of their origin (Sallust in Bello Jugurthino, cap. 17; Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xxii.; Mémoires de l'Académie des Belles Lettres, tom. iv. p. 464). Besides (and this is sufficient to exculpate our poet), Virgil adopts a chronology more conformable to Newton's calculations than to those of Eratosthenes. Perhaps it will be as well to exhibit the proofs of this opinion.

Seven years scarcely sufficed for Juno's wrath and the wanderings of Æneas; this I learn from Dido:

——————— Nam te jam septima portat,
Omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus æstas.
Virg. Æneid, lib. iv. v. 755.

A few months after he arrived on the banks of the Tiber. There the god of the river appeared to him, predicted for him fresh combats, but gave him hopes of a glorious termination to his woes. The oracle was confirmed by a prodigy: a sow lying on the bank showed, by her thirty little pigs around her, the number of years that were to elapse before young Ascanius should lay the foundations of Alba.

Jamque tibi, ne vana putes hæc fingere somnum,
Littoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus,
Triginta capitum fœtus enixa, jacebit;
Alba, solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati.
Hic locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum:

XXXIX. The more deeply the sciences are investigated, the more clearly is it seen that they are all connected. They resemble a vast forest, every tree of which appears, at first sight, to be isolated and separate, but on digging beneath the surface, their roots are found to be all interlaced with each other.

There is no branch of study so insignificant and unimportant as not sometimes to afford facts, disclosures, or objections to the most sublime and exalted sciences. I like to dwell on the reflection, that it is highly necessary to show different professions and nations their mutual wants. Point out to the English the advantages they may derive from the French; acquaint a natural philosopher with the assistance he may obtain from literature; and then self-love will perform the office of sound reasoning. Thus philosophy is extended, and human nature benefited. Before, men were rivals; now, they are brethren.

Ex quo ter denis urbem redeuntibus annis
Ascanius clari condet cognominius Albam.

Virg. Æneid, lib. viii. v. 42.

For three hundred years was this town the seat of empire and the cradle of the Romans.

Hic jam ter centum totos regnabitur annos
Gente sub Hectoreâ ————.

Virg. Æneid, lib. i. v. 272.

These are the expressions put by Virgil into Jupiter's mouth. Our chronologists care but little about making the Lord of Thunder keep his word. They make Tullus Hostilius destroy the town of Alba nearly five hundred years after its foundation, and about a century after the building of Rome (See Helvicus' Chronological Tables, from B.C. 656, &c.) But on Newton's system every thing is plain. The taking of Troy being placed in the year 904 B.C., and followed by an interval of 337 years, brings us to the year 567 B.C., sixty years after the institution of the Palilia, an epoch which admirably coincides with the reign of Romulus' third successor (Newton's Chronology, p. 52, &c.) An ancient tradition preserved by Plutarch (in the life of Numa) exactly agrees with this. Numa's books were disinterred in the year B.C. 181, four hundred years after the death of that king and the accession of Hostilius. So that Numa died in the year 581 B.C. How ingenious is it in the poet, so to place the moment of Æneas' arrival at Carthage, as to answer critical objections in the only manner permitted by the rapidity of his course and the grandeur of his subject. He makes it apparent that, upon his own hypothesis, the meeting of Dido and Æneas is not in any degree a poetic licence. Virgil is by no means the only one who has called in question the common chronology of the Latin kings. I even suspect that he took his ideas from the works of his contemporary, Trogus Pompeius. That historian, the rival of Livy and Sallust (Flavius Vopiscus, in Proemate Aureliani), gave to the kingdom of Alba the same duration of three hundred years. Had not his Universal History been lost, we should, probably, have seen the details and proofs of this opinion. As it is, we must be contented with his abbreviator's scanty exposition, "Albam longam condidit, quæ trecentis annis caput regni fuit" (Justin, lib. xliii. cap. 1). Livy himself, that father of Roman history, who sometimes shows so strong an attachment to the received chronology (lib. i. cap. 18, et alibi passim), but who generally glides over the tender places in a manner that shows that his good faith and ignorance seem to distrust his guides in those remote ages, is entirely silent on this point; though nothing would seem more natural than to mark the length of the reign of each Latin king whose name he records (see lib. i. cap. 2, 3). Nothing could be more necessary than at least to fix the interval between Æneas and Romulus, which he does not do. This is not all. "The destruction of Alba," he says, "took place four hundred years after its foundation" (lib. i. cap. 29). Subtracting a hundred years for the reigns of Romulus and Numa and half that of Hostilius, there remains three, instead of four hundred years, as given us in Eratosthenes' chronology. Livy, then, very nearly agrees with Virgil, and the slight difference between them rather strengthens than invalidates their agreement. I foresee an objection, but a very insignificant one. To answer it, would be to create a monster only for the sake of combating it; so I will now put an end to this digression, already too long.

XL. All sciences are founded upon reasoning and facts. Without the latter, our studies would be chimerical; deprived of the former, they would be blind. Thus it is that the different branches of literature are united; and all the various ramifications of the study of nature, which under an apparent meanness often hide a real magnificence, are connected together in a similar manner. If natural history has its Buffons, it has also (to speak in the language of the times) its *erudites*. The knowledge of antiquity offers to both classes a rich harvest of facts adapted to unfold the secrets of nature, or at least to prevent its disciples from mistaking a cloud for a goddess. What light has not been afforded to the physician by the description of the plague that ravaged Athens? I can admire, as well as he, the strong, majestic style of Thucydides,* the energy and ingenuity of Lucretius;† but he goes much farther, and in the afflictions of Athens studies those of his fellow-countrymen.

I am aware that the ancients did not pay much attention to natural science; that, being destitute of instruments and unconnected in their operations, they collected merely a small number of observations mingled with uncertainty, injured by time, and scattered promiscuously up and down through a great number of volumes.‡ But ought poverty to occasion carelessness? The activity of the human mind is spurred on by difficulties. Necessity the mother of indolence, would be a strange association indeed.

XLI. The most zealous partizans of the moderns will not, I think, deny that the ancients possessed opportunities of which we are destitute. I shudder at the recollection of the sanguinary spectacles exhibited by the Romans. The sage Cicero detested and despised them.§ Solitude and silence were, in his opinion, preferable to these splendid displays of magnificence, horror, and perverted taste.‖ Indeed, to be delighted with slaughter, is worthy only of a band of savages. Palaces for the purpose of beast fights, could be built only among a people who preferred theatrical decorations to elegant poetry, and stage trickery to dramatic incidents.¶ But such were the Romans; their virtues, vices, and even their weaknesses were all closely connected with their ruling passion—the love of their country.

Still these exhibitions, so horrid to a philosopher, so frivolous to a man of taste, must be very valuable in the eyes of a naturalist. Think of the world exhausted to furnish these games, the treasures

* Thucydides, lib. i.

† Lucretius de Rerum Naturâ, lib. viii. v. 1136, &c.

‡ M. Freret supposed that the philosophical observations made by the ancients were more exact than is generally supposed. Whoever is acquainted with M. Freret's genius and learning, will acknowledge the weight of his authority. See Mémoires de l'Académie des Belles Lettres, tom. xviii. p. 97.

§ Cicero envied the lot of his friend Marius, who was in the country during Pompey's splendid games. He speaks very slightingly of the other shows, but particularly remarks on the wild beast fights. "Reliquæ sunt venationes," says he, "binæ per dies quinque; magnificè, nemo negat, sed quæ potest homini esse polito delectatio, cum aut homo imbecillus à valentissimâ bestiâ laniatur, aut præclara bestia venabulo transverberatur."

‖ Cicero ad Familiares, lib. vii. epist. 1.

¶ Horace, Epistles, lib. ii. epist. 1, v. 181, &c.

of the rich and the power of the great put in requisition, to drag forth creatures remarkable for their form, strength, or rarity, to bring them into the amphitheatre at Rome, and to put in play the whole of the animal creation.* This must have been an admirable school, more especially for that more noble part of zoology, which is occupied with the study of the natures and properties of animals rather than with the examination of their bones and muscles. Let it be recollected that Pliny frequented this school; and that Ignorance has two daughters, Incredulity and blind Credulousness. Let us be as careful in guarding the freedom of our enquiries against the one as against the other.

XLII. If, leaving this scene, we enter on another vaster still, and examine what countries came under the notice of the naturalists and philosophers of antiquity, we shall find no reason to complain of disappointment.

I know that the art of navigation has disclosed a new hemisphere to our view; but I also know that the mariner's discoveries and the merchant's voyages do not always enlighten the human race as much as they enrich it. The boundaries of the known world are much narrower than those of the material globe; and the limits of the intelligent world are much more contracted still. In the times of Pliny, Ptolemy, and Galen, not only was Europe the seat of the sciences, as it is at present, but also Greece, Asia, Syria, Egypt, and Africa, regions wonderfully fertile in prodigies, were filled with eyes worthy of looking on them. All this immense body was united by peace, laws, and language; the African and the Breton, the Spaniard and the Arab, met in the capital, and afforded each other mutual instruction. Thirty of the first men in Rome, often men of intelligence themselves, always accompanied by those who were,† set out from the capital every year to govern the provinces; and authority smoothed those paths of science, which curiosity might induce them to follow.

XLIII. Tacitus learned, undoubtedly, from his father-in-law Agricola, that Great Britain was overflowed by the ocean, and thus converted into an aggregation of marshes.‡ Herodian corroborates

* See Essais de Montaigne, vol. iii. p. 140.

My example was good, my citation bad. I ought to have had recourse to the original (Vopiscus in vitâ Probi, p. 240, edit. Salmasii, Paris, 1620). This author relates that at Probus' triumph, there were brought into the amphitheatre a hundred lions, as many lionesses, a hundred Libyan, and the same number of Syrian leopards, and three hundred bears. I know of no exhibition more numerous, but the animals collected by Gordian and made us of by Philip in his secular games, were more curious for rarity and variety. There were thirty-two elephants, ten elks, ten tigers, sixty tame lions, thirty tame leopards, ten hyenas, an hippopotamus, a rhinoceros, ten *agrioleontes*, ten *camelopardali*, twenty wild asses, and forty wild horses (Julius Capitolinus in Gordianum, p. 164). It was principally in the decline of the empire and the decay of taste that it was found necessary to seek such magnificence.

It is not known what the *agrioleontes* were. Salmasius (Commentarii in Hist. Augustian. p. 268) reads "*argoleontes*, white lions;" Casaubon (Comm. in Hist. Aug. p. 169) and Scaliger "*agrioleontes*, wild lions."

† See Strabo, lib. xvii. p. 816, edit. Casaubon.

‡ Tacitus in Vitâ Agricolæ, cap. 10.

this fact.* Nevertheless, at the present time, with the exception of a very few spots, the surface of our island is of a tolerable elevation. May not this fact be arranged amongst those which confirm the theory of the subsidence of the ocean? May any traces be discovered of the country being freed by human instrumentality from the dominion of the sea? The fate of the Pontine marsh† and of some others, give us very inadequate ideas of the extent of their operations. However this may be, I shall leave the enquiry to natural philosophers, content with having furnished the materials for it. We do not, at all events, learn from the ancients the fashion of investigating nothing, of skimming over the surface of everything, and of speaking with the greatest confidence on subjects which are the least understood.

XLIV. "The talent of discernment," says the judicious La Bruyère, "is more rarely to be met with in the world than pearls and diamonds." I do not hesitate to place the talent of philosophy before that of discernment. Nothing in the world is more preached about, less understood, and seldomer met with. Not a writer but what pretends to it. He gives up knowledge with a good grace; on being a little pressed, he agrees that a severe judgment embarrasses the operations of genius, but still assures you that that spirit of philosophy which shines in his writings, peculiarly characterises the age in which we live. According to him, the philosophical talent of a few great men has formed that of the times. The latter is diffused through all the grades of society, and, in its turn, prepares for them successors worthy of themselves.

XLV. But if we glance over the works of our sages, their diversity leaves us in uncertainty as to the nature of this qualification: and this may perhaps induce a doubt whether they have it shared among them. With some it consists in tracing out new paths and ridiculing every prevailing opinion, whether it be that of Socrates or of a Portuguese inquisitor, merely because it *is* prevalent. With others it is identified with geometry, that imperious queen who, not contented with reigning, proscribes her sisters, and declares all reasoning unworthy of the name, which turns not upon lines and numbers. Let us do justice to the bold intellect, whose wanderings

* Herodiani, Historia, lib. iii. cap. 47.

The following are Herodian's words: "Τα γαρ πλεστα της Βρεταννων χωρας επικλυζομενα ταις του ὠκεανου συνεχως ἀμπωτισιν ἑλωδη γινεται."

Tacitus expresses himself in a still more decided manner. "Unum addiderim," says he, "nusquam latiùs dominari mare; multum fluminum huc atque illuc ferri, nec littore tenus accrescere aut resorberi, sed influere penitùs atque ambire; etiam jugis atque montibus influere velut in suo."

† This marsh was drained by the consul Cethegus, in A.U.C. 592. In Julius Cæsar's time it was again overflowed. That dictator intended to have the operations on it renewed. It appears that Augustus did so; but I doubt whether his labours succeeded better than the first. At least, Pliny still calls it a marsh. Horace had, as it were, predicted it.

Debemur morti nos nostraque,
Sterilis ut palus dudum aptaque remis
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sensit aratrum.

Freinsheimii Supp. lib. xlvi. cap. 4; Suetonius, lib. i. cap. 34; Plinii Historia Naturalis, lib. iii. cap. 5.

often lead to the discovery of truth, and whose very excesses, like popular insurrections, inspire despotism with a salutary fear; let us acknowledge all our obligations to the geometrical spirit; but for the talent of philosophy let us seek an object wiser than the former and more universal than the last.

XLVI. Whoever is familiar with the writings of Cicero, Tacitus, Bacon, Leibnitz, Bayle, Fontenelle, and Montesquieu, will have formed an idea of it, quite as correct and much more perfect than the one I shall endeavour to describe.

The philosophic talent consists in the power of going back to simple ideas, of seizing and combining first principles. The glance of its possessor is correct, but it is at the same time extensive. Placed upon an eminence, he takes in a wide range of vision, of which he forms to himself one simple and connected idea, while other minds, as correct in apprehension but more limited in extent, see only some one portion or other of it. He may be a geometrician, an antiquary, or a musician, but still he is a philosopher, and by dint of penetrating into the first principles of his art he becomes superior to it. He has a place among that small number of geniuses, who, at distant intervals, cultivate that chief science to which, were it perfected, all others must submit. Taken in this view, the talent is extremely rare. There are plenty of minds capable of correctly apprehending particular ideas; but there are very few who can collect into one abstract idea a numerous assemblage of others of a less general nature.

XLVII. What study can confer this talent? None that I know of. It is a gift conferred by heaven; the majority of mankind are ignorant of, and despise it; it is wished for by the wise; has been given to a few; has been acquired by none: but I think that the study of literature, that habit of alternately becoming a Greek or a Roman, a disciple of Zeno or of Epicurus, is admirably adapted to develope and exercise it. Throughout all these infinitely diversified minds, may be observed a general conformity between those who, by the similarity of their times, countries, and religions, have acquired very nearly the same manner of looking at objects. Those minds which are least imbued with prejudice, cannot be entirely free from it. Their ideas have a paradoxical appearance; and even when breaking their fetters, you perceive that those ideas were once shackled by them. Among the Greeks I look for favourers of democracy; among the Romans for enthusiastic lovers of their country; among the subjects of a Commodus, a Severus, or a Caracalla, for apologists for despotic power; and among the ancient Epicureans, for inveighers against the religion of the times.* How striking a spectacle for a truly philosophic mind, to see the most absurd opinions received amongst the most enlightened people; barbarians attaining to the knowledge of the most sublime truths; legitimate but incorrect consequences drawn from most erroneous

* As soon as Epicurus had promulgated his doctrine, they began to declare their sentiments on the prevailing religion, and to regard it merely as a human institution. See Lucretius de Rerum Naturâ, lib. i. v. 62, &c.; Sallust in Bello Catilinario, cap. 51; Cicero pro Cluentio, cap. 61.

premises; admirable principles continually approaching nearer to truth without ever quite reaching it; language formed by ideas, and ideas corrected by language; the sources of morality always the same; the opinions of the quarrelsome metaphysician always varying, generally extravagant, clear only while they are superficial, and subtile, obscure, and uncertain whenever they pretend to be profound. An Iroquois work, even were it full of absurdities, would be an invaluable treasure; it would offer an unique specimen of the workings of the human mind, when placed in circumstances which we have never experienced, and influenced by manners and religious opinions entirely contrary to our own. We should be sometimes astonished and instructed by the contrariety of ideas thus produced: we should investigate the causes of their existence; and should trace the progress of the mind from one error to another. Sometimes, also, we should be delighted at recognising our own principles recurring, but discovered in other ways, and almost always modified and altered. We should there learn not only to own, but also to feel the power of prejudices, not to be astonished at what appears most absurd, and often to distrust what seems best established.

I like to notice how men's judgments take a tinge from their prepossessions, to mark them fearing to draw conclusions which they see to be inevitable, from principles which they recognise as correct. I like to catch them detesting that in the barbarian which they admire in the Greek, and characterising the same history as blasphemous in the pagan but sacred in the Jew.

Without this philosophical knowledge of antiquity, we shall do too much honour to human nature; the dominion of habit will be but partially known by us; we shall continually confound the incredible with the absurd. The Romans were enlightened; nevertheless those same Romans were not shocked at seeing united in the person of Cæsar, a god, a priest, and an atheist.* He witnessed the erection of temples to his clemency.† In association with Romulus he received the people's worship.‡ His statue was placed on sacred festivals near that very Jupiter whom a moment after, he himself went to invoke.§ When tired of this vain pomp he would seek the society of Trebatius and Pansa, with them to laugh at the credulity of the vulgar, and those gods who were at once the object and effects of their dread.‖

* An atheist in denying, if not the existence, at any rate the providence of the Deity; for Cæsar was an Epicurean. Those who wish to see how a man of genius can render a plain truth obscure, will find pleasure in reading the doubts which M. Bayle has been able to throw upon Cæsar's opinions. See Bayle's Dictionary, article Cæsar.

† See Mémoires de l'Academie des Belles Letters, tom. i. p. 369, &c.

‡ Cicero ad Atticum, lib. xii. epist. 46, &c.; lib. xiii. epist. 28.

§ Cæsar was sovereign pontiff, and this priestly dignity was not, with the emperors, an empty title. The excellent dissertations of M. de la Bastie on the pontificate of the emperors will convince any who may entertain doubts on this point. See, more especially, the third of these treatises, inserted in the Mémoires de l'Academie des Belles Lettres, tom. xv. p. 39.

‖ Lucretius, who was endowed by nature with that enthusiastic imagination which produces great poets and missionaries, wanted to become both of these characters; and I pity the theologian who will not pardon the latter for the sake of the first. After

XLVIII. History is to a philosophic mind what play was to the Marquis de Dangeau.* It sees a system, connexions and consequences, where others can discern only the caprices of fortune. It considers this science as one of causes and effects, and it well deserves an attempt to lay down some particular rules, not to enable genius to bud forth, but to guard it from mistakes. Perhaps, if they had always been well weighed, cunning would not so often have been mistaken for penetration, obscurity for depth, and an air of paradox for a creative genius.

XLIX. Among the great multitudes of facts, there are some, and these are the greatest number, which prove nothing beyond their own existence. Some, again, may be very properly cited for a partial conclusion, from which the philosopher may judge of the motives of an action, or a trait in a character; they disclose one link of a chain. Those which prevail in the general system, which are intimately connected with it, and which move its interior springs, are very rare; and it is a still rarer thing to find minds who can distinguish them among the vast chaos of events, and can draw them thence pure and unmixed.

To those who have more common sense than erudition, it must seem very unnecessary to remark, that causes should always be proportioned to their effects; that the character of an age ought not to be founded on the action of an individual; that the degree of strength and riches in a state is not to be judged of from an isolated, forced, and ruinous effort; and that it should be recollected that it is only by collections of facts that any judgment can be formed, that a brilliant event dazzles, indeed, like a flash of lighting, but it affords little instruction if it be not compared with others of the same species. The Roman people showed, by the election of Cato, that they preferred correction to flattery,† in the same age in which they condemned the same severity in the person of Livius Salinator.‡

L. Pay more regard to facts that spontaneously form themselves into a system, than to those which you discover after having devised the system. Often prefer minute traits to brilliant deeds. It is the

having, in spite of himself, proved the existence of the Deity by tracing up the phænomena of nature to general laws, he endeavours to investigate the manner in which the error he opposes, could have taken possession of every mind. He finds three reasons for it. 1. Our dreams; in which we see beings and effects which we do not meet with in the world; and immediately we confer on them a real existence and immense power. 2. Our ignorance of nature, which causes us on every occasion to have recourse to the action of the Deity. 3. Our fear, the product of this ignorance; which induces us to bend before the calamities that ravage the earth, and makes us endeavour to appease by our prayers some invisible being who is afflicting us. Lucretius expresses this last reason with a rapidity and energy that quite carries us away. He allows us no time for examination.

Præterea cui non animus formidine Divûm
Contrahitur? cui non conrepunt membra pavore,
Fulminis horribili cùm plagâ torrida tellus
Contremit, et magnum percurrunt murmura cœlum?
Non populi, gentesque tremunt? Regesque superbi
Conripiunt Divûm perculsi membra timore,
Ne quod ob admissum fœdè dictumve superbè
Pœnarum grave sit solvendi tempus adactum."
Lucretius de Rerum Naturâ, lib. v. ver. 1216, &c.

* Fontenelle, in the Eulogium of the Marquis de Dangeau.
† Livy, lib. xxxix. cap. 40; Plutarch in Catone. ‡ Livy, lib. xxix. cap. 37.

same with an age or a nation as with an individual man. Alexander is better seen in Darius' tent * than in the plains of Gaugamela. I realise the ferocity of the Romans quite as much when I see them condemning a poor wretch in the arena, as when I watch them strangling a captive king at the base of the Capitol. In trifles there is no studied effect. Men then cast off disguises, when they hope they are not seen, but the curious inquirer endeavours to penetrate into the most secret recesses. To determine whether virtue predominated among a people in a particular age, I take notice rather of their actions than of their words; in condemning it as vicious, I pay more attention to their words than to their actions. Virtue is praised without being known, known without being felt, and felt without being practised; but with vice it is very different, it is induced by passions, it is justified by refinement. Besides, there are great criminals in all ages and in all places; but if the corruption be not general, even these have a respect for their times. If the age be vicious (and they are skilful at discerning this) they despise it. they show themselves openly, they brave its decisions or hope that they will be favourable. They are seldom deceived. He who would in the age of Cato have detested vice, would in that of Tiberius have been contented with loving virtue.

LI. I have deliberately chosen that age. Vice had then attained to its highest pitch. Tiberius' court sufficiently apprises me of this. but a little anecdote, preserved by Suetonius and Tacitus, assures me of it with greater certainty. It is as follows. The virtue of the Romans punished incontinence in their women with death;† their policy permitted debauchery among the courtesans;‡ and to regulate even disorder itself, they formed them into companies. In the reign of Tiberius a great number of ladies of rank were not ashamed of presenting themselves publicly before their ædiles, to be inscribed on the list of courtesans, and by their own infamy to break through the barrier by which the laws opposed their prostitution.§

* Quintus Curtius de Rebus Gestis Alexandri, lib. iii. cap. 32.

† The Romans entrusted the preservation of their females' virtue to their own family, who assembled together, judged her if she were accused, and if she were found guilty, condemned her to death and executed the sentence. The law also pardoned the wrath of a husband or father, who had killed the adulterer, more especially if he were of servile condition. See Plutarch in Romulo; Dionysius Halicarnasseus, lib. vii.; Taciti Annales, lib. xiii.; Valerius Maximus, lib. vi. cap. 3—7; Rosini Antiquitates Romanorum, lib. viii. p. 859, &c.

‡ Micio's speech in Terence, the manner in which Cicero excuses his client's debaucheries, and Cato's exhortation may make us acquainted with the morality of the Romans in this respect. They blamed debauchery only when it diverted the citizen from his essential duties.

Their ears were not chaster than their actions. Plautus's Casina is known but to few, but those who have read that wretched piece can scarcely understand how there could have elapsed only about forty or fifty years between it and the Andria. A dirty intrigue of slaves is set off only by jokes and obscenities worthy of themselves. Of all the comedies of Plautus, however, this was seen with the greatest pleasure and called for the oftenest. Such were the morals of the second Punic war, of that virtue which was regretted and admired by the posterity of the ancient Romans. See Terentii Adelphi, Act i. scene 2, ver. 38; Cicero pro Cœlio, cap. 17; Horatii Satiræ, lib. i. sat. 2, v. 29: Prologus secundus ad Casinam Plautii.

§ Suetonius, lib. iii. cap. 35; Taciti Annales, lib. ii. cap. 85.

LII. It is easily seen how difficult a task it is to choose the facts that are to be the bases of reasonings. An historian's negligence or want of taste may deprive us for ever of some peculiar trait, in order to stun us with the din of a battle. If philosophers are not always historians, it were, at any rate, to be wished that historians were always philosophers.

I know of no one except Tacitus, who has quite come up to my ideas of a philosophic historian. Livy himself, interesting as he is, cannot in this respect bear a comparison with him. Both have well known how to rise above those raw compilers who see no more in facts than facts; but the one has written history as a rhetorician, the other as a philosopher. Tacitus was not ignorant of the language of the passions, nor Livy of that of the intellect; but the latter, endeavouring to please rather than to instruct, conducts you step by step in the track of his heroes, and fills you alternately with horror, admiration, and pity. Tacitus makes use of the dominion of eloquence over the heart, only to show you the connexion of the chain of events, and to instil into your mind the lessons of wisdom. You cross the Alps with Hannibal, but you are present at the council of Tiberius. Livy describes to you the abuse of power, a severity at which nature shudders while she approves, vengeance and love uniting with liberty, and tyranny falling beneath their strokes;* but the laws of the decemvirs, their character, their defects, their ultimate relations with the genius of the Romans, the party of the decemvirs, and their ambitious designs, are all entirely forgotten by him. You cannot learn from him the manner in which these laws, made for a small, poor, half-civilised republic, overturned it when the power of its institutions had carried it to the highest pitch of grandeur. You would have found this in Tacitus; I think so, not only from the known bent of his genius, but still more from the energetic and diversified picture he has given us of the laws, those products of corruption, liberty, equity, and faction.†

LIII. Do not let us follow the advice of that writer, who, like Fontenelle, unites learning and taste. Without being afraid of the disgraceful appellation of *an erudite*, I oppose the sentence by which this enlightened but severe judge ordains that at the end of every century all facts should be collected together, a few chosen out of them, and the rest committed to the flames.‡ Let us preserve them all most carefully. A Montesquieu will draw from the most insignificant, relations unknown to the vulgar crowd. Let us imitate the botanists. All plants are not useful in medicine, yet they are continually discovering fresh ones; they hope that genius and successful labours will find in them properties at present unknown.

LIV. Uncertainty is to us a forced and unnatural state. The finite mind cannot fix in that equilibrium on which the school of Pyrrho prided itself. The shining genius is dazzled by his own conjectures, and sacrifices his freedom to his hypotheses. From such a

* Livy, lib. iii. cap. 44—60. † Taciti Annales, lib. iii. p. 84, edit. Lipsii.
‡ D'Alembert, Mélanges de Philosophie et de Littérature.

disposition do systems originate. Design has been perceived in the actions of a distinguished man, a predominant trait has been found in his character; and then closet speculators have immediately wanted to make all men as systematic beings in practice as they are in theory. They have discovered art in their passions, policy in their weaknesses, dissimulation in their inconstancy; in a word, by dint of paying homage to the intellect of man, they have often done very little honour to his heart. Simpler minds being justly offended at their hypercriticism, and grieved at seeing that extended to all men which should be confined to a Philip or a Cæsar, have run into the other extreme. They have banished art from the moral world, and have replaced it by chance. According to them, weak mortals act only by caprice. An empire is established by the frenzy of a maniac; it is destroyed by the weakness of a woman.

LV. The study of determinate but general causes ought to give equal satisfaction to both. The latter will be pleased at seeing man humiliated, the motives of his actions unknown to himself, himself the sport of external circumstances, and individual freedom giving rise to a general necessity. The former will there again find the concatenation in which they delight, and the speculations that are the food of their minds.

How vast a field lies open to my reflections! In the hands of a Montesquieu the theory of general causes would form a philosophic history of mankind. He would show us their dominion over the grandeur and fall of empires, borrowing successively the appearance of fortune, prudence, courage, and weakness; acting without the concurrence of particular causes, and sometimes even triumphing over them. Superior to the love of his own systems, the wise man's last passion, he would easily perceive, that notwithstanding the wide extent of these causes, their effects are, nevertheless, limited, and that they are principally seen in those general events, whose slow but sure influence changes the aspect of the world without its being possible to mark the epoch of the change, more especially in manners, religion, and all that is subject to the reign of opinion. Such are a few of the lessons which that philosopher would draw from this subject. For my own part, I shall merely find in it an opportunity for essaying to think. I shall point out some interesting facts, and afterwards endeavour to account for them.

LVI. We are acquainted with paganism, that merry but absurd system, which peopled the universe with fantastic beings, whose superior power only made them more unjust and foolish than ourselves. What were the nature and origin of these gods? Were they princes, founders of nations, or great men, the inventors of the arts? Were they, who during their lives had been called the benefactors of the earth, placed in the skies by ingenious curiosity, blind admiration, or interested flattery? Or must we in these divinities recognise as many separate parts of the universe, on which the ignorance of the earlier ages of mankind conferred life and intelligence! This question is worthy of our attention; it is curious but difficult.

Almost our only knowledge of the mythology of Paganism is

drawn from the poets * or from the ecclesiastical fathers; both of whom are very much addicted to fictions.† The enemies of a religion are never well acquainted with it because they detest it, and often detest it because they are not acquainted with it. They eagerly take up the most atrocious calumnies against it; impute to their adversaries dogmas that they abhor, and consequences of which they have never dreamt. The followers of a religion, on the other hand, full of that faith which esteems it a crime to doubt, sacrifice in its defence their reason and even their virtue. Forging prophecies, counterfeiting miracles, palliating what they cannot defend, and boldly denying what they cannot allegorise, are means which no devotee was ever ashamed to employ. Let us recollect the Christians and the Jews. Ask their enemies respecting them, and you will be told they were magicians and idolators;‡ they, whose religion was as pure as their morals were strict. Never has a Mussulman hesitated on the doctrine of the unity of God.§ Yet how often have our good ancestors accused them of worshipping the stars!‖ In the very bosom of these religions have arisen a hundred different sects, who, accusing each other of having corrupted their common doctrines, have inspired the multitude with fury and the wise with moderation. Yet these were civilised nations, and books recognised as emanating from the Deity settled the principles of their belief; but how shall we discover these principles amid a confused mass of fables dictated by an isolated, contradictory, and mutilated tradition to a few savage tribes in Greece?

LVII. Reason here affords us but little aid. It is absurd to dedicate temples to those whose sepulchres were before the eyes. But what is there too absurd for mankind? Are we not acquainted with some very enlightened nations who appeal to the testimony of the senses for the proofs of a religion, whose principal dogma contradicts that testimony? Yet if the gods of paganism had been men, the reciprocal worship paid them by the various sects of worshippers ¶ would not have been very rational, and an irrational toleration is not an error common among the vulgar.

LVIII. Crœsus sent to consult the oracle at Delphi;** Alexander traversed the burning sands of Libya, to ask Jupiter Ammon if he were not his son.†† But would not this Grecian Jupiter, this king of Crete, when once he had become the Lord of Thunder, have crushed that Libyan Ammon, that new Salmoneus, who endeavoured to wrest it from him? When two rivals dispute the dominion of the

* We must, however, make a distinction in favour of Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, and the tragic poets, who lived while tradition was in a purer state.

† On this particular see Dr. Middleton's Free Enquiry, and the History of Manichæism by M. de Beausobre: two fine monuments of an enlightened age.

‡ Taciti Historia, lib. v.; Fleury, Ecclesiastical History, tom. i. p. 369, and tom. ii. p. 5; and the Apologies of Justin Martyr and Tertullian, which are there quoted.

§ Herbelot, Bibliotheca Orientalis, article Allah, p. 100; and Sale's Koran, Preliminary Discourse, p. 71.

‖ Relandus de Religione Mahometanâ, part ii. cap. 6 & 7.

¶ See Warburton's Divine Legation of Moses, tom. i. p. 270—276.

** Herodotus, lib. i.

†† Diodorus Siculus, lib. xvii; Quintus Curtius, lib. iv. cap. 7; Arrian, lib. iii.

universe, how can both be at once recognised as supreme? But if both the one and the other were nothing more than the ether, the heavens, the same deity, the Greek and the African might have designated them by those symbols which were most accordant with their manners, and by the names with which their languages furnished them to express their attributes. But away with reasonings; facts are what we must interrogate, and let us listen to their answer.

LIX. The Greeks were unfortunately situated among forests, and though so proud, yet had received all their accomplishments from foreigners. The Phœnicians taught them the use of letters: for their arts, their laws, and all that raises man above the brute, they were indebted to the Egyptians, from whom also they acquired their religion, and in its adoption paid the tribute due from ignorance to learning. Prejudice made no more than a decorous resistance, and surrendered without difficulty after hearing the oracle of Dodona give its decision for the new faith.* Such is the relation given by Herodotus, who was well acquainted both with Greece and Egypt, and whose time, being situated between the stupidity of ignorance and the refinements of philosophy renders him a very competent witness.

LX. Already a great part of the Grecian legends have disappeared: the birth of Apollo in Delos, the burial of Jupiter in Crete. If these gods really did dwell, at a former period, on the earth, Egypt, and not Greece, was their native country. But if the priests of Memphis understood their religion as well as the Abbé Banier,† Egypt had never given birth to their deities. Across the obscurity of their metaphysics shone a few rays of reason, sufficient to make them apprehend that a man could never become God, nor God ever be transformed into a mere man.‡ Mysterious both in their doctrines and in their worship, these interpreters of celestial wisdom disguised beneath a pompous diction the truths of nature, which in their own majestic simplicity would have been despised by a stupid people. The Greeks mistook this religion in many respects, they altered it by strange admixtures, but the basis still remained, and this Egyptian foundation was consequently allegoric.§

LXI. The worship of heroes, so well distinguished from that of the gods in the earlier ages of Greece, clearly demonstrates to us that the gods were not heroes. ‖ The ancients believed that great

* Herodotus, lib. ii.

† In his Mythology explained by History.

‡ Herodotus, lib. ii.

§ In these researches I am under great obligations to the learned Freret of the Academie des Belles Lettres. He has opened up a road which previously appeared shut in on every side. Yet I think his reasonings of more value when relating to facts than when enquiring about doctrines. Prepossessed with a feeling of esteem for this scholar, I eagerly devoured his answer to the Newtonian Chronology; but dare I speak it? It did not answer my expectations. What novelty is there in it if you take from it the principles of a new theology and chronology, which were already in our possession (in the Mém. de l'Acad. des Belles Lettres, tom. v. xviii. xx. xxiii.), a few defective and inconclusive genealogies, some minute researches on the chronology of Sparta, an ancient system of astronomy which I cannot very well understand, and the elegant preface by M. de Bougainville, which I always reperuse with renewed delight?

‖ Histoire de l'Académie des Belles Lettres, tom. xvi. p. 28, &c.

men were admitted after death to the feasts of the gods, and enjoyed their felicity but not their power. They assembled around their benefactors' tombs; their songs of praise * celebrated their memories, and gave rise to a salutary emulation of their virtues. Their shades evoked from the infernal regions experienced pleasure in tasting the offerings of devotion.† It is true that that devotion became imperceptibly transformed into a religious worship, but this was not until a much later period, when these heroes were identified with those ancient divinities whose name they bore or whose character they imitated. In Homer's time they were still preserved distinct. He does not account Hercules one of the gods; he believes Æsculapius to have been merely an eminent physician;‡ and Castor and Pollux are, according to him, deceased warriors buried at Sparta §.

LXII. Superstition had, however, overstepped these boundaries, the heroes had been transformed into gods, and the worship paid to the gods had drawn them from among the ranks of men; when a bold philosopher undertook to prove that they had been such. Ephemerus the Messenian advanced this paradox.‖ But far from appealing to the authentic monuments of Greece and Egypt, which ought to have preserved the memories of these famous men, he loses himself in the immensity of the ocean. An Utopia despised by all the ancients, an island of Panchaia, rich, fertile, superstitious, and known only to himself, offers him, in a splendid temple of Jupiter, a golden column on which Mercury had engraved the exploits and the apotheoses of the heroes of his race.¶ These fables were too gross even for the Greeks themselves. They only obtained for their author universal contempt and the appellation of an atheist.**

* See Mémoires de Littérature, tom. xii. p. 5, &c., and Ezekiel Spanheim in Callimachum.

† Homer's Odyssey, lib. xi.

‡ Homer's Iliad, lib. iv. ver. 194.

§ Odyssey, lib. v. ver. 241.

‖ Lactantius, Institutiones, lib. i. cap. 11, p. 62. "Antiquus auctor Ephemerus, qui fuit è civitate Messanâ, res gestas Jovis et cæterorum qui Dii putantur, collegit; historiamque contexit ex titulis et inscriptionibus sacris, quæ in antiquissimis templis habebantur, maximèque in fano Jovis Triphylii, ubi auream columnam positam esse ab ipso Jove, titulus indicabat, in quâ columnâ gesta sua perscripsit ut monumentum esset posteris rerum suarum." This relation of Lactantius differs a little from that of Diodorus.

¶ Diodorus Siculus, lib. v. cap. 29, 30, and lib. vi. M. Fourmont, sen. has a dissertation on Ephemerus, which contains some very bold conjectures, and some very laughable transpositions. It ill becomes a young man to despise anything, but I cannot refute this treatise in a serious manner. He who does not see that the Panchaia described in Diodorus Siculus was situated to the south of Gedrosia, and a little to the west of the peninsula of India, may with M. Fourmont believe that the Arabian Gulf is in the middle of Arabia Felix, that the country of Phank on the continent is the *island* of Panchaia, that the desert of Paran is the pleasantest place in the world, and that the city of Pieria in Syria is the capital of a small province in the vicinity of Medina.

** Callimachus apud Plutarchum, tom. ii. p. 880; Eratosthenes et Polybius apud Strabonis Geographiam, lib. ii. p. 102, 103; et lib. vii. p 299, editio Casauboni.

Gerard Vossius (de Historiis Græcis, lib. i. cap. 11) makes it appear that not only did the pagans give him this name, but also Theophilus of Antioch among the Christians and Josephus among the Jews; which renders it probable that while Ephemerus attacked the gods of Greece, he did not adopt any others in their place.

LXIII. Emboldened, perhaps, by his example, the Cretans boasted that they were in possession of Jupiter's tomb, who, after a long reign in their island, had died there.* Callimachus testifies great indignation at this fiction, and his scholiast informs us of its origin.† On a tomb was written "The tomb of Minos the son of Jupiter." Time or design had effaced the words "Minos the son of," and it read, "The tomb of Jupiter."‡ Yet Ephemerus's system, in spite of its proofs, gained credit but slowly. Diodorus Siculus traversed the earth to seek support for it in the traditions of different nations.§ But the Stoics, in their strange mixture of the purest theism with Spinosism and the popular idolatry, referred paganism, of which they were zealous followers, to the worship of nature divided into as many gods as there are different aspects of it. Cicero, that academic philosopher, with whom all was objection and nothing proof, scarcely dared to oppose to them Ephemerus's system.‖

LXIV. It was not until the time of the Empire that the Messenian's ideas obtained an ascendancy. At a period when a slavish world was decreeing the title of gods to monsters unworthy of the name of men, it was a flattering method of paying homage, to confound Jupiter with Domitian. Benefactors of the world, for such were they styled by adulation, they had the same right to deification when their natures and powers had been supposed equal. Either by policy or by mistake, Pliny himself fell into this error.¶ In vain did Plutarch endeavour to vindicate the religion of his ancestors.** Ephemerus prevailed on every hand; and the ecclesiastical fathers, profiting by their advantages, attacked paganism on its weakest side. Can they be blamed for this? If the pretended gods were not actually deified men, yet they had at least become so in the opinions of their worshippers; and the fathers had no concern except with their opinions.

LXV. Let us proceed a little farther and endeavour to follow the connexion, not of facts, but of ideas; to penetrate into the human heart, and disentangle that knot of errors, which from the correct, simple, and universal feeling, that there is a power superior to mankind, gradually conducted to the creation of gods, such as it would have been shameful to resemble.

Feeling is only a turning back upon ourselves; ideas have relations to external objects. The greatness of their number, by occupying the mind, diminishes the strength of feeling. Therefore, among savages, whose ideas are confined to their wants, and whose

* Lactantius, Institutiones, lib. i. cap. 11, p. 65; Lucian, Timon. p. 34, et Jupiter Fragmente, p. 701; Cicero de Naturâ Deorum, lib. iii. cap. 21.

† Callimachus, Hymnon in Jovem, v. 8; et Scholiastes Vetus in loco, edit. Græca.

‡ Such is the scholiast's account, which is adopted by Sir Isaac Newton. But Lactantius reports the inscription to be ZAN XPONOY, which to me has a much more antique appearance. Lucian, for fables are always growing, tells us that the inscription imported that Jupiter thundered no longer, but had undergone the fate of mortals; δηλουσαν ὡς οὐκετι βροντησειεν ἀν ὁ Ζευς, τεθνεως παλαι.

§ Diodorus Siculus in his first five books, *passim*.

‖ Cicero de Naturâ Deorum, lib. iii. cap. 21.

¶ Pliny, Natural History, lib. vii. cap. 51, and *passim*.

** Plutarch de Placitis Philosophiæ de Iside et Osiride.

wants are merely those implanted by nature, the most vivid feelings are probably to be found; though, at the same time, they are the most confused. Agitations of mind are continually being experienced by the savage, which he can neither explain nor repress. Feeble and ignorant, he fears everything because he can defend himself from nothing, and wonders at everything because he knows nothing. His well-founded contempt of himself (for vanity is a product of society) makes him feel the certainty of the existence of a superior Power, to which he prays, though ignorant of its attributes, and whose favours he requests, without knowing what right he has to hope for them. This indistinct feeling produced the good gods of the early Greeks, and the deities of the greater part of savages; neither of whom knew how to regulate their number, character, or worship.

LXVI. Feelings quickly became ideas. The savage paid homage to all surrounding objects, and all must have appeared to him more excellent than himself. That majestic oak, which overshadowed him with its thick foliage, had sheltered his ancestors ever since the first commencement of his race; it raised its head up among the clouds; the fierce Boreas was lost among its boughs. Compared with this gigantic tree, what was his duration, his stature, his strength? Gratitude was united to admiration; that tree which amply furnished him with acorns, that clear fountain where he slaked his thirst, were benefactors who rendered his life happy; without them he was unable to exist, but what need had they of him? Indeed, without that light of knowledge which teaches us how far superior is reason alone to all these necessary parts of a well ordered system, each of them is really a more exalted being than a man. But destitute of this knowledge, the savage conferred on each of them life and power, and prostrated himself before the beings which he had himself created.

LXVII. His ideas were singular because they were simple. To remark the different qualities of objects, to notice those which are common to more than one, and from this resemblance to form an abstract idea, which shall represent a genus though it be not the image of any one particular object, are the operations of a mind which is continually active, reflecting upon itself, and being already overcharged with ideas, endeavours to relieve itself by methodical arrangement. In this state of primitive simplicity, the passive soul, ignorant of its own strength, can do no more than receive external impressions, which inform him of objects merely in an isolated state, and as they are in themselves. The savage met his gods everywhere, and every forest and meadow swarmed with their multitudes.

LXVIII. Experience was the means of developing his faculties; for nations, like individuals, are indebted for everything to experience. His mind being familiarised with a considerable number of exterior objects, apprehended the common qualities of their natures; which thus formed a new divinity superior to all the other separate gods. But every being is confined to a particular time or place, and

is thus distinguished from every other being. Mankind must soon have made a distinction in their conduct with regard to these two different modes of existence, time and place; the latter of which is plain to the sense and sight, while the former is transient, abstract, and perhaps nothing more than a succession of ideas. A common nature, diversified only by time, must have included all distinct beings of that class in one individual; while objects separated by place might coexist as individual portions of a common substance. The god of rivers never usurped the rights of Tiber or Clitumnus,* but the south wind that blew yesterday and that which we again perceive to-day, are both of them only that same furious tyrant that lashes the waves of the Adriatic sea.†

LXIX. The more the thoughts are exercised, the greater is the number of combinations effected. Two genera differ in some respects, while they are similar in others; they are perhaps designed for the same purpose, or form parts of the same element. The fountain swells into a river, and the river is lost in the sea; the sea forms part of that immense ocean which encircles the whole extent of the earth, and the earth itself contains within its bosom all the modifications of the vegetable principle. As nations become more enlightened, their idolatry must become more refined. They have more clearly seen how greatly the universe is governed by general laws, and have come nearer to the idea of the unity of a great efficient Cause. The Greeks could never simplify their ideas beyond the water, earth, and sky, which, under the names of Neptune, Pluto, and Jupiter, comprehended and ruled over all things. But the Egyptians, having a genius more adapted to abstract speculations, at length produced their Osiris, the chief of the gods, the intelligent principle, who incessantly acted upon the material principle, under the name of his wife and sister Isis.‡ Those who believed in the eternity of matter could scarcely go farther.§

LXX. Jupiter, Neptune, and the black Pluto, were brothers; the ramifications of their posterity extended *ad infinitum*, and comprehended the whole of nature. Such was the mythology of the ancients. To gross minds the idea of generation was more natural than that of creation; it was more easily apprehended, it supposed a lower degree of power, and it was brought to their minds by sensible comparisons; but this idea also led them to establish a government which

* Histoire de l'Académie des Belles Lettres, tom. xii. p. 36; Plinii Epistolæ, lib. iii. epist. 8.

† Horatii Carmina, lib iii. ode 3.

——————Neque Auster
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ.

‡ Remark that Osiris and his sister were the youngest of the gods. The Egyptians must have required a number of ages to have attained to this simplicity (Diodorus Siculus, lib. i. cap. 8.)

§ The worship of the sun has been practised by every nation. The following appears to me to be the reason for it: it is perhaps the only object in the universe, which is at once sensible and indivisible. Sensible to all nations in the most brilliant and beneficent manner, it claimed their homage; one and indivisible, reasoners who were not over scrupulous discovered in it all the great attributes of the Deity.

these free but finite beings could not overpass. The three chief gods exercised a paternal power over their children inhabiting the earth, air, and sea; and the primogeniture of Jupiter gave him a superiority over his brothers, which gained for him the titles of King of Gods and Father of Men. But this king, this supreme father, was too limited in every respect to allow us to honour the Greeks with the reputation of believing in a Supreme Being.

LXXI. This system, awkwardly constructed as it was, accounted for all the phenomena of nature. But the moral world, man, his fate, and his actions, was destitute of deities. To this, earth and air would have been but ill adapted. From this want of fresh divinities arose a fresh concatenation of error, which, uniting with the first, formed but one theological romance. I am rather inclined to think that his system originated at a later period. A man seldom thinks of turning his attention in upon himself, till he has exhausted all external objects.

LXXII. Two hypotheses always have, and always will, be agitated. According to one, man has received from his Creator only reason and will; it lies with himself to decide what use he will make of them, and to regulate his actions according to his own pleasure. According to the other, he can act only agreeably to the pre-ordained laws of the Deity, of whom he is merely the instrument; his feelings deceive him, and when he thinks he is acting in pursuance to his own will, he is, in reality, only doing that of his Ruler. These last views might arise in the minds of a people yet in their infancy. Little acquainted with the complicated springs of the machine, great virtues, atrocious crimes, and the useful discoveries of that small number of singular minds who are under no obligations to their times, appeared to them to surpass the power of humanity. In every instance they saw the actions of gods, inspiring weak mortals with virtue or vice, who were incapable of avoiding the execution of their pleasure.* It was not prudence that inspired Pandarus with the design of breaking the treaty, and launching an arrow at Menelaus's heart; Minerva incited him to the attempt.† The wretched Phædra is not culpable; Venus, enraged at being despised by Hippolytus, lights up in that queen's heart an incestuous flame that precipitates her into crime and death.‡ A god superintended each event of life, each passion of the mind, and each division of society.

LXXIII. But these gods of human nature, these personifications

* I am not very well pleased with this passage. I have given the best reason I could find; but it appears to me that in those early ages, they must have been guided by feeling, and feeling is always entirely on the side of the system of liberty.

† Homer's Iliad, lib. iv. v. 93, &c.

‡ Ἀλλ' οὐτι ταυτη τον δ' ἐρωτα χρη πεσειν.
Δειξω δε θησει πραγμα, κακφανησεται
Και τον μεν ἡμιν πολεμιον πεφυκοτα
Κτενει πατηρ ἀραισι, ...
Ἡ δ' εὐκλεης μεν, ἀλλ' ὁμως ἀπολυται
Φαιδρα———————————

Euripides, Hippolytus, Act i. v. 40.

of passions and faculties, had no existence but what was too metaphysical and abstract for the generality of mankind. It was necessary to identify them with the gods of external nature; and upon this point the spirit of allegory imagined a thousand fantastic relations: for the human mind wishes at least for an appearance of truth. It was natural enough that the god of the sea should be the deity of sailors; the figurative expressions of "an all-seeing eye," and "the rays that dart through the air," might easily cause the sun to be accounted a skilful prophet, and a dexterous archer. But why should the planet Venus be the mother of loves? why should she issue out of the foam of the sea? Let us leave these enigmas to the unfolders of riddles. As soon as the departments of the gods of human nature were settled, they must have engrossed the worship of all mankind. They spoke to the passions and to the heart; while the natural gods, who had not acquired any moral attributes, insensibly fell into contempt and oblivion. So that it is only in the most remote antiquity that I can see any smoke arising from the altars of Saturn.*

LXXIV. The gods, therefore, interested themselves in human affairs. Nothing took place of which they were not the authors. But were they, then, the authors of crime? This consequence frightens us; but a pagan would not hesitate to admit it, and indeed he could not. The gods often inspired vicious designs; that they might suggest them they must needs will, and even love, them. They had not even the resource left of the permission of a small portion of evil in the best constructed system that was possible;† for the evil was not merely permitted, it was authorised; and, besides, the different deities, confined to their respective departments, were very indifferent to a general good that they knew nothing about. Each followed the bent of his own character, and inspired only such passions as they themselves experienced. The god of war was fierce, brutal, and sanguinary; the goddess of prudence was wise, reserved, and insincere; the mother of loves was agreeable, voluptuous, passionate and capricious; cunning and complaisance well suited the god of merchants; and the cries of the wretched delighted the ear of the suspicious tyrant of death, the black god of the infernal regions.

LXXV. A god who is the father of men, is equally so to all; and is unacquainted either with hatred or favouritism. But these partial divinities must have had their favourites. Would they not peculiarly distinguish those whose taste was conformable to their own? Mars could not but love those Thracians whose only occupation was war,‡ and those Scythians whose most delicious drink was the blood of their enemies.§ The goddess of love must have been pleased with the qualities of an inhabitant of Cyprus or Corinth,

* I mean among the Greeks; his worship was preserved for a long time in Italy.

† Fontenelle, in his Eulogium on M. Leibnitz.

‡ Herodotus, lib. iv. cap. 4, 5; Meziriac, Commentary on the Epistles of Ovid, tom. i. p. 162.

§ Herodotus, lib. iv. cap. 64, 65.

places where every thing breathed of luxury and effeminacy. Gratitude was conjoined with taste. Feelings of preference were due to those people, whose manners formed but a diversified worship of their tutelary deities. The very worship that was paid them always had a relation to their characters. The human victims that expired on Mars' altar,* the thousands of courtesans who prostituted themselves at the temple of Venus,† the ladies of rank, at Babylon, who sacrificed to her their modesty,‡ could not but draw down on these different nations the most distinguished favour of their protectors. But as the interests of nations are not less opposite than their manners, the gods were obliged to adopt the quarrels of their devotees. "What! patiently see that city which has erected to me a hundred temples, fall under the sword of a conqueror? No! rather! ——" So that among the Greeks, a war among mankind always kindled one among the gods. Troy threw all heaven into confusion; the Scamander saw the glittering of Minerva's ægis, witnessed the effects of the arrows drawn from Apollo's quiver, and felt the dreadful trident of Neptune shaking the earth from its lowest foundations. Sometimes the inevitable decrees of fate re-established peace,§ but most generally the different gods mutually agreed reciprocally to abandon each other's enemies;‖ for on Olympus, as well as upon the earth, hatred has always been more powerful than friendship.

LXXVI. A pure kind of worship would have been but little accordant with such divinities as these. The multitude wanted sensible objects; a figure which should decorate their temples and fix their ideas, and this must of course be the most beautiful of all forms. But which is that? If you ask a man, he will undoubtedly say it is his own; perhaps a bull would give a somewhat different answer.¶ Sculpture attained its highest perfection in subservience to devotion; and the temples were filled with statues of old and young men, women, and children, according to the different attributes ascribed to each of the gods.

LXXVII. Beauty is perhaps founded upon utility alone. The human form is beautiful only because it so perfectly answers the ends

* Herodotus, lib. v. cap. 4, 5; Minutius Felix, Octavius, cap. 25, p. 258; Lucan, Pharsalia, lib. i.; Lactantius, lib. i. cap. 25.

† Strabonis Geographia, lib. viii. p. 378.

‡ They were obliged, once in their life, to prostitute themselves to the first comer, in the temple of Venus. M. de Voltaire, who imposes this obligation upon them once every year, treats it as a foolish fable (Œuvres de Voltaire, tom. vi. p. 24). But Herodotus had travelled in those regions, and M. de Voltaire is too well read in history not to be acquainted with the many similar triumphs that have been gained by superstition over humanity and virtue. What does he think of an *auto da fé?* I can foresee his answer. Besides, I was not aware that Babylon was the most orderly city in the world. Quintus Curtius describes it to be the most dissolute; Berosus the Babylonian himself, complains that his fellow-citizens, breaking through all the barriers of modesty, lived after the manner of beasts; and the scholiast of Juvenal informs us that in his time they had not at all degenerated. (Quintus Curtius, Gesta Alexandri, lib. v. cap. 1, et Comment. Freinsheimii in loco.)

§ Banier's Mythology, tom. ii. p. 487; Ovid's Metamorphoses, lib. xv.

‖ Euripides, Hippolytus, act v. ver. 1327; Ovid's Metamorphoses, *passim*.

¶ Cicero de Naturâ Deorum, lib. i. cap. 27, 28.

for which it was designed. The divine form is the same; and therefore its purposes and defects must be similar. Hence that gross manner of the generation of the gods, who only composed one family like men; hence their feasts of nectar and ambrosia, and the nourishment they derived from the sacrifices;* hence also their slumbers† and pains.‡ The gods, thus become nothing more than a superior order of men, would sometimes visit the earth, dwell in the temples, recreate themselves with human amusements, be present at the chase and the dance; and sometimes, becoming sensible to the influence of a mortal's charms, give rise to a race of heroes.

LXXVIII. In those great events in which from the performances of a great number of actors, whose views, situations, and characters are different, there arises a unity of action, or rather of effect; perhaps in such cases, their mainspring is to be sought for among general causes alone.

LXXIX. In more private and particular events, the procedure of nature differs greatly from that of the philosophers. With the former there are few effects so simple as not to owe their origin to more than one cause; while our sages in general keep to one cause, which is not only universal but alone. Let us avoid splitting on this rock; and how little complicated soever any action may appear, let us admit its general causes without rejecting design and accident. Sylla abdicated the sovereign power; Cæsar lost it and his life together. Yet their usurpations had been preceded by their victories; and before becoming the most powerful Romans they had been the most renowned. They were closely followed by Augustus, who, though a sanguinary tyrant,§ and suspected of cowardice, the greatest possible crime in the chief of a party,‖ yet he attained to the throne, and caused the republicans to forget they had ever been free. But their temper diminishes my surprise. Alike incapable of liberty both under Sylla and under Augustus, they were, however, under the former, ignorant of this fact; but in the time of the latter, civil wars, and two proscriptions more cruel than war itself, had taught them that the republic, sinking under the weight of its own greatness and corruption, could not exist without a master. Besides, Sylla, being the leader of the nobility, fought at the head of those proud patricians, who were very willing to arm him with the sword of despotism to avenge them on their enemies and his own, but would not leave in his hands the power of destroying themselves. They had conquered, not *for* him, but *with* him; the speech of Lepidus¶ and the conduct of Pompey** make it very plain that Sylla only preferred descending from the throne to being thrown down from it. But Augustus, after the example of Cæsar,†† made use only of those bold adventurers, Agrippa,

* See Julian's Cæsars by Spanheim, p. 257, 258, rem. 857; Aristophanes' Aves; and Lucian nearly throughout.

† Homer's Iliad, lib. i. ver. 609. ‡ Iliad, lib. v. ver. 335.

§ After the capture of Perusi, he sacrificed three hundred of the principal citizens on an altar erected to the divinity of his father. See Suetonius, lib. ii. cap. 15.

‖ Suetonius, lib. ii. cap. 16. ¶ Sallust, Fragmenta, p. 404, edit. Thysii.

** Freinsheimii Supplementum, lib. lxxxix. cap. 26—33.

†† Taciti Annales, lib. iv. p. 109; Suetonius, lib. ii. cap. 101.

Mæcenas, and Pollio, whose fortune depended on his own, and would have disappeared among an aristocracy of nobles, at discord among themselves, but all combined to overwhelm every fresh aspirant.

LXXX. Several fortunate circumstances, the debauchery of Antony, the weakness of Lepidus, the credulity of Cicero, combined to effect this favourable disposition towards him. The variety of objects entirely prevents me from depicting this subtle government, the chains worn without their weight being perceived, the prince confounded with the citizens, the senate respected even by its master.* Let us then choose a single trait.

Augustus, when master of the revenues of the empire and the riches of the world, always distinguished his own private property from the public treasure. Thus at a small sacrifice he both made his moderation apparent, which left his heirs much less wealth than those of many of his subjects,† and his love to his country, which abandoned to the service of the state two entire patrimonies, and an immense amount of wealth derived from the legacies of his deceased friends.‡

LXXXI. An ordinary degree of penetration is sufficient to discern when an action is at once a cause and an effect. In the moral world this is often the case; or rather it very seldom happens that there are any which do not partake of the nature of both.

The corruption existing in every order of Roman society was produced by the extent of their dominion, and produced the grandeur of the republic.§

But it requires an extraordinary judgment to discern whether two things, which always exist together, and appear intimately connected, do not reciprocally owe their origin to each other.

LXXXII. It is said that the sciences are produced from luxury, and that a civilised people will always be vicious. To this I cannot agree. The sciences are not the offspring of luxury; but both of these have their origin in industry. In the earliest state of the arts, they satisfy the first wants of mankind; when brought to perfection, they procure him new sources of gratification, from the Minerva's shield of Vitellius‖ to the philosophical discourses of Cicero.

* I am impatiently looking for the sequel of the dissertations on this subject, promised us by the Abbé de la Blétérie. The system of Augustus's government, which is so often misunderstood, will there appear clearly depicted, down to its most minute ramifications. The author's reasonings possess great ingenuity and a beautiful freedom, his discussions are not dry, and his expressions have all the graces of a clear and elegant style. Perhaps, a Descartes in history, he reasons a little too much *à priori*, and establishes his conclusions more on particular authorities than on general inductions; but this is the error of a great genius.

† After every deduction made of his legacies to the people and to the soldiers, Augustus left Tiberius and Livia only milles quingentes, £1,250,000. The augur Lentulus, who died during his reign, possessed quater millies, £3,333,333. See Suetonius, lib. ii. cap. 101; Seneca de Beneficiis, lib. ii.

‡ Quaterdecies millies, £11,666,666. See Suetonius, lib. ii. cap. 101; and the Ancyran marble.

§ Montesquieu sur la Grandeur des Romains. I make a distinction between the greatness of the Roman dominion and that of the republic; the one consisted in the number of its provinces, the other in that of the citizens.

‖ Vitellius sent galleys as far as Hercules' Pillars to seek for the rarest fish, with

But in proportion as manners are corrupted by luxury, so much are they softened by science; like the Prayers in Homer, which continually traverse the earth, following after Injustice, to soften the fury of that cruel goddess.*

Such are a few reflections, which to me have appeared well grounded, on the various uses of literature. Happy shall I be if I can impart a taste for it. I should have too high an opinion of myself, if I did not perceive the defects of this essay; and I should entertain too low an one, did I not hope that, in a more mature age, and with more extensive knowledge, I shall find myself better qualified to supply them. It may perhaps be said that these reflections are true, but hackneyed; or that they are new, but paradoxical. What author is fond of criticisms? Nevertheless, the former opinion will displease me the least. The good of the art is much dearer to me than the glory of the artist.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

DESIGN OF THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEID.

THE allegorical interpretation which the Bishop of Gloucester has given of the sixth book of the Æneid, seems to have been very favourably received by the public. Many writers, both at home and abroad, have mentioned it with approbation, or at least with esteem, and I have more than once heard it alleged, in the conversation of scholars, as an ingenious improvement on the plain and obvious sense of Virgil. As such, it is not undeserving of the notice of a candid critic; nor can the enquiry be void of entertainment, whilst Virgil is our constant theme. Whatever may be the fortune of the chase, we are sure it will lead us through pleasant prospects and a fine country.

That I may escape the imputation as well as the danger of misrepresenting his lordship's hypothesis, I shall expose it in his own words. "The purpose of this discourse is to show that Æneas's adventure to the infernal shades, is no other than a figurative description of his initiation into the mysteries; and particularly a very exact one of the spectacles of the Eleusinian."† This general notion is supported with singular ingenuity, dressed up with an easy yet pompous display of learning, and delivered in a style much fitter for the hierophant of Eleusis, than for a modern critic, who is observing a remote object through the medium of a glimmering and doubtful light:

"Ibant obscuri, solâ sub nocte, per umbram."

which he filled this monstrous dish. If we may believe Dr. Arbuthnot, it cost £765,625. Suetonius in Vitellio, cap. 13; Arbuthnot's Tables, p. 138.

* Μετοπισθ' Ατης ἀλεγουσι κιουσαι.

Homer's Iliad, lib. ix. ver. 500.

† See Warburton's Dissertation, &c. in the third volume of Mr. Warton's Virgil. I shall quote indifferently that Dissertation or the Divine Legation itself.

His lordship naturally enough pursues two different methods, which unite, as he apprehends, in the same conclusion. From general principles, peculiar to himself, he infers the propriety and even necessity of such a description of the mysteries; and from a comparison of particular circumstances, he labours to prove that Virgil has actually introduced it into the Æneid. Each of these methods shall be considered separately.

As the learned prelate's opinions branch themselves out into luxuriant systems, it is not easy to resume them in a few words. I shall, however, attempt to give a short idea of those general principles, which occupy, I know not how, so great a share of the Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated.

"The whole system of paganism, of which the mysteries were an essential part, was instituted by the ancient lawgivers for the support and benefit of society. The mysteries themselves were a school of morality and religion, in which the vanity of polytheism,* and the unity of the First Cause, were revealed to the initiated. Virgil, who intended his immortal poem for a republic in action, as those of Plato and Tully were in precept, could not avoid displaying this first and noblest art of government. His perfect lawgiver must be initiated, as the ancient founders of states had been before him; and as Augustus himself was many ages afterwards."

What a crowd of natural reflections must occur to an unbiassed mind! Was the civil magistrate the mover of the whole machine; the sole contriver, or at least the sole support of religion? Were ancient laws always designed for the benefit of the people, and never for the private interest of the lawgiver? Could the first fathers of rude societies instruct their new-made subjects in philosophy as well as in agriculture? Did they all agree, in Britain as in Egypt, in Persia as in Greece, to found these secret schools on the same common principle; which subsisted nearly eighteen hundred years at Eleusis† in its primeval purity? Can these things be? Yes, replies the learned prelate, they are: "Egypt was the mysterious mother of religion and policy; and the arts of Egypt were diffused with her colonies over the ancient world. Inachus carried the mysteries into Greece, Zoroaster into Persia,‡ &c. &c."—I retire from so wide a field, in which it would be easy for me to lose both myself and my adversary. The ancient world, eighteen centuries, and four hundred authors genuine and apocryphal,§ would, under

* At least of the vulgar polytheism, by revealing that the *dii majorum gentium* had been mere mortals.

† From their institution, 1399 years before the Christian era, (Marm. Arundel. Ep. 14) till their suppression, towards the end of the fourth century.

‡ Though I hate to be positive, yet I would almost venture to affirm, that Zoroaster's connexion with Egypt is nowhere to be found, except in the D. L.

§ See a list of four hundred authors, quoted, &c. in the D. L. from St. Austin and Aristotle, down to Scarron and Rabelais. Amongst these authors we may observe Sanchoniatho, Orpheus, Zaleucus, Charondas, the Oracles of Porphyry, and the History of Jeffrey of Monmouth.

The bishop has entered the lists with the tremendous Bentley, who treated the laws of Zaleucus and Charondas as the forgeries of a sophist. A whole section of mistakes

tolerable management, furnish some volumes of controversy; and since I have perused the two thousand and fourteen pages of the unfinished Legation, I have less inclination than ever to spin out volumes of laborious trifles.

I shall, however, venture to point out a fact, not very agreeable to the favourite notion, that paganism was entirely the religion of the magistrate. The oracles were not less ancient, nor less venerable than the mysteries. Every difficulty, religious or civil, was submitted to the decision of those infallible tribunals. During several ages no war could be undertaken, no colony founded, without the sanction of the Delphic oracle; the first and most celebrated among several hundred others.* Here then we might expect to perceive the directing hand of the magistrate. Yet when we study their history with attention, instead of the alliance between church and state, we can discover only the ancient alliance between the avarice of the priests and the credulity of the people.

For my own part, I am very apt to consider the mysteries in the same light as the oracles. An intimate connexion subsisted between them:† both were preceded and accompanied with fasts, sacrifices, and lustrations; with mystic sights and preternatural sounds: but the most essential preparations for the aspirant, was a general confession of his past life, which was exacted of him by the priest. In return for this implicit confidence, the hierophant conferred on the initiated a sacred character; and promised them a peculiar place of happiness in the Elysian fields, whilst the souls of the profane (however virtuous they had been) were wallowing in the mire.‡ Nor did the priests of the mysteries neglect to recommend to the brethren a spirit of friendship, and the love of virtue; so pleasing even to the most corrupt minds, and so requisite to render any society respectable in its own eyes. Of all these religious societies, that of Eleusis was the most illustrious. From being peculiar to the inhabitants of Attica, it became at last common to the whole pagan world. Indeed, I should suspect that it was much indebted to the genius of the Athenian writers, who bestowed fame and dignity on

or misrepresentations is devoted to this controversy: but Bentley is no more, and W————n may sleep in peace.

I shall, however, disturb his repose, by asking him on what authority he supposes that the old language of the Twelve Tables was altered for the convenience of succeeding ages. The fragment of those laws, collected by Lipsius, Sylburgius, &c. bear the stamp of the most remote antiquity. Lipsius himself (tom. i. p. 206) was highly delighted with those *antiquissima verba:* but what is much more decisive, Horace (lib. ii. ep. i. ver. 23), Seneca (epistol. 114), and Aulus Gellius (xx. 1), rank those laws amongst the oldest remains of the Latin tongue. Their obsolete language was admired by the lawyers, ridiculed by the wits, and pleaded by the friends of antiquity as an excuse for the frequent obscurities of that code.

Had an adversary to the Divine Legation been guilty of this mistake, I am afraid it would have been styled an *egregious blunder*.

* See Vandale de Oraculis, p. 559. That valuable book contains whatever can now be known of oracles. I have borrowed his facts; and could with great ease have borrowed his quotations.

† The prophet Alexander, whose arts are so admirably laid open by Lucian, instituted his oracle and his mysteries as regular parts of the same plan. It is here we may say, with the learned catholic, "Les nouveaux saints me font douter des anciens."

‡ See Diogen. Laert. vi. 39, and Menag. ad loc.

whatever had the least connexion with their country; nor am I surprised that Cicero and Atticus, who were both initiated, should express themselves with enthusiasm, when they speak of the sacred rites of their beloved Athens.

But our curiosity is yet unsatisfied; we would press forwards into the sanctuary; and are eager to learn what was the secret which was revealed to the initiated, and to them alone. Many of the profane, possessed of leisure and ingenuity, have tried to guess what has been so religiously concealed. The secret of each is curious and philosophical; for as soon as we attempt this enquiry, the honour of the mysteries becomes our own.* I too could frame an hypothesis, as plausible perhaps, and as uncertain as any of theirs, did I not feel myself checked by the apprehension of discovering what never existed.† I admire the discretion of the initiated; but the best security for discretion is, the vanity of concealing that we have nothing to reveal.

The examples of great men, when they cannot serve as models, may serve as warnings to us. I should be very sorry to have discovered, that an atheistical history‡ was used in the celebration of the mysteries, to prove the unity of the first cause, and that an ancient hymn § was sung, for the edification of the devout Athenians, which was most probably a modern forgery of some Jewish or Christian impostor. Had I delivered these two discoveries with an air of confidence and triumph, I should be still more mortified.

After all, as I am not apt to give the name of demonstration to what is mere conjecture, his lordship may take advantage of my scepticism, and still affirm, that his favourite mysteries were schools of theism, instituted by the lawgiver. Yet, unless Æneas is the lawgiver of Virgil's republic, he has no more business with the mysteries

* I shall sum them up in a curious passage of the celebrated Freret. "Les sectes philosophiques cherchaient à dévîner le dogme caché sous le voile des ceremonies; et tachaient de le ramener chacune à leur doctrine. Dans l'hypothèse des Epicuriens, adoptée de nos jours par MM. Le Clerc et Warburton," (Le Clerc *adopted* it in the year 1687; Mr. Warburton *invented* it in the year 1738,) "tout ce qu'on révélait aux adeptes après tant de préparatifs et d'épreuves, c'est que les dieux adorés du vulgaire, avaient été des hommes, &c. Les Stoiciens et les Hylozoistes supposaient qu'on enseignait aux initiés, qu'il n'y avait d'autres dieux que les élémens et les parties de l'univers materiel. Enfin, suivant les nouveaux Platoniciens, ces symboles servaient à couvrir les dogmes d'une théologie et d'une philosophie sublimes, enseignées autrefois par les Egyptiens et les Chaldéens." M. Freret inclines, though with great diffidence, to the last opinion. Mém. de l'Académie des Inscriptions, &c. tom. xxi. p. 12, Hist.

† Je ne suis si convaincu de nôtre ignorance par les choses qui sont, et dont la raison nous est inconnue, que par celles qui ne sont point et dont nous trouvons la raison. Œuvres de Fontenelle, tom. xi. p. 229.

‡ The Fragment of Sanchoniatho's Phœnician History. Eusebius and Bishop Cumberland have already observed, that the formation of the world is there attributed to the blind powers of matter, without the least mention of an intelligent cause.

§ Orpheus's Hymn to Musæus, quoted by Justin Martyr, and several other fathers, but rejected as spurious by Cudworth (Intellectual System, p. 300), by Le Clerc (Hist. Eccl. p. 692), and by Dr. Jortin (Remarks on Ecclesiastical Hist. vol. i. p. 199). The first of these, the *immortal Cudworth*, is often celebrated by the Bishop of Gloucester; Le Clerc's literary character is established; and with respect to Dr. Jortin, I will venture to call him a learned and moderate critic. The few who may not choose to confess that their objections are unanswerable, will allow that they deserve to be answered.

of Athens, than with the laws of Sparta. We will, therefore, reflect a moment on the true nature and plan of the Æneid.

An epic fable must be important as well as interesting: great actions, great virtues, and great distresses, are the peculiar province of heroic poetry. This rule seems to have been dictated by nature and experience, and is very different from those chains in which genius has been bound by artificial criticism. The importance I speak of, is not indeed always dependent on the rank or names of the personages. Columbus, exploring a new world with three sloops and ninety sailors, is a hero worthy of the epic muse; yet our imagination would be much more strongly affected by the image of a virtuous prince saved from the ruins of his country, and conducting his faithful followers through unknown seas and through hostile lands. Such is the hero of the Æneid. But his peculiar situation suggested other beauties to the poet, who had an opportunity of adorning his subject with whatever was most pleasing in Grecian fable, or most illustrious in Roman history. Æneas had fought under the walls of Ilium; and conducted to the banks of the Tiber a colony from which Rome claimed her origin.

The character of the hero is expressed by one of his friends in a few words; and, though drawn by a friend, does not seem to be flattered:

> Rex erat Æneas nobis; quo justior alter
> Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major et armis.*

These three virtues, of justice, of piety, of valour, are finely supported throughout the poem.†

1. I shall here mention one instance of the hero's justice, which has been less noticed than its singularity seems to deserve.

After Evander had entertained his guests, with a sublime simplicity he lamented that his age and want of power made him a very useless ally. However, he points out auxiliaries, and a cause worthy of a hero. The Etruscans, tired out with the repeated tyrannies of Mezentius, had driven that monarch from his throne, and reduced him to implore the protection of Turnus. Unsatisfied with freedom, the Etruscans called loudly for revenge; and, in the poet's opinion, revenge was justice.

> Ergo omnis furiis surrexit Etruria justis:
> Regem ad supplicium præsenti Marte reposcunt.‡

Æneas, with the approbation of gods and men, accepts the command of these brave rebels, and punishes the tyrant with the death he so well deserved. The conduct of Æneas and the Etruscans may, in point of justice, seem doubtful to many; the sentiments of the

* Æneid, i. 548.

† M. de Voltaire condemns the latter part of the Æneid, as far inferior in fire and spirit to the former. As quoted in the Legation, he thinks that Virgil

> ——— s'épuise avec Didon et rate à la fin Lavinie;

a pretty odd quotation for a bishop; but I most sincerely hope, that neither his lordship nor Mrs. W———n are acquainted with the true meaning of the word *rater*.

‡ Æneid, viii. 495.

poet cannot appear equivocal to any one. Milton himself, I mean the Milton of the commonwealth, could not have asserted with more energy the daring pretensions of the people, to punish as well as to resist a tyrant. Such opinions, published by a writer whom we are taught to consider as the creature of Augustus, have a right to surprise us; yet they are strongly expressive of the temper of the times; the republic was subverted, but the minds of the Romans were still republican.

2. Æneas's piety has been more generally confessed than admired. St. Evremond laughs at it, as unsuitable to his own temper. The Bishop of Gloucester defends it, as agreeable to his own system of the lawgiver's religion. The French wit was too superficial, the English scholar too profound, to attend to the plain narration of the poet, and the peculiar circumstances of ancient heroes. We believe from faith and reason: they believe from the report of their senses. Æneas had seen the Grecian divinities overturning the foundations of fated Troy. He was personally acquainted with his mother Venus, and with his persecutor Juno; Mercury, who commanded him to leave Carthage, was as present to his eyes as Dido, who strove to detain him. Such a knowledge of religion, founded on sense and experience, must insinuate itself into every instant of our lives, and determine every action. All this is, indeed, fiction; but it is fiction in which we choose to acquiesce, and which we justly consider as the charm of poetry. If we allow that Æneas lived in an intimate commerce with the superior beings, we must likewise allow his love or his fear, his confidence or his gratitude towards those beings, to display themselves on every proper occasion. Far from thinking Æneas too pious, I am sometimes surprised at his want of faith. Forgetful of the fates, which had so often and so clearly pointed out the destined shores of Latium, he deliberates whether he shall not sit down quietly in the fields of Sicily. An apparition of his father is necessary to divert him from this impious and ungenerous design.

3. A hero's valour will not bear the rude breath of suspicion; yet has the courage of Æneas suffered from an unguarded expression of the Poet:

> Extemplò Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra;
> Ingemit.*

On every other occasion the Trojan chief is daring without rashness, and prudent without timidity. In that dreadful night, when Troy was delivered up to her hostile gods, he performed every duty of a soldier, a patriot, and a son.

> ——— Moriamur, et in media arma ruamus.
> Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem.†
>
> Iliaci cineres, et flamma extrema meorum,
> Testor, in occasu vestro, nec tela, nec ullas
> Vitavisse vices Danaûm; et, si fata fuissent
> Ut caderem, meruisse manû.‡

* Æneid, i. 96. † Æneid, ii. 353. ‡ Idem, ii. 341.

To quote other proofs of the same nature, would be to copy the six last books of the Æneid. I cannot, however, forbear mentioning the calm and superior intrepidity of the hero, when, after the perfidy of the Rutuli, and his wound, he rushed again to the field, and restored victory by his presence alone.

Ipse neque aversos dignatur sternere morti;
Nec pede congressos æquo, nec tela ferentes
Insequitur: solum densâ in caligine Turnum
Vestigat lustrans, solum in certamina poscit.*

At length, indignant that his victim has escaped, his contempt gives way to fury:

Jam tandem invadit medios, et Marte secundo
Terribilis, sævam nullo discrimine cædem
Suscitat, irarumque omnes effundit habenas.†

The heroic character of Æneas has been understood and admired by every attentive reader. But to discover the lawgiver in Æneas and a system of politics in the Æneid, required the critical telescope‡ of the great W———n. The naked eye of common sense cannot reach so far. I revolve in my memory the harmonious sense of Virgil: Virgil seems as ignorant as myself of his political character. I return to the less pleasing pages of the Legation: so far from condescending to proofs, the Author of the Legation is even sparing of conjectures.

"Many political instructions may be drawn from the Æneid." And from what book which treats of man, and the adventures of human life, may they not be drawn? His lordship's chemistry (did his hypothesis require it) would extract a system of policy from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

"A system of policy delivered in the example of a great prince must show him in every public occurrence of life. Hence, Æneas was of necessity to be found voyaging, with Ulysses, and fighting, with Achilles.§"

There is another public occurrence, at least as much in the character of a lawgiver, as either voyaging or fighting; I mean giving laws. Except in a single line,|| Æneas never appears in that occupation. In Sicily, he compliments Acestes with the honour of giving laws to the colony, which he himself had founded:

Interea Æneas urbem designat aratro,
Sortiturque domos: hoc Ilium, et hæc loca Trojæ
Esse jubet. Gaudet regno Trojanus Acestes,
Indicitque forum, et patribus dat jura vocatis.¶

In the solemn treaty, which is to fix the fate of his posterity, he

* Æneid, xii. 464. † Idem, xii. 497.

‡ Others are furnished by criticism with a *telescope*. They see with great clearness whatever is too remote to be discovered by the rest of mankind; but are totally blind to all that lies immediately before them. They discover in every passage some secret meaning, some remote allusion, some artful allegory, or some occult imitation, which no other reader ever suspected; but they have no perception of the cogency of arguments, the contexture of narration, the various colours of diction, or the flowery embellishments of fancy. Of all that engages the attention of others they are totally insensible; while they pry into the worlds of conjecture, and amuse themselves with phantoms in the clouds.—Rambler.

§ D. L. vol. i. p. 212. || Æneid, iii. 137. ¶ Idem, v. 755.

disclaims any design of innovating the laws of Latium. On the contrary, he only demands a hospitable seat for his gods and his Trojans; and professes to leave the whole authority to king Latinus.

> Non ego, nec Teucris Italos parere jubebo,
> Nec mihi regna peto: paribus se legibus ambæ
> Invictæ gentes æterna in fœdera mittant.
> Sacra deosque dabo: socer arma Latinus habeto,
> Imperium solemne socer: mihi mœnia Teucri
> Constituent, urbique dabit Lavinia nomen.*

"But, after all, is not the fable of Æneid the establishment of an empire?" Yes, in one sense, I grant it is. Æneas had many external difficulties to struggle with. When the Latins were defeated, Turnus slain, and Juno appeased, these difficulties were removed. The hero's labour was over, the lawgiver's commenced from that moment; and, as if Virgil had a design against the bishop's system, at that very moment the Æneid ends. Virgil, who corrected with judgment and felt with enthusiasm, thought, perhaps, that the sober arts of peace could never interest a reader, whose mind had been so long agitated with scenes of distress and slaughter. He might perhaps say, like the Sylla of Montesquieu, "J'aime à remporter des victoires, à fonder ou détruire des états, à faire des ligues, à punir un usurpateur; mais pour ces minces détails de gouvernement, où les génies médiocres ont tant d'avantages, cette lente exécution des lois, cette discipline d'une milice tranquille, mon âme ne sçauroit s'en occuper.†"

Had Virgil designed to compose a political institute, the example of Fenelon, his elegant imitator, may give us some notion of the manner in which he would have proceeded. The preceptor of the Duke of Burgundy professedly designed to educate a prince for the happiness of the people. Every incident in his pleasing romance is subservient to that great end. The goddess of wisdom, in a human shape, conducts her pupil through a varied series of instructive adventure: and every adventure is a lesson or a warning for Telemachus. The pride of Sesostris, the tyranny of Pygmalion, the perfidy of Adrastus, and the imprudence of Idomeneus, are displayed in their true light. The innocence of the inhabitants of Bœtica, the commerce of Tyre, and the wise laws of Crete and Salentum, instructed the prince of the various means by which a people may be made happy. From the Telemachus of Fenelon, I could pass with pleasure to the Cyropœdia of Xenophon. But I should be led too far from my subject, were I to attempt to lay open the true nature and design of that philosophical history. We must return from Fenelon and Xenophon to the Bishop of Gloucester.

His lordship props the legislative character of Æneas with an additional support: "Augustus, who was shadowed in the person of Æneas, was initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries.‡ Ergo, &c." This doctrine of types and shadows, though true in general, has on this, as well as on graver occasions, produced a great abuse of reason,

* Æneid, xii. 189.

† Œuvres de Montesquieu, tom. iii. p. 555.

‡ D. L. vol. i. p. 228.

or at least of reasoning. To confine myself to Virgil, I shall only say, that he was too judicious to compliment the emperor at the expense of good sense and probability. Every age has its manners: and the poet must suit his hero to the age, and not the age to his hero. It is easy to give instances of this truth. Mark Antony, when defeated and besieged in Alexandria, challenged his competitor to decide their quarrel by a single combat. This was rejected by Augustus with contempt and derision, as the last effort of a desperate man;* and the world applauded the prudence of Augustus, who preferred the part of a general to that of a gladiator. The temper and good sense of Virgil must have made him view things in the same light; yet, when Virgil introduces Æneas in similar circumstances, he gives him a quite different conduct. The hero wishes to spare the innocent people, provokes Turnus to a single combat, and, even after the perfidy and last defeat of the Rutuli, is still ready to risk his person and victory against the unhappy life and desperate fortunes of his rival. The laws of honour are different in different ages; and a behaviour which in Augustus was decent, would have covered Æneas with infamy.

We may apply this observation to the very case of the Eleusinian mysteries. Augustus was initiated into them, at a time when Eleusis was become the common temple of the universe. The Trojan hero could not, with the smallest propriety, set him that example; as the Trojan hero lived in an age when those rites were confined to the natives of Greece, and even of Attica.†

I have now wandered through the scientific maze in which the Bishop of Gloucester has concealed his first and general argument. It appears (when resumed) to amount to this irrefragable demonstration, "That if the mysteries were instituted by legislators, (which they probably were not,) Æneas (who was no legislator) must of course be initiated into them by the poet."

And here I shall mention a collateral reason assigned by his lordship, which might engage Virgil to introduce a description of the mysteries: the practice of other poets. This proof is so exceedingly brittle, that I fear to handle it; and shall report it faithfully in the words of our ingenious critic:‡

"Had the old poem under the name of Orpheus been now extant, it would perhaps have shown us, that no more was meant than Orpheus's initiation; and that the hint of this Sixth Book was taken from thence."

As nothing now remains of that old poem, except the title, it is not altogether so easy to guess what it would or would not have shown us.

"But farther, it was customary for the poets of the Augustan age to exercise themselves on the subject of the mysteries, as appears from Cicero, who desires Atticus, then at Athens, and initiated, to

* Plutarch. in Vit. M. Anton. tom i. 950. Wechel.

† Plutarch, in Vit. Thesei. tom. i. p. 16; Herodot. viii. 65; Cicero de Nat. Deor. i. 42. The gradation of Athenians, Greeks, and mankind at large, may be traced in these passages.

‡ D. L. vol. i. p. 233.

send to Chilius, a poet of eminence, an account of the Eleusinian mysteries; in order as it should seem, to insert them in some poem he was then writing."

The Eleusinian mysteries are not mentioned in the original passage. Cicero, using the obscure brevity of familiar letters, desires that Atticus would send their friend Chilius, ΕΥΜΟΛΠΙΔΩΝ ΠΑΤΡΙΑ,* which may signify twenty different things, relative either to the worship of Ceres in particular, or to the Athenian institutions in general; but which can hardly be applied to the Eleusinian mysterics.†

"Thus it appears that both the ancient and modern poets afforded Virgil a pattern for this famous episode."

How does this appear? From an old poem, of whose contents the critic is totally ignorant, and from an obscure passage, the meaning of which he has most probably mistaken.

Instead of conjecturing what Virgil might or ought to do, it would seem far more natural to examine what he has done. The Bishop of Gloucester attempts to prove, that the descent to hell is properly an initiation; since the Sixth Book of the Æneid really contains the secret doctrine as well as the ceremonies of the Eleusinian mysteries.

What was this secret doctrine? As I profess my ignorance, we must consult the oracle. "The secret doctrine of the mysteries revealed to the initiated, that Jupiter . . . and the whole rabble of licentious deities, were only dead mortals."‡ Is any thing like this laid open in the sixth book of Virgil? Not the remotest hint of it can be discovered throughout the whole book; and thus, to use his lordship's own words, something (I had almost written every thing is still wanting "to complete the identification."§

Notwithstanding this disappointment, which is cautiously concealed from the reader, the learned bishop still courses round the Elysian fields in quest of a secret. Once he is so lucky as to find Æneas talking with the poet Musæus, whom tradition has reckoned among the founders of the Eleusinian mysteries. The critic listens to their conversation; but, alas! Æneas is only inquiring, in what part of the garden he may find his father's shade; to which Musæus returns a very polite answer. Anchises himself is our last hope. As that venerable shade explains to his son some mysterious doctrines, concerning the universal mind and the transmigration of souls, his lordship is pleased to assure us, that these are the hidden doctrines of perfection revealed only to the initiated. Let us for a moment lay aside hypothesis, and read Virgil.

* Chilius te rogat, et ego ejus rogatû; Εὐμολπιδων πατρια.—Cicero ad Atticum, i. 9.

† As the B. of G. alleges the authority of Victorius, I shall shelter myself under the names and reasons of Grævius and the Abbé Mongault, and even transcribe the words of the former. "Non est ut hìc intelligantur ritus illi secretiores, qui tantùm mystis noti erant, et sine capitis periculo vulgari non poterant, sed illa sacra et ceremoniæ, quibus in Eleusiniis celebrandis utebantur in omnium oculis Eumolpidæ; quasque poetæ et prisci scriptores alii commemorant passim; aut fortè per Eumolpidas intelligit tectè ipsos Athenienses: ut petierit Chilius, Atheniensium leges et disciplinam sibi describi et mitti."

‡ D. L. vol. i. p. 154. § Idem, p. 277.

It is observable, that the three great poets of Rome were all addicted to the Epicurean philosophy; a system, however, the least suited to a poet; since it banishes all the genial and active powers of nature, to substitute in their room a dreary void, blind atoms, and indolent gods. A description of the infernal shades was incompatible with the ideas of a philosopher whose disciples boasted that he had rescued the captive world from the tyranny of religion and the fear of a future state. These ideas Virgil was obliged to reject: but he does still more; he abandons not only the *chance* of Epicurus, but even these gods, whom he so nobly employs in the rest of his poem, that he may offer to the reader's imagination a far more specious and splendid set of ideas:

> Principio cœlum, ac terras, camposque liquentes,
> Lucentemque globum lunæ, Titaniaque astra
> Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
> Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.*

The more we examine these lines, the more we shall feel the sublime poetry of them. But they have likewise an air of philosophy, and even of religion, which goes off on a nearer approach. The mind which is *infused*† into the several parts of matter, and which *mingles itself* with the mighty mass, scarcely retains any property of a spiritual substance; and bears too near an affinity to the principles, which the impious Spinosa revived rather than invented.

I am not insensible, that we should be slow to suspect, and still slower to condemn. The poverty of human language, and the obscurity of human ideas, make it difficult to speak worthily of the Great First Cause. Our most religious poets, in striving to express the presence and energy of the Deity in every part of the universe, deviate unwarily into images which are scarcely distinguished from materialism. Thus our ethic poet:

> All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;‡

and several passages of Thomson require a like favourable construction. But these writers deserve that favour, by the sublime manner in which they celebrate the great Father of the Universe, and by those effusions of love and gratitude, which are inconsistent with the materialist's system. Virgil has no such claim to our indulgence. The mind of the universe is rather a metaphysical than a theological being. His intellectual qualities are faintly distinguished from the powers of matter, and his moral attributes, the source of all religious worship, form no part of Virgil's creed.

Yet is this creed approved§ by our orthodox prelate, as free from any mixture of Spinosism. I congratulate his lordship on his indulgent and moderate temper. His brethren (I mean those of former times) had much sharper eyes for spying out a latent heresy. Yet I cannot easily persuade myself, that Virgil's notions were ever the

* Æneid, vi. 724.

† Quomodo porrò Deus iste si nihil esset nisi animus, aut infixus aut *infusus* esset in mundo.—Cicero de Naturâ Deor. lib. i. cap. 11.

‡ Pope's Essay on Man, epistle i. ver. 267.

§ D. L. vol. i. p. 278.

creed of a religious society, like that of the mysteries. Luckily, indeed, I have no occasion to persuade myself of it; unless I should prefer his lordship's mere authority to the voice of antiquity, which assures me, that this system was either invented or imported into Greece by Pythagoras; from the writings of whose disciples Virgil might so very naturally borrow it.

Anchises then proceeds to inform his son, that the souls both of men and of animals were of celestial origin, and (as I understand him) parts of the universal mind; but that by their union with earthly bodies they contracted such impurities as even death could not purge away. "Many expiations," continues the venerable shade, "are requisite, before the soul, restored to its original simplicity, is capable of a place in Elysium. The far greater part are obliged to revisit the upper world, in other characters and in other bodies; and thus, by gradual steps, to reascend towards their first perfection."

This moral transmigration was undoubtedly taught in the mysteries. As the bishop asserts this from the best authority, we are surprised at a sort of a diffidence, unusual to his lordship when he advances things from his own intuitive knowledge. In one place, this transmigration is part of the hidden doctrine of perfection;* in another, it is one of those principles which were promiscuously communicated to all.† The truth seems to be, that his lordship was afraid to rank among the secrets of the mysteries, what was professed and believed by so many nations and philosophers. The preexistence of the human soul is a very natural idea; and from that idea, speculations and fables of its successive revolution through various bodies will arise. From Japan to Egypt, the transmigration has been part of the popular and religious creed.‡ Pythagoras§ and Plato‖ have endeavoured to demonstrate the truth of it, by facts, as well as by arguments.

Of all these visions (which should have been confined to the poets) none is more pleasing and sublime, than that which Virgil has invented. Æneas sees before him his posterity, the heroes of ancient Rome, a long series of airy forms

"Demanding life, impatient for the skies,"

and prepared to assume, with their new bodies, the little passions and transient glories of their destined lives.

Having ¶ thus revealed the secret doctrine of the mysteries, the learned prelate examines the ceremonies. With the assistance of Meursius,** he pours out a torrent of erudition to convince us, that the scenes through which Æneas passed in his descent to the shades,

* D. L. vol. i. p. 279. † Idem, p. 142.

‡ See our modern relations of Japan, China, India, &c. and for Egypt, Herodotus, lib. ii.

§ Ovid. Metamorph. xv. 69, &c. 158, &c.

‖ Plato in Phædro, and in Republic, lib. x.

¶ I shall mention here, once for all, that I do not always confine myself to the order of his lordship's proofs.

** Meursii Eleusinia, sive de Cereris Eleusinæ sacro.

were the same as were represented to the aspirants in the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries. From thence his lordship draws his great conclusion, that the descent is no more than an emblem of the hero's initiation.

A stanch polemic will feed a dispute, by dwelling on every accessory circumstance, whilst a candid critic will confine himself to the more essential points of it. I shall therefore readily allow, what I believe may in general be true, that the mysteries exhibited a theatrical representation of all that was believed or imagined of the lower world; that the aspirant was conducted through the mimic scenes of Erebus, Tartarus, and Elysium; and that a warm enthusiast, in describing these awful spectacles, might express himself as if he had actually visited the infernal regions.* All this I can allow, and yet allow nothing to the Bishop of Gloucester's hypothesis. It is not surprising that the copy was like the original; but it still remains undetermined, whether Virgil intended to describe the original or the copy.

Lear and Garrick, when on the stage, are the same; nor is it possible to distinguish the player from the monarch. In the green-room, or after representation, we easily perceive what the warmth of fancy and the justness of imitation had concealed from us. In the same manner it is from extrinsical circumstances, that we may expect the discovery of Virgil's allegory. Every one of those circumstances persuades me, that Virgil described a real, not a mimic world, and that scene lay in the infernal shades, and not in the temple of Ceres.

The singularity of the Cumæan shores must be present to every traveller who has once seen them. To a superstitious mind, the thin crust, vast cavities, sulphureous streams, poisonous exhalations, and fiery torrents may seem to trace out the narrow confine of the two worlds. The Lake Avernus was the chief object of religious horror; the black woods which surrounded it, when Virgil first came to Naples, were perfectly suited to feed the superstition of the people.† It was generally believed, that this deadly flood was the entrance of hell; ‡ and an oracle was once established on its banks, which pretended, by magic rites, to call up the departed spirits. § Æneas, who revolved a more daring enterprise, addresses himself to the priestess of those dark regions. Their conversation may perhaps inform us, whether an initiation, or a descent to the shades, was the object of this enterprise. She endeavours to deter the hero, by setting before him all the dangers of his rash undertaking:

> —— Facilis descensus Averni:
> Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;
> Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
> Hoc opus, hic labor est.‖

These particulars are absolutely irreconcileable with the idea of initiation, but perfectly agreeable to that of a real descent. The

* See D. L. vol. i. particularly p. 280. † Strabo, lib. v. p. 168.
‡ Silius Italicus, lib. xii. § Diod. Sicul. lib. iv. p. 267, edit. Wesseling.
‖ Æneid, vi. 126.

every step, and every instant, may lead us to the grave is a melancholy truth. The mysteries were only open at stated times, a few days at most in the course of the year. The mimic descent of the mysteries was laborious and dangerous, the return to light easy and certain. In real death, this order is inverted:

—— Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
Diis geniti, potuêre.*

These heroes, as we learn from the speech of Æneas, were Hercules, Orpheus, Castor and Pollux, Theseus, and Pirithous. Of all these, antiquity believed, that before their death they had seen the habitations of the dead; nor, indeed, will any of the circumstances tally with a supposed initiation. The adventure of Eurydice, the alternate life of the brothers, and the forcible intrusion of Alcides, Theseus, and Pirithous, would mock the endeavours of the most subtle critic, who would try to melt them down into his favourite mysteries. The exploits of Hercules, who triumphed over the king of terrors,

Tartareum ille manû custodem in vincla petivit,
Ipsius à solio regis traxitque trementem;†

was a wild imagination of the Greeks.‡ But it was the duty of ancient poets to adopt and embellish these popular traditions: and it is the interest of every man of taste, to acquiesce in their poetical fictions.

After this, we may leave ingenious men to search out what, or whether any thing gave rise to those idle stories. Diodorus Siculus represents Pluto as a kind of undertaker, who made great improvements in the useful art of funerals.§ Some have sought for the poetic hell in the mines of Epirus,‖ and others in the mysteries of Egypt. As this last notion was published in French,¶ six years before it was invented in English,** the learned author of the D. L. has been severely treated by some ungenerous adversaries.†† Appearances, it must be confessed, wear a very suspicious aspect: but what are appearances, when weighed against his lordship's declaration, "That this is a point of honour in which he is particularly delicate; and that he may venture to boast, that he believes no author was

* Æneid, vi. 129. † Idem, vi. 395.
‡ Homer, Odyss. lib. xi. ver. 623; Apoll. Biblioth. lib. ii. cap. 5.
§ Diodor. Sicul. lib. v. p. 386, edit. Wesseling.
‖ Le Clerc, Biblioth. Universelle, tom. vi. p. 55.
¶ By the Abbé Terrasson, in his philosophical romance of Sethos, printed at Amsterdam in the year 1732. See the third book, from beginning to end. The author was a scholar and a philosopher. His book has far more variety and originality than Telemachus. Yet Sethos is forgotten, and Telemachus will be immortal. That harmony of style, and the great talent of speaking to the heart and passions, which Fenelon possessed, was unknown to Terrasson. I am not surprised that Homer was admired by the one, and criticised by the other.
** See D. L. vol. i. p. 228, &c. The first edition was printed in London, in the year 1738.
†† Cowper's Life of Socrates, p. 102.

ever more averse to take to himself what belonged to another."* Besides, he has enriched this mysterious discovery with many collateral arguments, which would for ever have escaped all inferior critics. In the case of Hercules, for instance, he demonstrates, that the initiation and the descent to the shades were the same thing, because an ancient has affirmed that they were different;† and that Alcides was initiated at Eleusis, before he set out for Tænarus, in order to descend to the infernal regions.

There is, however, a single circumstance, in the narration of Virgil, which has justly surprised critics, unacquainted with any but the obvious sense of the poet; I mean the *ivory gate*. The Bishop of Gloucester seizes this, as the secret mark of allegory, and becomes eloquent in the exultation of triumph.‡ I could, however, represent to him, that in a work which was deprived of the author's last revision, Virgil might too hastily employ what Homer had invented, and at last unwarily slide into an Epicurean idea.§ Let this be as it may, an obscure expression is a weak basis for an elaborate system; and whatever his lordship may choose to do, I had much rather reproach my favourite poet with want of care in one line, than with want of taste throughout a whole book.‖

Virgil has borrowed, as usual, from Homer his episode of the infernal shades, and, as usual, has infinitely improved what the Grecian had invented. If, among a profusion of beauties, I durst venture to point out the most striking beauties of the Sixth Book, I should perhaps observe, 1. That after accompanying the hero through the silent realms of night and chaos, we see with astonishment and pleasure a new creation bursting upon us; 2. That we examine, with a delight which springs from the love of virtue, the just empire of Minos; in which the apparent irregularities of the present system are corrected; and where the patriot who died for his country is happy, and the tyrant who oppressed it is miserable. 3. As we interest ourselves in the hero's fortunes, we share his feelings: the melancholy Palinurus, the wretched Deiphobus, the indignant Dido, the Grecian kings who tremble at his presence, and the venerable Anchises who embraces his pious son, and displays to his sight the future glories of his race; all these objects affect us with a variety of pleasing sensations.

Let us for a moment obey the mandate of our great critic, and consider these awful scenes as a mimic show, exhibited in the temple of Ceres, by the contrivance of the priest, or, if he pleases, of the

* Letter from a late professor of Oxford, &c. p. 133.

† D. L. vol. iii. p. 277. ‡ Idem, vol. i. p. 229. § Idem, vol. i. p. 263.

‖ Horace seems to have used as unguarded an expression:

Et adscribi *quietis*
Ordinibus patiar decorum. Od. lib. iii. 3.

The word and idea of *quietus* are perfectly Epicurean; but rather clash with the active passions displayed in the rest of Juno's speech.

His lordship (D. L. vol. ii. p. 140,) accuses Virgil himself of a like inattention; which, with his usual gentleness, he calls an *absurdity*.

legislator. Whatever was animated (I appeal to every reader of taste), whatever was terrible, or whatever was pathetic, evaporates into lifeless allegory:

—— tenuem sine viribus umbram.

——Dat inania verba,
Dat sine mente sonum, gressusque effingit euntis.

The end of philosophy is truth; the end of poetry is pleasure. I willingly adopt any interpretation which adds new beauties to the original; I assist in persuading myself, that it is just; and could almost show the same indulgence to the critic's as to the poet's fiction. But should a grave doctor lay out fourscore pages in explaining away the sense and spirit of Virgil, I should have every inducement to believe, that Virgil's soul was very different from the doctor's.

I have almost exhausted my own, and probably my reader's patience, whilst I have obsequiously waited on his lordship, through the several stages of an intricate hypothesis. He must now permit me to allege two very simple reasons, which persuade me that Virgil has not revealed the secret of the Eleusinian mysteries, the first is his ignorance, and the second his discretion.

I. As his lordship has not made the smallest attempt to prove that Virgil was himself initiated, it is plain that he supposed it, as a thing of course. Had he any right to suppose it? By no means: that ceremony might naturally enough finish the education of a young Athenian; but a barbarian, a Roman, would most probably pass through life without directing his devotion to the foreign rites of Eleusis.

The philosophical sentiments of Virgil were still more unlikely to inspire him with that kind of devotion. It is well known that he was a determined Epicurean;* and a very natural antipathy subsisted between the Epicureans and the managers of the mysteries. The celebration opened with a solemn excommunication of those atheistical philosophers, who were commanded to retire, and to leave that holy place for pious believers;† the zeal of the people was ready to enforce this admonition. I will not deny, that curiosity might sometimes tempt an Epicurean to pry into these secret rites; and that gratitude, fear, or other motives, might engage the Athenians to admit so irreligious an aspirant. Atticus was initiated at Eleusis; but Atticus was the friend and benefactor of Athens.‡ These extraordinary exceptions may be proved, but must not be supposed.

Nay, more; I am strongly inclined to think that Virgil was never out of Italy till the last year of his life. I am sensible, that it is not easy to prove a negative proposition, more especially when the materials of our knowledge are so very few and so very defec-

* See the Life of Virgil by Donatus, the Sixth Eclogue, and the Second Georgic, ver. 490.

† Lucian in Alexandro, p. 489.

‡ Cornel. Nepos, in Vit. Attici, cap. 2, 3, 4.

tive;* and yet by glancing our eye over the several periods of Virgil's life, we may perhaps attain a sort of probability which ought to have some weight, since nothing can be thrown into the opposite scale.

Although Virgil's father was hardly of a lower rank than Horace's, yet the peculiar character of the latter afforded his son a much superior education: Virgil did not enjoy the same opportunities of observing mankind on the great theatre of Rome, or of pursuing philosophy, in her favourite shades of the academy.

> Adjecêre binæ paulò plus artis Athenæ:
> Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,
> Atque inter sylvas Academi quærere verum.†

The sphere of Virgil's education did not extend beyond Mantua, Cremona, Milan, and Naples.‡

After the accidents of civil war had introduced Virgil to the knowledge of the great, he passed a few years at Rome, in a state of dependence, the juvenum nobilium cliens.§ It was during that time that he composed his Eclogues, the hasty productions of a muse capable of far greater things.‖

By the liberality of Augustus and his courtiers, Virgil soon became possessed of an affluent fortune.¶ He composed the Georgics and the Æneid in his elegant villas of Campania and Sicily; and seldom quitted those pleasing retreats even to come to Rome.**

After he had finished the Æneid, he resolved on a journey into Greece and Asia, to employ three years in revising and perfecting that poem, and to devote the remainder of his life to the study of philosophy.†† He was at Athens, with Augustus, in the summer of A.U.C. 735; and whilst Augustus was at Athens, the Eleusinian mysteries were celebrated.‡‡ It is not impossible, that Virgil might then be initated, as well as the Indian philosopher;§§ but the Æneid could receive no improvement from this newly acquired knowledge. He was taken ill at Megara. The journey increased his disorder, and he expired at Brundusium, the twenty-second of September of the same year 735.‖‖

* The life of Virgil, attributed to Donatus, contains many characteristic particulars; but which are lost in confusion, and disgraced with a mixture of absurd stories, such as none but a monk of the darker ages could either invent or believe. I always considered them as the interpolations of some more recent writer; and am confirmed in that opinion by the life of Virgil, pure from those additions, which Mr. Spence lately published, from a Florence MS., at the begining of Mr. Holdsworth's valuable Observations on Virgil.

† Horat. lib. ii. ep. ii. ver. 43.

‡ Donat. in Virgil.

§ Horat. lib. iv. od. xii.

‖ Donat. in Virgil.

¶ Propè centies sestertium, about £80,000.

** Donat. in Virgil.

†† Id. ibid.

‡‡ They always began the 15th of the Attic month Boedromion and lasted nine days. Those that take the trouble of calculating the Athenian calendar, on the principles laid down by Mr. Dodwell (de Cyclis Antiquis) and by Dr. Halley, will find, that A.U.C. Var. 735, the 15th of Boedromion coincided with the 24th of August of the Julian year. But if we may believe Dion Cassius, the celebration was this year anticipated, on account of Augustus and the Indian philosopher. Lib. liv. p. 739, edit. Reimar.

§§ Strabo, lib. xv. p. 720.

‖‖ Donat. in Virgil.

Should it then appear probable, that Virgil had no opportunity of learning the secret of the mysteries, it will be something more than probable that he has not revealed what he never knew.

His lordship will perhaps tell me, that Virgil might be initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries without making a journey to Athens; since those mysteries had been brought to Rome long before.* Here indeed I should be apt to suspect some mistake, or, at least, a want of precision in his lordship's ideas; as Salmasius† and Casaubon,‡ men tolerably versed in antiquity, assure me, that indeed some Grecian ceremonies of Ceres had been practised at Rome from the earliest ages; but that the mysteries of Eleusis were never introduced into that capital, either by the Emperor Adrian, or by any other: and I am the more induced to believe, that these rites were not imported in Virgil's time, as the accurate Suetonius speaks of an unsuccessful attempt for that purpose, made by the emperor Claudius, above threescore years after Virgil's death.§

II. None but the initiated could reveal the secret of the mysteries; and the initiated could not reveal it, without violating the laws, as well of honour as of religion. I sincerely acquit the Bishop of Gloucester of any design; yet so unfortunate is his system, that it represents a most virtuous and elegant poet as equally devoid of taste, and of common honesty.

His lordship acknowledges that the initiated were bound to secrecy by the most solemn obligations;‖ that Virgil was conscious of the imputed impiety of his design; that at Athens he never durst have ventured on it; that even at Rome such a discovery was esteemed not only impious but infamous: and yet his lordship mantains, that after the compliment of a formal apology,

Sit mihi fas, audita loqui.¶

Virgil lays open the whole secret of the mysteries under the thin veil of an allegory, which could deceive none but the most careless readers.**

An apology! an allegory! Such artifices might perhaps have saved him from the sentence of the Areopagus, had some zealous or interested priest denounced him to that court, as guilty of publishing a blasphemous poem. But the laws of honour are more rigid, and yet more liberal than those of civil tribunals. Sense, not words, is considered; and guilt is aggravated, not protected, by artful evasions. Virgil would still have incurred the severe censure of a contemporary, who was himself a man of very little religion.

Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgârit arcanæ, sub iisdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum
Solvat phaselum.††

Nor can I easily persuade myself, that the ingenuous mind of Virgil could have deserved this excommunication.

These lines belong to an ode of Horace, which has every merit,

* D. L. vol. i. p. 118. † Salmasius ad Scriptores Hist. August., p. 55.
‡ Casaubon ad Scriptores Hist. August., p. 25.
§ Sueton. in Claud. cap. 25. ‖ D. L. vol. i. p. 147.
¶ D. L. vol. i. p. 240. **Idem, p. 277. †† Horat. lib. iii. od. ii.

except that of order. That death in our country's cause is pleasant and honourable; that virtue does not depend on the caprice of a popular election; and that the mysteries of Ceres ought not to be disclosed[1], are ideas which have no apparent connexion. The beautiful disorder of lyric poetry, is the usual apology made by professed critics on these occasions:

Son style impetueux, souvent marche au hazard;
Chez elle, un beau désordre est un effet de l' art.*

An insufficient apology for the few, who dare judge from their own feelings. I shall not deny that the irregular notes of an untutored muse have sometimes delighted me. We can very seldom be displeased with the unconstrained workings of nature. But the liberty of an outlaw is very different from that of a savage. It is a mighty disagreeable sight, to observe a lyric writer of taste and reflection striving to forget the laws of composition, disjointing the order of his ideas, and working himself up into artificial madness,

Ut cum ratione insaniat.

I had once succeeded (as I thought) in removing this defect, by the help of an hypothesis which connected the several parts of Horace's ode with each other. My ideas appeared (I mean to myself) most ingeniously conceived. I read the ode once more, and burnt my hypothesis. But to return to our principal subject.

The date of this ode may be of use to us; and the date may be fixed with tolerable certainty, from the mention of the Parthians, who are described as the enemies against whom a brave youth should signalise his valour.

Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus hastâ, &c.

Those who are used to the laboured happiness of all Horace's expressions† will readily allow, that if the Parthians are mentioned rather than the Britons or Cantabrians, the Gauls or the Dalmatians, it could be only at a time when the Parthian war engaged the public attention. This reflection confines us between the years of Rome 729 and 735. Of these six years, that of 734 has a superior claim to the composition of the ode.

Julius Cæsar was prevented by death from revenging the defeat of Crassus.‡ This glorious task, unsuccessfully attempted by Mark Antony, § seemed to be reserved for the prudence and felicity of Augustus; who became sole master of the Roman world in the year 724; but it was not till the year 729, that, having changed the civil administration and pacified the western provinces, he had leisure

* His style impetuous oft at random flows,
And artfully its fine disorder shows.
Boileau, Art Poetique, lib. ii. v. 72.

† Curiosa felicitas. The ingenious Dr. Warton has a very strong dislike to the celebrated character of Horace. I suspect that I am in the wrong, since, in a point of criticism, I differ from Dr. Warton. I cannot, however, forbear thinking, that the expression *is itself* what Petronius wished to describe; the happy union of such ease as seems the gift of fortune, with such justness as can only be the result of care and labour.

‡ Sueton. in Cæsar. c. 44.

§ Plut. in Vit. Anton.; Julian in Cæsar. p. 324. edit. Spanheim.

to turn his views towards the East. From that time, Horace, in compliance with the public wish, began to animate both prince and people to revenge the manes of Crassus.* The cautious policy of Augustus, still averse to war, was at length roused in the year 734, by some disturbances in Armenia. He passed over into Asia, and sent the young Tiberius with an army beyond the Euphrates. Every appearance promised a glorious war. But the Parthian monarch, Phrahates, alarmed at the approach of the Roman legions, and diffident of the fidelity of his subjects, diverted the storm, by a timely and humble submission:

——— Jus, imperiumque Phrahates
Cæsaris accepit genibus minor.†

Cæsar returned in triumph to Rome, with the Parthian hostages, and the Roman ensigns which had been taken from Crassus.

These busy scenes, which engage the attention of contemporaries, are far less interesting to posterity than the silent labours, or even amusements, of a man of genius.

——— Cæsar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphraten bello, victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura, viamque adfectat Olympo.
Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis oti.

Whilst Cæsar humbled the Parthians, Virgil was composing the Æneid. It is well known, that this noble poem occupied the author, without being able to satisfy, him, during the twelve last years of his life, from the year 723 to the year 735.‡ The public expectation was soon raised, and the modest Virgil was sometimes obliged to gratify the impatient curiosity of his friends. Soon after the death of young Marcellus,§ he recited the second, fourth, and *sixth* books of the Æneid, in the presence of Augustus and Octavia.‖ He even sometimes read parts of his work to more numerous companies; with a desire of obtaining their judgment, rather than their applause. In this manner, Propertius seems to have heard the shield of Æneas, and from that specimen he ventures to foretell the approaching birth of a poem, which will surpass the Illiad.

Actia Virgilium custodis litora Phœbi,
Cæsaris et fortes dicere posse rates.
Qui nunc Æneæ Trojani suscitat arma,
Jactaque Lavinis mœnia litoribus.
Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii,
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.¶

As a friend and as a critic, Horace was entitled to all Virgil's confidence, and was probably acquainted with the whole progress of the Æneid, from the first rude sketch, which Virgil drew up in prose,

* Horat. lib. i. od. ii. lib. iii. od. v. lib. ii. serm. i. v. 15, &c.
† Horat. lib. i. epist. xii.; Vell. Pater. lib. ii. c. xciv.; Tacit. Annal. lib. ii. c. i.; Sueton. in Octav. c. xxi. and in Tiber. c. xiv.; Justin, lib. xlii. c. v.; Dion Cassius, lib. liv. p. 736, edit. Reimar; Joseph. Ant. lib. xv. c. v.; Ovid. Fast. v. ver. 551, &c.
‡ Donat. in Virgil.
§ Marcellus died in the latter end of the year 731. Usserii Annales, p. 555.
‖ Donat. in Virgil. ¶ Propert. lib. ii. el. xxv. v. 66.

to that harmonious poetry, which the author alone thought unworthy of posterity.

To resume my idea, which depended on this long deduction of circumstances; when Horace composed the second ode of his third book, the Æneid, and particularly the sixth book, were already known to the public. The detestation of the wretch who reveals the mysteries of Ceres, though expressed in general terms, must be applied by all Rome to the author of the sixth book of the Æneid. Can we seriously suppose, that Horace would have branded with such wanton infamy, one of the men in the world whom he loved and honoured the most? *

Nothing remains to say, except that Horace was himself ignorant of his friend's allegorical meaning, which the Bishop of Gloucester has since revealed to the world. It may be so; yet, for my own part, I should be very well satisfied with understanding Virgil no better than Horace did.

It is perhaps some such foolish fondness of antiquity, which inclines me to doubt, whether the Bishop of Gloucester has really united the severe sense of Aristotle with the sublime imagination of Longinus. Yet a judicious critic (who is now, I believe, Archdeacon of Gloucester) assures the public, that his patron's mere amusements have done much more than the joint labours of the two Grecians. I shall conclude these observations with a remarkable passage from the Archdeacon's Dedication:† "It was not enough, in your enlarged view of things, to restore either of these models (Aristotle or Longinus) to their original splendour. They were to be revived, or rather a new original plan of criticism to be struck out, which should unite the virtues of each of them. This experiment was made on the two greatest of our own poets, (Shakspeare and Pope), and by reflecting all the lights of the imagination on the severest reason, every thing was effected which the warmest admirer of ancient art could promise himself from such a union. But you went farther, by joining to these powers a perfect insight into the human nature; and so ennobling the exercise of literary, by the justest moral censure, you have now at length advanced criticism to its full glory."

POSTSCRIPT.

I WAS not ignorant, that several years since, the Rev. Dr. Jortin had favoured the public with a Dissertation on the State of the Dead, as described by Homer and Virgil:‡ but the book is now grown so scarce, that I was not able to procure a sight of it till after these papers had been already sent to the press. I found Dr. Jortin's performance, as I expected, moderate, learned, and critical. Among a variety of ingenious observations, there are two or three which are very closely connected with my present subject.

* Horat. lib. I. od. iii. lib. I. serm. v. ver. 39, &c.

† See the Dedication of Horace's Epistle to Augustus, with an English commentary and notes.

‡ Six Dissertations on Different Subjects, published in a volume in octavo, in the year 1755. It is the Sixth Dissertation, p. 207—324.

I had passed over in silence one argument of the Bishop of Gloucester, or rather of Scarron and the Bishop of Gloucester; since the former found the remark, and the latter furnished the inference.

Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos,

cries the unfortunate Phlegyas. In the midst of his torments, he preaches justice and piety, like Ixion in Pindar. A very useful piece of advice, says the French buffoon, for those who were already damned to all eternity:

Cette sentence est bonne et belle:
Mais en enfer, de quoi sert elle? *

From this judicious piece of criticism his lordship argues, that Phlegyas was preaching not to the dead, but to the living; and that Virgil is only describing the mimic Tartarus, which was exhibited at Eleusis for the instruction of the initiated.

I shall transcribe one or two of the reasons, which Dr. Jortin condescends to oppose to Scarron's criticism.

"To preach to the damned, says he, is labour in vain. And what if it is? It might be part of his punishment, to exhort himself and others, when exhortations were too late. This admonition, as far as it relates to himself and his companions in misery, is to be looked upon not so much as an admonition to mend, but a bitter sarcasm, and reproaching of past iniquities.

"It is labour in vain. But in the poetical system, it seems to have been the occupation of the damned to labour in vain, to catch at meat and drink that fled from them, &c.

"His instruction, like that of Ixion in Pindar, might be for the use of the living. You will say, 'how can that be?' Surely nothing is more easy and intelligible. The muses hear him—The muses reveal it to the poet, and the inspired poet reveals it to mankind. And so much for Phlegyas and Monsieur Scarron."

It is prettily observed by Dr. Jortin, "That Virgil, after having shone out with full splendour through the sixth book, sets at last in a cloud." The ivory gate puzzles every commentator, and grieves every lover of Virgil: yet it affords no advantages to the Bishop of Gloucester. The objection presses as hard on the notion of an initiation, as on that of a real descent to the shades. "The troublesome conclusion still remain as it was; and from the manner in which the hero is dismissed after the ceremonies, we learn, that in those initiations, the machinery, and the whole show, was (in the poet's opinion) a representation of things, which had no truth or reality.

"Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto:
"Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes.

"Dreams in general may be called *vain* and *decitful*, somnia vana, or somnia falsa, if you will, as they are opposed to the *real* objects which present themselves to us when we are awake. But when *false* dreams

* The doctrine's good, and spoken well;
But what's the use of it in hell?

are opposed to *true* ones, there the epithet falsa has another meaning. True dreams represent what is real, and show what is true; false dreams represent things which are not, or which are not true. Thus Homer and Virgil, and many other poets, and indeed the nature of the thing, distinguish them."

Dr. Jortin, though with reluctance, acquiesces in the common opinion, that by six unlucky lines, Virgil is destroying the beautiful system, which it has cost him eight hundred to raise. He explains too this preposterous conduct, by the usual expedient of the poet's Epicureism. I only differ from him in attributing to haste and indiscretion, what he considers as the result of design.

Another reason, both new and ingenious, is assigned by Dr. Jortin, for Virgil explaining away his hero's descent into an idle dream. "All communication with the dead, the infernal powers, &c. belonged to the art magic, and magic was held in abomination by the Romans." Yet if it was held in abomination, it was supposed to be real. A writer would not have made his court to James the First, by representing the stories of witchcraft as the phantoms of an overheated imagination.

Whilst I am writing, a sudden thought occurs to me, which, rude and imperfect as it is, I shall venture to throw out to the public. It is this. After Virgil, in imitation of Homer, had described the two gates of sleep, the horn and the ivory, he again takes up the first in a different sense:

——— Quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris.

The true shades, veræ umbræ, were those airy forms which were continually sent to animate new bodies, such light and almost immaterial natures as could without difficulty pass through a thin transparent substance. In this new sense, Æneas and the Sybil, who were still encumbered with a load of flesh, could not pretend to the prerogative of true shades. In their passage over Styx, they had almost sunk Charon's boat.

——— Gemuit sub pondere cymba
Sutilis, et multam accepit rimosa paludem.

Some other expedient was requisite for their return; and since the horn gate would not afford them an easy dismission, the other passage, which was adorned with the polished ivory, was the only one that remained either for them, or for the poet.

By this explanation, we save Virgil's judgment and religion, though I must own, at the expense of an uncommon harshness and ambiguity of expression. Let it only be remembered, that those, who in desperate cases conjecture with modesty, have a right to be heard with indulgence.

A DISSERTATION

ON THE

SUBJECT OF THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

THE mysterious history of the famous French prisoner, known by the appellation of "the Man with the Iron Mask," is related by M. Voltaire, in the Siècle de Louis XIV., and in the Questions sur l'Encyclopédie. That writer, the most sceptical and lively of his age, never attempts either to contest the truth, or to reveal the secret, of that wonderful affair. "I know of no fact more extraordinary or better established," is the just conclusion of his first account. In his subsequent additions, he refutes with force and contempt the idle suppositions that this unknown prisoner was the Duc de Beaufort, the Count de Vermandois, or the Duke of Monmouth. At length, breaking off abruptly, he throws out a dark intimation, "that he knows more about it, perhaps, than Father Grifet, and that he will say no more on the subject."

If we are disposed to exercise our curiosity and conjectures upon this historical anecdote, we must steadily remember, that no hypothesis can deserve the least credit, unless it corresponds with and explains the following circumstances:

1. The prisoner who passed his melancholy life in the Isles de St. Marguerite and the Bastile, was called Marchiali. As the name was most assuredly fictitious, this circumstance seems, and indeed is, of small importance. However, in case an Italian was either the author of his birth, or the guardian of his infancy, a name drawn from that language would most naturally present itself.

2. Marchiali was buried secretly and by night, in the parish church of St. Paul's, on the third day of March in the year 1703, as is proved by the journal of Father Grifet, who was entrusted with the very delicate employment of confessor to the Bastile. A few days before his death, the unknown prisoner told his physician that he believed himself about sixty years of age. If he reckoned with precision, he was born in the spring of the year 1643, about the time of the death of Louis XIII. But the dreary hours of a prison move slowly, and the infirmities of age are hastened by grief and solitude. Marchiali could speak only from conjecture; nor is it unlikely that he might be somewhat younger than he supposed himself.

3. He was conducted to the Isles de St. Marguerite on the coast of Provence, some months after the death of Cardinal Mazarin; that is to say, about the end of the year 1661, or the beginning of 1662. This is the first among the few events of his life. M. de Voltaire mentions, in one place, a previous confinement at Pignerol; but without being perfectly clear, or even consistent on that head.

4. Marchiali, whoever he was, had never acted any distinguished part on the public theatre of the world. The sudden absence of such a person, in any part of Europe, would infallibly have occasioned much wonder and enquiry, some traces of which must have reached our knowledge. But in this instance, using the amplest latitude of time, we cannot even discover any one important *death*, that leaves the minutest opening for our most licentious suspicions.

5. An illustrious birth was therefore the only advantage by which the prisoner could be distinguished; and his birth must indeed have been illustrious, since, when Monsieur de Louvois made him a visit, he spoke to him standing, and *avec une considération qui tenait du respect.* We must ascend very high ere we attain a rank which that proud and powerful minister of the French monarchy could think it his duty to *respect*.

6. The most extraordinary precautions were employed, not only to secure, but conceal, this mysterious captive; and his guards were ordered to kill him, if he made the least attempt to discover himself. That order, as well as the silver plate which he threw out of the prison window, after writing something upon it, and which fell into the hands of an illiterate fisherman, sufficiently prove that he was acquainted with his own name and condition. The mask, which he never was permitted to lay aside, shows the apprehension of the discovery of some very striking resemblance.

7. Prisoners of such alarming importance are seldom suffered to live. Of all precautions, the dagger and the bowl are undoubtedly the surest. Nothing but the most powerful motives, or, indeed, the tenderest ties, could have stopped the monarch's hand, and induced him rather to risk a discovery, than to spill the blood of this unfortunate man. He was lodged in the best apartment of the Bastile, his table was served in the most delicate manner, he was allowed to play on the guitar, and supplied with the finest laces and linen, of which he was passionately fond. Every kind attention was studiously practised, that could in any wise alleviate the irksomeness of his perpetual imprisonment.

8. When Monsieur de Chamillard, in the year 1721, was on his death-bed, his son-in-law, the Maréchal de la Feuillade, begged on his knees, that he would disclose to him that mysterious transaction. The dying minister refused to gratify this unreasonable curiosity. "It was the secret of the state, (he said,) and he had taken an oath never to divulge it." The prisoner had then been dead eighteen years, and Louis XIV. almost six. It must have been a secret of no common magnitude that could still affect the peace and welfare of future generations.

Before we proceed to a probable solution of these strange circumstances, let us try to connect them with some facts of a more public and general nature.

1. The doubtful birth of Louis XIV. often occurs, in conversation, as the subject of historical scepticism. The first grounds of the suspicion are obvious. He was born after a sterile union of twenty-three years between Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria. But as such an

event, however unfrequent, is neither destitute of possibility, nor even of example, the scandalous rumour would long since have died away in oblivion, had it not derived additional strength from the character and situation of the royal pair.

2. Though Louis XIII. wanted not either parts or courage, his character was degraded by a coldness and debility, both of mind and body, which had little affinity with his heroic father. Had his indifference towards the sex been confined to the queen, it might have been considered as the mere effect of personal dislike; but his *chaste* amours with his female favourites betrayed to the laughing court, that the king was less than a man.

3. Without reviving all the obsolete scandal of the *Fronde*, we may respectfully insinuate that Anne of Austria's reputation of chastity was never so firmly established as that of her husband. To the coquetry of France, the queen united the warm passions of a Spaniard. Her friends acknowledge that she was gay, indiscreet, vain of her charms, and strongly addicted at least to romantic gallantry. It is well known that she permitted some distinguished favourites to entertain her with soft tales of her beauty and their love; and thus removed the distant ceremony, which is perhaps the surest defence of royal virtue. Anne of Austria passed twenty-eight years with a husband, alike incapable of gratifying her tender or her sensual inclinations. At the age of forty-three, she was left an independent widow, mistress of herself, and of the kingdom.

4. The civil wars which raged during the minority of Louis XIV. arose from the blind and unaccountable attachment of the queen to Cardinal Mazarin, whom she obstinately supported against the universal clamour of the French nation. The Austrian pride, perhaps, and the useful merit of the minister, might determine the queen to brave an insolent opposition; but a connexion, formed by policy, might very easily terminate in love. The necessity of business would engage that princess in many a secret and midnight conference with an Italian of an agreeable person, vigorous constitution, loose morals, and artful address. The amazing anecdote hinted at in the honest memoirs of La Porte, sufficiently proves that Mazarin was capable of employing every expedient to insinuate himself into *every part* of the royal family.

5. If Anne of Austria yielded to such opportunities, and to so artful a lover, if she became a mother after her husband's death, her weakness, and the consequences of it, would have been carefully screened from the eye of curious malignity. When Louis XIV. succeeded to the possession of the kingdom, and of the fatal secret, he was deeply interested in the guard of his own, and of his mother's honour. Had her frailty been revealed to the world, the living proof would have awakened and confirmed all the latent suspicions, diffused a spirit of distrust and division among the people, and shaken the hereditary claim of the monarch. If the strong grasp of Louis XIV. retained the French sceptre, the doubt and the danger were entailed on future ages. In some feeble, or infant reign, an ambitious Condé might embrace the fair pretence to assert the right to

his genuine branch, and to exclude from the succession the spurious posterity of Louis XIII.

In a word, the child of Anne of Austria and of Cardinal Mazarin would have been at once the brother and the most dangerous enemy of his sovereign. The humanity of Louis XIV. might have declined a brother's murder; but pride, policy, and even patriotism, must have compelled that prince to hide his face and his existence with an iron mask and the walls of the Bastile.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that I suppose the unfortunate Marchiali to have been that child. If the several facts which I have drawn together, blend themselves, without constraint, into a consistent and natural system, it is surely no weak argument in favour of the truth, or at least of the probability, of my opinion.

May 27th, 1774.

JUSTIFICATORY MEMOIR,

INTENDED AS AN ANSWER TO THE "DECLARATION OF THE MOTIVES FOR THE CONDUCT OF THE KING OF FRANCE WITH REGARD TO ENGLAND."

THE ambition of a power which has always been hostile to the public peace, has at last obliged the king of Great Britain to employ in a just and necessary war, the means entrusted to him by God and by his people. In vain does France endeavour to justify, or rather to disguise her policy from the eyes of Europe by her last manifesto, which seems to have been dictated by pride and artifice, but which cannot be reconciled with correct facts and the rights of nations. Equity, moderation, and the love of peace, which have always influenced the king's proceedings, now induce him to submit his own conduct and that of his enemies to the judgment of that independent and respectable tribunal, which will, fearlessly and without flattery, pronounce the sentence passed upon it by Europe, by the present age, and by posterity. That tribunal is composed of intelligent and disinterested men of every nation, and never stops short at mere professions; for the motives of princes' proceedings and the feelings of their hearts are to be judged of by the nature of their actions.

When the king ascended the throne, his arms were crowned with success in all the four quarters of the globe. His moderation re-established public tranquillity, while at the same time he firmly upheld the dignity of his crown, and procured for his subjects the most solid advantages. Experience had taught him how mournful and bitter are the consequences even of victory itself, and how greatly wars, whether successful or not, exhaust the means of the people, without aggrandising the power of the prince. His actions proved to the whole world that he felt all the value of peace, and it

might at least be presumed that the same reason which had convinced him of the unavoidable calamities of war, and the perilous vanity of conquests, had inspired him with a firm and sincere resolution of maintaining that general tranquillity, of which he was himself the author and guarantee. These principles have invariably guided his Majesty's conduct during the fifteen years that followed the peace concluded at Paris in 1763; a happy epoch of repose and felicity, which will be long remembered, and perhaps long regretted, by the nations of Europe.

The instructions given by the king to all his ministers, bore the same impress of his character and principles. He recommended to them, as their most important duty, to listen with scrupulous attention to the complaints and representations of other powers, whether allies or neighbours; to stifle in their birth all subjects of contention, which might produce any bitterness or alienation of feeling; to keep off the scourge of war by every expedient compatible with the dignity of the sovereign of a great people; and to inspire all nations with a just confidence in the political system of a government which detested war without fearing it, which employed no means but those of reason and good faith, and which had no object but the general tranquillity. Amid this repose, the first sparks of discord were kindled in America. The intrigues of a few audacious and rebellious ringleaders, who imposed on the credulous simplicity of their fellow-countrymen, imperceptibly seduced the greater part of the English colonies to raise the standard of revolt against the mother country, to which they were indebted for their existence and welfare. The court of Versailles found no difficulty in forgetting the stipulations of treaties, the duties of allies, and the rights of sovereigns, in the attempt to profit by circumstances which seemed favourable to its ambitious designs. It was not ashamed of degrading its dignity by clandestine connexions with rebellious subjects; and after having exhausted all the disgraceful resources of perfidy and dissimulation, it dared to avow in the face of Europe, indignant at its conduct, the solemn treaty signed by the ministers of the most Christian King, in conjunction with the obscure agents of the English colonies; who founded their pretended independence only on the impudence of their revolt. The offensive declaration which the Marquis de Noailles was commissioned to make to the court of London, on the 13th of March in the past year, justified his Majesty in repelling by force of arms, the unheard of insult thus offered to the honour of his crown; and on that important occasion the king was not unmindful of his duty to his subjects and to himself. The same spirit of deceit and ambition still reigned in the councils of France. Spain, which has more than once had cause to repent of having neglected her own real interests, and of having blindly followed the destructive projects of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, was prevailed upon to change the character of a mediator for that of an enemy to Great Britain. The calamities of the war have been numerous; but, up to the present time, the court of Versailles has had no reason to boast of

the success of her military operations; and Europe knows how to appreciate naval victories, that have no existence except in the gazettes and manifestoes of the *soi-disant* conquerors.

Since war and peace impose upon nations duties entirely different and even opposite, it is indispensably necessary to distinguish between these two states in theory as well as in practice; but, in the last manifesto, just published by the government of France, they are continually confounded with each other. They pretend to justify their conduct by appealing alternately, and almost at the same instant, to those rights which only an enemy can be permitted to claim, and to those maxims which regulate the obligations and proceedings of national friendship. The dexterity of the court of Versailles in thus incessantly intermingling two suppositions which have nothing common between them, is the natural consequence of a deceitful and insidious system of policy, which will not bear the searching light of day. The king's sentiments and proceedings having no cause to dread the most rigorous examination, induce him, on the contrary, clearly to distinguish what his enemies have so artfully confounded. It is peculiar to justice alone, fearlessly to speak the language of reason and truth.

The full justification of his Majesty and the indelible infamy of France, then, are easily proved by two simple and almost self-evident propositions. First, that a profound and permanent, but, on the part of England, a real and sincere peace still subsisted between the two nations, when France formed connexions, at first secret, but afterwards publicly avowed, with the revolted colonies of America; and, secondly, that according to the most commonly received maxims as to international rights, and even according to the tenor of the treaties actually subsisting between the two crowns, those connexions might be looked upon as a violation of the peace, and the public avowal of those connexions was equivalent to a declaration of war on the part of the most Christian King. This is, perhaps, the first time that a great nation has had any occasion to prove two such incontestible truths, and the justice of the king's cause is already acknowledged by all those who judge without interested or prejudiced views.

"When the king was called by Providence to the throne, France enjoyed the most profound peace." These are the expressions of the last manifesto of the cabinet of Versailles, which thus recognises, without hesitation, the solemn assurances of sincere friendship and pacific dispositions, which it received on that occasion from his Britannic Majesty, and which were subsequently renewed by the interchange of ambassadors between the two courts, during a period of four years, and up to the moment of the fatal and decisive declaration of the Marquis de Noailles. It is, therefore, necessary to prove, that during that happy period of universal tranquillity, England was concealing a secret war beneath the external appearances of peace, and that its unjust and arbitrary proceedings were carried to such a length, as to justify France in taking those extreme measures which could only be allowed of towards a declared enemy.

In order to accomplish that object, it would be necessary to adduce before the tribunal of Europe, accusations well-founded and clearly defined. That august tribunal would require formal and perhaps reiterated proofs of injuries and complaints, the refusal of a proper satisfaction, and the protestation of the suffering party that it was highly offended by that refusal, and that it thenceforth regarded itself as released from the duties of friendship and the bonds of treaties. Those nations that respect the sanctity of an oath, and the benefits of peace, are the most backward in laying hold of such occasions as seem to dispense them from a sacred and solemn obligation, and tremble while they renounce the friendship of powers whose injustice and insults they have for a long time endured.

But the court of Versailles either has not known, or has despised these wise and salutary principles, and instead of laying down the reasons for a just and necessary war, has been contented with strewing every page of its manifesto with vague and general complaints, expressed in a metaphorical and exaggerated style. It goes back sixty years to accuse the carelessness of England in the ratification of some commercial regulations, some articles in the treaty of Utrecht. It takes the liberty of reproaching the king's ministers for employing haughty and ambitious language, yet does not deign to stoop to the task of proving the correctness of imputations, which are as improbable as they are odious. The gratuitous assumptions of the bad faith and ambition of the court of London, are confusedly thrown in a heap together, as though fearing to stop and insist upon them. There is an obscure insinuation of the pretended insults offered to commerce, to the flag, and even to the territory of France, and at last they let out the avowal of "the engagements already entered into with Spain by the most Christian King, to avenge their respective injuries, and to put a termination to the tyrannical dominion usurped by England, and which she still pretends to retain, over all the seas."

It is difficult to wrestle with phantoms, or to answer declamatory language in a plain and precise manner. The king's well-founded confidence would undoubtedly induce him to apply himself to the most thorough examination of these pretended injuries, these vague complaints, the explanation of which the court of Versailles has so prudently avoided entering upon, with that clearness and detail which can alone sustain its reasons and justify its proceedings. During a peace of fifteen years, the interests of two powerful, and perhaps jealous nations, which come in contact at so many points, both in the old world and the new, would inevitably give rise to many subjects of complaint and discussion, which might always have been allayed by reciprocal moderation, but which are but too easily embittered and poisoned by the real hatred and affected suspicions of a secret and ambitious enemy; and the misfortunes of America were very well adapted to multiply the hopes, pretexts, and unjust pretensions of France. Yet, such has ever been the uniformly pacific conduct of the king and his ministers, that it has often reduced his enemies to silence; and were it permitted to discover the real

meaning of these vague and equivocal accusations, whose studied obscurity indicates the traits of shame and artifice, were it permitted to disentangle from them those objects which have no real existence. it may be asserted with the inherent confidence of truth, that several of these pretended injuries have been announced for the first time in a declaration of war, without ever having been mentioned to the court of London, at a time when they might have been listened to with the serious and favourable attention of friendship. With respect to the complaints communicated from time to time by the ambassador of his most Christian Majesty to the king's ministers. it would be easy to give, or rather to repeat, the satisfactory replies which proved, even in the eyes of France herself, the king's moderation, his love of justice, and the sincerity of his desires for the preservation of general tranquillity in Europe. Those representations. with the recollection of which the court of Versailles may prefer to dispense, but rarely bore the impress of reason and truth, and it more usually happened that those persons in Europe and America. or on the high seas, from whom was derived the suspicious and ill-founded intelligence, had not feared to abuse its confidence, in order the better to subserve its secret designs. Had the facts which France put forward as the subjects of complaint, been based upon a less fragile foundation, the king's ministers would have immediately cleared them up by the plainest and most complete justification of their sovereign's motives and rights, which would authorise him, without troubling the public peace, in punishing the smuggling carried on upon his coasts, and on whom international law conferred the legitimate right of stopping all vessels that were conveying arms and warlike ammunition to his enemies or to his rebellious subjects. The courts of judicature were always open to individuals of every nation, and one must be very ignorant of the nature of the British constitution, to suppose that the royal power was able to preclude the means of appeal. In the vast and distant scene of the operations of a naval war, the most active vigilance and the best established authority are unable to discover or to repress every instance of disorder; but whenever the court of Versailles has been able to establish the reality of injuries experienced by its subjects without the king's knowledge or approbation, his Majesty has given most prompt and effectual orders for putting a stop to abuses which injured his own dignity as much as they did the interests of such of his neighbours as had become involved in the calamities of the war. The object and importance of that war were sufficient to demonstrate to Europe the principles which must have regulated the political conduct of England. Is it likely that, when she was employing her strength in reducing the revolted colonies in America to their duty, she would have chosen that very moment to irritate the most respectable powers of Europe by the insolence or the injustice of her proceedings? Equity has always prescribed the course of the king's sentiments and conduct; but on this important occasion his prudence itself would form a guarantee for his sincerity and moderation.

But clearly to establish the pacific nature of the relations subsisting between the two nations, we need only appeal to the testimony of the court of Versailles itself. At an epoch in which it is not ashamed to place all those pretended violations of public tranquillity, which would have induced "a prince less careful of the blood of his subjects, unhesitatingly to make use of reprisals, and to repel insult by force of arms," the ministers of the most Christian King spoke in the language of confidence and friendship. Instead of threatening purposes of vengeance with that tone of arrogance, which prevents even injustice itself from bringing any accusation of dissimulation and perfidy, the court of Versailles then concealed the most insidious conduct under the most seductive professions. If the court of Versailles would escape the imputation of dissimulation most unworthy of its dignity, it will be forced to acknowledge that up to the moment in which it dictated to the Marquis de Noailles that declaration which has been received as a signal for war, it knew of no subjects of complaint, real or important enough to authorise it in violating the obligations of peace, and the provisions of treaties to which it had sworn before God and all the world, and to dispense with that international friendship, the most forcible and solemn assurances of which it had reiterated until the very last moment.

When an adversary is unable to justify his violence in the opinion of the public, or even in his own eyes, by the injuries he pretends to have sustained, he has recourse to the chimerical danger to which his forbearance might have exposed him, and instead of the solid facts of which he is deprived, he endeavours to substitute vain fabrications, which exist only in his own imagination, or perhaps only in his heart. The ministers of the most Christian King, who seem to have perceived the frivolity of the means they had been reduced to employ, still make some vain attempts to strengthen them by the support of the most odious and extraordinary suspicions. "The court of London made preparations and fitted out armaments in its ports, which could not be designed for America; their object was consequently too plainly evident to allow the king to mistake as to their destination, and thenceforward it became an incumbent duty to make such dispositions as might prevent the evil designs of his enemy, &c. In such a state of things, the king felt there was not a moment to be lost." Such is the language of France; we shall now show what is the language of truth.

During the disputes which had arisen between Great Britain and her colonies, the court of Versailles applied itself with the most lively and determined energy to the augmentation of its fleet. The king does not pretend to exercise a tyrannical reign over all the seas; but he is well aware that maritime forces have been in every age the security and glory of his dominions, and that they have often contributed to the protection of that ambitious power which has laboured for so long a period to bring him into subjection.

The proper appreciation of his dignity, and a just acquaintance with his duty and interests, induced his Majesty to keep a watchful eye on the proceedings of France; whose dangerous course of policy,

without motive and without an enemy, hastened the construction and equipment of vessels in all her ports, and diverted a considerable part of her revenues to defray the expenses of these hostile preparations, the necessity or design of which it was impossible to divine. At that conjuncture of events, the king could not forbear following the dictates of prudence, and the example of his neighbours; the successive augmentations of their fleet served him to regulate the extent of his own; and without injury to the relations in which he stood to friendly powers, his Majesty publicly declared to his assembled parliament, that it was proper in the existing state of affairs, that the defensive preparations of England should be placed in a respectable condition. The naval forces which he had so carefully strengthened, were designed only to maintain the general tranquillity of Europe; and while the testimony of a clear conscience disposed the king to place faith in the professions of the court of Versailles, he made such preparations as to prevent his fearing the perfidious designs of its ambition. Now, it dares to suppose that instead of confining himself to the rights of a legitimate defence, the king had been seduced by the hope of making conquests, and that the "reconciliation of Great Britain with her colonies, indicated an intended project formed on her part, of reuniting them to the crown, in order to arm them against France." Since the court of Versailles can excuse its proceedings only by the help of a supposition destitute both of truth and probability, the king is authorised in calling upon it, before all Europe, to show the proof of an assertion as odious as it is unwarranted, and to publish the account of those public operations or secret intrigues, which could give occasion for the suspicions of France, that Great Britain, after a long and difficult strife, had offered her subjects peace, only with the design of undertaking a fresh war against a respectable power, with which she preserved all the external marks of friendship.

After having faithfully exposed the frivolous pretences and fictitious injuries brought forward by France, we shall resume, with a confidence justified by reason and by facts, the first proposition, so simple yet so important, that a state of peace subsisted between the two nations, and that France was united by all the ties of friendship and treaties to the king, who had never failed of the performance of his legitimate engagements.

The first article of the treaty signed at Paris on the 10th of February, 1763, between their Majesties of Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal, confirms in the most solemn and precise manner those obligations, which are by natural rights made incumbent on all nations that mutually recognise each other as friends; but these obligations are, moreover, detailed and stipulated in this treaty by expressions which are as impressive as they are just. After having included in a general formula, all the dominions and subjects of the high contracting parties, it announces their resolution not only never to allow any hostilities whatsoever, either by land or by sea, but also to afford each other reciprocally every opportunity that might contribute to their mutual glory, interest, or advantage, without

affording any help or protection, directly or indirectly, to those who would cause any injury to either of the high contracting parties. Such was the sacred engagement contracted between France and Great Britain, and it cannot be dissimulated that such a promise ought to apply with still more force and energy to domestic rebels than to the foreign foes of the two kingdoms. The revolt of the Americans has put the fidelity of the court of Versailles to the test, and, notwithstanding the frequent instances already witnessed by Europe of its little regard to the faith of treaties, its conduct under these circumstances has astonished and incensed all those nations who are not blindly devoted to the interests and even to the caprices of its ambition. Had France intended to fulfil her engagements, it was impossible for her to mistake them; common sense, as well as the literal interpretation of the treaty of Paris, imposed on her the obligation of shutting her ports against the Americans' vessels, interdicting her subjects from all commerce with that rebellious people, and affording neither her assistance nor protection to the domestic enemies of a crown, to which she had sworn a sincere and inviolable friendship. But experience had too fully enlightened the king with respect to the political system of his ancient adversaries, to allow him to hope that they would conform themselves very exactly to those just and reasonable principles which were calculated to ensure the general tranquillity.

As soon as the revolted colonies had consummated their criminal designs by the open declaration of their pretended independence, they began to think of forming secret connexions with those powers which were least favourable to the interests of the mother country, and of obtaining from Europe those military succours without which it would have been impossible for them to carry on the war they had undertaken. Their agents endeavoured to penetrate into, and obtain a footing in the different states of Europe, but it was in France alone that they found an asylum, encouragement, and assistance. It does not become the king's dignity to wish to ascertain the period or nature of the correspondence which they had the address to keep up with the ministers of the court of Versailles, the effects of which were very soon publicly seen in the general liberty, or rather unbridled licentiousness of an unlawful commerce. It is well known that the vigilance of the laws cannot always present a skilful system of smuggling, which revives under a thousand different shapes, and which by thirst of gain is induced to brave every danger and elude every precaution; but the conduct of the French merchants, who transmitted to America not only useful or necessary commodities, but also saltpetre, gunpowder, warlike ammunition, arms, and artillery, plainly declared that they were assured not only of impunity, but even of the protection and favour of the ministry of the court of Versailles.

They attempted not so vain and difficult an undertaking, as that of concealing from the eyes of Great Britain and of the whole of Europe the proceedings of a trading company, who had associated together for the purpose of furnishing the Americans with all that could feed and fan the flame of rebellion. The well-informed public

pointed out the head of the enterprise, whose house was established at Paris; and his correspondents at Dunkirk, Nantes, and Bourdeaux were equally well known. The vast magazines which they had formed, and which were every day renewed, were successively embarked upon vessels that they had either built or bought, and whose object and destination they scarcely endeavoured to conceal. These vessels generally took out false letters of instructions for the French islands of America, but the kinds of merchandise of which their cargoes were composed, sufficiently showed the fraud and artifice, before the time of their departure. These suspicions were quickly confirmed by the course taken by those vessels; and after the lapse of a few weeks, no one was surprised to hear that they had fallen into the hands of the king's officers, who were cruising in the American seas, and who had stopped them even when actually in sight of the coasts of the revolted colonies. This vigilance was but too well justified by the conduct of those who had the good fortune or dexterity to escape it; since they only reached America in order to deliver to the rebels the arms and ammunition, with which they had been freighted for their service. The indications of these facts, which could not but be considered as manifest violations of the faith of treaties, became continually more numerous, and the diligence of the king's ambassador in communicating to the court of Versailles his complaints and proofs, did not leave it even the disgraceful and humiliating resource of appearing ignorant of what was transacting and continually being repeated in the heart of its own dominions. The ambassador pointed out the names, number, and description of the vessels which the commercial agents of America were fitting out in the ports of France, in order to convey to the rebels arms, ammunition, and even French officers, who had been engaged in the service of the revolted colonies. The dates, places, and persons were always designated with a precision that afforded the ministers of the most Christian King the greatest possible facilities for ascertaining the truth of these representations, and for putting a stop, while there was yet time, to these illicit armaments. Amid a number of instances which convict the court of Versailles of a great want of attention to the fulfilment of the conditions of peace, or rather of its constant and persevering attention in nourishing discord and war, it is impossible to speak of every thing, and it is very difficult to select the most striking objects. The nine large vessels fitted out and freighted by the Sieur de Beaumarchais and his partners, in the month of January, 1777, are not to be confounded with the ship "Amphitrite," which, about the same time, conveyed a great quantity of warlike ammunition and thirty French officers, who passed with impunity into the service of the rebels. Every month, and almost every day, furnished fresh subjects for complaint; and a short extract from a memorial communicated by Lord Stormont, the king's ambassador, to the Count de Vergennes, in the month of November of the same year, will give a correct but imperfect idea of the nature of the wrongs endured by Great Britain. "There is at Rochefort a vessel of sixty guns, and at L'Orient an Indiaman pierced for sixty

cannon. These two vessels are destined for the use of the rebels. They will be loaded with different kinds of merchandise and freighted by Messieurs Chaumont, Holken, and Sabatier. The ship Heureux left Marseilles, under another name, on the 26th of September. She goes direct to New Hampshire, though she pretends she is going to the Islands. On her have been embarked three thousand muskets, and two thousand five hundred pounds of sulphur; articles which are as necessary to the Americans as they are useless in the Islands. This vessel is commanded by M. Lundi, a French officer of distinction, who was formerly lieutenant under M. de Bougainville. The Hippopotame, belonging to the Sieur de Beaumarchais, must have on board it fourteen thousand muskets and a great deal of ammunition, for the use of the rebels. There are about fifty French vessels now preparing to start for North America, loaded with amnunition and different kinds of merchandise for the use of the rebels. They will depart from Nantes, L'Orient, St. Malo, Havre, Bourdeaux, Bayonne, and various other ports. The following are the names of some of the principal owners; M. Chaumont, Messieurs Mention and Co." &c. &c.

In a country where the king's will encounters no obstruction, succours so considerable, so public, so long kept up, and so necessary to the prosecution of the war in America, very plainly indicated the secret intentions of the ministers of the most Christian King. But they carried much farther their neglect and contempt of the most solemn engagements, and it was not without their permission that a secret and dangerous warfare issued from the ports of France, under the deceptive mask of peace, and the pretended flag of the American colonies. The favourable reception met with by their agents, from the ministers at the court of Versailles, soon encouraged them to form and execute the impudent design of establishing a repository of war in the country which had afforded them a refuge. They had brought, or had forged, letters of marque, in the name of the American Congress, which has had the audacity to usurp all the rights of sovereignty. The mercantile firms, whose interested views lent themselves with facility to all their designs, equipped vessels which had either been bought or built. They were armed for the purpose of cruising in the European seas, and even on the coasts of Great Britain. To save appearances, the captains of these privateers hoisted the pretended American flag; but their crews were always composed of a large number of Frenchmen, who were enlisted with impunity under the very eyes of the governors and officers of the maritime provinces. A numerous swarm of these privateers, animated by the spirit of plunder, issued from the ports of France, and after traversing the British seas, returned or took refuge in the same ports. Thither they carried their prizes, and under cover of a palpable and shallow artifice which they did sometimes deign to employ, the sale of those prizes took place very publicly and conveniently before the eyes of the king's officers, who were always ready to protect the trade of those merchants who were violating the laws, that they might con-

form to the secret intentions of the French ministry. The privateers enriched themselves with the spoils of the king's subjects, and after taking advantage of an entire liberty for repairing their losses, providing for their wants, and procuring all the materials necessary for the war, powder, guns, and rigging that might serve for fresh enterprizes, they freely issued forth again from the same ports, and again traversed and cruised over the seas. The history of the privateer "Reprisal" may be cited from among a crowd of instances, that clearly show the unjust, but scarcely disguised, conduct of the court of Versailles. That vessel, which had brought into Europe Mr. Franklin, the agent of the revolted colonies, was received, together with the two prizes she had taken in her passage; she remained as long as was convenient in the port of Nantes, put to sea twice in order to pillage the king's subjects, and quietly retired to L'Orient with fresh prizes that she had just captured. Notwithstanding the strongest remonstrances of the king's ambassador, and the most solemn assurances from the French ministers, the captain of this privateer was allowed to remain at L'Orient during the whole time that was required for repairing his vessel, laying in fifty barrels of gunpowder, and taking on board all the French sailors who were willing to engage with him. Strengthened by these reinforcements, the "Reprisal" issued for the third time from the ports of her new allies, and soon formed a small squadron of pirates, by a preconcerted junction with the "Lexington," and the "Dolphin," two armed vessels, the first of which had already carried more than one prize into the river of Bourdeaux, while the other, which was equipped at Nantes and manned by a crew entirely French, had nothing American about her, except her commander and her name. These three ships, which were so publicly protected by the court of Versailles, captured in a short time fifteen English vessels, which were for the most part carried into and secretly sold in the ports of France. Facts like these, which might easily be multiplied, preclude the necessity of reasonings or reproaches, and upon this occasion it is unnecessary to appeal to the stipulations of treaties; for it cannot need demonstration that an allied, or even a neutral, power can never allow the prosecution of war, without the violation of peace. The principles of international law would undoubtedly have prohibited the ambassador of the most illustrious crown from that privilege of arming privateers, which was clandestinely accorded to the agents of rebels in the very bosom of France. In the French islands, public tranquillity was violated in a still more audacious manner, and notwithstanding the changes of governors, the ports of Martinique always served as an asylum for the privateers that traversed the seas under the American flag, but with French crews. Mr. Bingham, the rebels' agent, was in the favour and confidence of the two successive governors of Martinique, and directed the equipment of the privateers, and the public sale of their prizes. Two merchant vessels, the "Lancashire Hero," and the "Irish Gimblet," which had been captured by the "Revenge," ascertained that out of a crew of a hundred and twenty-five men, there were but two Ameri-

cans, and that the owner, who was at the same time in possession of eleven other privateers, was well known to be the favourite and secret agent of the governor himself.

Amid all these acts of hostility, for it is impossible to call them by any other name, the court of Versailles still continued to speak the language of peace and friendship, and its ministers exhausted all the resources of artifice and dissimulation, in order to stifle Great Britain's just complaints, to lull her suspicions, and retard the effects of her resentment. From the first breaking out of the American troubles until the moment of the declaration of war made by the Marquis de Noailles, the ministers of the most Christian King incessantly renewed the strongest and most express protestations of their pacific dispositions; and if the habitual conduct of the court of Versailles *was* adapted to inspire a proper mistrust, yet his majesty's heart supplied him with powerful motives for believing that France had, at last, adopted a course of moderation and peace, which might perpetuate the real and mutual happiness of the two nations. The ministers of the court of Versailles endeavoured to excuse the arrival and stay of the rebels' agents, by the strongest assurances that they would find in France nothing more than a mere shelter, without distinction and without encouragement.

The freedom of commerce and the avidity for gain, sometimes served as pretexts to cover the unlawful enterprizes of the subjects of France, and at the very time that they were vainly alleging the weakness of the laws in preventing those abuses which neighbouring states were very well able to repress, they prohibited, with every appearance of sincerity, the transportation of arms and ammunition for the service of the rebels, which was yet allowed to be carried on with impunity. To the first representations made by the king's ambassador upon the subject of the privateers that were equipped under the American flag, but in the French ports, the ministers of his most Christian Majesty replied by expressions of surprise and indignation, and by a positive declaration that they would never permit any undertakings so contrary to the stipulations of treaties and the public tranquillity. The course of events, of which a few have already been detailed, soon showed the inconstancy, or rather the deceitfulness of the court of Versailles; and the king's ambassador was ordered to lay before the eyes of the French ministers, the serious but inevitable consequences of their policy. He fulfilled his commission with all the consideration due to a respectable power, whose friendship was desired to be retained, but with the firm dignity proper to a sovereign and a nation, who were little accustomed either to commit or to bear injuries. The court of Versailles was called upon to explain its conduct and intentions without delay or evasion, and the king proposed to it the alternative of peace or war. It chose peace, but this was only in order to assail its enemies in a more sure and secret manner, without having anything to fear from their retributive justice. It severely prohibited those succours and armaments, which the principles of national right would not allow it to justify. It declared to the king's ambassador its resolution of

immediately driving all the American privateers out of every port in France, never again to return, and of taking thenceforward the most rigorous precautions for putting a stop to the sale of the prizes which might have been taken from the subjects of Great Britain. The orders given for that purpose astonished the favourers of the rebels, and seemed to arrest the progress of the evil; but the causes for complaint sprung up anew every day, and the manner in which these orders were at first eluded, afterwards disobeyed, and at last quite forgotten by the merchants and privateers, and even by the royal officers, could not be excused by the protestations of friendship with which the court of Versailles accompanied these infractions of the peace, up to the very moment when, by its ambassador at London, it announced the treaty of alliance which it had just signed with the agents of the revolted colonies of America.

If a foreign enemy, recognised by the European powers, had made a conquest of the king's dominions in America, and if France had confirmed by a solemn treaty, the act of violence which, in the midst of a profound peace, had despoiled the respectable neighbour whose ally and friend she professed to be, all Europe would have rose up against the injustice of a procedure which shamelessly violated all that is held sacred among men. The fact of the first discovery, an uninterrupted possession through a period of two hundred years, and the unanimous consent of all nations, were sufficient to establish the rights of Great Britain to the territories in North America, and her sovereignty over the people who had settled there with the permission and under the government of the king's predecessors. If that people have even dared to throw off the yoke of authority, or rather of the laws, have usurped the provinces and prerogatives of their sovereign, and have sought the alliance of foreigners to support their pretended independence, then those foreigners cannot accept that alliance, ratify those usurpations, and recognise that independence, without supposing that rebellion has rights more extensive than those of war, and granting to seditious subjects a legitimate title to the conquests which they could not have made except in contempt of law and justice. Nevertheless, the secret enemies of peace, of Great Britain, and even of France itself, had the criminal address to persuade his most Christian Majesty, that he could, without violating the enactments of treaties, publicly declare that he received into the number of his allies, the revolted subjects of a king who was at the same time his neighbour and ally. The professions of friendship that accompanied the declaration which the Marquis de Noailles was commissioned to make to the court of London, only served to aggravate injury by insult, and all that remained was for France to boast of her pacific dispositions, at the very instant when her ambition incited her to execute and avow an act of perfidy unexampled in the history of the world. "Still it would be wrong to imagine," such is the language which the court of Versailles yet dares to indulge in, "that the king's recognition of the independence of the thirteen United States of America was the cause of the king of England's anger; that prince, undoubtedly, is

not ignorant of all the examples of a similar nature furnished by the British annals, and even by his own reign." Never have such pretended examples had an existence; never has the king recognised the independence of a people who had thrown off the yoke of their lawful prince; and it is, undoubtedly, a melancholy fact, that the ministers of his most Christian Majesty should have abused the religion of their sovereign, to cover with so respectable a name assertions unfounded, improbable, and contradicted by the recollections of the whole of Europe.

At the commencement of the disputes between Great Britain and her colonies, the court of Versailles declared that it pretended not to be a judge of the quarrel; and its ignorance of the principles of the British constitution, as well as of the privileges and duties of the colonies, ought to have induced it steadily to persist in so wise and modest a declaration. It would then have spared itself the shame of transcribing the manifestoes of the American Congress, and pronouncing at the present moment "that the proceedings of the court of London forced these ancient colonies to have recourse to the use of arms, in order to maintain their rights, privileges, and liberty." These vain pretexts have already been refuted in the most convincing manner, and the rights of Great Britain over that revolted people, her beneficence, and her long patience, have already been proved by reason and facts. It is sufficient to remark here that France cannot reap any advantage from the injustice of which she accuses the court of London, without introducing into European jurisprudence maxims as novel as they are incorrect and dangerous; without supposing that the disputes which arise in the bosom of an independent and sovereign state, are subject to the jurisdiction of a foreign prince, and that that prince can summon to his tribunal his allies and their revolted subjects, and this in order to justify the conduct of a people that have thrown off the duties of lawful obedience. The ministers of the most Christian King will perhaps one day perceive that ambition has made them forgetful of the rights and interests of all sovereigns. The approbation which the court of Versailles has just given to the revolt of the English colonies would prohibit it from blaming the insurrection of its own subjects or those of Spain, in the new world, who would have much more powerful motives for following the same example were they not deterred by the view of the calamities into which those wretched colonies have precipitated themselves.

But France herself appears to perceive the weakness, danger, and indecorousness of these pretensions, and leaving the consideration of the right of independence, both in the declaration of the Marquis de Noailles and in the last manifesto, she is contented to maintain that these revolted colonies did in fact enjoy that independence which they had conferred upon themselves; that even England had in some sort recognised it herself, by allowing some acts to stand which appertained to sovereign power, and that thus France, without infringing on the peace, might conclude a treaty of friendship and commerce with the United States of North America. But the follow-

ing is the manner in which Great Britain had recognised this independence equally imaginary both in right and in fact. Two years had not yet elapsed since the rebels had declared their criminal resolution of throwing off the authority of the mother country, and that period had been occupied by the events of an obstinate and sanguinary war. Success had been doubtful, but the king's army, which occupied the most important of the sea-port towns, still continued to threaten the interior provinces; the English flag reigned over all the American seas; and the re-establishment of their legitimate dependence was laid down as the indispensable condition of the peace offered by Great Britain to revolted subjects, whose rights, interests, and even prejudices she respected. The court of Versailles, which announces with so much "frankness and simplicity" the treaty signed with these pretended States of America, had alone contributed to feed the flame of revolt by her clandestine assistance; and it was the fear of a peace that induced France to make use of the report of this alliance, as the most efficacious method of inflaming the minds of the people, who had already begun to open their eyes to the unfortunate consequences of the rebellion, the tyranny of their new chiefs, and the paternal dispositions of their rightful sovereign.

Under these circumstances, it is impossible to assert, without too grossly insulting reason and truth, that the declaration of the Marquis de Noailles, on the 13th of March in the past year, ought not to be taken as an actual declaration of war on the part of the most Christian King; and the assurances, "that he had taken final measures with the United States of America, to maintain the freedom of a commerce," that had so often excited the just remonstrances of Great Britain, authorised the king from that moment to reckon France among the number of his enemies. The court of Versailles cannot help noticing that the king of England, after recalling "his ambassador, had denounced his Majesty's proceeding to his parliament as an act of hostility, a formal and premeditated aggression." Such was, it is true, the declaration required from the king by honour and justice, and which he communicated without delay to all his ministers in the different courts of Europe, to justify beforehand the effects of a well warranted resentment. After this it is very useless to search into the orders that were sent to the East Indies, to mark the precise day on which the fleet of England or of France issued from their respective ports, or to examine the circumstances of the engagement with the "Belle Poule," and the capture of the two frigates, which were actually carried off within sight of the coasts of France. From that time forward, the reproach they chose to throw at the king of having for so long a time delayed the formal declaration of war, vanished of itself. These declarations are only methods on which nations have mutually agreed in order to avoid treason and surprise; but the ceremonies that announce this terrible change from peace to war, the heralds, proclamations, and manifestoes, are never necessary, and are not always alike. The Marquis de Noailles' declaration was the signal

ıe infringement of the public peace; the king immediately pro-
ned to all nations that he accepted the war offered him by
ıce; his majesty's last proceedings were the dictates of his
lence rather than of his justice, and Europe may now judge
:her the court of London wanted "means of justifying a decla-
ın of war, and did not dare publicly to accuse France of being
aggressor."

nce the alliance of France with the revolted colonies of America
been a manifest infraction of the peace, and a justifiable
ve for war, the court of Versailles must naturally expect that
he first proposal of an accommodation between the two crowns,
king would on his part require that a proper satisfaction should
fforded him upon so important an object, and that France should
unce those connexions which had at first compelled his Majesty
ıke up arms. The affected surprise now testified by the minis-
of the most Christian King at the firmness shown by the court
ondon, is quite conformable to the pride that dictated to them
itions of peace which would scarcely have been warranted by
greatest successes; and the proposal they made to induce the
to withdraw his troops from America, and to recognise the
pendence of his revolted subjects, could not but excite his
:sty's astonishment and indignation. The little chance found
ıe court of Versailles of the realisation of so vain a hope, soon
:d it to betake itself to another method; it proposed, through
ntervention of the court of Madrid, a project of accommodation
less offensive shape, but of an equally inadmissible nature. The
olic King, with the consent of France, communicated to the
's ministers a proposal of a truce for several years, or rather a
ral and indefinite suspension of all hostilities, during which the
lted colonies, the pretended United States of North America,
d be treated as *de facto* independent. The slightest reflection
suffice to show the insidious nature of this project, and justify
king's refusal in the eyes of Europe. Between sovereigns who,
gh at war, mutually recognise each other as such, long truces
ıspensions of hostilities are the mild and salutary methods of
)thing the difficulties that obstruct the entire conclusion of a
e that may be put off, without disgrace or danger, till a more
ırable moment. But in the domestic quarrel between Great
ain and her colonies, their independence, either *de jure* or *de*
), is the very object in dispute; and the king's dignity will not
r him to accept of propositions which would, from the very first
ing of the negotiation, accord to the American rebels all that
d satisfy their ambition; while they require that his Majesty,
out any stipulation in his favour, should for a long or indefinite
)d, desist from his most justifiable pretensions. It is true that
:ourt of Versailles deigned to consent that the court of London
ld treat with the Congress either directly, or through the inter-
ion of the king of Spain. His Majesty will not, most assuredly,
ade himself so far as to complain of that pride, which seems to
t him a favour in allowing him to negotiate directly with his

rebellious subjects; but if the Americans are not themselves blinded by passion and prejudice, they will plainly see, from the proceedings of France, that their new allies will soon become their tyrants: and that their pretended independence, bought at the expense of so many calamities and so much blood, will be subject to the despotic will of a foreign court.

If France could prove the reality of that eagerness which she attributes to the court of London in seeking the mediation of Spain, it would only serve to demonstrate the just confidence of the king in the goodness of his cause, and his esteem for a generous nation, which has always despised perfidy and fraud. But the court of London is obliged to acknowledge, that the mediation offered to it by the ministers of the Catholic King, had no other merit than that of showing, on all occasions, an earnest and sincere desire of delivering its subjects and even its enemies from the scourge of war. The conduct of the court of Madrid during this negotiation, speedily apprised the king that a mediator who forgot his own best interests, to yield himself up to the ambition and resentment of a foreign power, would be incapable of proposing a sure or honourable accommodation. Experience confirmed his suspicions. The unjust and inadmissible proposition that has just been exposed, was the only fruit of his mediation; and at the very time that the ministry of the Catholic King were, with the most disinterested professions, offering his capital, his good offices, and his guarantee, to facilitate the conclusion of the treaty, they let fresh subjects of discussion peep out from the depths of obscurity, which more particularly regarded Spain, but on which they always refused to come to an explanation. His Majesty's refusal to accede to the *ultimatum* of the court of Madrid, was accompanied by all due deference and regard; and if that court had not arrogated to itself the right of dictating conditions of peace to an independent and powerful neighbour, nothing would have taken place at that conjuncture to injure the harmony of the two crowns. But the offensive proceedings of Spain, which she was never able to disguise under the slightest appearance of equity, soon showed that her resolution was already taken, and that it had been inspired by the French ministry, who had retarded the open declaration of the court of Madrid, only in the hope of striking a mortal blow at the honour and interests of Great Britain, under the deceitful mask of friendship.

Such are the unjust and ambitious enemies, who have trodden under foot the faith of treaties, in order to violate public tranquillity, and against whom the king is now defending the rights of his crown and people. The event is yet in the hand of the Almighty; but his Majesty, trusting with a confident but humble assurance in the Divine protection, is persuaded that the inclinations of Europe will support the justice of his cause, and applaud the success of his arms, which have no object but the re-establishment of general repose on a solid and permanent basis.

A VINDICATION

OF

SOME PASSAGES IN THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CHAPTERS OF THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

PERHAPS it may be necessary to inform the public, that not long since an Examination of the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire was published by Mr. Davis. He styles himself a Bachelor of Arts, and a Member of Baliol College in the university of Oxford. His title-page is a declaration of war; and in the prosecution of his religious crusade, he assumes a privilege of disregarding the ordinary laws which are respected in the most hostile transactions between civilised men or civilised nations. Some of the harshest epithets in the English language are repeatedly applied to the historian, a part of whose work Mr. Davis has chosen for the object of his criticism. To this author Mr. Davis imputes the crime of betraying the confidence and seducing the faith of those readers, who may heedlessly stray in the flowery paths of his diction, without perceiving the poisonous snake that lurks concealed in the grass—*Latet anguis in herbâ.* The Examiner has assumed the province of reminding them of "the unfair proceedings of such an insidious friend, who offers the deadly draught in a golden cup, that they may be less sensible of the danger.* In order to which Mr. Davis has selected several of the more notorious instances of his misrepresentations and errors; reducing them to their respective heads, and subjoining a long list of almost incredible inaccuracies: and such striking proofs of servile plagiarism, as the world will be surprised to meet with in an author who puts in so bold a claim to originality and extensive reading?"† Mr. Davis prosecutes this attack through an octavo volume of not less than two hundred and eighty-four pages with the same implacable spirit; perpetually charges his adversary with perverting the ancients and transcribing the moderns; and, inconsistently enough, imputes to him the opposite crimes of art and carelessness, of gross ignorance and of wilful falsehood. The examiner closes his work‡ with a severe reproof of those feeble critics who have allowed any share of knowledge to an odious antagonist. He presumes to pity and to condemn the first historian of the present age, for the generous approbation which he had bestowed on a writer, who is content that Mr. Davis should be his enemy, whilst he has a right to name Dr. Robertson for his friend.

When I delivered to the world the first volume of an important History, in which I had been obliged to connect the progress of

* Davis, preface, p. ii. † Ibid. preface, p. iii.
‡ Ibid. p. 282, 283.

Christianity with the civil state and revolutions of the Roman Empire, I could not be ignorant that the result of my inquiries might offend the interest of some and the opinions of others. If the whole work was favourably received by the public, I had the more reason to expect that this obnoxious part would provoke the zeal of those who consider themselves as the watchmen of the holy city. These expectations were not disappointed; and a fruitful crop of answers, apologies, remarks, examinations, &c. sprung up with all convenient speed. As soon as I saw the advertisement, I generally sent for them; for I have never affected, indeed I have never understood, the stoical apathy, the proud contempt of criticism, which some authors have publicly professed. Fame is the motive, it is the reward, of our labours; nor can I easily comprehend how it is possible that we should remain cold and indifferent with regard to the attempts which are made to deprive us of the most valuable object of our possessions, or at least of our hopes. Besides this strong and natural impulse of curiosity, I was prompted by the more laudable desire of applying to my own and the public benefit, the well-grounded censures of a learned adversary; and of correcting those faults which the indulgence of vanity and friendship had suffered to escape without observation. I read with attention several criticisms which were published against the two last chapters of my History, and unless I much deceived myself, I weighed them in my own mind without prejudice and without resentment. After I was clearly satisfied that their principal objections were founded on misrepresentation or mistake, I declined with sincere and disinterested reluctance the odious task of controversy, and almost formed a tacit resolution of committing my intentions, my writings, and my adversaries to the judgment of the public, of whose favourable disposition I had received the most flattering proofs.

The reasons which justified my silence were obvious and forcible: the respectable nature of the subject itself, which ought not to be rashly violated by the rude hand of controversy; the inevitable tendency of dispute, which soon degenerates into minute and personal altercation; the indifference of the public for the discussion of such questions as neither relate to the business nor the amusement of the present age. I calculated the possible loss of temper and the certain loss of time, and considered, that while I was laboriously engaged in a humiliating task, which could add nothing to my own reputation, or to the entertainment of my readers, I must interrupt the prosecution of a work which claimed my whole attention, and which the public, or at least my friends, seemed to require with some impatience at my hands. The judicious lines of Dr. Young sometimes offered themselves to my memory, and I felt the truth of his observation, That every author lives or dies by his own pen, and that the unerring sentence of time assigns its proper rank to every composition and to every criticism which it preserves from oblivion.

I should have consulted my own ease, and perhaps I should have acted in a stricter conformity to the rules of prudence, if I had still

persevered in patient silence. But Mr. Davis may, if he pleases, assume the merit of extorting from me the notice which I had refused to more honourable foes. I had declined the consideration of their *literary objections;* but he has compelled me to give an answer to his *criminal accusations.* Had he confined himself to the ordinary, and indeed obsolete charges of impious principles, and mischievous intentions, I should have acknowledged with readiness and pleasure that the religion of Mr. Davis appeared to be very different from mine. Had he contented himself with the use of that style which decency and politeness have banished from the more liberal part of mankind, I should have smiled, perhaps with some contempt, but without the least mixture of anger or resentment. Every animal employs the note, or cry, or howl, which is peculiar to its species; every man expresses himself in the dialect the most congenial to his temper and inclination, the most familiar to the company in which he has lived, and to the authors with whom he is conversant; and while I was disposed to allow that Mr. Davis had made some proficiency in ecclesiastical studies, I should have considered the difference of our language and manners as an insurmountable bar of separation between us. Mr. Davis has overleaped that bar, and forces me to contend with him on the very dirty ground which he has chosen for the scene of our combat. He has judged, I know not with how much propriety, that the support of a cause, which would disclaim such unworthy assistance, depended on the ruin of my moral and literary character. The different misrepresentations, of which he has drawn out the ignominious catalogue, would materially affect my credit as an historian, my reputation as a scholar, and even my honour and veracity as a gentleman. If I am indeed incapable of understanding what I read, I can no longer claim a place among those writers who merit the esteem and confidence of the public. If I am capable of wilfully perverting what I understand, I no longer deserve to live in the society of those men, who consider a strict and inviolable adherence to truth as the foundation of every thing that is virtuous or honourable in human nature. At the same time, I am not insensible that his mode of attack has given a transient pleasure to my enemies, and a transient uneasiness to my friends. The size of his volume, the boldness of his assertions, the acrimony of his style, are contrived with tolerable skill to confound the ignorance and candour of his readers. There are few who will examine the truth or justice of his accusations; and of those persons who have been directed by their education to the study of ecclesiastical antiquity, many will believe, or will affect to believe, that the success of their champion has been equal to his zeal, and that the *serpent* pierced with an hundred wounds lies expiring at his feet. Mr. Davis's book *will* cease to be read (perhaps the grammarians may already reproach me for the use of an improper tense;) but the oblivion towards which it seems to be hastening, will afford the more ample scope for the artful practices of those, who may not scruple to affirm, or rather to insinuate, that Mr. Gibbon was publicly convicted of false-

hood and misrepresentation; that the evidence produced against him was unanswerable; and that his silence was the effect and the proof of conscious guilt. Under the hands of a malicious surgeon, the sting of a wasp may continue to fester and inflame, long after the vexatious little insect has left its venom and its life in the wound.

The defence of my own honour is undoubtedly the first and prevailing motive which urges me to repel with vigour an unjust and unprovoked attack; and to undertake a tedious vindication, which, after the perpetual repetition of the vainest and most disgusting of the pronouns, will only prove that *I* am innocent, and that Mr. Davis, in his charge, has very frequently subscribed his own condemnation. And yet I may presume to affirm, that the public have some interest in this controversy. They have some interest to know, whether the writer whom they have honoured with their favour is deserving of their confidence; whether they must content themselves with reading the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire as a *tale amusing enough*, or whether they may venture to receive it as a fair and authentic history. The general persuasion of mankind, that where *much* has been positively asserted, *something* must be true, may contribute to encourage a secret suspicion, which would naturally diffuse itself over the whole body of the work. Some of those friends who may now tax me with imprudence for taking this public notice of Mr. Davis's book, have perhaps already condemned me for silently acquiescing under the weight of such serious, such direct, and such circumstantial imputations.

Mr. Davis, who in the last page of his work * appears to have recollected that modesty is an amiable and useful qualification, affirms, that his plan required only that he should consult the authors to whom he was directed by my references; and that the judgment of riper years was not so necessary to enable him to execute with success the pious labour to which he had devoted his pen. Perhaps, before we separate, a moment to which I most fervently aspire, Mr. Davis may find that a mature judgment is indispensably requisite for the successful execution of *any* work of literature, and more especially of criticism. Perhaps he will discover, that a young student, who hastily consults an unknown author, on a subject with which he is unacquainted, cannot always be guided by the most accurate reference to the knowledge of the sense, as well as to the sight of the passage which has been quoted by his adversary. Abundant proofs of these maxims will hereafter be suggested. For the present, I shall only remark, that it is my intention to pursue, in my defence, the order, or rather the course, which Mr. Davis has marked out in his Examination; and that I have numbered the several articles of my impeachment according to the most natural division of the subject. And now let me proceed on this hostile march over a dreary and barren desert, where thirst, hunger, and intolerable weariness, are much more to be dreaded than the arrows of the enemy.

* Davis, p. 284.

I. "The remarkable mode of quotation which Mr. Gibbon adopts, must immediately strike every one who turns to his notes. He sometimes only mentions the author, perhaps the book; and often leaves the reader the toil of finding out, or rather guessing at, the passage. The policy, however, is not without its design and use. By endeavouring to deprive us of the means of comparing him with the authorities he cites, he flattered himself, no doubt, that he might safely have recourse to *misrepresentations*."* Such is the style of Mr. Davis; who in another place † mentions this mode of quotation "as a good artifice to escape detection;" and applauds, with an agreeable irony, his own labours in turning over a *few* pages of the Theodosian code.

I shall not descend to animadvert on the rude and illiberal strain of this passage, and I will frankly own that my indignation is lost in astonishment. The Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters of my History are illustrated by three hundred and eighty-three Notes; and the nakedness of a few Notes, which are not accompanied by any quotation, is amply compensated by a much greater number, which contain two, three, or perhaps four distinct references; so that upon the whole my stock of quotations, which support and justify my facts, cannot amount to less than eight hundred or a thousand. As I had often felt the inconvenience of the loose and general method of quoting which is so falsely imputed to me, I have carefully distinguished the *books*, the *chapters*, the *sections*, the *pages* of the authors to whom I referred, with a degree of accuracy and attention, which might claim some gratitude, as it has seldom been so regularly practised by any historical writer. And here I must confess some obligation to Mr. Davis, who, by staking my credit and his own on a circumstance so obvious and palpable, has given me this early opportunity of submitting the merits of our cause, or at least of our characters, to the judgment of the public. Hereafter, when I am summoned to defend myself against the imputation of misquoting the text, or misrepresenting the sense of a Greek or Latin author, it will not be in my power to communicate the knowledge of the languages, or the possession of the books, to those readers who may be destitute either of one or of the other; and the part which *they* are obliged to take between assertions equally strong and peremptory, may sometimes be attended with doubt and hesitation. But, in the present instance, every reader who will give himself the trouble of consulting the first volume of my History, is a competent judge of the question. I exhort, I solicit him to run his eye down the column of Notes, and to count *how many* of the quotations are minute and particular, *how few* are vague and general. When he has satisfied himself by this easy computation, there *is* a word which may naturally suggest itself; an epithet, which I should be sorry either to deserve or use; the boldness of Mr. Davis's assertion, and the confidence of my appeal, will tempt, nay perhaps, will force him to apply that epithet either to one or to the other of the adverse parties.

I have confessed that a critical eye may discover *some* loose and general references; but as they bear a very *inconsiderable* propor-

* Davis, preface, p. ii. † Id. p. 230.

tion to the whole mass, they cannot support, or even excuse, a false and ungenerous accusation, which must reflect dishonour either on the object or on the author of it. If the examples in which I have occasionally deviated from my ordinary practice were specified and examined, I am persuaded that they might always be fairly attributed to one of the following reasons. 1. In some *rare* instances, which I have never attempted to conceal, I have been obliged to adopt quotations, which were expressed with less accuracy than I could have wished. 2. I may have accidentally recollected the sense of a passage which I had formerly read, without being able to find the place, or even to transcribe from memory the precise words. 3. The whole tract (as in a remarkable instance of the second apology of Justin Martyr) was so short, that a more particular description was not required. 4. The form of the composition supplied the want of a local reference; the preceding mention of the *year* fixed the passage of the annalist; and the reader was guided to the proper spot in the commentaries of Grotius, Valesius, or Godefroy, by the more accurate citation of their original author. 5. The idea which I was desirous of communicating to the reader, was sometimes the general result of the author or treatise that I had quoted; nor was it possible to confine, within the narrow limits of a particular reference, the sense or spirit which was mingled with the whole mass. These motives are either laudable, or at least innocent. In two of these exceptions, my ordinary mode of citation was superfluous; in the other three, it was impracticable.

In quoting a comparison which Tertullian had used to express the rapid increase of the Marcionites, I expressly declared that I was obliged to quote it from memory.* If I have been guilty of comparing them to *bees* instead of *wasps*, I can however most sincerely disclaim the sagacious suspicion of Mr. Davis,† who imagines that I was tempted to amend the simile of Tertullian, from an improper partiality for those odious heretics.

A rescript of Diocletian, which declared *the* old law (not *an* old law‡) had been alleged by me on the respectable authority of Fra-Paolo. The Examiner, who thinks that he has turned over the pages of the Theodosian code, informs § his reader that it may be found, lib. vi. tit. xxiv. leg. 8.; he will be surprised to learn that this rescript could not be *found* in a code where it does not exist, but that it may distinctly be read in the same number, the same title, and the same book of the CODE of JUSTINIAN. He who is severe should at least be just: yet I should probably have disdained this minute animadversion, unless it had served to display the general ignorance of the critic in the history of the Roman jurisprudence. If Mr. Davis had not been an absolute stranger, the most treacherous guide could not have persuaded him that a rescript of Diocletian was to be found in the Theodosian code, which was designed only to preserve the laws of Constantine and his successors. "Compendiosam (says Theodosius himself) divalium constitutionum scien-

* Gibbon's History, p. 551. I shall usually refer to the third edition, unless there are any various readings.

† Davis, p. 144. ‡ Gibbon, p. 593. § Davis, p. 230.

tiam, ex D. Constantini temporibus roboramus." (Novell. ad calcem Cod. Theod. lib. i. tit. i. leg. 1.)

II. Few objects are below the notice of Mr. Davis, and his criticism is never so formidable as when it is directed against the guilty corrector of the press, who on some occasions has shown himself negligent of my fame and of his own. Some errors have arisen from the omission of letters; from the confusion of cyphers, which perhaps were not very distinctly marked in the original manuscript. The *two* of the Roman, and the *eleven* of the Arabic numerals, have been unfortunately mistaken for each other; the similar forms of a 2 and a 3, a 5 and a 6, a 3 and an 8, have improperly been transposed; A*n*tolycus for A*u*tolycus, Idolatria for Ido*l*olatria, Holste*r*ius for Holste*n*ius, had escaped my own observation, as well as the diligence of the person who was employed to revise the sheets of my History. These important errors, from the indulgence of a deluded public, have been multiplied in the numerous impressions of three different editions; and for the present I can only lament my own defects, while I deprecate the wrath of Mr. Davis, who seems ready to infer that I cannot either read or write. I sincerely admire his patient industry, which I despair of being able to imitate; but if a future edition should ever be required, I could wish to obtain, on any reasonable terms, the services of so useful a corrector.

III. Mr. Davis has been directed by my references to several passages of Optatus Milevitanus,* and of the Bibliothèque Ecclesiastique of M. Dupin.† He eagerly consults those places, is unsuccessful, and is happy. Sometimes the place which I have quoted does not offer any of the circumstances which I had alleged, sometimes only a few; and sometimes the same passages exhibit a sense totally adverse and repugnant to mine. These shameful misrepresentations incline Mr. Davis to suspect that I have never consulted the original, (not even of a common French book!) and he asserts his right to censure my presumption. These important charges form two distinct articles in the list of *misrepresentations*; but Mr. Davis has amused himself with adding to the slips of the pen or of the press, some complaints of his ill success, when he attempted to verify my quotations from Cyprian and from Shaw's Travels.‡

The success of Mr. Davis would indeed have been somewhat extraordinary, unless he had consulted the same *editions*, as well as the same places. I shall content myself with mentioning the editions which I have used, and with assuring him, that if he renews his research, he will not, or rather that he will, be disappointed.

Mr. Gibbon's Editions.	*Mr. Davis's Editions.*
Optatus Milevitanus, by Dupin, fol. Paris, 1700.	Fol. Antwerp, 1702.
Dupin. Bibliothèque Ecclesiastique, 4to. Paris, 1690.	8vo. Paris, 1687.
Cypriani Opera, edit. Fell. fol. Amsterdam, 1700.	Most probably Oxon. 1682.
Shaw's Travels, 4to. London, 1757.	The folio edition.

* Davis, p. 73. † Id. p. 132—136. ‡ Id. p. 151—155.

IV. The nature of my subject had led me to mention, not the real origin of the Jews, but their first *appearance* to the eyes of other nations; and I cannot avoid transcribing the short passage in which I had introduced them. "The Jews, who under the Assyrian and Persian monarchies had languished for many ages the most despised portion of their slaves, emerged from their obscurity under the successors of Alexander. And as they multiplied to a surprising degree in the east, and afterwards in the west, they soon excited the curiosity and wonder of other nations." * This simple abridgment seems in its turn to have excited the wonder of Mr. Davis, whose surprise almost renders him eloquent. "What a strange assemblage," says he, "is here! It is like Milton's chaos, without bound, without dimension, where time and place is lost. In short, what does this display afford us, but a deal of boyish colouring to the prejudice of much good history?" † If I rightly understand Mr. Davis's language, he censures, as a piece of confused declamation, the passage which he has produced from my history; and if I collect the angry criticisms which he has scattered over twenty pages of controversy, ‡ I think I can discover that there is hardly a period, or even a word, in this unfortunate passage, which has obtained the approbation of the Examiner.

As nothing can escape his vigilance, he censures me for including the twelve tribes of Israel under the common appellation of JEWS, § and for extending the name of ASSYRIANS to the subjects of the kings of Babylon; ‖ and again censures me, because some facts which are affirmed or insinuated in my text, do not agree with the strict and proper limits which he has assigned to those national denominations. The name of *Jews* has indeed been established by the sceptre of the tribe of *Judah*, and in the times which precede the captivity, it is used in the more general sense with some sort of impropriety; but surely I am not peculiarly charged with a fault which has been consecrated with the consent of twenty centuries, the practice of the best writers, ancient as well as modern, (see Josephus and Prideaux, even in the titles of their respective works,) and by the usage of modern languages, of the Latin, the Greek, and if I may credit Reland, of the Hebrew itself (see Palestine, lib. i. c. 6.) With regard to the other word, that of Assyrians, most assuredly I will not lose myself in the labyrinth of the Asiatic monarchies before the age of Cyrus; nor indeed is any more required for my justification, than to prove that Babylon was considered as the capital and royal seat of Assyria. If Mr. Davis were a man of learning, I might be morose enough to censure his ignorance of ancient geography, and to overwhelm him under a load of quotations, which might be collected and transcribed with very little trouble: but as I *must* suppose that he has received a classical education, I might have expected him to have read the first book of Herodotus, where that historian describes, in the clearest and most elegant terms, the situation and greatness of Babylon: Της δε Ασσυριης τα μεν αλλα

* Gibbon, p. 537. † Davis, p. 5. ‡ Id. p. 2—22.
§ Id. p. 3. ‖ Id. p. 2.

πολισματα μεγαλα πολλα, το δε ὀνομαστοτατον και ισχυροτατον και ἐνθα σφι, Νινου ἀναστατου γενομενης, τα βασιληια κατεστηκεις, ἠν Βαβυλων. (Clio, c. 178.) I may be surprised that he should be so little conversant with the Cyropœdia of Xenophon, in the whole course of which the king of Babylon, the adversary of the Medes and Persians, is repeatedly mentioned by the style and title of THE ASSYRIAN, Ὁ δη Ἀσσυριος, ὁ Βαβυλωνα τε ἐχων και την ἀλλην Ἀσσυριαν. (Lib. ii. p. 102, 103, edit. Hutchinson.) But there remains something more: and Mr. Davis must apply the same reproaches of *inaccuracy, if not ignorance*, to the prophet Isaiah, who, in the name of Jehovah, announcing the downfall of Babylon and the deliverance of Israel, declares with an oath, "And as I have purposed the thing shall stand: to crush the ASSYRIAN in my land, and to trample him on my mountains. Then shall his yoke depart from off them; and his burthen shall be removed from off their shoulders." (Isaiah, xiv. 24, 25. Lowth's new translation. See likewise the bishop's note, p. 98.) Our old translation expresses, with less elegance, the same meaning; but I mention with pleasure the labours of a respectable prelate, who in this, as well as in a former work, has very happily united the most critical judgment, with the taste and spirit of poetry.

The jealousy which Mr. Davis affects for the honour of the Jewish people will not suffer him to allow that they were *slaves* to the conquerors of the East: and while he acknowledges that they were tributary and dependent, he seems desirous of introducing, or even inventing, some milder expression of the state of vassalage and *subservience;** from whence Tacitus assumed the words of *despectissima pars servientium*. Has Mr. Davis never heard of the distinction of civil and political slavery? Is he ignorant that even the natural and victorious subjects of an Asiatic despot have been deservedly marked with the opprobrious epithet of slaves by every writer acquainted with the name and advantage of freedom? Does he not know that, under such a government, the yoke is imposed with double weight on the necks of the vanquished, as the rigour of tyranny is aggravated by the abuse of conquest? From the first invasion of Judea by the arms of the Assyrians, to the subversion of the Persian monarchy by Alexander, there elapsed a period of above four hundred years, which included about twelve ages or generations of the human race. As long as the Jews asserted their independence, they repeatedly suffered every calamity which the rage and insolence of a victorious enemy could inflict: the throne of David was overturned, the temple and city were reduced to ashes, and the whole land, a circumstance perhaps unparalleled in history, remained threescore and ten years without inhabitants and without cultivation. (2 Chron. xxxvi. 21.) According to an institution which has long prevailed in Asia, and particularly in the Turkish government, the most beautiful and ingenious youths were carefully educated in the palace, where superior merit sometimes introduced these fortunate *slaves* to the favour of the conqueror and to the honours of the state. (See the book and example of Daniel.) The rest of the unhappy Jews

* Davis, p. 6.

experienced the hardships of captivity and exile in distant lands; and while individuals were oppressed, the nation seemed to be dissolved or annihilated. The gracious edict of Cyrus was offered to all those who worshipped the God of Israel in the temple of Jerusalem; but it was accepted by no more than forty-two thousand persons of either sex and of every age, and of these about thirty thousand derived their origin from the tribes of Judah, of Benjamin, and of Levi. (See Ezra i. Nehemiah vii. and Prideaux's Connection, vol. i. p. 107, fol. edit. London, 1718.) The inconsiderable band of exiles, who returned to inhabit the land of their fathers, cannot be computed as the hundred and fiftieth part of the mighty people that had been numbered by the impious rashness of David. After a survey, which did not comprehend the tribes of Levi and Benjamin, the monarch was assured that he reigned over *one million five hundred and seventy thousand men* that drew the sword (1 Chronicles, xxi. 1—6), and the country of Judea must have contained near seven millions of free inhabitants. The progress of restoration is always less rapid than that of destruction: Jerusalem, which had been ruined in a few months, was rebuilt by the slow and interrupted labours of a whole century; and the Jews, who gradually multiplied in their native seats, enjoyed a servile and precarious existence, which depended on the capricious will of their master. The books of Ezra and Nehemiah do not afford a very pleasing view of their situation under the Persian empire; and the book of Esther exhibits a most extraordinary instance of the degree of estimation in which they were held at the court of Susa. A minister addressed his king in the following words, which may be considered as a commentary on the *despectissima pars servientium* of the Roman historian: "And Haman said to King Ahasuerus, There is a certain people scattered abroad, and dispersed among the people in all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from all people, neither keep they the king's laws; therefore it is not for the king's profit to suffer them. If it please the king, let it be written that they may be destroyed; and I will pay ten thousand talents of silver to the hands of those that have the charge of the business, to bring it to the king's treasuries. And the king took his ring from his hand, and gave it to Haman, the son of Hammedatha the Agagite, the Jews' enemy. And the king said unto Haman, The silver is given unto thee; the people also, to do with them as it seemeth good to thee." (Esther, iii. 8 — 11.) This trifling favour was asked by the minister, and granted by the monarch, with an easy indifference, which expressed their contempt for the lives and fortunes of the Jews: the business passed without difficulty through the forms of office; and had Esther been less lovely, or less beloved, a single day would have consummated the universal slaughter of a submissive people, to whom no legal defence was allowed, and from whom no resistance seems to have been dreaded. I am a stranger to Mr. Davis's political principles; but I should think that the epithet of *slaves*, and of *despised* slaves, may, without injustice, be applied to

captive nation, over whose head the sword of tyranny was suspended by so slender a thread.

The policy of the Macedonians was very different from that of the Persians; and yet Mr. Davis, who reluctantly confesses that the Jews were oppressed by the former, does not understand how long they were favoured and protected by the latter.* In the shock of those revolutions which divided the empire of Alexander, Judea, like the other provinces, experienced the transient ravages of an advancing or retreating enemy, who led away a multitude of captives. But, in the age of Josephus, the Jews still enjoyed the privileges granted by the kings of Asia and Egypt, who had fixed numerous colonies of that nation in the new cities of Alexandria, Antioch, &c. and placed them in the same honourable condition (ισοπολιτας, ισοτιμους) as the Greeks and Macedonians themselves. (Joseph. Antiquitat. lib. xii. cap. 1, 3, pp. 585, 596, vol. i, edit. Havercamp.) Had they been treated with less indulgence, their settlement in those celebrated cities, the seats of commerce and learning, was enough to introduce them to the knowledge of the world, and to justify my *absurd* proposition, that they emerged from obscurity under the successors of Alexander.

The Jews remained and flourished under the mild dominion of the Macedonian princes, till they were compelled to assert their civil and religious rights against Antiochus Epiphanes, who had adopted new maxims of tyranny; and the age of the Maccabees is perhaps the most glorious period of the Hebrew annals. Mr. Davis, who on this occasion is bewildered by the subtlety of Tacitus, does not comprehend why the historian should ascribe the independence of the Jews to three *negative* causes, "Macedonibus invalidis, Parthis nondum adultis, et Romani procul aberant." To the understanding of the critic, Tacitus might as well have observed, that the Jews were not destroyed by a plague, a famine, or an earthquake; and Mr. Davis cannot see, for his own part, any reason why they may not have elected kings of their own two or three hundred years before.† Such indeed was not the reason of Tacitus: he probably considered that every nation depressed by the weight of a foreign power, naturally rises towards the surface as soon as the pressure is removed; and he might think that, in a short and rapid history of the independence of the Jews, it was sufficient for him to show that the obstacles did not exist, which in an earlier or in a later period would have checked their efforts. The curious reader, who has leisure to study the Jewish and Syrian history, will discover, that the throne of the Asmonæan princes was confirmed by the two great victories of the Parthians over Demetrius Nicator and Antiochus Sidetes; (see Joseph. Antiquitat. Jud. lib. xiii. cap. 5, 6, 8, 9; Justin. xxxvi. 1, xxxvii. 10, with Usher and Prideaux, before Christ 141 and 130;) and the expression of Tacitus, the more closely it is examined, will be the more rationally admired.

My quotations‡ are the object of Mr. Davis's criticism,§ as well as the text of this short, but obnoxious passage. He corrects the

* Davis, p. 4. † Davis, p. 8. ‡ Gibbon, p. 537, n. 1, 2. § Davis, p. 10, 11, 20

error of my memory, which had suggested *servitutis* instead of *servientium;* and so natural is the alliance between truth and moderation, that on this occasion he forgets his character, and candidly acquits me of any malicious design to misrepresent the words of Tacitus. The other references, which are contained in the first and second Notes of my Fifteenth Chapter, are connected with each other, and can only be mistaken after they have been forcibly separated. The silence of Herodotus is a fair evidence of the obscurity of the Jews, who had escaped the eyes of so curious a traveller. The Jews are first mentioned by Justin, when he relates the siege of Jerusalem, by Antiochus Sidetes; and the conquest of Judea, by the arms of Pompey, engaged Diodorus and Dion to introduce that singular nation to the acquaintance of their readers. These epochs, which are within seventy years of each other, mark the age in which the Jewish people, emerging from their obscurity, began to act a part in the society of nations, and to excite the curiosity of the Greek and Roman historians. For that purpose only, I had appealed to the authority of Diodorus Siculus, of Justin, or rather of Trogus Pompeius, and of Dion Cassius. If I had designed to investigate the Jewish antiquities, reason, as well as faith, must have directed my inquiries to the Sacred Books, which, even as human productions, would deserve to be studied as one of the most curious and original monuments of the East.

I stand accused, though not indeed by Mr. Davis, for profanely depreciating the *promised* Land, as well as the *chosen* People. The Gentleman without a name has placed this charge in the front of his battle,* and if my memory does not deceive me, it is one of the few remarks in Mr. Apthorpe's book, which have any immediate relation to my History. They seem to consider in the light of a reproach, and of an unjust reproach, the idea which I had given of Palestine, as of a territory scarcely superior to Wales in extent and fertility;† and they strangely convert a geographical observation into a theological error. When I recollect that the imputation of a similar error was employed by the implacable Calvin to precipitate and to justify the execution of Servetus, I must applaud the felicity of this country, and of this age, which has disarmed, if it could not mollify, the fierceness of ecclesiastical criticism. (See Dictionnaire Critique de Chauffepié, tom. iv. p. 223.)

As I had compared the narrow extent of Phœnicia and Palestine with the important blessings which those celebrated countries had diffused over the rest of the earth, their minute size became an object not of censure but of praise.

Ingentes animos angusto in pectore versant.

The precise measure of Palestine was taken from Templeman's Survey of the Globe: he allows to Wales 7011 square English miles, to the Morea or Peloponnesus 7220, to the seven United Provinces 7546, and to Judea or Palestine 7600. The difference is not very considerable, and if any of these countries has been magnified beyond

* Remarks, p. 1. † Gibbon, p. 30.

persevered in patient silence. But Mr. Davis may, if he pleases, assume the merit of extorting from me the notice which I had refused to more honourable foes. I had declined the consideration of their *literary objections;* but he has compelled me to give an answer to his *criminal accusations*. Had he confined himself to the ordinary, and indeed obsolete charges of impious principles, and mischievous intentions, I should have acknowledged with readiness and pleasure that the religion of Mr. Davis appeared to be very different from mine. Had he contented himself with the use of that style which decency and politeness have banished from the more liberal part of mankind, I should have smiled, perhaps with some contempt, but without the least mixture of anger or resentment. Every animal employs the note, or cry, or howl, which is peculiar to its species; every man expresses himself in the dialect the most congenial to his temper and inclination, the most familiar to the company in which he has lived, and to the authors with whom he is conversant; and while I was disposed to allow that Mr. Davis had made some proficiency in ecclesiastical studies, I should have considered the difference of our language and manners as an insurmountable bar of separation between us. Mr. Davis has overleaped that bar, and forces me to contend with him on the very dirty ground which he has chosen for the scene of our combat. He has judged, I know not with how much propriety, that the support of a cause, which would disclaim such unworthy assistance, depended on the ruin of my moral and literary character. The different misrepresentations, of which he has drawn out the ignominious catalogue, would materially affect my credit as an historian, my reputation as a scholar, and even my honour and veracity as a gentleman. If I am indeed incapable of understanding what I read, I can no longer claim a place among those writers who merit the esteem and confidence of the public. If I am capable of wilfully perverting what I understand, I no longer deserve to live in the society of those men, who consider a strict and inviolable adherence to truth as the foundation of every thing that is virtuous or honourable in human nature. At the same time, I am not insensible that his mode of attack has given a transient pleasure to my enemies, and a transient uneasiness to my friends. The size of his volume, the boldness of his assertions, the acrimony of his style, are contrived with tolerable skill to confound the ignorance and candour of his readers. There are few who will examine the truth or justice of his accusations; and of those persons who have been directed by their education to the study of ecclesiastical antiquity, many will believe, or will affect to believe, that the success of their champion has been equal to his zeal, and that the *serpent* pierced with an hundred wounds lies expiring at his feet. Mr. Davis's book *will* cease to be read (perhaps the grammarians may already reproach me for the use of an improper tense;) but the oblivion towards which it seems to be hastening, will afford the more ample scope for the artful practices of those, who may not scruple to affirm, or rather to insinuate, that Mr. Gibbon was publicly convicted of false-

and upon the barren hills of Palestine; and since Wales has flourished under the influence of English freedom, that rugged country has surely acquired some share of the same industrious merit and the same artificial fertility. Those critics who interpret the comparison of Palestine and Wales as a tacit libel on the former, are themselves guilty of an unjust satire against the latter of these countries. Such is the injustice of Mr. Apthorpe and of the anonymous *Gentleman*: but if Mr. Davis (as we may suspect from his name) is himself of Cambrian origin, his patriotism on this occasion has protected me from his zeal.

V. I shall begin this article by the confession of an error which candour might perhaps excuse, but which my adversary magnifies by a pathetic interrogation. "When he tells us, that he has carefully examined all the original materials, are we to believe him: or is it his design to try how far the credulity and easy disposition of the age will suffer him to proceed unsuspected and undiscovered?"* "Quousque tandem abuteris Catilina patientiâ nostrâ?"

In speaking of the danger of idolatry, I had quoted the picturesque expression of Tertullian, "Recogita sylvam et quantæ latitant spinæ," and finding it marked c. 10 in my Notes, I hastily, though naturally, added *De Idololatriâ*, instead of *De Coronâ Militis*, and referred to one treatise of Tertullian instead of another.† And now let me ask in my turn, whether Mr. Davis had any real knowledge of the passage which I had misplaced, or whether he made an ungenerous use of his advantage, to insinuate that I had invented or perverted the words of Tertullian? Ignorance is less criminal than malice, and I shall be satisfied if he will plead guilty to the milder charge.

The same observation may be extended to a passage of Le Clerc, which asserts, in the clearest terms, the ignorance of the more ancient Jews with regard to a future state. Le Clerc lay open before me, but while my eye moved from the book to the paper, I transcribed the reference c. 1, sect. 8, instead of sect. 1, c. 8, from the natural, but erroneous persuasion, that *chapter* expressed the larger, and *section* the smaller division:‡ and this difference, of such trifling moment and so easily rectified, holds a distinguished place in the list of Misrepresentations which adorn Mr. Davis's Table of Contents.§ But to return to Tertullian.

The *infernal* picture, which I had produced|| from that vehement writer, which excited the horror of every humane reader, and which even Mr. Davis will not explicitly defend, has furnished him with a few critical cavils.¶ Happy should I think myself, if the materials of my History could be always exposed to the examination of the public; and I shall be content with appealing to the impartial reader, whether my version of this passage is not as fair and as faithful, as the more literal translation which Mr. Davis has exhibited in an opposite column. I shall only justify two expressions which have provoked his indignation. 1. I had observed that the zealous African

* Davis, p. 25.
† Gibbon, p. 553, note 40.
‡ Gibbon, p. 560, note 58.
§ Davis, p. 19.
|| Gibbon, p. 566.
¶ Davis, p. 29—33.

pursues the infernal description in a long variety of affected and unfeeling witticisms; the instances of gods, of kings, of magistrates, of philosophers, of poets, of tragedians, were introduced into my translation. Those which I had omitted, relate to the dancers, the charioteers, and the wrestlers; and it is almost impossible to express those conceits which are connected with the language and manners of the Romans. But the reader will be *sufficiently* shocked, when he is informed that Tertullian alludes to the improvement which the agility of the dancers, the red livery of the charioteers, and the attitudes of the wrestlers, would derive from the effects of fire. "Tunc histriones cognoscendi solutiores multò per ignem; tunc spectandus auriga in flammeâ rotâ totus ruber. Tunc Xystici contemplandi, non in gymnasiis, sed in igne jaculati." 2. I cannot refuse to answer Mr. Davis's very particular question, Why I appeal to Tertullian for the condemnation of the wisest and most virtuous of the pagans? *Because* I am inclined to bestow that epithet on Trajan and the Antonines, Homer and Euripides, Plato and Aristotle, who are all manifestly included within the fiery description which I had produced.

I am accused of misquoting Tertullian and Scapulam,* as an evidence that martyrdoms were lately introduced into Africa.† Besides Tertullian, I had quoted from Ruinart (Acta Sincera, p. 84,) the acts of the Scyllitan Martyrs; and a very moderate knowledge of ecclesiastical history would have informed Mr. Davis, that the two authorities, thus connected, establish the proposition asserted in my text. Tertullian, in the above-mentioned chapter, speaks of one of the proconsuls of Africa, Vigellius Saturninus, "qui *primus hìc* gladium in nos egit;" the Acta Sincera represent the same magistrate as the judge of the Scyllitan Martyrs; and Ruinart, with the consent of the best critics, ascribes their sufferings to the persecution of Severus. Was it my fault if Mr. Davis was incapable of supplying the intermediate ideas?

Is it likewise necessary that I should justify the frequent use which I have made of Tertullian? His copious writings display a lively and interesting picture of the primitive church, and the scantiness of original materials scarcely left me the liberty of choice. Yet as I was sensible that the Montanism of Tertullian is the convenient screen which our orthodox divines have placed before his errors, I have, with peculiar caution, confined myself to those works which were composed in the more early and sounder part of his life.

As a collateral justification of my frequent appeals to this African presbyter, I had introduced, in the third edition of my History, two passages of Jerome and Prudentius, which prove that Tertullian was the master of Cyprian, and that Cyprian was the master of the Latin Church.‡ Mr. Davis assures me, however, that I should have done better not to have "added this note,§ as I have only accumulated my inaccuracies." One inaccuracy he has indeed detected, an error of the press, Hieronym. de Viris Illustribus, c.

* Davis, p. 35, 36.
† Gibbon, p. 609, note 172.
‡ Gibbon, p. 566, note 72.
§ Davis, p. 145.

53, for 63; but this advantage is dearly purchased by Mr. Davis. Ἐπιδος τον διδασκαλον, which he produces as the original words of Cyprian, has a braver and more learned sound, than "da magistrum;" but the quoting in Greek, a sentence which was pronounced and is recorded in Latin, seems to bear the mark of the most ridiculous pedantry; unless Mr. Davis, consulting for the first time the works of Jerome, mistook the version of Sophronius, which is printed in the opposite column, for the text of his original author. My reference to Prudentius, Hymn. xiii. 100, cannot so easily be justified, as I presumptuously believed that my critics would continue to read till they came to a full stop. I shall now place before them, not only the first verse only, but the entire period, which they will find full, express, and satisfactory. The poet says of St. Cyprian, whom he places in heaven,

> Nec minùs involitat terris, nec ab hoc recedit orbe:
> Disserit, eloquitur, tractat, docet, instruit, prophetat;
> Nec *Libyæ populos* tantùm reget, exit usque in ortum
> Solis, et usque obitum; *Gallos* fovet, imbuit *Britannos*,
> Presidet *Hesperiæ*, Christum serit ultimis *Hibernis*.

VI. On the subject of the imminent dangers which the Apocalypse has so narrowly escaped,* Mr. Davis accuses me of misrepresenting the sentiments of Sulpicius Severus and Fra Paolo,† with this difference, however, that I was incapable of reading or understanding the text of the Latin author; but that I wilfully perverted the sense of the Italian historian. These imputations I shall easily wipe away, by showing that, in the first instance, I am probably in the right; and that, in the second, he is certainly in the wrong.

1. The concise and elegant Sulpicius, who has been justly styled the Christian Sallust, after mentioning the exile and Revelations of St. John in the isle of Patmos, observes (and surely the observation is in the language of complaint), "Librum sacræ Apocalypsis, qui quidem *à plerisque* aut stultè aut impiè non recipitur, conscriptum edidit." I am found guilty of supposing *plerique* to signify *the greater number;* whereas Mr. Davis, with Stephens's Dictionary in his hand, is able to prove that *plerique* has not *always* that extensive meaning, and that a classic of good authority has used the word in a much more limited and qualified sense. Let the Examiner therefore try to apply his exception to this particular case. For my part *I* stand under the protection of the general usage of the Latin language, and with a strong presumption in favour of the justice of my cause, or at least of the innocence and fairness of my intentions; since I have translated a familiar word according to its acknowledged and ordinary acceptation.

But, "if I had looked into the passage, and found that Sulpicius Severus there expressly tells us, that the Apocalypse was the work of St. John, I could not have committed so unfortunate a *blunder*, as to cite this father as saying, That the greater number of Christians denied its canonical authority."‡ Unfortunate indeed would have been my blunder, had I asserted that the same Christians who

* Gibbon, p. 563, 564, note 67. † Davis, p. 40—44. ‡ Davis, p. 270.

lenied its canonical authority, admitted it to be the work of an apostle. Such indeed was the opinion of Severus himself, and his opinion has obtained the sanction of the church; but the Christians whom he taxes with folly or impiety for rejecting this sacred book, must have supported their error by attributing the Apocalypse to some uninspired writer; to John the Presbyter, or to Cerinthus the Heretic.

If the rules of grammar and of logic authorise, or at least allow me to translate *plerique* by the *greater number*, the ecclesiastical history of the fourth century illustrates and justifies this obvious interpretation. From a fair comparison of the populousness and learning of the Greek and Latin Churches, may I not conclude that the former contained the *greater number* of Christians qualified to pass sentence on a mysterious prophecy composed in the Greek language? May I not affirm, on the authority of St. Jerome, that the Apocalypse was generally rejected by the Greek Churches? "Quòd si eam (the Epistle to the Hebrews) Latinorum consuetudo non recipit inter scripturas canonicas; nec Græcorum ecclesiæ Apocalypsim Johannis eâdem libertate suscipiunt. Et tamen nos utramque suscipimus, nequaquàm hujus temporis consuetudinem, sed veterum auctoritatem sequentes." Epistol. ad Dardanum, tom. iii. p. 68.

It is not my design to enter any farther into the controverted history of that famous book; but I am called upon * to defend my remark that the Apocalypse was tacitly excluded from the sacred canon by the council of Laodicea. (Canon lx.) To defend my remark, I need only state the fact in a simple but more particular manner. The assembled bishops of Asia, after enumerating all the books of the Old and New Testament which should be read in churches, omit the Apocalypse, and the Apocalypse alone; at a time when it was rejected or questioned by many pious and learned Christians, who might deduce a very plausible argument from the silence of the synod.

2. When the council of Trent resolved to pronounce sentence on the canon of Scripture, the opinion which prevailed, after some debate, was to declare the Latin Vulgate authentic and *almost* infallible; and this sentence, which was guarded by formidable anathemas, secured all the books of the Old and New Testament which composed that ancient version, "che sì dichiarassero tutti in tutte le parte come sì trovano nella Biblia Latina, esser di divina e ugual autorita." (Istoria del Concilio Tridentino, lib. ii. p. 147. Helmstadt (*Vicenza*) 1761.) When the merit of that version was discussed, the majority of the theologians urged, with confidence and success, that it was absolutely necessary to receive the Vulgate as authentic and inspired, unless they wished to abandon the victory to the Lutherans, and the honours of the church to the grammarians. "In contrario della maggior parte de' teologi era détto .... che questi nuovi grammatici confonderanno ogni cosa, e serà fargli giudici e arbitri della fede; e in luogo de' teologi e canonisti, converrà tener il primo

* By Mr. Davis, p. 41, and by Dr. Chelsum, Remarks, p. 57.

conto nell' assumere a vescovati e cardinalati dè pedanti." (Istoria del Concilio Tridentino, lib. ii. p. 149.) The sagacious historian, who had studied the council, and the judicious Le Courayer, who had studied his author (Histoire du Concile de Trente, tom. i. p. 245. Londres, 1736), consider this *ridiculous* reason as the most powerful argument which influenced the debates of the council; but Mr. Davis, jealous of the honour of a synod which placed tradition on a level with the Bible, affirms that Fra Paolo has given another more substantial reason on which these popish bishops built their determination, That after dividing the books under their consideration into three classes; of those which had been always held for divine; of those whose authenticity had formerly been doubted, but which by use and custom had acquired canonical authority; and of those which had never been properly certified; the Apocalypse was judiciously placed by the fathers of the council in the second of these classes.

The Italian passage, which for that purpose, Mr. Davis has alleged at the bottom of his page, is indeed taken from the text of Fra Paolo; but the reader, who will give himself the trouble, or rather the pleasure, of perusing that incomparable historian, will discover that Mr. Davis has *only* mistaken a motion of the opposition, for a measure of the administration. He will find, that this critical division, which is so erroneously ascribed to the public reason of the council, was no more than the ineffectual proposal of a temperate minority, which was soon overruled by a majority of artful statesmen, bigoted monks, and dependent bishops.

"We have here an evident proof that Mr. Gibbon is equally expert in misrepresenting a modern as an ancient writer, or that he wilfully conceals the most material reason, with a design, no doubt, to instil into his reader a notion, that the authenticity of the Apocalypse is built on the slightest foundation."*

VII. I had cautiously observed (for I was apprized of the obscurity of the subject) that the Epistle of Clemens does not lead us to discover any traces of episcopacy either at Corinth or Rome.† In this observation I particularly alluded to the republican form of salutation, "The church of God inhabiting Rome, to the church of God inhabiting Corinth;" without the least mention of a bishop or president in either of those ecclesiastical assemblies.

Yet the piercing eye of Mr. Davis‡ can discover not only traces, but evident proofs, of episcopacy, in this Epistle of Clemens; and he actually quotes two passages, in which he distinguishes by capital letters the word BISHOPS, whose institution Clemens refers to the Apostles themselves. But can Mr. Davis hope to gain credit by such egregious trifling? While we are searching for the origin of bishops, not merely as an ecclesiastical title, but as the peculiar name of an order distinct from that of presbyters, he idly produces a passage, which, by declaring that the apostles established in every place *bishops* and *deacons*, evidently confounds the *presbyters* with

* Davis, p. 44. † Gibbon, p. 592, note 110. ‡ Davis, p. 44, 45.

one or other of those two ranks. I have neither inclination nor interest to engage in a controversy which I had considered only in an historical light; but I have already said enough to show, that there are more traces of a disingenuous mind in Mr. Davis, than of an episcopal order in the Epistle of Clemens.

VIII. Perhaps, on some future occasion, I may examine the historical character of Eusebius; perhaps I may inquire, how far it appears from his words and actions, that the learned bishop of Cæsarea was averse to the use of fraud, when it was employed in the service of religion. At present, I am only concerned to defend my own truth and honour from the reproach of misrepresenting the sense of the ecclesiastical historian. Some of the charges of Mr. Davis on this head are so strong, so pointed, so vehemently urged, that he seems to have staked, on the event of the trial, the merits of our respective characters. If his assertions are true, I deserve the contempt of learned, and the abhorrence of good men. If they are false, * * * * *

1. I had remarked, without any malicious intention, that one of the seventeen Christians who suffered at Alexandria was likewise *accused* of robbery.* Mr. Davis† seems enraged because I did not add that he was *falsely* accused, takes some unnecessary pains to convince me that the Greek word ἐσυκοφαντηθη signifies *falsò accusatus*, and "can hardly think that any one who had looked into the original, would dare thus absolutely to contradict the plain testimony of the author he *pretends* to follow." A simple narrative of this fact, in the relation of which Mr. Davis has *really* suppressed several material circumstances, will afford the clearest justification.

Eusebius has preserved an original letter from Dionysius bishop of Alexandria to Fabius bishop of Antioch, in which the former relates the circumstances of the persecution which had lately afflicted the capital of Egypt. He allows a rank among the martyrs to one Nemesion, an Egyptian, who was falsely or maliciously accused as a companion of robbers. Before the centurion he justified himself from this calumny, which did not relate to him; but being charged as a Christian, he was brought in chains before the governor. That unjust magistrate, after inflicting on Nemesion *a double measure of stripes and tortures*, gave orders that he should be *burnt with the robbers*. (Dionys. apud Euseb. lib. vi. c. 41.)

It is evident that Dionysius represents the religious sufferer as innocent of the criminal accusation which had been falsely brought against him. It is no less evident, that whatever might be the opinion of the centurion, the supreme magistrate considered Nemesion as guilty, and that he affected to show, by the measure of his tortures, and by the companions of his execution, that he punished him, not only as a Christian, but as a robber. The evidence against Nemesion, and that which might be produced in his favour, are equally

* Gibbon, p. 654, note 75.

† Davis, p. 61, 62, 63. This ridiculous charge is repeated by another *sycophant*, (in the Greek sense of the word,) and forms one of the *valuable* communications, which the learning of a Rodolph suggested to the candour of a Chelsum. See Remarks, p. 209.

lost; and the question (which fortunately is of little moment) of his guilt or innocence, rests solely on the opposite judgments of his ecclesiastical and civil superiors. I could easily perceive that both the bishop and the governor were actuated by different passions and prejudices towards the unhappy sufferer; but it was impossible for me to decide which of the two was the most likely to indulge his prejudices and passions at the expense of truth. In this doubtful situation I conceived that I had acted with the most unexceptionable caution when I contented myself with observing that Nemesion was *accused*; a circumstance of a public and authentic nature, in which both parties were agreed.

Mr. Davis will no longer ask, "What possible evasion then can Mr. Gibbon have recourse to, to convince the world that I have *falsely* accused *him* of a gross misrepresentation of Eusebius?"

2. Mr. Davis* charges me with falsifying (*falsifying* is a very serious word) the testimony of Eusebius; because it suited my purpose to magnify the humanity and even kindness of Maxentius towards the afflicted Christians.† To support this charge, he produces some part of a chapter of Eusebius, the English in his text, the Greek in his notes, and makes the ecclesiastical historian express himself in the following terms:—"Although Maxentius at first favoured the Christians with a view of popularity, yet afterwards, being addicted to magic and every other impiety, HE exerted himself in persecuting the Christians in a more severe and destructive manner than his predecessors had done before him."

If it were in my power to place the volume and chapter of Eusebius (Hist. Eccles. lib. viii. c. 14) before the eyes of every reader, I should be satisfied and silent. I should not be under the necessity of protesting, that in the passage quoted, or rather abridged, by my adversary, the second member of the period, which alone contradicts my account of Maxentius, has not the most distant reference to that odious tyrant. After distinguishing the mild conduct which *he* affected towards the Christians, Eusebius proceeds to animadvert with becoming severity on the general vices of his reign; the rapes, the murders, the oppression, the promiscuous massacres, which I had faithfully related in their proper place, and in which the Christians, not in their religious, but in their civil capacity, must occasionally have shared with the rest of his unhappy subjects. The ecclesiastical historian then makes a transition to *another tyrant*, the cruel Maximin, who carried away from his friend and ally Maxentius the prize of superior wickedness; for HE was addicted to magic arts, and was a cruel persecutor of the Christians. The evidence of words and facts, the plain meaning of Eusebius, the concurring testimony of Cæcilius or Lactantius, and the superfluous authority of versions and commentators, establish beyond the reach of doubt or cavil, that Maximin, and not Maxentius, is stigmatized as a persecutor, and that Mr. Davis alone has deserved the reproach of *falsifying* the testimony of Eusebius.

Let him examine the chapter on which he founds his accusation.

* Davis, p. 64, 65. † Gibbon, p. 693, note 168.

If in that moment his feelings are not of the most painful and humiliating kind, he must indeed be an object of pity!

2. *A gross blunder* is imputed to me by this polite antagonist,* for quoting under the name of Jerome the Chronicle which I ought to have described as the work and property of Eusebius;† and Mr. Davis kindly points out the occasion of my blunder. That it was in consequence of my looking no further than Dodwell for this remark, and of not rightly understanding his reference. Perhaps the Historian of the Roman Empire may be credited, when he affirms that he frequently consulted a Latin Chronicle of the affairs of the empire; and he may the sooner be credited, if he shows that he knows something more of this Chronicle besides the name and the title-page.

Mr. Davis, who talks so familiarly of the Chronicle of Eusebius, will be surprised to hear that the Greek original no longer exists. Some chronological fragments, which had successively passed through the hands of Africanus and Eusebius, are still extant, though in a very corrupt and mutilated state, in the compilations of Syncellus and Cedrenus. They have been collected, and disposed by the labour and ingenuity of Joseph Scaliger; but that proud critic, always ready to applaud his own success, did not flatter himself that he had restored the hundredth part of the genuine Chronicle of Eusebius. "Ex eo *(Syncello)* omnia Eusebiana excerpsimus quæ quidem deprehendere potuimus; quæ, quanquàm ne centesima quidem pars eorum esse videtur quæ ab Eusebio relicta sunt, aliquod tamen justum volumen explere possunt." (Jos. Scaliger, Animadversiones in Græca Eusebii in Thesauro Temporum, p. 401. Amstelod. 1658.) While the Chronicle of Eusebius was perfect and entire, the second book was translated into Latin by Jerome, with the freedom, or rather licence, which that voluminous author, as well as his friend or enemy Rufinus, always assumed. "Plurima in vertendo mutat, infulcit, præerit," says Scaliger himself, in the Prolegomena, p. 22. In the persecution of Aurelian, which has so much offended Mr. Davis, we are able to distinguish the work of Eusebius from that of Jerome, by comparing the expressions of the Ecclesiastical History with those of the Chronicle. The former affirms, that towards the end of his reign, Aurelian was moved by some councils to excite a persecution against the Christians; that his design occasioned a great and general rumour; but that when the letters were prepared, and as it were signed, divine justice dismissed him from the world. *Ἤδη τισι ἓνλαις ὡς ἀν διωγμον καθ' ἡμων ἐγειρειν ἀνεκινειτο. Πολυς τε ἡν ὁ παρα πασι περι τουτου λογος. Μελλοντα δε ἡδη και σχεδον ειπειν τοις καθ' ἡμων γραμμασιν ὑποσημειουμενον, θειᾳ μετεισιν δικῃ.* Euseb. Hist. Eccles. lib. vii. c. 30. Whereas the Chronicle relates, that Aurelian was killed after he had excited or moved a persecution against the Christians, "cum adversùm nos persecutionem movisset."

From this manifest difference I assume a right to assert; first, that the expression of the Chronicle of *Jerome*, which is always proper, became in this instance necessary; and secondly, that the language of the fathers is so ambiguous and incorrect, that we are at

* Davis, p. 66. † Gibbon, p. 673, note 125.

a loss to determine how far Aurelian had carried his intention before he was assassinated. I have neither perverted the *fact*, nor have I been guilty of *a gross blunder*.

IX. "The persons accused of Christianity had a convenient time allowed them to settle their domestic concerns, and to prepare their answer."* This observation had been suggested, partly by a general expression of Cyprian (de Lapsis, p. 88, edit. Fell. Amstelod. 1700), and more especially by the second Apology of Justin Martyr, who gives a particular and curious example of this legal delay.

The expressions of Cyprian, "dies negantibus præstitutus, &c." which Mr. Davis most prudently suppresses, are illustrated by Mosheim in the following words: "Primùm qui delati erant aut suspecti, illis certum dierum spatium judex definiebat, quo decurrente, secum deliberare poterant, utrùm profiteri Christum an negare mallent; *explorandæ fidei præfiniebantur dies*, per hoc tempus liberi manebant in domibus suis; nec impediebat aliquis quod ex consequentibus apparet, ne fugâ sibi consulerent. Satis hoc erat humanum." (De Rebus Christianis ante Constantinum, p. 480.) The practice of Egypt was sometimes more expeditious and severe; but this humane indulgence was still allowed in Africa during the persecution of Decius.

But my appeal to Justin Martyr is encountered by Mr. Davis with the following declaration:† "The reader will observe, that Mr. Gibbon does not make any reference to any section or division of this part of Justin's work; with what view we may shrewdly suspect, when I tell him, that after an accurate perusal of the whole second Apology, I can boldly affirm, that the following instance is the only one that bears the most distant similitude to what Mr. Gibbon relates as above on the authority of Justin." What I find in Justin is as follows: "A woman being converted to Christianity, is afraid to associate with her husband, because he is an abandoned reprobate, lest she should partake of his sins. Her husband, not being able to accuse *her*, vents his rage in this manner on one Ptolemæus, a teacher of Christianity, who had converted her," &c. Mr. Davis then proceeds to relate the severities inflicted on Ptolemæus, who made a frank and instant profession of his faith; and he sternly exclaims, that if I take every opportunity of passing encomiums on the humanity of Roman magistrates, it is incumbent on me to produce better evidence than this.

His demand may be easily satisfied, and I need only for that purpose transcribe and translate the words of Justin, which *immediately* precede the Greek quotation alleged at the bottom of my adversary's page. I am possessed of two editions of Justin Martyr, that of Cambridge, 1768, in 8vo. by Dr. Ashton, who only published the two Apologies; and that of all his works, published in fol. Paris, 1742, by the Benedictines of the Congregation of St. Maar: the following curious passage may be found, p. 164 of the former, and p. 89 of the latter edition: Κατηγοριαν πεποιηται, λεγων αιτην

* Gibbon, p. 663.

† Davis, p. 71, 72.

Χριστιανην ειναι, και ἡ μεν βιβλιδιον σοι τῳ αὐτοκρατορι ἀναδεδωκε, πρωτερον συνχωρηθηναι αὐτῃ διοικησασθαι τα ἑαυτης ἀξιωσα. Ἐπειτα ἀπολογησασθαι περι του κατηγορηματος, μετα την των πραγματων αὐτης διοικησιν, και συνεχωρησας τυτο. "He brought an accusation against her, saying, that she was a Christian. But she presented a petition to the emperor, praying that she might be allowed to settle her domestic concerns; and promising, that after she had settled them, she would then put in her answer to the accusation. This you granted."

I disdain to add a single reflection; nor shall I qualify the conduct of my adversary with any of those harsh epithets, which might be interpreted as the expressions of resentment, though I should be constrained to use them as the only words in the English language, which could accurately represent my cool and unprejudiced sentiments.

X. In stating the toleration of Christianity during the greatest part of the reign of Diocletian, I had observed,* that the principal officers of the palace, whose names and functions were particularly specified, enjoyed, with their wives and children, the free exercise of the Christian religion. Mr. Davis twice affirms,† in the most deliberate manner, that this pretended fact, which is asserted on the sole authority, is contradicted by the positive evidence of Lactantius. In both these *affirmations* Mr. Davis is inexcusably mistaken.

1. When the storms of persecution arose, the priests, who were offended by the sign of the cross, obtained an order from the emperor, that the profane, the Christians, who accompanied him to the temple, should be compelled to offer sacrifice; and this incident is mentioned by the rhetorician, to whom I shall not at present refuse the name of Lactantius. The act of idolatry, which, at the expiration of eighteen years, was required of the officers of Diocletian, is a manifest proof that their religious freedom had hitherto been inviolate, except in the single instance of waiting on their master to the temple; a service less criminal than the profane compliance for which the minister of the king of Syria solicited the permission of the prophet of Israel.

2. The reference which I made to Lactantius expressly pointed out this exception to their freedom. But the proof of the toleration was built on a different testimony, which my disingenuous adversary has concealed; an ancient and curious instruction composed by Bishop Theonas, for the use of Lucian, and the other Christian eunuchs of the palace of Diocletian. This authentic piece was published in the Spicilegium of Dom Luc d'Acheri; as I had not the opportunity of consulting the original, I was contented with quoting it on the faith of Tillemont, and the reference to it immediately precedes (ch. xvi. note 133,) the citation of Lactantius (note 134.)

Mr. Davis may now answer his own question, "What apology can be made for thus asserting, on the sole authority of Lactantius, facts which Lactantius so expressly denies?"

XI. "I have already given a curious instance of our author's assert-

* Gibbon, p. 676, notes 133, 134. † Davis, pp. 75, 76.

ing, on the authority of Dion Cassius, a fact not mentioned by that historian. I shall now produce a very singular proof of his endeavouring to conceal from us a passage really contained in him."* Nothing but the angry vehemence with which these charges are urged could engage me to take the least notice of them. In themselves they are doubly contemptible; they are trifling, and they are false.

1. Mr. Davis † had imputed to me as a crime, that I had mentioned, on the sole testimony of Dion (lib. lxviii. p. 1145), the spirit of rebellion which inflamed the Jews, from the reign of Nero to that of Antoninus Pius, ‡ whilst the passage of that historian is confined to an insurrection in Cyprus and Cyrene, which broke out within that period. The reader who will cast his eye on the note (ch. xvi. note 1), which is supported by that quotation from Dion, will discover that it related only to *this* particular fact. The general position, which is indeed too notorious to require any proof, I had carefully justified in the course of the same paragraph; partly by another reference to Dion Cassius, partly by an allusion to the well-known history of Josephus, and partly by *several* quotations from the learned and judicious Basnage, who has explained, in the most satisfactory manner, the principles and conduct of the rebellious Jews.

2. The passage of Dion, which I am accused of endeavouring to conceal, might perhaps have remained invisible, even to the piercing eye of Mr. Davis, if *I* had not carefully reported it in its proper place: || and it was in my power to report it, without being guilty of any *inconsiderate contradiction*. I had observed, that, in the large history of Dion Cassius, Xiphilin had not been able to discover the name of *Christians:* yet I afterwards quote a passage, in which Marcia, the favourite concubine of Commodus, is celebrated as the patroness of the *Christians*. Mr. Davis has transcribed my quotation, but *he* has concealed the important words which I distinguish by Italics. (Ch. xvi. note 106.) "Dion Cassius, *or rather his abbreviator Xiphilin*, lib. lxxii. p. 1206." The reference is fairly made and cautiously qualified: I am already secure from the imputations of fraud or inconsistency; and the opinion which attributes the last-mentioned passage to the abbreviator, rather than to the original historian, may be supported by the most unexceptionable authorities. I shall protect myself by those of Reimar (in his edition of Dion Cassius, tom. ii. p. 1207, note 34), and of Dr. Lardner; and shall only transcribe the words of the latter, in his Collection of Jewish and Heathen Testimonies, vol. iii. p. 57.

"This paragraph I rather think to be Xiphilin's than Dion's. The style at least is Xiphilin's. In the other passages before quoted, Dion speaks of *impiety*, or *atheism*, or *Judaism*; but never useth the word *Christians*. Another thing that may make us doubt whether this observation be entirely Dion's, is the phrase, 'it is related' (ἱστορεῖται). For the beginning of the reign of Commodus. 'These things, and what follows, I write not from the report of others, but from my knowledge and observation.' However, the sense may

* Davis, p. 83.
‡ Gibbon, p. 623.
§ Davis, p. 11.
|| Gibbon, p. 667, note 107.

be Dion's; but I wish we had also his style, without any adulteration." For my own part, I must, in my private opinion, ascribe even the sense of this passage to Xiphilin. The *monk* might eagerly collect and insert an anecdote which related to the domestic history of the church: but the religion of a courtesan must have appeared an object of very little moment to the eyes of a *Roman consul*, who, at least in every other part of his history, disdained or neglected to mention the name of the Christians.

"What shall we say now? Do we not discover the name of Christians in the History of Dion? With what *assurance* then can Mr. Gibbon, after asserting a fact manifestly *untrue*, lay claim to the merits of diligence and accuracy, the indispensable duty of an historian? Or can he expect us to credit his assertion, that he has carefully examined all the original materials?"*

Mr. Gibbon may still maintain the character of an historian; but it is difficult to conceive how Mr. Davis will support his pretensions, if he aspires to that of a gentleman.

I almost hesitate whether I should take any notice of another ridiculous charge which Mr. Davis includes in the article of Dion Cassius. My adversary owns, that I have occasionally produced the several passages of the Augustan History which relate to the Christians; but he fiercely contends that they amount to more than *six lines*.† I really have not measured them; nor did I mean that loose expression as a precise and definite number. If, on a nicer survey, those short hints, when they are brought together, should be found to exceed six of the long lines of my folio edition, I am content that my critical antagonist should substitute eight, or ten, or twelve lines; nor shall I think either my learning or veracity much interested in this important alteration.

XII. After a short description of the unworthy conduct of those apostates who, in a time of persecution, deserted the faith of Christ, I produced the evidence of a pagan proconsul,‡ and of two Christian bishops, Pliny, Dionysius of Alexandria, and Cyprian. And here the unforgiving critic remarks, "That Pliny has not particularised that difference of conduct (in the different apostates) which Mr. Gibbon here describes: yet his name stands at the head of those authors whom he has cited on the occasion. It is allowed, indeed, that this distinction is made by the other authors; but as Pliny, the first referred to by Mr. Gibbon, gives him no cause or reason to use *them*," (I cannot help Mr. Davis's bad English) "it is certainly very reprehensible in our author, thus to confound their testimony, and to make a needless and improper reference."§

A criticism of this sort can only tend to expose Mr. Davis's total ignorance of historical composition. The writer who aspires to the name of historian, is obliged to consult a variety of original testimonies, each of which, taken separately, is perhaps imperfect and partial. By a judicious re-union and arrangement of these dispersed materials, he endeavours to form a consistent and interesting narra-

* Davis, p. 83.
† Gibbon, p. 634, note 24.
‡ Id. p. 664, note 102.
§ Davis, p. 87, 88.

tive. Nothing ought to be inserted which is not proved by some of witnesses; but their evidence must be so intimately blended together that as it is unreasonable to expect that each of them should vouch for the whole, so it would be impossible to define the boundaries of their respective property. Neither Pliny, nor Dionysius, nor Cyprian mention *all* the circumstances and *distinctions* of the conduct of the Christian apostates; but if any of them was withdrawn, the account which I have given would, in some instance, be defective.

Thus much I thought necessary to say, as several of the subsequent *misrepresentations* of Orosius, of Bayle, of Fabricius, of Gregory of Tours, &c.,* which provoked the fury of Mr. Davis, are derived only from the ignorance of this common historical principle.

Another class of misrepresentations, which my adversary urges with the same degree of vehemence (see in particular those of Justin, Diodorus Siculus, and even Tacitus), requires the support of another principle, which has not yet been introduced into the art of criticism; *that* when a modern historian appeals to the authority of the ancients for the truth of any particular fact, he makes himself answerable, I know not to what extent, for all the circumjacent errors or inconsistencies of the authors whom he has quoted.

XIII. I am accused of throwing out a false accusation against Ignatius,† because I had observed‡ that when defending against the Gnostics the resurrection of Christ, he employs a vague and doubtful tradition, instead of quoting the certain testimony of the evangelists: and this observation was justified by a remarkable passage of Ignatius, in his Epistle to the Smyrnæans, which I cited according to the volume and the page of the best edition of the apostolical father, published at Amsterdam, 1724, in two volumes in folio. The Criticism of Mr. Davis is announced by one of those solemn declarations, which leave not any passage that bears the least affinity to what "Mr. Gibbon observes, in the whole Epistle, which I have read over more than once."

I had already marked the *situation*, nor is it in my power to prove the *existence*, of this passage, by any other means than by producing the words of the original. Ἐγω γαρ και μετα την ἀναστασιν ἐν σαρκι αὐτον οιδα και πιστευω ὀντα, και ὁτε προς τους περι Πετρον ἠλθεν, ἐφη αὐτοις, λαβετε, ψυλαφησατε με, και ιδετε ὁτι οὐκ ειμι δαιμονιον ἀσωματον· και εὐθυς αὐτου ἡψαντο, και ἐπιστευσαν. "I have known, and I believe, that after his resurrection likewise he existed in the flesh: and when he came to Peter, and to the rest, he said unto them, Take, handle me, and see that I am not an incorporeal dæmon or spirit. And they touched him, and believed." The faith of the apostles confuted the impious error of the Gnostics, which attributed only the *appearances* of a human body to the Son of God: and it was the great object of Ignatius, in the last moments of his life, to secure the Christians of Asia from the snares of those dangerous heretics. According to the tradition of the modern Greeks, Ignatius was the child whom Jesus received into his arms (see Tillemont, Mem. Eccles. tom. ii.

* Davis, p. 88, 90, 137. † Id. p. 100, 101. ‡ Gibbon, p. 551, note 35.

part ii. p. 43,); yet as he could scarcely be old enough to remember the resurrection of the Son of God, he must have derived his knowledge *either* from our present Evangelists, *or* from some apocryphal gospel, *or* from some unwritten tradition.

1. The gospels of St. Luke and St. John would undoubtedly have supplied Ignatius with the most invincible proofs of the reality of the body of Christ, when he appeared to the apostles after his resurrection; but neither of those gospels contain the characteristic words of οὐκ δαιμονιον ἀσωματον, and the important circumstance that either Peter, or *those* who were with Peter, touched the body of Christ and believed. Had the saint designed to quote the evangelist on a very nice subject of controversy, he would not surely have exposed himself, by an inaccurate, or rather by a false, reference, to the just reproaches of the Gnostics. On this occasion, therefore, Ignatius did not employ, as he might have done, against the heretics, the certain testimony of the evangelists.

2. Jerome, who cites this remarkable passage from the Epistle of Ignatius to the Smyrnæans (see Catalog. Script. Eccles. in Ignatio, tom. i. p. 273, edit. Erasm. Basle, 1537), is of opinion that it was taken from the *gospel* which he himself had lately translated: and *this*, from the comparison of two other passages in the same work (in Jacob. et in Matthæo, p. 264), appears to have been the Hebrew gospel, which was used by the Nazarenes of Berea, as the genuine composition of St. Matthew. Yet Jerome mentions another copy of this Hebrew gospel (so different from the Greek text), which was extant in the library formed at Cæsarea by the care of Pamphilus: whilst the learned Eusebius, the friend of Pamphilus and the bishop of Cæsarea, very frankly declares (Hist. Eccles. lib. iii. cap. 36), that *he* is ignorant from whence Ignatius borrowed those words, which are the subject of the present inquiry.

3. The doubt which remains, is only whether he took them from an apocryphal book, or from *unwritten tradition:* and I thought myself safe from every species of critics, when I embraced the rational sentiment of Casaubon and Pearson. I shall produce the words of the bishop: "Præterea iterùm observandum est, quod de hâc re scripsit Isaacus Casaubonus, 'Quinetiam fortasse verius, non ex evangelio Hebraico Ignatium illa verba descripsisse, verùm traditionem allegasse non scriptam, quæ postea in literas fuerit relata, et Hebraico evangelio, quod Matthæo tribuebant, inserta.' Et hoc quidem mihi multò verisimilius videtur." (Pearson, Vindiciæ Ignatianæ, part ii. c. ix. p. 396, in tom. ii. Patr. Apostol.)

I may now submit to the judgment of the public, whether I have looked intō the epistle which I cite with such a parade of learning, and *how profitably* Mr. Davis has read it over more than once.

XIV. The learning and judgment of Mosheim had been of frequent use in the course of my historical inquiry, and I had not been wanting in proper expressions of gratitude. My vexatious adversary is always ready to start from his ambuscade, and to harass my march by a mode of attack which cannot easily be reconciled with the laws of honourable war. The greatest part of the misre-

presentations of Mosheim, which Mr. Davis has imputed to me, are of such a nature, that I must indeed be humble, if I could persuade myself to bestow a moment of serious attention on them. *Whether* Mosheim could prove that an absolute community of goods was not established among the first Christians of Jerusalem: *whether* he suspected the purity of the Epistles of Ignatius: *whether* he censured Dr. Middleton with temper or indignation (in this case I must challenge Mr. Davis as an incompetent judge): *whether* he corroborates the *whole* of my description of the prophetic office: *whether* he speaks with approbation of the humanity of Pliny: and *whether* he attributed the same sense to the *malefica* of Suetonius, as the *exitiabilis* of Tacitus! These questions, even as Mr. Davis has stated them, lie open to the judgment of every reader, and the superfluous observations which I could make, would be an abuse of their time and of my own. As little shall I think of consuming their patience, by examining whether Le Clerc and Mosheim *labour* in the interpretation of some texts of the fathers, and particularly of a passage of Irenæus, which seem to favour the pretensions of the Roman bishop. The material part of the passage of Irenæus consists of about *four lines;* and in order to show that the interpretations of Le Clerc and Mosheim are not *laboured*, Mr. Davis abridges them as much as possible in the space of *twelve pages*. I know not whether the perusal of my History will justify the suspicion of Mr. Davis, that I am secretly inclined to the interest of the pope: but I cannot discover how the protestant cause can be affected, if Irenæus in the second, or Palavicini in the seventeenth century, were tempted by any private views, to countenance in their writings the system of ecclesiastical dominion, which has been pursued in every age by the aspiring bishops of the imperial city. Their conduct was adapted to the revolutions of the Christian republic, but the same spirit animated the haughty breasts of Victor the First, and of Paul the Fifth.

There still remain one or two of these imputed misrepresentations which appear, and indeed only appear, to merit a little more attention. In stating the opinion of Mosheim with regard to the progress of the Gospel, Mr. Davis boldly declares, "that I have *altered the truth* of Mosheim's history, that I might have an opportunity of contradicting the belief and wishes of the fathers."† In other words, I have been guilty of uttering a malicious falsehood.

I had endeavoured to mitigate the sanguine expression of the fathers of the second century, who had too hastily diffused the light of Christianity over every part of the globe, by observing, as an undoubted fact, "that the barbarians of Scythia and Germany, who subverted the Roman monarchy, were involved in the errors of paganism; and that even the conquest of Iberia, of Armenia, or of Ethiopia, was not attempted with any degree of success, till the sceptre was in the hands of an orthodox emperor."‡ I had referred

* Davis, p. 95—97, 104—107, 114—139.
† Davis, p. 127. ‡ Gibbon, p. 611, 612.

the curious reader to the fourth century of Mosheim's General History of the Church: now Mr. Davis had discovered and can prove, from that excellent work, "that Christianity, not long after its first rise, had been introduced into the Less as well as the Greater Armenia; that part of the Goths, who inhabited Thracia, Mœsia, and Dacia, had received the Christian religion long before this century; and that Theophilus, their bishop, was present at the Council of Nice."*

On this occasion, the reference was made to a popular work of Mosheim, for the satisfaction of the reader, that he might obtain the general view of the progress of Christianity in the fourth century, which I had gradually acquired by studying with some care the ecclesiastical antiquities of the nations beyond the limits of the Roman empire. If I had reasonably supposed that the result of our common inquiries must be the same, should I have deserved a very harsh censure for my unsuspecting confidence? Or if I had declined the invidious task of separating a few immaterial errors from a just and judicious representation, might not my respect for the name and merit of Mosheim have claimed some indulgence? But I disdain those excuses, which only a candid adversary would allow. I can meet Mr. Davis on the hard ground of controversy, and retort on his own head the charge of concealing a part of the truth. He himself has dared to suppress the words of my text, which immediately followed his quotation; "Before that time the various accidents of war and commerce might indeed diffuse an imperfect knowledge of the gospel among the tribes of Caledonia, and among the borderers of the Rhine, the Danube, and the Euphrates;" and Mr. Davis has likewise suppressed one of the justificatory notes on this passage, which expressly points out the time and circumstances of the first Gothic conversions. These exceptions, which I had cautiously inserted, and Mr. Davis has cautiously concealed, are superfluous for the provinces of Thrace, Mœsia, and the Lesser Armenia, which were contained within the precincts of the Roman Empire. They allow an ample scope for the more early conversion of some independent districts of Dacia and the Greater Armenia, which bordered on the Danube and Euphrates; and the entire sense of this passage, which Mr. Davis first mutilates and then attacks, is perfectly consistent with the original text of the learned Mosheim,

And yet I will fairly confess that, after a nicer inquiry into the epoch of the Armenian church, I am not satisfied with the accuracy of my own expression. The assurance that the first Christian king and the first archbishop, Tiridates and St. Gregory the Illuminator, were still alive several years after the death of Constantine, inclined me to believe, that the conversion of Armenia was posterior to the auspicious revolution, which had given the sceptre of Rome to the hands of an orthodox emperor. But I had not enough considered the two following circumstances. 1. I might have recollected the dates assigned by Moses of Chorene, who, on this occasion, may be regarded as a competent witness. Tiridates ascended the throne of

* Davis, p. 126, 127.

Armenia in the third year of Diocletian (Hist. Armeniæ, lib. ii. c. 79. p. 207), and St. Gregory, who was invested with the episcopal character in the seventeenth year of Tiridates, governed almost thirty years the church of Armenia, and disappeared from the world in the forty-sixth year of the reign of the same prince. (Hist. Armeniæ, lib. ii. c. 88, p. 224, 225.) The consecration of St. Gregory must therefore be placed A. D. 303, and the conversion of the king and kingdom was soon achieved by that successful missionary. 2. The unjust and inglorious war which Maximin undertook against the Armenians, the ancient faithful allies of the republic, was evidently derived from a motive of superstitious zeal. The historian Eusebius (Hist. Eccles. lib. ix. c. 8, p. 448, edit. Cantab.) considers the pious Armenians as a nation of Christians, who bravely defended themselves from the hostile oppression of an idolatrous tyrant. Instead of maintaining "that the conversion of Armenia was not attempted with any degree of success till the sceptre was in the hands of an orthodox emperor," I ought to have observed, that the seeds of the faith were deeply sown during the season of the last and greatest persecution, that many Roman exiles might assist the labours of Gregory, and that the renowned Tiridates, the hero of the East, may dispute with Constantine the honour of being the first sovereign who embraced the Christian religion.

In a future edition, I shall rectify an expression which, in strictness, can only be applied to the kingdoms of Iberia and Ethiopia. Had the error been exposed by Mr. Davis himself, I should not have been ashamed to correct it; but *I am* ashamed at being reduced to contend with an adversary who is unable to discover, or to improve, his own advantages.

But, instead of prosecuting any inquiry from whence the public might have gained instruction, and himself credit, Mr. Davis chooses to perplex his readers with some angry cavils about the progress of the gospel in the second century. What does he mean to establish or to refute? Have I denied, that before the end of that period Christianity was very widely diffused both in the East and in the West? Has not Justin Martyr affirmed, without exception or limitation, that it was already preached to *every* nation on the face of the earth? Is that proposition true at present? Could it be true in the time of Justin? Does not Mosheim acknowledge the exaggeration? "Demus, nec enim quæ in oculos incurrunt infitiari audemus, esse in his verbis exaggerationis nonnihil. Certum enim est diu post Justini ætatem, multas orbis terrarum gentes cognitione Christi caruisse." (Mosheim de Rebus Christianis, p. 203.) Does he not expose (p. 205), with becoming scorn and indignation, the falsehood and vanity of the hyperboles of Tertullian? "bonum hominem, æstú imaginationis elatum, non satis attendisse ad ea quæ literis consignabat."

The high esteem which Mr. Davis expresses for the writings of Mosheim, would alone convince me how little he has read them, since he must have been perpetually offended and disgusted by a train of thinking the most repugnant to his own. His jealousy,

however, for the honour of Mosheim, provokes him to arraign the boldness of Mr. Gibbon, who presumes *falsely* to charge such an eminent man with *unjustifiable assertions.** I might observe, that my style, which on this occasion was more modest and moderate, has acquired, perhaps undesignedly, an illiberal cast from the rough hand of Mr. Davis. But as my veracity is impeached, I may be less solicitous about my politeness; and though I have repeatedly declined the fairest opportunities of correcting the errors of my predecessors, yet, as long as I have truth on my side, I am not easily daunted by the names of the most eminent men.

The assertion of Mosheim, which did not seem to be justified† by the authority of Lactantius, was, that the wife and daughter of Diocletian, Prisca and *Valeria*, had been privately *baptized*. Mr. Davis is sure that the words of Mosheim, "Christianis sacris clam initiata," need not be confined to the rite of baptism; and he is equally sure, that the reference to Mosheim does not lead us to discover even the name of Valeria. In both these assurances he is grossly mistaken; but it is the misfortune of controversy, that an error may be committed in three or four words, which cannot be rectified in less than thirty or forty lines.

1. The true and the sole meaning of the Christian initiation, one of the familiar and favourite allusions of the fathers of the fourth century, is clearly explained by the exact and laborious Bingham. "The baptized were also styled οἱ μεμυημενοι, which the Latins call *initiati*, the initiated, that is, admitted to the use of the *sacred* offices, and knowledge of the *sacred* mysteries of the Christian religion. Hence came that form of speaking, so frequently used by St. Chrysostom, and other ancient writers, when they touched upon any doctrines or mysteries which the catechumens understood not, ισασιν οἱ μεμυημενοι, the initiated know what is spoken. St. Ambrose writes a book to these *initiati;* Isidore of Pelusium and Hesychius call them μυστοι and μυσταγωγητοι. Whence the catechumens have the contrary names, ἀμυστοι, ἀμυητοι, ἀμυσταγωγητοι, the uninitiated or unbaptized." (Antiquities of the Christian Church, lib. i. cap. 4, no. 2, vol. i. p. 11, fol. edit.) Had I presumed to suppose that Mosheim was capable of employing a technical expression in a loose and equivocal sense, I should have violated the respect which I have always entertained for his learning and abilities.

2. But Mr. Davis cannot discover in the text of Mosheim the name of Valeria. In that case Mosheim would have suffered another slight inaccuracy to drop from his pen, as the passage of Lactantius, "sacrificio pollui coëgit," on which he founds his assertion, includes the names both of Prisca and Valeria. But I am not reduced to the necessity of accusing another in my own defence. Mosheim has properly and expressly declared that Valeria imitated the pious example of her mother Prisca, "Gener Diocletiani uxorem habebat *Valeriam* matris exemplum pietate erga Deum imitantem et à cultû fictorum numinum alienam." (Mosheim, p. 913.) Mr. Davis has a bad habit of greedily snapping at the first words of a reference,

* Davis, p. 131. † Gibbon, p. 676, note 132.

without giving himself the trouble of going to the end of the page or paragraph.

These trifling and peevish cavils would, perhaps, have been confounded with some criticism of the same stamp, on which I had bestowed a slight, though sufficient notice, in the beginning of this article of Mosheim; had not my attention been awakened by a peroration worthy of Tertullian himself, if Tertullian had been devoid of eloquence as well of moderation—"Much less does the Christian Mosheim give our *infidel historian* any pretext for inserting that *illiberal malignant insinuation*, 'That Christianity has, in every age, acknowledged its important obligation to *female* devotion;' the remark is truly *contemptible*."*

It is not my design to fill whole pages with a tedious enumeration of the many illustrious examples of female saints, who, in every age, and almost in every country, have promoted the interest of Christianity. Such instances will readily offer themselves to those who have the slightest knowledge of ecclesiastical history; nor is it necessary that I should remind them how much the charms, the influence, the devotion of Clotilda, and of her great granddaughter, Bertha, contributed to the conversion of France and England. Religion may accept, without a blush, the services of the purest and most gentle portion of the human species: but there are some advocates would disgrace Christianity, if Christianity could be disgraced, by the manner in which they defend her cause.

XV. As I could not readily procure the works of Gregory of Nyssa, I borrowed† from the accurate and indefatigable Tillemont, a passage in the life of Gregory Thaumaturgus, or the Wonder-worker, which affirmed, that when the saint took possession of his episcopal see, he found only *seventeen Christians* in the city of Neo-Cæsarea, and the adjacent country, "Les environs, la campagne, le pays d'alentour." (Mem. Eccles. tom. iv. p. 677—691, edit. Bruxelles, 1706.) These expressions of Tillemont, to whom I explicitly acknowledged my obligation, appeared synonymous to the word *diocese*, the whole territory entrusted to the pastoral care of the Wonder-worker; and I added the epithet of *extensive*, because I was apprised that Neo-Cæsarea was the capital of the Polemoniac Pontus, and that the whole kingdom of Pontus, which stretched above five hundred miles along the coast of the Euxine, was divided between sixteen or seventeen bishops. (See the Geographia Ecclesiastica of Charles de St. Paul, and Lucas Holstenius, p. 249, 250, 251.) Thus far I may not be thought to have deserved any censure; but the omission of the subsequent part of the same passage, which imports, that at his death the Wonder-worker left no more than *seventeen pagans*, may seem to wear a partial and suspicious aspect.

Let me, therefore, first observe, as some evidence of an impartial disposition, that I *easily* admitted, as the cool observation of the philosophic Lucian, the angry and interested complaint of the false prophet Alexander, that Pontus was filled with Christians. This complaint was made under the reigns of Marcus or of Commodus,

* Davis, p. 132. † Gibbon, p. 605, note 156.

with whom the impostor, so admirably exposed by Lucian, was contemporary; and I had contented myself with remarking, that the numbers of Christians must have been very unequally distributed in the several parts of Pontus, since the diocese of Neo-Cæsarea contained, above sixty years afterwards, only seventeen Christians. Such was the inconsiderable flock which Gregory began to feed about the year 240; and the real or fabulous conversions ascribed to that wonder-working bishop, during a reign of thirty years, are totally foreign to the state of Christianity in the preceding century. This obvious reflection may serve to answer the objection of Mr. Davis,* and of another adversary,† who on this occasion is more liberal than Mr. Davis of those harsh epithets so familiar to the tribe of polemics.

XVI. "Mr. Gibbon says,‡ 'Pliny was sent into Bithynia (according to Pagi) in the year 110.'"

"Now that accurate chronologer places it in the year 102. See the fact *recorded* in his Critico-Historico-Chronologica in Annales C. Baronii, A.D. 102, p. 99, sæc. 2, sec. 3."

"I appeal to my reader, whether this anachronism does not plainly prove that our historian never looked into Pagi's Chronology, though he has not hesitated to make a pompous reference to him in his note?" §

I cannot help observing that either Mr. Davis's dictionary is extremely confined, or that in his philosophy all sins are of equal magnitude. Every error of fact or language, every instance where he does not know how to reconcile the original and the reference, he expresses by the gentle word of *misrepresentation*. An inaccurate appeal to the sentiment of Pagi, on a subject where I must have been perfectly disinterested, might have been styled a lapse of memory, instead of being censured as the effect of vanity and ignorance. Pagi is neither a difficult nor an uncommon writer, nor could I hope to derive much additional fame from a *pompous* quotation of his writings, which I had never seen.

The words employed by Mr. Davis, of *fact*, of *record*, of *anachronism*, are unskilfully chosen, and so unhappily applied, as to betray a shameful ignorance, either of the English language, or of the nature of this chronological question. The date of Pliny's government of Bithynia is not a fact recorded by any ancient writer, but an opinion which modern critics have variously formed, from the consideration of presumptive and collateral evidence. Cardinal Baronius placed the consulship of Pliny one year too late; and, as he was persuaded that the old practice of the republic still subsisted, he naturally supposed that Pliny obtained his province immediately after the expiration of his consulship. He therefore sends him into Bithynia in the year which, according to his erroneous computation, coincided with the year one hundred and four (Baron. Annal. Eccles. A.D. 103, no. 1; 104, no. 1), or according to the true chronology, with the year one hundred and two, of the Christian era. This

* Davis, p. 136, 137. † Dr. Randolph, in Chelsum's Remarks, p. 159, 160.
‡ Gibbon, p. 605, note 187. § Davis, p. 140.

mistake of Baronius, Pagi, with the assistance of his friend Cardinal Noris, undertakes to correct. From an accurate parallel of the Annals of Trajan and the Epistles of Pliny, he deduces his proofs that Pliny remained at Rome several years after his consulship, by his own ingenious, though sometimes fanciful theory, of the imperial Quinquennalia, &c. Pagi at last discovers that Pliny made his entrance into Bithynia in the year one hundred and ten. "Plinius igitur anno Christi *centesimo decimo* Bithyniam intravit." Pagi, tom. i. p. 100.

I will be more indulgent to my adversary than he has been to me: I will admit that he has *looked into Pagi*; but I must add, that he has only looked into that accurate chronologer. To rectify the errors, which, in the course of a laborious and original work, had escaped the diligence of the cardinal, was the arduous task which Pagi proposed to execute; and for the sake of perspicuity, he distributes his criticisms according to the particular dates, whether just or faulty, of the Chronology of Baronius himself. Under the year 102, Mr. Davis confusedly saw a long argument about Pliny and Bithynia, and without condescending to read the author whom he *pompously* quotes, this hasty critic imputes to him the opinion which he had so laboriously destroyed.

My readers, if any readers have accompanied me thus far, must be satisfied, and indeed satiated, with the repeated proofs which I have made of the weight and temper of my adversary's weapons. They have, in every assault, fallen dead and lifeless to the ground: they have more than once recoiled, and dangerously wounded the unskilful hand that had presumed to use them. I have now examined all the *misrepresentations* and *inaccuracies*, which even for a moment could perplex the ignorant or deceive the credulous: the *few* imputations which I have neglected are still more palpably false, or still more evidently trifling, and even the friends of Mr. Davis will scarcely continue to ascribe my contempt to my fear.

The first part of his critical volume might admit, though it did not deserve, a particular reply. But the easy, though tedious compilation, which fills the remainder,* and which Mr. Davis has produced as the evidence of my shameful *plagiarisms*, may be set in its true light by three or four short and general reflections.

I. Mr. Davis has disposed, in two columns, the passages which he thinks proper to select from my two last chapters, and the corresponding passages from Middleton, Barbeyrac, Beausobre, Dodwell, &c.; to the most important of which he had been regularly guided by my own quotations. According to the opinion which he has conceived of literary property, to *agree* is to *follow*, and to *follow* is to *steal*. He celebrates his own sagacity with loud and reiterated applause, and declares, with infinite facetiousness, that if he restored to every author the passages which Mr. Gibbon has purloined, *he* would appear as naked as the proud and gaudy daw in the fable, when each bird had plucked away its own plumes. Instead of being angry with Mr. Davis for the parallel which he has extended

* Davis, p. 168—274.

to so great a length, I am under some obligation to his industry for the copious proofs which he has furnished the reader, that my representation of some of the most important facts of ecclesiastical antiquity is supported by the authority or opinion of the most ingenious and learned of the modern writers. The public may not, perhaps, be very eager to assist Mr. Davis in his favourite amusement of *depluming* me. They may think, that if the materials which compose my two last chapters are curious and valuable, it is of little moment to whom they properly belong. If my readers are satisfied with the form, the colours, the new arrangement which I have given to the labours of my predecessors, they may perhaps consider me not as a contemptible thief, but as an honest and industrious manufacturer, who has fairly procured the raw materials, and worked them up with a laudable degree of skill and success.

II. About two hundred years ago, the court of Rome discovered that the system which had been erected by ignorance, must be defended and countenanced by the aid, or at least by the abuse, of science. The grosser legends of the middle ages were abandoned to contempt, but the supremacy and infallibility of two hundred popes, the virtues of many thousand saints, and the miracles which they either performed or related, have been laboriously consecrated in the Ecclesiastical Annals of Cardinal Baronius. A theological barometer might be formed, of which the cardinal and our countryman, Dr. Middleton, should constitute the opposite and remote extremities, as the former sunk to the lowest degree of credulity which was compatible with learning, and the latter rose to the highest pitch of scepticism, in anywise consistent with religion. The intermediate gradations would be filled by a line of ecclesiastical critics, whose rank has been fixed by the circumstances of their temper and studies, as well as by the spirit of the church or society to which they were attached. It would be amusing enough to calculate the weight of prejudice in the air of Rome, of Oxford, of Paris, and of Holland, and sometimes to observe the irregular tendency of papists towards freedom, sometimes to remark the unnatural gravitation of protestants towards slavery. But it is useful to borrow the assistance of so many learned and ingenious men, who have viewed the first ages of the church in every light, and from every situation. If we skilfully combine the passions and prejudices, the hostile motives and intentions, of the several theologians, we may frequently extract knowledge from credulity, moderation from zeal, and impartial truth from the most disingenuous controversy. It is the right, it is the duty of a critical historian to collect, to weigh, to select the opinions of his predecessors; and the more diligence he has exerted in the search, the more rationally he may hope to add some improvement to the stock of knowledge, the use of which has been common to all.

III. Besides the ideas which may be suggested by the study of the most learned and ingenious of the moderns, the historian may be indebted to them for the occasional communication of some passages of the ancients, which might otherwise have escaped his knowledge or his memory. In the consideration of any extensive

subject, none will pretend to have read all that has been written, or to recollect all that they have read: nor is there any disgrace in recurring to the writers who have professedly treated any questions which, in the course of a long narrative, we are called upon to mention in a slight and incidental manner. If I touch upon the obscure and fanciful theology of the Gnostics, I can accept without a blush the assistance of the candid Beausobre; and when, amidst the fury of contending parties, I trace the progress of ecclesiastical dominion, I am not ashamed to confess myself the grateful disciple of the impartial Mosheim. In the next volume of my History, the reader and the critic must prepare themselves to see me make a still more liberal use of the labours of those indefatigable workmen who have dug deep into the mine of antiquity. The fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries are far more voluminous than their predecessors; the writings of Jerome, of Augustine, of Chrysostom, &c. cover the walls of our libraries. The smallest part is of the historical kind: yet the treatises which seem the least to invite the curiosity of the reader, frequently conceal very useful hints, or very valuable facts. The polemic, who involves himself and his antagonists in a cloud of argumentation, sometimes relates the original and progress of the heresy which he confutes; and the preacher who declaims against the luxury, describes the manners of the age; and seasonably introduces the mention of some public calamity, that he may ascribe it to the justice of offended Heaven. It would surely be unreasonable to expect that the historian should peruse enormous volumes, with the uncertain hope of extracting a few interesting lines, or that he should sacrifice whole days to the momentary amusement of his reader. Fortunately for us both, the diligence of ecclesiastical critics has facilitated our inquiries: the compilations of Tillemont might alone be considered as an immense repertory of truth and fable, of almost all that the fathers have preserved, or invented, or believed; and if we equally avail ourselves of the labours of contending sectaries, we shall often discover, that the same passages which the prudence of one of the disputants would have suppressed or disguised, are placed in the most conspicuous light by the active and interested zeal of his adversary. On these occasions, what is the duty of a faithful historian, who derives from some modern writer the knowledge of some ancient testimony, which he is desirous of introducing into his own narrative? It is his duty, and it has been my invariable practice, to consult the original; to study with attention the words, the design, the spirit, the context, the situation of the passage to which I had been referred; and before I appropriated it to my own use, to justify my own declaration, "that I had carefully examined all the original materials that could illustrate the subject which I had undertaken to treat." If this important obligation has sometimes been imperfectly fulfilled, I have only omitted what it would have been impracticable for me to perform. The greatest city in the world is destitute of that useful institution, a public library; and the writer who has undertaken to treat any large historical subject, is reduced to the necessity of

purchasing, for his private use, a numerous and valuable collection of the books which must form the basis of his work. The diligence of his booksellers will not always prove successful; and the candour of his readers will not always expect, that, for the sake of verifying an accidental quotation of ten lines, he should load himself with an useless and expensive series of ten volumes. In a very few instances, where I had not the opportunity of consulting the originals, I have adopted their testimony on the faith of modern guides, of whose fidelity I was satisfied; but on these occasions,* instead of decking myself with the borrowed plumes of Tillemont or Lardner, I have been most scrupulously exact in marking the extent of my reading, and the source of my information. This distinction, which a sense of truth and modesty had engaged me to express, is ungenerously abused by Mr. Davis, who seems happy to inform his readers, that "in ONE instance (chap. xvi. 164, or in the first edition, 163) I have, by an unaccountable oversight, unfortunately for myself, forgot to drop the modern, and that I modestly disclaim all knowledge of Athanasius, but what I had picked up from Tillemont."† Without animadverting on the decency of the expressions, which are now grown familiar to me, I shall content myself with observing, that I had frequently quoted Eusebius, or Cyprian, or Tertullian, *because* I had read them; so, in this instance, I only made my reference to Tillemont, *because* I had not read, and did not possess the works of Athanasius. The progress of my undertaking has since directed me to peruse the Historical Apologies of the Archbishop of Alexandria, whose life is a very interesting part of the age in which he lived; and if Mr. Davis should have the curiosity to look into my Second Volume, he will find that I make a free and frequent appeal to the writings of Athanasius. Whatever may be the opinion or practice of my adversary, this I apprehend to be the dealing of a fair and honourable man.

IV. The historical monuments of the three first centuries of ecclesiastical antiquity, are neither very numerous nor very prolix. From the end of the Acts of the Apostles, to the time when the first Apology of Justin Martyr was presented, there intervened a dark and doubtful period of fourscore years; and, even if the Epistles of Ignatius should be approved by the critic, they could not be very serviceable to the historian. From the middle of the second, to the beginning of the fourth century, we gain our knowledge of the state and progress of Christianity, from the successive apologies which were occasionally composed by Justin, Athenagoras, Tertullian, Origen, &c.; from the Epistles of Cyprian; from a few *sincere* acts of the Martyrs; from some moral or controversial tracts, which indirectly explain the events and manners of the times; from the rare and accidental notice which profane writers have taken of the Christian sect; from the declamatory narrative which celebrates the deaths of the persecutors; and from the Ecclesiastical History

* Gibbon, p. 605, note 156; p. 606, note 161; p. 690, note 164; p. 699, note 178.
† Davis, p. 273.

of Eusebius, who has preserved some valuable fragments of more early writers. Since the revival of letters, these original materials have been the common fund of critics and historians: nor has it ever been imagined, that the absolute and exclusive property of a passage in Eusebius or Tertullian was acquired by the first who had an opportunity of quoting it. The learned work of Mosheim, de Rebus Christianis ante Constantinum, was printed in the year 1753; and if I were possessed of the patience and disingenuity of Mr. Davis, I would engage to find all the ancient testimonies that he has alleged, in the writings of Dodwell or Tillemont, which were published before the end of the last century. But if I were animated by any malevolent intentions against Dodwell or Tillemont, I could as easily and as unfairly fix on *them* the guilt of plagiarism, by producing the same passages transcribed or translated at full length in the Annals of Cardinal Baronius. Let not criticism be any longer disgraced by the practice of such unworthy arts. Instead of admitting suspicions as false as they are ungenerous, candour will acknowledge, that Mosheim or Dodwell, Tillemont or Baronius, enjoyed the same right, and often were under the same obligation, of quoting the passages which they had read, and which were indispensably requisite to confirm the truth and substance of their similar narratives. Mr. Davis is so far from allowing me the benefit of this common indulgence, or rather of this common right, that he stigmatises with the name of *plagiarism* a close and literal agreement with Dodwell in the account of some parts of the persecution of Diocletian, where a few chapters of Eusebius and Lactantius, perhaps of Lactantius alone, are the sole materials from whence our knowledge could be derived, and where, if I had not transcribed, I must have invented. He is even bold enough (*bold* is not the *proper* word) to conceive some hopes of persuading his readers that an historian who has employed several years of his life, and several hundred pages, on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, had never read Orosius, or the Augustan History; and that he was forced to borrow, at second hand, his quotations from the Theodosian code. I cannot profess myself very desirous of Mr. Davis's acquaintance; but if he will take the trouble of calling at my house any afternoon when I am *not* at home, my servant shall show him my library, which he will find tolerably well furnished with the useful authors, ancient as well as modern, ecclesiastical as well as profane, who have *directly* supplied me with the materials of my History.

The peculiar reasons, and they are not of the most flattering kind, which urged me to repel the furious and feeble attack of Mr. Davis, have been already mentioned. But since I am drawn thus reluctantly into the lists of controversy, I shall not retire till I have saluted, either with stern defiance or gentle courtesy, the theological champions who have signalised their ardour to break a lance against the shield of a *pagan* adversary. The Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters have been honoured with the notice of several writers, whose names and characters seemed to promise more maturity of judgment and learning than could reasonably be expected from the

unfinished studies of a Bachelor of Arts. The Reverend Mr. Apthorpe, Dr. Watson, the Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, Dr. Chelsum of Christ Church, and his associate, Dr. Randolph, President of Corpus Christi College, and the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, have given me a fair right, which, however, I shall not abuse, of freely declaring my opinion on the subject of their respective criticisms.

If I am not mistaken, Mr. Apthorpe was the first who announced to the public his intention of examining the interesting subject which I had treated in the Two last Chapters of my History. The multitude of collateral and accessary ideas which presented themselves to the author, insensibly swelled the bulk of his papers to the size of a large volume in octavo; the publication was delayed many months beyond the time of the first advertisement; and when Mr. Apthorpe's Letters appeared, I was surprised to find, that I had *scarcely* any interest or concern in their contents. They are filled with general observations on the study of history, with a large and useful catalogue of historians, and with a variety of reflections, moral and religious, all preparatory to the direct and formal consideration of my Two last Chapters, which Mr. Apthorpe seems to reserve for the subject of a second volume. I sincerely respect the learning, the piety and the candour of this gentleman, and must consider it as a mark of his esteem, that he has thought proper to begin his approaches at so great a distance from the fortifications which he designed to attack.

When Dr. Watson gave to the public his Apology for Christianity, in a Series of Letters, he addressed them to the Author of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, with a just confidence that he had considered this important object in a manner not unworthy of his antagonist or of himself. Dr. Watson's mode of thinking bears a liberal and a philosophic cast; his thoughts are expressed with spirit, and that spirit is always tempered by politeness and moderation. Such is the man whom I should be happy to call my friend, and whom I should not blush to call my antagonist. But the same motives which might tempt me to accept, or even to solicit, a private and amicable conference, dissuaded me from entering into a public controversy with a writer of so respectable a character; and I embraced the earliest opportunity of expressing to Dr. Watson himself, how sincerely I agreed with him in thinking, "That as the world is now possessed of the opinion of us both upon the subject in question, it may be perhaps as proper for us both to leave it in this state."* The nature of the ingenious Professor's Apology contributed to strengthen the insuperable reluctance to engage in hostile altercation which was common to us both, by convincing me, that such an altercation was unnecessary as well as unpleasant. He very justly and politely declares that a considerable part, near seventy pages, of his small volume are not directed to me,† but to a set of men whom he places in an odious and contemptible light. He leaves to other hands the defence of the leading ecclesiastics, even

* Watson's Apology for Christianity, p. 200. † Id. p. 202—268.

of the primitive church; and without being *very* anxious, either to soften their vices and indiscretion, or to aggravate the cruelty of the heathen persecutors, he passes over in silence the greatest part of my Sixteenth Chapter. It is not so much the purpose of the apologist to examine the facts which have been advanced by the historian, as to remove the impressions which may have been formed by many of his readers: and the remarks of Dr. Watson consist more properly of general argumentation than of particular criticism. He fairly owns that I have expressly allowed the full and irresistible weight of the *first* great cause of the success of Christianity;* and he is too candid to deny that the five *secondary* causes, which I had attempted to explain, operated with *some* degree of active energy towards the accomplishment of that great event. The only question which remains between us relates to the *degree* of the weight and effect of those secondary causes; and as I am persuaded that our philosophy is not of the dogmatic kind, we should soon acknowledge that this precise degree cannot be ascertained by reasoning, nor perhaps be expressed by words. In the course of this inquiry, some incidental difficulties have arisen, which I had stated with impartiality, and which Dr. Watson resolves with ingenuity and temper. If in some instances he seems to have misapprehended my sentiments, I may hesitate whether I should impute the fault to my own want of clearness or to his want of attention, but can never entertain a suspicion that Dr. Watson would descend to employ the disingenuous arts of vulgar controversy.

There is, however, one passage and one passage only, which must not pass without some explanation; and I shall the more eagerly embrace this occasion to illustrate what I had said, as the misconstruction of my true meaning seems to have made an involuntary, but unfavourable impression on the liberal mind of Dr. Watson. As I endeavour *not* to palliate the severity, but to discover the motives of the Roman magistrates, I had remarked, "it was in vain that the oppressed believer asserted the unalienable rights of conscience and private judgment. Though his situation might excite the pity, his arguments could never reach the understanding, either of the philosophic or of the believing part of the pagan world."† The humanity of Dr. Watson takes fire on the supposed provocation, and he asks with unusual quickness, "How, sir, are the arguments for liberty of conscience so exceedingly inconclusive, that you think them incapable of reaching the understanding even of philosophers?"‡ He continues to observe that a captious adversary would embrace with avidity the opportunity this passage *affords*, of blotting my character with the odious stain of being a persecutor: a stain which no learning can wipe out, which no genius or ability can render amiable; and though he himself does not entertain such an opinion of my principles, his ingenuity tries in vain to provide me with the means of escape.

I must lament that I have not been successful in the explanation of a very simple notion of the spirit both of philosophy and of poly-

* Watson's Apology for Christianity, p. 5. † Gibbon, p. 625. ‡ Watson, p. 135.

theism, which I have repeatedly inculcated. The arguments which assert the rights of conscience are not inconclusive in themselves, but the understanding of the Greeks and Romans was fortified against their evidence by an invincible prejudice. When we listen to the voice of Bayle, of Locke, and of genuine reason, in favour of religious toleration, we shall easily perceive that our most forcible appeal is made to our mutual feelings. If the Jew were allowed to argue with the inquisitor, he would request that for a moment they might exchange their different situations, and might safely ask his Catholic tyrant, whether the fear of death would compel *him* to enter the synagogue, to receive the mark of circumcision, and to partake of the paschal lamb. As soon as the case of persecution was brought home to the breast of the inquisitor, he must have found some difficulty in suppressing the dictates of natural equity, which would insinuate to his conscience, that he could have no right to inflict those punishments which, under similar circumstances, he would esteem it as his duty to encounter. But this argument could not reach the understanding of a polytheist, or of an ancient philosopher. The former was ready, whenever he was summoned, or indeed without being summoned, to fall prostrate before the altars of any gods who were adored in any part of the world, and to admit a vague persuasion of the *truth* and divinity of the most different modes of religion. The philosopher who considered them, at least in their literal sense, as equally *false* and absurd, was not ashamed to disguise his sentiments, and to frame his actions according to the laws of his country, which imposed the same obligations on the philosophers and the people. When Pliny declared, that whatever was the opinion of the Christians, their obstinacy deserved punishment, the absurd cruelty of Pliny was excused in his own eye, by the consciousness that, in the situation of the Christians, he would not have refused the religious compliance which he exacted. I shall not repeat, that the pagan worship was a matter, not of *opinion*, but of *custom*; that the toleration of the Romans was confined to nations or families who followed the practice of their ancestors; and that in the first ages of Christianity, their persecution of the individuals who departed from the established religion was neither moderated by pure reason, nor inflamed by exclusive zeal. But I only desire to appeal, from the hasty apprehension, to the more deliberate judgment of Dr. Watson himself. Should there still remain any difference of opinion between us, I shall be satisfied, if he will consider me as a sincere though perhaps unsuccessful lover of truth, and as a firm friend to civil and ecclesiastical freedom.

Far be it from me, or from any faithful historian, to impute to respectable societies the faults of some individual members. Our two universities most undoubtedly contain the same mixture, and most probably the same proportions, of zeal and moderation, of reason and superstition. Yet there is much less difference between the smoothness of the Ionic, and the roughness of the Doric dialect, than may be found between the polished style of Dr. Watson and *the coarse language of* Mr. Davis, Dr. Chelsum, or Dr. Randolph.

The second of these critics, Dr. Chelsum of Christ Church, is unwilling that the world should forget that *he* was the first who sounded to arms, that *he* was the first who furnished the antidote to the poison, and who, as early as the month of October of the year 1777, published his Strictures on the Two last Chapters of Mr. Gibbon's History. The success of a pamphlet, which he modestly styles imperfect and ill-digested, encouraged him to resume the controversy. In the beginning of the present year, his Remarks made their second appearance, with some alteration of form, and a large increase of bulk; and the author, who seems to fight under the protection of two episcopal banners, has prefixed, in the front of his volume, his name and titles, which in the former edition he had less honourably suppressed. His confidence is fortified by the alliance and communications of a *distinguished* writer, Dr. Randolph, &c., who, on a proper occasion, would, no doubt, be ready to bear as honourable testimony to the merit and reputation of Dr. Chelsum. The two friends are indeed so happily united by art and nature, that if the author of the Remarks had not pointed out the valuable communications of the Margaret Professor, it would have been impossible to separate their respective property. Writers who possess any freedom of mind, may be known from each other by the peculiar character of their style and sentiments; but the champions who are enlisted in the service of Authority commonly wear the uniform of the regiment. Oppressed with the same yoke, covered with the same trappings, they heavily move along, perhaps not with an equal pace, in the same beaten track of prejudice and preferment. Yet I should expose my own injustice, were I absolutely to confound with Mr. Davis the two Doctors in Divinity who are joined in one volume. The three critics appear to be animated by the same implacable resentment against the Historian of the Roman Empire; they are alike disposed to support the same opinions by the same arts; and if in the language of the two latter, the disregard of politeness is somewhat less gross and indecent, the difference is not of such a magnitude as to excite in my breast any lively sensations of gratitude. It was the misfortune of Mr. Davis that he undertook to *write* before he had *read*. He set out with the stock of authorities which he had found in my quotations, and boldly ventured to play his reputation against mine. Perhaps he may now repent of a loss which is not easily recovered; but if I had not surmounted my almost insuperable reluctance to a public dispute, many a reader might still be dazzled by the vehemence of his assertions, and might still believe that Mr. Davis had detected several wilful and important misrepresentations in my two last chapters. But the confederate Doctors appear to be scholars of a higher form and longer experience; they enjoy a certain rank in their academical world; and as their zeal is enlightened by some rays of knowledge, so their desire to ruin the credit of their adversary is occasionally checked by the apprehension of injuring their own. These restraints, to which Mr. Davis was a stranger, have confined them to a very narrow and humble path of historical criticism, and it

were to correct, according to their wishes, all the particular facts against which they have advanced any objections, these corrections, admitted in their fullest extent, would hardly furnish materials for a decent list of *errata*.

The *dogmatical* part of their work, which in every sense of the word deserves the appellation, is ill adapted to engage my attention. I had declined the consideration of theological arguments, when they were managed by a candid and liberal adversary; and it would be inconsistent enough, if I should have refused to have drawn my sword in honourable combat against the keen and well-tempered weapon of Dr. Watson, for the sole purpose of encountering the rustic cudgel of two staunch and sturdy polemics.

I shall not enter any farther into the character and conduct of Cyprian, as I am sensible that, if the opinion of Le Clerc, Mosheim, and myself, is reprobated by Dr. Chelsum and his ally, the difference must subsist, till we shall entertain the same notions of moral virtue and ecclesiastical power.* If Dr. Randolph will allow that the primitive clergy received, managed, and distributed the tithes, and other charitable donations of the faithful, the dispute between *us* will be a dispute of words.† I shall not amuse myself with proving that the learned Origen must have derived from the *inspired* authority of the church his knowledge, not indeed of the *authenticity* but of the *inspiration* of the *four* Evangelists, *two* of whom are not in the rank of the Apostles.‡ I shall submit to the judgment of the public, whether the Athanasian Creed is not read and received in the Church of England, and whether the wisest and most virtuous of the pagans § believed the Catholic faith, which is declared in the Athanasian Creed to be absolutely necessary for salvation. As little shall I think myself interested in the elaborate disquisitions with which the Author of the Remarks has filled a great number of pages, concerning the famous testimony of Josephus, the passages of Irenæus and Theophilus, which relate to the gift of miracles, and the origin of circumcision in Palestine or in Egypt.‖ If I have rejected, and rejected with some contempt, the *interpolation* which pious fraud has very awkwardly inserted in the text of Josephus, I may deem myself secure behind the shield of learned and pious critics, (see in particular Le Clerc, in his Ars Critica, part iii. sect. i. c. 15. and Lardner's Testimonies, vol. i. p. 150, &c.) who have condemned this passage: and I think it very natural that Dr. Chelsum should embrace the contrary opinion, which is not destitute of able advocates. The passages of Irenæus and Theophilus were thoroughly sifted in the controversy about the duration of miracles; and as the works of Dr. Middleton may be found in every library, so it is not impossible that a diligent search may still discover some remains of the writings of his adversaries. In mentioning the confession of the Syrians of Palestine, that they had received from Egypt the rite

* Gibbon, p. 558, 559; Chelsum, p. 132—139.
† Gibbon, p. 592; Randolph in Chelsum, p. 122.
‡ Gibbon, p. 551, note 33; Chelsum, p. 39.
§ Gibbon, p. 565, note 70; Chelsum, p. 66.
‖ Chelsum's Remarks, p. 13—19, 67—91, 180—185.

of circumcision. I had simply alleged the testimony of Herodotus without expressly adopting the sentiment of Marsham. But I had always imagined, that in these doubtful and indifferent questions which have been solemnly argued before the tribunal of the public every scholar was at liberty to choose his side, without assigning his reasons: nor can I yet persuade myself, that either Dr. Chelsum or myself are likely to enforce, by any new arguments, the opinion which we have respectively followed. The only novelty for which I can perceive myself indebted to Dr. Chelsum, is the very extraordinary scepticism which he insinuates concerning the time of Herodotus, who, according to the chronology of some, flourished during the time of the Jewish captivity.* Can it be necessary to inform a divine, that the captivity which lasted seventy years according to the prophecy of Jeremiah, was terminated in the year 536 before Christ, by the edict which Cyrus published in the first year of his reign? (Jeremiah, xxv. 11. 12. xxix. 10: Ezra, i. 1. &c.: Usher and Prideaux, under the years 606 and 536.) Can it be necessary to inform a man of letters, that Herodotus was fifty-three years old at the commencement of the Peloponnesian war, (Aulus Gellius, Noct. Attic. xv. 23. from the commentaries of Pamphila) and consequently that he was born in the year before Christ 484, fifty-two years after the end of the Jewish captivity? As this well attested fact is not exposed to the slightest doubt or difficulty, I am somewhat curious to learn the names of those unknown authors whose chronology Dr. Chelsum has allowed as the specious foundation of a probable hypothesis. The Author of the Remarks does not seem indeed to have cultivated, with much care or success, the province of literary history; as a very moderate acquaintance with that useful branch of knowledge would have saved him from a positive mistake, much less excusable than the doubt which he entertains about the time of Herodotus. He styles Suidas "a *heathen* writer, who lived about the end of the *tenth* century."† I admit the period which he assigns to Suidas; and which is well ascertained by Dr. Bentley. (See his Reply to Boyle, p. 22, 23.) We are led to fix this epoch, by the chronology which this *heathen* writer has deduced from Adam, to the death of the Emperor John Zimisces, A. D. 975: and a crowd of passages might be produced, as the unanswerable evidence of his Christianity. But the most unanswerable of all is the very date, which is not disputed between us. The philosophers who flourished under Justinian (see Agathias, lib. ii. p. 65, 66) appear to have been the last of the heathen writers: and the ancient religion of the Greeks was annihilated almost four hundred years before the birth of Suidas.

After this animadversion, which is not intended either to [illegible] the failings of my adversary, or to provide a convenient excuse for my own errors, I shall proceed to select *two* important parts of Dr. Chelsum's Remarks, from which the candid reader may form some opinion of the whole. They relate to the military service of the first Christians, and to the historical character of Eusebius; and I

* Chelsum, p. 15. † Chelsum, p. 73.

shall review them with the less reluctance, as it may not be impossible to pick up something curious and useful even in the barren waste of controversy.

I. In representing the errors of the primitive Christians, which flowed from an excess of virtue, I had observed, that they exposed themselves to the reproaches of the pagans, by their obstinate refusal to take an active part in the civil administration or military defence of the empire; that the objections of Celsus appear to have been mutilated by his adversary Origen; and that the apologists, to whom the public dangers were urged, returned obscure and ambiguous answers, as they were unwilling to disclose the true ground of their security, their opinion of the approaching end of the world.* In another place I had related, from the Acts of Ruinart, the action and punishment of the centurion Marcellus, who was put to death for renouncing the service in a public and seditious manner.†

On this occasion Dr. Chelsum is extremely alert. He denies my facts, controverts my opinions, and with a politeness worthy of Mr. Davis himself, insinuates that I borrowed the story of Marcellus, not from Ruinart, but from Voltaire. My learned adversary thinks it highly improbable that Origen should dare to *mutilate* the objections of Celsus, "whose work was, in all probability, extant at the time he made this reply. In such case, had he even been inclined to treat his adversary unfairly, he must yet surely have been withheld from the attempt, through the fear of detection."‡ The experience both of ancient and modern controversy has indeed convinced me that this reasoning, just and natural as it may seem, is totally inconclusive, and that the generality of disputants, especially in religious contests, are of a much more daring and intrepid spirit. For the truth of this remark, I shall content myself with producing a recent and very singular example, in which Dr. Chelsum himself is personally interested. He charges § me with passing over in "silence the important and unsuspected testimony of a heathen historian (Dion Cassius) to the persecution of Domitian; and he affirms, that I have produced that testimony so far only as it relates to Clemens and Domitilla; yet in the very same passage follows immediately, that on a like occasion *many others* were also condemned. Some of them were put to death, others suffered the confiscation of their goods."‖ Although I should not be ashamed to undertake the apology of Nero or Domitian, if I thought them innocent of any particular crime with which zeal or malice had unjustly branded their memory; yet I should indeed blush, if, in favour of tyranny, or even in favour of virtue, I had suppressed the truth and evidence of historical facts. But the reader will feel some surprise, when he has convinced himself that, in the three editions of my first volume, after relating the death of Clemens, and the exile of Domitilla, I continue to allege the *entire testimony* of Dion, in the following words: "and sentences either of death, or of confiscation, were pronounced against a *great number of persons* who

* Gibbon, p. 580, 581. † Id. p. 680.
‡ Chelsum, p. 118, 119. § Id. p. 188. ‖ Gibbon, p. 645.

were involved in the same accusation. The guilt imputed to their charge, was that of atheism and Jewish manners; a singular association of ideas which cannot with any propriety be applied except to the Christians, as they were obscurely and imperfectly viewed by the magistrates and writers of that period." Dr. Chelsum has not been deterred by the fear of detection, from this scandalous mutilation of the popular work of a living adversary. But Celsus had been dead above fifty years before Origen published his Apology; and the copies of an ancient work, instead of being instantaneously multiplied by the operation of the press, were separately and slowly transcribed by the labour of the hand.

If any modern divine should still maintain that the fidelity of Origen was secured by motives more honourable than the fear of detection, he may learn from Jerome the difference of the *gymnastic* and *dogmatic* styles. Truth is the object of the one, victory of the other; and the same arts which would disgrace the sincerity of the teacher, serve only to display the skill of the disputant. After justifying his own practice by that of the orators and philosophers, Jerome defends himself by the more respectable authority of Christian apologists. "How many thousand lines," says he, "have been composed against *Celsus* and Porphyry, by *Origen*, Methodius, Eusebius, Apollinaris! Consider with what arguments, with what slippery problems, they elude the inventions of the devil; and how, in their controversy with the Gentiles, they are sometimes obliged to speak not what they really think, but what is most advantageous for the cause they defend." "Origenes, &c. multis versuum millibus scribunt adversùs Celsum et Porphyrium. Considerate quibus argumentis et quàm lubricis problematibus diaboli spiritu contexta subvertunt: et quia interdùm coguntur loqui, non quod sentiunt, sed quod necesse est dicunt adversùs ea quæ dicunt Gentiles." (Pro Libris advers. Jovinian. Apolog. tom. ii. p. 135.)

Yet Dr. Chelsum may still ask, and he has a right to ask, why in this particular instance I suspect the pious Origen of mutilating the objections of his adversary. From a very obvious, and, in my opinion, a very decisive circumstance. Celsus was a Greek philosopher, the friend of Lucian; and I thought that, although he might support error by sophistry, he would not write nonsense in his own language. I renounce my suspicion, if the most attentive reader is able to understand the design and purport of a passage which is given as a formal quotation from Celsus, and which begins with the following words: Οὐ μην οὐδε ἐκεινο ἀνεκτον σου λεγοντος, ὡς, &c. (Origen contr. Celsum, lib. viii. p. 425, edit. Spencer, Cantab. 1677.) I have carefully inspected the original, I have availed myself of the learning of Spencer, and even Bouhereau, (for I shall always disclaim the absurd and affected pedantry of using without scruple a Latin version, but of despising the aid of a French translation,) and the ill success of my efforts has countenanced the suspicion to which I still adhere, with a just mixture of doubt and hesitation. Origen very boldly denies, that any of the Christians have affirmed what is imputed to them by Celsus, in this unintelligible quotation; and it

may easily be credited, that none had maintained what none can comprehend. Dr. Chelsum has produced the words of Origen; but on this occasion there is a strange ambiguity in the language of the modern divine,* as if he wished to insinuate what he dared not affirm; and every reader must conclude, from his state of the question, that Origen expressly denied the truth of the *accusation* of Celsus, who had *accused* the Christians of declining to assist their fellow-subjects in the military defence of the empire, assailed on every side by the arms of the barbarians.

Will Dr. Chelsum justify to the world, can he justify to his own feelings, the abuse which he has made even of the privileges of the gymnastic style? Careless and hasty indeed must have been his perusal of Origen, if he did not perceive that the ancient apologist, who makes a stand on some incidental question, admits the accusation of his adversary, that the Christians *refused* to bear arms even at the command of their sovereign. Και οὐ συστρατευομεθα μην αὐτῳ, καν ἐπειγη. (Origen, lib. viii. p. 427.) He endeavours to palliate this undutiful refusal, by representing that the Christians had their peculiar camps, in which they incessantly combated for the safety of the emperor and the empire, by lifting up their right hands—in prayer. The apologist seems to hope that his country will be satisfied with this spiritual aid, and dexterously confounding the colleges of Roman priests with the multitudes which swelled the Catholic church, he claims for his brethren, in all the provinces, the exemption from military service, which was enjoyed by the sacerdotal order. But as this excuse might not readily be allowed, Origen looks forward with a lively faith to that auspicious revolution, which Celsus had rejected as impossible, when all the nations of the habitable earth, renouncing their passions and their arms, should embrace the pure doctrines of the Gospel, and lead a life of peace and innocence under the immediate protection of Heaven. The faith of Origen seems to be principally founded on the predictions of the prophet Zephaniah (see iii. 9, 10); and he prudently observes, that the prophets often speak secret things (ἐν ἀπορρητῳ λεγουσι, p. 426), which may be understood by those who can understand them; and that if this stupendous change cannot be effected while we retain our bodies, it may be accomplished as soon as we shall be released from them. Such is the reasoning of Origen: though I have not followed the order, I have faithfully preserved the substance of it; which fully justifies the truth and propriety of my observations.

The execution of Marcellus, the centurion, is naturally connected with the apology of Origen, as the former declared by his actions, what the latter had affirmed in his writings, that the conscience of a devout Christian would not allow him to bear arms, even at the command of his sovereign. I had represented this religious scruple as *one* of the motives which provoked Marcellus, on the day of a public festival, to throw away the ensigns of his office; and I presumed to observe, that such an act of desertion would have been punished in any government according to martial or even civil law.

* Chelsum, p. 118.

Dr. Chelsum* very *bluntly* accuses me of misrepresenting the story, and of suppressing those circumstances which would have defended the centurion from the unjust imputation thrown by me upon his conduct. The dispute between the advocate for Marcellus and myself lies in a very narrow compass: as the whole evidence is comprised in a short, simple, and, I believe, authentic narrative.

1. In another place I observed, and even pressed the observation, "that the innumerable deities and rites of polytheism were closely interwoven with every circumstance of business or pleasure, of public or of private life;" and I had particularly specified how much the Roman discipline was connected with the national superstition. A solemn oath of fidelity was repeated every year in the name of the gods and of the genius of the emperor, public and daily sacrifices were performed at the head of the camp, the legionary was continually tempted, or rather compelled, to join in the idolatrous worship of his fellow-soldiers; and had not any scruples been entertained of the lawfulness of war, it is not easy to understand how any serious Christian could enlist under a banner which has been justly termed the *rival of the Cross:* "Vexilla æmula Christi." (Tertullian de Coronâ Militis, c. xi.) With regard to the soldiers, who before their conversion were already engaged in the military life, fear, habit, ignorance, necessity, might bend them to some acts of occasional conformity; and as long as they abstained from absolute and intentional idolatry, their behaviour was excused by the indulgent, and censured by the more rigid casuists. (See the whole Treatise de Coronâ Militis.) We are ignorant of the adventures and character of the centurion Marcellus, how long he had conciliated the profession of arms and of the Gospel, whether he was only a catechumen, or whether he was initiated by the sacrament of baptism. We are likewise at a loss to ascertain the particular act of idolatry which so suddenly and so forcibly provoked his pious indignation. As he declared his faith in the midst of a public entertainment given on the birthday of Galerius, he must have been startled by some of the sacred and convivial rites (Convivia ista profana reputans) of prayers, or vows, or libations, or, perhaps, by the offensive circumstance of eating the meats which had been offered to the idols. But the scruples of Marcellus were not confined to these accidental impurities; they evidently reached the essential duties of his profession; and when, before the tribunal of the magistrates, he avowed his faith at the hazard of his life, the centurion declared, as his cool and determined persuasion, that it does not become a Christian man, who is the soldier of the Lord Christ, to bear arms for any object of earthly concern. "Non enim decebat Christianum hominem molestiis secularibus militare, qui Christo Domino militat." A formal declaration, which clearly disengages from each other the different questions of war and idolatry. With regard to both these questions, as they were understood by the primitive Christians, I wish to refer the reader to the sentiments and authorities of Mr. Moyle, a bold and ingenious

* Chelsum, p. 114—117.

critic, who read the Fathers as their judge, and not as their slave, and who has refuted, with the most patient candour, all that learned prejudice could suggest in favour of the silly story of the Thundering Legion. (See Moyle's Works, vol. ii. p. 84—88, 111—116, 163—212, 298—302, 327—341.) And here let me add, that the passage of Origen, who in the name of his brethren disclaims the duty of military service, is understood by Mr. Moyle in its true and obvious signification.

2. I know not where Dr. Chelsum has imbibed the principles of logic or morality which teach him to approve the conduct of Marcellus, who threw down his rod, his belt, and his arms, at the head of the legion, and publicly renounced the military service, *at the very time* when he found himself obliged to offer sacrifice. Yet surely this is a very false notion of the condition and duties of a Roman centurion. Marcellus was bound, by a solemn oath, to serve with fidelity till he should be regularly discharged; and according to the sentiments which Dr. Chelsum ascribes to him, he was not released from his oath by any mistaken opinion of the unlawfulness of war. I would propose it as a case of conscience to any philosopher, or even to any casuist in Europe, whether a particular order, which cannot be reconciled with virtue or piety, dissolves the ties of a general and lawful obligation? and whether, if they had been consulted by the Christian centurion, they would not have directed him to increase his diligence in the execution of his military functions, to refuse to yield to any act of idolatry, and patiently to expect the consequences of such a refusal? But, instead of obeying the mild and moderate dictates of religion, instead of distinguishing between the duties of the soldier and of the Christian, Marcellus, with imprudent zeal, rushed forwards to seize the crown of martyrdom. He might have privately confessed himself guilty to the tribune or prefect under whom he served: he chose on the day of a public festival to disturb the order of the camp. He insulted, without necessity, the religion of his sovereign and of his country, by the epithets of contempt which he bestowed on the Roman gods: "Deos vestros ligneos et lapideos adorare contemno, quæ sunt idola surda et muta." Nay more; at the head of the legion, and in the face of the standards, the centurion Marcellus openly renounced his allegiance to the emperors: "Ex hôc militare *imperatoribus vestris* desisto." "From this moment I no longer serve *your emperors*," are the important words of Marcellus, which his advocate has not thought proper to translate. I again make my appeal to any lawyer, to any military man, whether, under such circumstances, the pronoun *your* has not a seditious, and even treasonable import? And whether an officer who should make this declaration, and at the same time throw away his sword at the head of the regiment, would not be condemned for mutiny and desertion by any court-martial in Europe? I am the rather disposed to judge favourably of the conduct of the Roman government, as I cannot discover any desire to take advantage of the indiscretion of Marcellus. The commander of the legion seemed to lament that it was not in his power to dissemble this rash action. After a

delay of more than three months, the centurion was examined before the vice-prefect, his superior judge, who offered him the fairest opportunities of explaining or qualifying his seditious expressions, and at last condemned him to lose his head; not simply because he was a Christian, but because he had violated his military oath, thrown away his belt, and publicly blasphemed the gods and the emperors. Perhaps the impartial reader will confirm the sentence of the vice-prefect Agricolanus, "Ita se habent facta Marcelli, ut hæc *disciplinâ* debeant vindicari."

Notwithstanding the plainest evidence, Dr. Chelsum will not believe that either Origen in theory, or Marcellus in practice, could seriously object to the use of arms; "because it is well known, that, far from declining the business of war altogether, whole legions of Christians served in the imperial armies."* I have not yet discovered, in the author or authors of the Remarks, many traces of a clear and enlightened understanding, yet I cannot suppose them so destitute of every reasoning principle, as to imagine that they here allude to the conduct of the Christians who embraced the profession of arms after their religion had obtained a public establishment. Whole legions of Christians served under the banners of Constantine and Justinian, as whole regiments of Christians are now enlisted in the service of France or England. The representation which I had given, was confined to the principles and practice of the church of which Origen and Marcellus were members, before the sense of public and private interest had reduced the lofty standard of evangelical perfection to the ordinary level of human nature. In those primitive times, where are the Christian legions that served in the imperial armies? Our ecclesiastical Pompeys may stamp with their foot, but no armed men will arise out of the earth, except the ghosts of the Thundering and the Thebæan legions; the former renowned for a miracle, and the latter for a martyrdom. Either the two protestant Doctors must acquiesce under some imputations which are better understood than expressed, or they must prepare, in the full light and freedom of the eighteenth century, to undertake the defence of the two obsolete legions, the least absurd of which staggered the well-disciplined credulity of a Franciscan friar. (See Pagi Critic. ad Annal. Baronii, A. D. 174, tom. i. p. 168.) Very different was the spirit and taste of the learned and ingenuous Dr. Jortin, who, after treating the silly story of the Thundering Legion with the contempt it deserved, continues in the following words: "Moyle wishes no greater penance to the believers of the Thundering Legion, than that they may also believe the Martyrdom of the Thebæan Legion (Moyle's Works, vol. ii. p. 103.): to which good wish, I say with Le Clerc (Bibliothèque Ancienne et Moderne, tom. xxvii. p. 193) Amen.

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina Mævi."

(Jortin's Remarks on Ecclesiastical History, vol. i. p. 367, 2nd edit. London, 1767.)

* Chelsum, p. 113.

Yet I shall not attempt to conceal a formidable army of Christians and even of martyrs, which is ready to enlist under the banners of the confederate Doctors, if they will accept their service. As a specimen of the extravagant legends of the middle age, I had produced the instance of ten thousand Christian soldiers, supposed to have been crucified on Mount Ararat, by the order either of Trajan or Adrian.* For the mention and for the confutation of this story I had appealed to a papist and a protestant, to the learned Tillemont (Mem. Ecclesiast. tom. ii. part ii. p. 438), and to the diligent Geddes (Miscellanies, vol. ii. p. 203), and when Tillemont was not afraid to say there are few histories which appear more fabulous, I was not ashamed of dismissing the *fable* with silent contempt. We may trace the degrees of fiction, as well as those of credibility, and the impartial critic will not place on the same level the baptism of Philip and the donation of Constantine. But in considering the crucifixion of the ten thousand Christian soldiers, we are not reduced to the necessity of weighing any internal probabilities, or of disproving any external testimonies. This legend, the absurdity of which must strike every *rational* mind, stands naked and unsupported by the authority of any writer who lived within a thousand years of the age of Trajan, and has not been able to obtain the poor sanction of the uncorrupted martyrologies which were framed in the most credulous period of ecclesiastical history. The two protestant Doctors will probably reject the unsubstantial present which has been offered them; yet there is one of my adversaries, the *anonymous Gentleman*, who boldly declares himself the votary of the ten thousand martyrs, and challenges me "to discredit a *fact* which hitherto by many has been looked upon as well established."† It is pity that a prudent confessor did not whisper in his ear, that, although the martyrdom of these military saints, like that of the eleven thousand virgins, may contribute to the edification of the faithful, these wonderful tales should not be rashly exposed to the jealous and inquisitive eye of those profane critics, whose examination always precedes, and sometimes checks, their religious assent.

II. A grave and pathetic complaint is introduced by Dr. Chelsum, into his preface,‡ that Mr. Gibbon, who has often referred to the Fathers of the church, seems to have entertained a general distrust of those respectable witnesses. The critic is scandalised at the epithets of scanty and *suspicious*, which are applied to the materials of ecclesiastical history, and if he cannot impeach the truth of the former, he censures in the most angry terms the injustice of the latter. He assumes, with peculiar zeal, the defence of Eusebius, the venerable parent of ecclesiastical history, and labours to rescue his character from the *gross misrepresentation* on which Mr. Gibbon has openly insisted.§ He observes, as if he sagaciously foresaw the objection, "That it will not be sufficient here to allege a few instances of apparent credulity in some of the Fathers, in order to fix a general charge of *suspicion* on all." But it *may* be sufficient

* Gibbon, p. 654, note 74.
† Remarks, p. 65, 66, 67.
‡ Pages ii. iii.
§ Chelsum and Randolph, p. 220—238.

to allege a clear and fundamental principle of historical as well as legal criticism, that whenever we are destitute of the means of comparing the testimonies of the opposite parties, the evidence of *any* witness, however illustrious by his rank and titles, is justly to be *suspected* in his own cause. It is unfortunate enough that I should be engaged with adversaries, whom their habits of study and conversation appear to have left in total ignorance of the principles which unversally regulate the opinions and practice of mankind.

As the ancient world was not distracted by the fierce conflicts of hostile sects, the free and eloquent writers of Greece and Rome had few opportunities of indulging their passions, or of exercising their impartiality in the relation of religious events. Since the origin of theological factions, some historians, Ammianus Marcellinus, Fra Paolo, Thuanus, Hume, and perhaps a few others, have deserved the singular praise of holding the balance with a steady and equal hand. Independent and unconnected, they contemplated with the same indifference, the opinions and interests of the contending parties; or, if they were seriously attached to a particular system, they were armed with a firm and moderate temper, which enabled them to suppress their affections, and to sacrifice their resentments. In this small, but *venerable* synod of historians, Eusebius cannot claim a seat. I had acknowledged, and I still think, that his character was less tinctured with credulity than that of most of his contemporaries; but as his enemies must admit that he was sincere and earnest in the profession of Christianity, so the warmest of his admirers, or at least of his readers, must discern, and will probably applaud, the religious zeal which disgraces or adorns every page of his Ecclesiastical History. This laborious and useful work was published at a time between the defeat of Licinius and the Council of Nice, when the resentment of the Christians was still warm, and when the pagans were astonished and dismayed by the recent victory and conversion of the great Constantine. The materials, I shall dare to repeat the invidious epithets of scanty and suspicious, were extracted from the accounts which the Christians themselves had given of their *own* sufferings, and of the cruelty of their enemies. The pagans had so long and so contemptuously neglected the rising greatness of the church, that the bishop of Cæsarea had little either to hope or to fear from the writers of the opposite party; almost all of that *little* which did exist, has been accidentally lost, or purposely destroyed; and the candid inquirer may vainly wish to compare with the History of Eusebius, some heathen narrative of the persecutions of Decius and Diocletian. Under these circumstances, it is the duty of an impartial judge to be counsel for the prisoner, who is incapable of making any defence for himself; and it is the first office of a counsel to examine with distrust and *suspicion* the interested evidence of the accuser. Reason justifies the suspicion, and it is confirmed by the constant experience of modern history, in almost every instance where we have an opportunity of comparing the mutual complaints and apologies of the religious factions, who have dis-

urbed each other's happiness in this world, for the sake of securing in the next.

As we are deprived of the means of contrasting the adverse relations of the Christians and pagans, it is the more incumbent on us to improve the opportunities of trying the narratives of Eusebius, by the original, and sometimes occasional, testimonies of the more ancient writers of his own party. Dr. Chelsum * has observed, that the celebrated passage of Origen, which has so much thinned the ranks of the army of martyrs, must be confined to the persecutions that had already happened. I cannot dispute this sagacious remark, but I shall venture to add, that this passage more immediately relates to the religious tempests which had been excited in the time and country of Origen; and still more particularly to the city of Alexandria, and to the persecution of Severus, in which young Origen successfully exhorted his father to sacrifice his life and fortune for the cause of Christ. From such unquestionable evidence, I am authorised to conclude, that the number of holy victims who sealed their faith with their blood, was not, on this occasion, very considerable: but I cannot reconcile this fair conclusion with the positive declaration of Eusebius (lib. vi. cap. 2. p. 258), that at Alexandria, in the persecution of Severus, an innumerable, at least an indefinite multitude (μυριοι) of Christians were honoured with the crown of martyrdom. The advocates for Eusebius may exert their critical skill in proving that μυριοι and ὀλιγοι *many* and *few*, are synonymous and convertible terms, but they will hardly succeed in diminishing so palpable a contradiction, or in removing the suspicion which deeply fixes itself on the historical character of the bishop of Cæsarea. This unfortunate experiment taught me to read, with becoming caution, the loose and declamatory style which *seems* to magnify the multitude of martyrs and confessors, and to aggravate the nature of their sufferings. From the same motives I selected, with careful observation, the more certain account of the number of persons who actually suffered death in the province of Palestine, during the whole eight years of the last and most rigorous persecution.

Besides the reasonable grounds of suspicion, which suggest themselves to every liberal mind, against the credibility of the ecclesiastical historians, and of Eusebius, their venerable leader, I had taken notice of two very remarkable passages of the bishop of Cæsarea. He frankly, or at least indirectly, declares, that in treating of the last persecution, "he has related whatever might redound to the glory, and suppressed all that could tend to the disgrace, of religion."† Dr. Chelsum, who, on this occasion, most lamentably exclaims that we should hear Eusebius, before we utterly condemn him, has provided, with the assistance of his worthy colleague, an elaborate defence for their common patron; and as if he were secretly conscious of the weakness of the cause, he has contrived the resource of intrenching himself in a very muddy soil, behind three several fortifications, which do not exactly support each other. The advo-

* Gibbon, p. 653; Chelsum, p. 204—207. † Gibbon, p. 699.

cate for the sincerity of Eusebius maintains: 1st, That he never made such a declaration; 2dly, That he had a right to make it; and, 3dly, That he did not observe it. These separate and almost inconsistent apologies, I shall separately consider.

1. Dr. Chelsum is at a loss how to reconcile,—I beg pardon for weakening the force of his dogmatic style; he declares, that, "It is plainly impossible to reconcile the express words of the charge exhibited, with any part of either of the passages appealed to in support of it."* If he means, as I think he must, that the *express words* of my text cannot be found in that of Eusebius, I congratulate the importance of the discovery. But was it possible? Could it be my design to quote the words of Eusebius, when I reduced into one sentence the spirit and substance of two diffuse and distinct passages? If I have given the true sense and meaning of the ecclesiastical historian, I have discharged the duties of a fair interpreter; nor shall I refuse to rest the proof of my fidelity on the translation of those two passages of Eusebius, which Dr. Chelsum produces in his favour.† "But it is not our part to describe the sad calamities which at last befel them (the Christians,) since it does not agree with our plan to relate their dissensions and wickedness before the persecution; on which account we have determined to relate nothing more concerning them than may serve to justify the divine judgment. We, therefore, have not been induced to make mention either of those who were tempted in the persecution, or of those who made utter shipwreck of their salvation, and who were sunk of their own accord in the depths of the storm; but shall only add those things to our General History, which may in the first place be profitable to ourselves, and afterwards to posterity." In the other passage, Eusebius, after mentioning the dissensions of the confessors among themselves, again declares that it is his intention to pass over all these things. "Whatsoever things, (continues the historian, in the words of the apostle, who was recommending the practice of virtue,) whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise; these things Eusebius thinks most suitable to a History of Martyrs;" of *wonderful* martyrs, is the splendid epithet which Dr. Chelsum had not thought proper to translate. I should betray a very mean opinion of the judgment and candour of my readers, if I added a single reflection on the clear and obvious tendency of the two passages of the ecclesiastical historian. I shall only observe, that the bishop of Cæsarea seems to have claimed a privilege of a still more dangerous and extensive nature. In one of the most learned and elaborate works that antiquity has left us, the thirty-second chapter of the twelfth book of his Evangelical Preparation bears for its title this scandalous proposition, "How it may be lawful and fitting to use falsehood as a medicine, and for the benefit of those who want to be deceived." Ὅτι ἔσησει ποτε τῳ ψευδει ἀντι φαρμακου χρησθαι ἐπι ὠφελεια των ἐσομενων του τοιουτου τροπου. (Page 356, edit. Græc. Rob. Stephani.

* Chelsum, p. 232.

† Chelsum, p. 228, 231.

Paris, 1544.) In this passage he alleges a passage of Plato, which approves the occasional practice of pious and salutary frauds; nor is Eusebius ashamed to justify the sentiments of the Athenian philosopher by the example of the sacred writers of the Old Testament.

2. I had contented myself with observing, that Eusebius had violated one of the fundamental laws of history, *Ne quid veri dicere non audeat;* nor could I imagine, if the *fact* was allowed, that any question could possibly arise upon the matter of *right.* I was indeed mistaken; and I now begin to understand why I have given so little satisfaction to Dr. Chelsum, and to other critics of the same complexion, as our ideas of the duties and the privileges of an historian appear to be so widely different. It is alleged, that "every writer has a right to choose his subject, for the particular benefit of his reader; that he has explained his own plan consistently; that he considers himself, according to it, not as a complete historian of the times, but rather as a *didactic* writer, whose main object is to make his work, like the scriptures themselves, PROFITABLE FOR DOCTRINE; that, as he treats only of the affairs of the church, the plan is at least excusable, perhaps peculiarly proper; and that he has conformed himself to the principal duty of an historian, while, according to his immediate design, he has not particularly related any of the transactions which could tend to the disgrace of religion."* The historian must indeed be generous, who will conceal, by his own disgrace, that of his country, or of his religion. Whatever subject he has chosen, whatever persons he introduces, he owes to himself, to the present age, and to posterity, a just and perfect delineation of all that may be praised, of all that may be excused, and of all that must be censured. If he fails in the discharge of his important office, he partially violates the sacred obligations of truth, and disappoints his readers of the instruction which they might have derived from a fair parallel of the vices and virtues of the most illustrious characters. Herodotus might range without control in the spacious walks of the Greek and barbaric domain, and Thucydides might confine his steps to the narrow path of the Peloponnesian war; but those historians would never have deserved the esteem of posterity, if they had designedly suppressed or transiently mentioned those facts which could tend to the disgrace of Greece or of Athens. These unalterable dictates of conscience and reason have been *seldom* questioned, though they have been seldom observed; and we must sincerely join in the honest complaint of Melchior Canus, "that the lives of the philosophers have been composed by Laertius, and those of the Cæsars by Suetonius, with a much stricter and more severe regard for historic truth, than can be found in the lives of saints and martyrs, as they are described by Catholic writers." (See Loci Communes, lib. xi. p. 650, apud Clericum, Epistol. Critic. v. p. 136.) And yet the partial representation of truth is of far more pernicious consequence in ecclesiastical, than in civil history.

* Chelsum, p. 229—231.

If Laertius had concealed the defects of Plato, or if Suetonius had disguised the vices of Augustus, we should have been deprived of the knowledge of some curious, and perhaps instructive facts, and our idea of those celebrated men might have been more favourable than they deserved; but I cannot discover any practical inconveniences which could have been the result of our ignorance. But if Eusebius had fairly and circumstantially related the scandalous dissensions of the confessors; if he had shown that their virtues were tinctured with pride and obstinacy, and that their lively faith was not exempt from some mixture of enthusiasm, he would have armed his readers against the excessive veneration for those holy men, which imperceptibly degenerated into religious worship. The success of these *didactic* histories, by concealing or palliating every circumstance of human infirmity, was one of the most efficacious means of consecrating the memory, the bones, and the writings of the saints of the prevailing party; and a great part of the errors and corruptions of the church of Rome may fairly be ascribed to this criminal dissimulation of the ecclesiastical historians. As a protestant divine, Dr. Chelsum must abhor these corruptions; but as a Christian, he should be careful lest his apology for the prudent choice of Eusebius should fix an indirect censure on the unreserved sincerity of the four evangelists. Instead of confining their narrative to those things which are virtuous and of good report, instead of following the plan which is here recommended as *peculiarly proper* for the affairs of the church, the inspired writers have thought it their duty to relate the most minute circumstances of the fall of St. Peter, without considering whether the behaviour of an apostle, who thrice denied his divine Master, might redound to the honour, or to the disgrace of Christianity. If Dr. Chelsum should be frightened by this unexpected consequence, if he should be desirous of saving his faith from *utter shipwreck*, by throwing overboard the useless lumber of memory and reflection, I am not enough his enemy to impede the success of his honest endeavours.

The didactic method of writing history was still more profitably exercised by Eusebius in another work, which he has intitled, The Life of Constantine, his gracious patron and benefactor. Priests and poets have enjoyed in every age a privilege of flattery; but if the actions of Constantine are compared with the perfect idea of a royal saint, which, under his name, has been delineated by the zeal and gratitude of Eusebius, the most indulgent reader will confess, that when I styled him a *courtly bishop*,* I could only be restrained by my respect for the episcopal character from the use of a much harsher epithet. The other appellations of a *passionate declaimer*, which seems to have sounded still more offensive in the tender ears of Dr. Chelsum,† was not applied by me to Eusebius, but to Lactantius, or rather to the author of the historical declamation, De Mortibus Persecutorum; and indeed it is much more properly adapted to the rhetorician than to the bishop. Each of these

* Gibbon, p. 704.

† Chelsum, p. 234.

authors was alike studious of the glory of Constantine; but each of them directed the torrent of his invectives against the tyrant, whether Maxentius or Licinius, whose recent defeat was the actual theme of popular and Christian applause. This simple observation may serve to extinguish a very trifling objection of my critic, that Eusebius has not represented the tyrant Maxentius under the character of a persecutor.

Without scrutinising the considerations of interest which might support the integrity of Baronius and Tillemont, I may fairly observe, that both those learned Catholics have acknowledged and condemned the dissimulation of Eusebius, which is partly denied, and partly justified, by my adversary. The honourable reflection of Baronius well deserves to be transcribed. "Hæc (the passages already quoted) de suo in conscribendâ persecutionis historiâ Eusebius; parùm explens numeros sui muneris; dum perinde ac si panegyrim scriberet non historiam, triumphos dumtaxat martyrum atque victorias, non autem lapsus jacturamque fidelium posteris scripturæ monumentis curaret." (Baron. Annal. Ecclesiast. A. D. 302, no. 11. See likewise Tillemont, Mém. Eccles. tom. v. p. 62, 156; tom. vii. p. 130.) In a former instance, Dr. Chelsum appeared to be more credulous than a monk: on the present occasion, he has shown himself less sincere than a cardinal, and more obstinate than a Jansenist.

3. Yet the advocate for Eusebius has still another expedient in reserve. Perhaps he made the unfortunate declaration of his partial design, perhaps he had a right to make it, but at least his accuser must admit, that he has saved his honour by not keeping his word; since I myself have taken notice of the corruption of manners and principles among the Christians so forcibly lamented by Eusebius.* He has indeed indulged himself in a strain of *loose* and *indefinite* censure, which may generally be just, and which cannot be personally offensive, which is alike incapable of wounding or of correcting, as it seems to have no fixed object or certain aim. Juvenal might have read his satire against women in a circle of Roman ladies, and each of them might have listened with pleasure to the amusing description of the various vices and follies, from which she herself was so perfectly free. The moralist, the preacher, the ecclesiastical historian, enjoy a still more ample latitude of invective; and as long as they abstain from any particular censure, they may securely expose, and even exaggerate, the sins of the multitude. The precepts of Christianity seem to inculcate a style of mortification, of abasement, of self-contempt; and the hypocrite who aspires to the reputation of a saint, often finds it convenient to affect the language of a penitent. I should doubt whether Dr. Chelsum is much acquainted with the comedies of Molière. If he has ever read that inimitable master of human life, he may recollect whether Tartuffe was very much inclined to confess his real guilt, when he exclaimed,

* Chelsum, p. 226, 227.

Oui, mon frère, je suis un mechant, un coupable;
Un malheureux pécheur, tout plein d'iniquité;
Le plus grand scélérat qui ait jamais été.
Chaque instant de ma vie est chargé de souillures,
Elle n'est qu'un amas de crimes et d'ordures.
* * * * * * * *
Oui, mon cher fils, parlez, traitez moi de perfide,
D'infame, de perdu, de voleur, d'homicide;
Accablez moi de noms encore plus détestés:
Je n'y contredis point, je les ai mérités,
Et j'en veux à genoux souffrir l'ignominie,
Comme une honte due aux crimes de ma vie.

It is not my intention to compare the character of Tartuffe with that of Eusebius; the former pointed his invectives against himself, the latter directed them against the times in which he had lived: but as the prudent bishop of Cæsarea did not specify any place or person for the object of his censure, he cannot justly be accused, even by his friends, of violating the *profitable* plan of his *didactic* history.

The extreme caution of Eusebius, who declines any mention of those who were tempted and who fell during the persecution, has countenanced a suspicion that he himself was one of those unhappy victims, and that his tenderness for the wounded fame of his brethren arose from a just apprehension of his own disgrace. In one of my notes,* I had observed, that he was charged with the guilt of some criminal compliances, in his own presence, and in the council of Tyre. I am therefore accountable for the reality only, and not for the truth of the accusation: but as the two doctors, who on this occasion unite their forces, are angry and clamorous in asserting the innocence of the ecclesiastical historian,† I shall advance one step further, and shall maintain, that the charge against Eusebius, though not legally proved, is supported by a reasonable share of presumptive evidence.

I have often wondered why our orthodox divines should be so earnest and zealous in the defence of Eusebius; whose moral character cannot be preserved, unless by the sacrifice of a more illustrious, and, as I really believe, of a more innocent victim. Either the bishop of Cæsarea, on a very important occasion, violated the laws of Christian charity and civil justice, or we must fix a charge of calumny, almost of forgery, on the head of the great Athanasius, the standard-bearer of the Homoousian cause, and the firmest pillar of the Catholic faith. In the council of Tyre, he was accused of murdering, or at least of mutilating a bishop, whom he produced at Tyre alive and unhurt (Athanas. tom. i. p. 783, 786); and of sacrilegiously breaking a consecrated chalice, in a village where neither church, nor altar, nor chalice could possibly have existed. (Athanas. tom. i. p. 731, 732, 802). Notwithstanding the clearest proofs of his innocence, Athanasius was oppressed by the Arian faction; and Eusebius of Cæsarea, the venerable father of ecclesiastical history, conducted this iniquitous prosecution from a motive of personal enmity. (Athanas. tom. i. p. 728, 795, 797.) Four years after-

* Gibbon, p. 699, note 178. † Chelsum and Randolph, p. 236, 237, 238.

wards, a national council of the bishops of Egypt, forty-nine of whom had been present at the synod of Tyre, addressed an epistle or manifesto in favour of Athanasius to all the bishops of the Christian world. In this epistle they assert, that some of the confessors who accompanied them to Tyre, had accused Eusebius of Cæsarea of an act relative to idolatrous sacrifice; *οὐκ Ευσεβιος ὁ ἐν Καισαρειᾳ της Παλαιστινης ἐτι θυσιᾳ κατηγορειτο ὑπο των συν ἡμιν ὁμολογητων*; (Athanas. tom. i. p. 728.) Besides this short and authentic memorial, which escaped the knowledge or the candour of our considerate doctors, a consonant but more circumstantial narrative of the accusation of Eusebius may be found in the writings of Epiphanius (Hæres. lxviii. p. 723, 724), the learned bishop of Salamis, who was born about the time of the synod of Tyre. He relates, that, in one of the sessions, of the council, Potamon, bishop of Heraclea in Egypt, addressed Eusebius in the following words: "How now, Eusebius, can this be borne, that you should be seated as a judge, while the innocent Athanasius is left standing as a criminal? Tell me," continued Potamon, "were we not in prison together during the persecution? For my own part, I lost an eye for the sake of the truth; but I cannot discern that *you* have lost any one of your members. You bear not any marks of your sufferings for Jesus Christ; but here you are, full of life, and with all the parts of your body sound and entire. How could you contrive to escape from prison, unless you stained your conscience, either by actual guilt or by a criminal promise to our persecutors?" Eusebius immediately broke up the meeting, and discovered, by his anger, that he was confounded or provoked by the reproaches of the confessor Potamon.

I should despise myself, if I were capable of magnifying, for a present occasion, the authority of the witness whom I have produced. Potamon was most assuredly actuated by a strong prejudice against the personal enemy of his primate; and if the transaction to which he alluded had been of a private and doubtful kind, I would not take any ungenerous advantage of the respect which my reverend adversaries must entertain for the character of a confessor. But I cannot distrust the veracity of Potamon, when he confines himself to the assertion of a fact, which lay within the compass of his personal knowledge: and collateral testimony (see Photius, p. 296, 297) attests, that Eusebius was long enough in prison to assist his friend, the martyr Pamphilus, in composing the first five books of his Apology for Origen. If we admit that Eusebius was imprisoned, he must have been discharged, and his discharge must have been either honourable, or criminal, or innocent. If his patience vanquished the cruelty of the tyrant's ministers, a short relation of his own confession and sufferings would have formed an useful and edifying chapter in his didactic history of the persecution of Palestine; and the reader would have been satisfied of the veracity of an historian who valued truth above his life. If it had been in his power to justify, or even to excuse, the manner of his discharge from prison, it was his interest, it was his duty, to prevent the doubts and suspicions which must arise from his silence under these delicate circumstances.

Notwithstanding these urgent reasons, Eusebius has observed a profound, and perhaps a prudent silence: though he frequently celebrates the merit and martyrdom of his friend Pamphilus (p. 371, 394, 419, 427, edit. Cantab.), he never insinuates that he was his companion in prison; and while he copiously describes the eight years' persecution of Palestine, he never represents himself in any other light than that of a spectator. Such a conduct in a writer, who relates with a visible satisfaction the honourable events of his own life, if it be not absolutely considered as an evidence of conscious guilt, must excite, and may justify, the suspicions of the most candid critic.

Yet the firmness of Dr. Randolph is not shaken by these rational suspicions; and he condescends, in a magisterial tone, to inform me, "That it is highly improbable, from the general well-known decision of the church in such cases, that had his apostasy been known, he would have risen to those high honours which he attained, or been admitted at all indeed to any other than lay communion." This weighty objection did not surprise me, as I had already seen the substance of it in the Prolegomena of Valesius; but I safely disregarded a difficulty which had not appeared of any moment to the national council of Egypt; and I still think that an hundred bishops, with Athanasius at their head, were as competent judges of the discipline of the fourth century, as even the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford. As a work of supererogation, I have consulted, however, the Antiquities of Bingham (see lib. iv. c. iii. s. 6, 7, vol. i. p. 144, &c., fol. edit.), and found, as I expected, that much real learning had made him cautious and modest. After a careful examination of the facts and authorities already known to me, and of those with which I was supplied by the diligent antiquarian, I am persuaded that the theory and the practice of discipline were not invariably the same, that particular examples cannot always be reconciled with general rules, and that the stern laws of justice often yielded to motives of policy and convenience. The temper of Jerome towards those whom he considered as heretics, was fierce and unforgiving; yet the Dialogue of Jerome against the Luciferians, which I have read with infinite pleasure (tom. ii. p. 135—147. edit. Basil., 1536), is the seasonable and dexterous performance of a statesman, who felt the expediency of soothing and reconciling a numerous party of offenders. The most rigid discipline, with regard to the ecclesiastics who had fallen in time of persecution, is expressed in the tenth canon of the council of Nice; the most remarkable indulgence was shown by the fathers of the same council to the *lapsed*, the degraded, the schismatic bishop of Lycopolis. Of the penitent sinners, some might escape the shame of a public conviction or confession, and others might be exempted from the rigour of clerical punishment. If Eusebius incurred the guilt of a sacrilegious promise, (for we are free to accept the milder alternative of Potamon,) the proofs of this criminal transaction might be suppressed by the influence of money or favour; a seasonable journey into Egypt might allow time for the popular rumours to subside; the crime of Eusebius might be protected by the impunity of many

episcopal apostates (see Philostorg. lib. ii. c. 15, p. 21, edit. Gothofred.); and the governors of the church very reasonably desired to retain in their service the most learned Christian of the age.

Before I return these sheets to the press, I must not forget an anonymous pamphlet, which, under the title of "A Few Remarks," &c. was published against my History in the course of last summer. The unknown writer has thought proper to distinguish himself by the emphatic yet vague appellation of a *Gentleman:* but I must lament that he has not considered, with becoming attention, the duties of that respectable character. I am ignorant of the motives which can urge a man of a liberal mind, and liberal manners, to attack without provocation, and without tenderness, any work which may have contributed to the information, or even to the amusement of the public. But I am well convinced that the author of such a work, who boldly gives his name and labours to the world, imposes on his adversaries the fair and honourable obligation of encountering him in open daylight, and of supporting the weight of their assertions by the credit of their names. The effusions of wit, or the productions of reason, may be accepted from a secret and unknown hand. The critic who attempts to injure the reputation of another, by strong imputations which may possibly be false, should renounce the ungenerous hope of concealing behind a mask the vexation of disappointment, and the guilty blush of detection.

After this remark, which I cannot make without some degree of concern, I shall frankly declare, that it is not my wish or my intention to prosecute with this *Gentleman* a literary altercation. There lies between us a broad and unfathomable gulf; and the heavy mist of prejudice and superstition, which has in a great measure been dispelled by the free inquiries of the present age, still continues to involve the mind of my adversary. He fondly embraces those phantoms (for instance, an imaginary Pilate,*) which can scarcely find a shelter in the gloom of an Italian convent; and the resentment which he points against me, might frequently be extended to the most enlightened of the *Protestant*, or, in his opinion, of the *Heretical* critics. His observations are divided into a number of unconnected paragraphs, each of which contains some quotation from my History, and the angry, yet commonly trifling, expression of his disapprobation and displeasure. Those sentiments I cannot hope to remove; and as the religious opinions of this *Gentleman* are principally founded on the infallibility of the church,† they are not calculated to make a very deep impression on the mind of the English reader. The view of *facts* will be materially affected by the contagious influence of *doctrines*. The man who refuses to judge of the conduct of Louis XIV. and Charles V. towards their protestant subjects,‡ declares himself incapable of distinguishing the limits of persecution and toleration. The devout papist, who has implored on his knees the intercession of St. Cyprian, will seldom presume to examine the actions of the saint by the rules of historical evidence and of moral propriety. Instead of the homely likeness which I had

* Remarks, p. 100. † Id. p. 15. ‡ Id. p. \\\.

exhibited of the bishop of Carthage, my adversary has substituted a life of Cyprian,* full of what the French call *onction*, and the English, *canting* (see Jortin's Remarks, vol. ii. p. 239): to which I can only reply, that those who are dissatisfied with the principles of Mosheim and Le Clerc, *must* view with eyes very different to mine, the ecclesiastical history of the third century.

It would be an *endless* discussion (*endless* in every sense of the word) were I to examine the cavils which start up and expire in every page of this criticism, on the inexhaustible topic of opinions, characters, and intentions. Most of the instances which are here produced are of so brittle a substance, that they fall in pieces as soon as they are touched: and I searched for some time before I was able to discover an example of some moment where the *Gentleman* had fairly staked his veracity against some positive fact asserted in the two last chapters of my History. At last I perceived that he has absolutely denied† that any thing can be gathered from the epistles of St. Cyprian, or from his treatise De Unitate Ecclesiæ, to which I had referred, to justify my account of the spiritual pride and licentious manners of some of the confessors.‡ As the *numbers* of the Epistles are not the same in the edition of Pamelius and in that of Fell, the critic may be excused for mistaking my quotations, if he will acknowledge that he was ignorant of ecclesiastical history, and that he had never heard of the troubles excited by the spiritual pride of the confessors, who usurped the privileges of giving letters of communion to penitent sinners. But my reference to the treatise De Unitate Ecclesiæ was clear and direct; the treatise itself contains only ten pages, and the following words might be distinctly read by any person who understood the Latin language. "Nec quisquam miretur, dilectissimi fratres, etiam de confessoribus quosdam ad ista procedere, inde quòque aliquos tam nefanda tam gravia peccare. Neque enim confessio immunem facit ab insidiis diaboli; aut contra tentationes, et pericula, et incursus atque impetus seculares adhuc in seculo positum perpetuâ securitate defendit: ceterùm nunquam in confessoribus, *fraudes*, et *stupra*, et *adulteria* postmodùm videremus, quæ nunc in quibusdam videntes ingemiscimus et dolemus." This formal delaration of Cyprian, which is followed by several long periods of admonition and censure, is alone sufficient to expose the scandalous vices of some of the confessors, and the disingenuous behaviour of my concealed adversary.

After this example, which I have fairly chosen as one of the most specious and important of his objections, the candid reader would excuse me, if from this moment I declined *the Gentleman's* acquaintance. But as two topics have occurred, which are intimately connected with the subject of the preceding sheets, I have inserted each of them in its proper place, as the conclusion of the fourth article of my answers to Mr. Davis, and of the first article of my reply to the confederate doctors, Chelsum and Randolph.

It is not without some mixture of mortification and regret, that I now look back to the number of hours which I have consumed, and

* Remarks, p. 72—88. † Id. p. 90, 91. ‡ Gibbon, p. 661, note 91.

the number of pages which I have filled, in vindicating my literary and moral character from the charges of wilful *misrepresentations*, gross *errors*, and servile *plagiarisms*. I cannot derive any triumph or consolation from the occasional advantages which I may have gained over three adversaries, whom it is impossible for me to consider as objects either of terror or of esteem. The spirit of resentment, and every other lively sensation, have long since been extinguished; and the pen would long since have dropped from my weary hand, had I not been supported in the execution of this ungrateful task, by the consciousness, or at least by the opinion, that I was discharging a debt of honour to the public and to myself. I am impatient to dismiss, and to dismiss FOR EVER, this odious controversy, with the success of which I cannot surely be elated; and I have only to request, that, as soon as my readers are convinced of my innocence, they would forget my Vindication.

Bentinck-street, February 3rd, 1779.

ANTIQUITIES OF THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

MR. GIBBON TO MR. LANGER.*

Rolle, 12th October, 1790.

Sir,—I should have acknowledged sooner your kindness in procuring for me the Origines Guelficæ, if I had not been told by our obliging bookseller, Mr. Pott, that you were on a journey, while I myself was confined with the longest and most severe fit of the gout that I ever experienced. But we are now, both of us, restored to our ordinary state; I can walk, and you no longer travel post. I suppose by this time you are thoroughly established, and deeply immured in your immense library. Your curiosity, perhaps your friendship, will desire to know what have been my amusements, labours, and projects during the two years that have elapsed since the last publication of my great work. To indiscreet questions on this subject, with which I am often teased, I answer vaguely or peevishly; but from you I would keep nothing concealed; and to imitate the frankness in which you so much delight, will freely confess, that I more readily trust you with my secret, because I greatly need your assistance. After returning from England, the first months were spent in the enjoyment of my liberty and my library; and you will not be surprised that I should have renewed my familiar acquaintance with the Greek authors, and vowed to consecrate to them daily a portion of my leisure. I pass over in silence the sad hours employed in the care of my friend, and in lamentation for his loss.

* This letter, without any address to it, was found with the manuscript of the Antiquities of the House of Brunswick: there can be little doubt of its being the copy of a letter to M. Langer, Librarian to the Ducal Library of Wolfenbuttel; and it is here inserted as relating to them.

When the agitation of my mind abated, I endeavoured to find out for myself some occupation more interesting and more invigorating than mere reading can afford. But the remembrance of a servitude of twenty years frightened me from again engaging in a long undertaking, which I might probably never finish. It would be better, I thought, to select from the historical monuments of all ages, and all nations, such subjects as might be treated separately, both agreeably to their own nature, as well as to my taste. When these little works, which might be entitled Historical Excursions, amounted to a volume, I would offer it to the public; and the present might be repeated, until either the public or myself were tired; for as each volume would be complete in itself, no continuation would be requisite; and instead of being obliged to follow, like the stage-coach, the high road, I would expatiate at large in the field of history, stopping to admire every beautiful prospect that opened to my view. One inconvenience, indeed, attends this design. An important subject grows and expands with the labour bestowed on it. I might thus be carried beyond my prescribed bounds; but I should be carried gently, without foresight and without constraint.

This suspicion was justified in my first excursion, the subject of which will explain the reason why I was so earnest to procure the Origines Guelficæ. In my History, I had given an account of two illustrious marriages; the first, of the son of Azo, Marquis of Este, with the daughter of Robert Guiscard; and the second, of a princess of Brunswick with the Greek emperor. The first view of the antiquity and grandeur of the house of Brunswick excited my curiosity, and made me think that the two nations, whom I esteem the most, might be entertained by the history of a family, which sprung from the one, and reigns over the other. But my researches showed me not only the beauty, but the extent and difficulty of my subject. Muratori and Leibnitz have sufficiently explained the origin of the marquises of Liguria, and perhaps of Tuscany: I am well acquainted with the history and monuments of Italy during the middle ages; and I am not satisfied with what I have already written concerning that branch of the family of Este, which continued to reside in its hereditary possessions. I am not unacquainted with the ancient Guelphs, nor incapable of giving an account of the power and downfall of their heirs, the dukes of Bavaria and Saxony. The succession of the house of Brunswick to the crown of Great Britain will doubtless form the most interesting part of my narrative; but the authors on this subject are in English; and it would be unpardonable in a Briton not to have studied the modern history and present constitution of his country. But there is an interval of four hundred and fifty years between the first Duke of Brunswick and the first elector of that family; and the design of my work compels me to follow in obscurity a rough and narrow path; where, by the division and subdivision of so many branches and so many territories, I shall be involved in the mazes of a genealogical labyrinth. The events, which are destitute of connexion as well as of splendour, are confined to a single province of Germany; and I must have reached

near the end of the period, before my subject will be enlivened by the reformation of religion, the war of thirty years, and the new power acquired by the electorate. As it is my purpose, rather to sketch memoirs than to write history, my narrative must proceed with rapidity; and contain rather results than facts—rather reflections than details; but you are aware how much particular knowledge is requisite for this general description, the author of which ought to be far more learned than his work. Unfortunately, this author resides at the distance of two hundred leagues from Saxony; he knows not the language, and has never made the history, of Germany his particular study. Thus remote from the sources of information, he can think of only one channel by which they may be made to flow into his library; which is, by finding in the country itself an accurate correspondent, an enlightened guide, in one word, an oracle, whom he may consult in every difficulty. Your learning and character, as well as your abilities and situation, singularly qualify you for gratifying my wishes; and should you point out to me a substitute equally well qualified with yourself, yet I could not have equal confidence in the assistance of a person unknown to me. I would tease you with questions, and new questions would often be suggested by your answers; I would request you to ransack your vast library, and to supply me with books, extracts, translations, and information of every kind, conducive to the undertaking. But I know not how far you are inclined to sacrifice your leisure and your favourite studies to a laborious correspondence, which promises neither fame nor pleasure. I flatter myself, you would do something to oblige me; you would do more for the honour of the family with which you are connected by your employment. But what title have I to suppose that any work of mine can contribute to its honour? I expect, sir, your answer; and request that it may be speedy and frank. Should you condescend to assist my labours, I will immediately send you some interrogatories. Your refusal, on the other hand, will make me lay aside the design, or at least oblige me to give it a new form. I venture, at the same time, to entreat that the subject of this letter may remain a profound secret. An indiscreet word would be repeated by an hundred mouths; and I should have the uneasiness of seeing in the foreign journals, and soon afterwards in the English newspapers, an account, and that, perhaps, an unfaithful one, of my literary projects, the secret of which I entrust to you alone.

CHAPTER I.—SECTION I.

An English subject may be prompted, by a just and liberal curiosity, to investigate the origin and story of the house of Brunswick, which, after an alliance with the daughters of our kings, has been called by the voice of a free people to the legal inheritance of the crown. From George the First and his father, the first elector of

Hanover, we ascend, in a clear and regular series, to the first Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburgh, who received his investiture from Frederick the Second, about the middle of the thirteenth century. If these ample possessions had been the gift of the emperor to some adventurous soldier, to some faithful client, we might be content with the antiquity and lustre of a noble race, which had been enrolled nearly six hundred years among the princes of Germany. But our ideas are raised, and our prospect is opened, by the discovery that the first Duke of Brunswick was rather degraded than adorned by his new title, since it imposed the duties of feudal service on the free and patrimonial estate, which alone had been saved in the shipwreck of the more splendid fortunes of his house. His ancestors had been invested with the powerful duchies of Bavaria and Saxony, which extended far beyond their limits in modern geography: from the Baltic Sea, to the confines of Rome they were obeyed, or respected, or feared; in the quarrel of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, the former appellation was derived from the name of their progenitors in the female line. But the genuine masculine descent of the princes of Brunswick must be explored beyond the Alps: the venerable tree which has since overshadowed Germany and Britain, was planted in the Italian soil. As far as our sight can reach, we discern the first founders of the race in the marquises of Este, of Liguria, and perhaps of Tuscany. In the eleventh century, the primitive stem was divided into two branches; the elder migrated to the banks of the Danube and the Elbe; the younger more humbly adhered to the neighbourhood of the Adriatic: the dukes of Brunswick and the kings of Great Britain are the descendants of the first; the dukes of Ferrara and Modena were the offspring of the second.

This short review may explain and justify the three-fold division of these Memoirs, which appropriates a separate book to—I. The Italian Descent; II. The German Reign; and III. The British Succession of the House of Brunswick. The obscure interval, from the first duke to the first elector, will be connected on either side with the more splendid scenes of their ancient and modern history. The comparative date and dignity of their pedigree will be fixed by a fair parallel with the most illustrious families of Europe. Even the flowers of fiction so profusely scattered over the cradle of the princes of Este, disclose a remote and decreasing light, which is finally lost in the darkness of the fabulous age. But it will be prudent, before we listen to the rude or refined tales of invention, to erect a strong and substantial edifice of truth on the learned labours of Leibnitz and Muratori.

The genius and studies of Leibnitz have ranked his name with the first philosophic names of his age and country; but his reputation, perhaps, would be more pure and permanent, if he had not ambitiously grasped the whole circle of human science. As a theologian, he successively contended with the sceptics, who believe too little, and with papists, who believe too much, and with the heretics, who believe otherwise than is inculcated by the Lutheran confession

of Augsburg. Yet the philosopher betrayed his love of union and toleration: his faith in revelation was accused, while he proved the Trinity by the principles of logic; and in the defence of the attributes and providence of the Deity, he was suspected of a secret correspondence with his adversary Bayle. The metaphysician expatiated in the fields of air: his pre-established harmony of the soul and body might have provoked the jealousy of Plato; and his optimism, the best of all possible worlds, seems an idea too vast for a mortal mind. He was a physician, in the large and genuine sense of the word: like his brethren, he amused himself with creating a globe; and his Protogæa, or Primitive Earth, has not been useless to the last hypothesis of Buffon, which prefers the agency of fire to that of water. I am not worthy to praise the mathematician: but his name is mingled in all the problems and discoveries of the times; the masters of the art were his rivals or disciples; and if he borrowed from Sir Isaac Newton the sublime method of fluxions, Leibnitz was at least the Prometheus who imparted to mankind the sacred fire which he had stolen from the gods. His curiosity extended to every branch of chemistry, mechanics, and the arts; and the thirst of knowledge was always accompanied with the spirit of improvement. The vigour of his youth had been exercised in the schools of jurisprudence; and while he taught, he aspired to reform, the laws of nature and of nations, of Rome and Germany. The annals of Brunswick, of the empire, of the ancient and modern world, were present to the mind of the historian; and he could turn from the solution of a problem, to the dusty parchments and barbarous style of the records of the middle age. His genius was more nobly directed to investigate the origin of languages and nations; nor could he assume the character of a grammarian, without forming the project of an universal idiom and alphabet. These various studies were often interrupted by the occasional politics of the times; and his pen was always ready in the cause of the princes and patrons to whose service he was attached: many hours were consumed in a learned correspondence with all Europe: and the philosopher amused his leisure in the composition of French and Latin poetry. Such an example may display the extent and powers of the human understanding, but even *his* powers were dissipated by the multiplicity of his pursuits. He attempted more than he could finish; he designed more than he could execute: his imagination was too easily satisfied with a bold and rapid glance on the subject which he was impatient to leave; and Leibnitz may be compared to those heroes, whose empire has been lost in the ambition of universal conquest.

When he was about thirty years of age, (1676,) the merit of Leibnitz was discovered and adopted by the dukes of Hanover, at whose court he spent the last forty years of his life, in free and honourable service. In this station, he soon became the author, or at least the architect of a monument, which they were ambitious of raising to the glory of their name. With the view of preparing the most authentic documents for the history of the house of Brunswick, he travelled over the provinces of Germany and Italy, their ancient

seats. In this learned pilgrimage, he consulted the living and the dead, explored the libraries, the archives, the monasteries, and even the tombs, and diligently collected or copied the books, the manuscripts, and the charters of every age. As the curiosity of the historian had not been limited to the proper bounds of his subject, the various treasures which he had imported were published in separate volumes, with as much speed and care as the multitude of his avocations would allow; and it may be deemed either a praise or a reproach, that the raw materials are often less valuable than the observations and prefaces of the editor himself. In the year 1695, the nuptials of the prince of Modena with a princess of Hanover engaged him to dispel the errors and fables of preceding genealogists, and to restore the true connexion of the kindred branches, which were thus united after a separation of more than six hundred years. This occasional pamphlet was designed as the prelude of the great Latin work, which he meditated on the Brunswick Antiquities. With a genius accustomed to draw lines of communication between the most distant sciences, he traced, in his Introduction, the revolutions of the country and its inhabitants: of the country, from the natural remains of fossils and petrifactions; of the inhabitants, from the national vestiges of language and manners. The story of a province and of a family swelled, in his capacious mind, into the annals of the western empire: the origins of the Guelphs of Bavaria, and the marquises of Este, would have been interwoven in their proper place; and the narrative would have been deduced from the reign of Charlemagne (A. D. 769) to the last emperor of the Saxon line (1025). But the term of an antediluvian life would have been scarcely adequate to the labours and projects of Leibnitz: the imperfect manuscripts of his Annals were buried in the library of Hanover; and the impression, though long since promised, is still refused to the curiosity of the public. But the ideas and papers of that great man were freely communicated to his disciple and successor Eccard, and the researches more particularly belonging to the house of Brunswick have formed the basis of the Origines Guelficæ, which were compiled by the industrious historiographer. The rashness of Eccard, who changed his service and religion, condemned his work, till envy and malevolence had subsided, to a long oblivion; nor was it till many years after his decease that the Origines Guelficæ were printed in five volumes, in folio, by the care of the electoral librarians. The hands of the several workmen are apparent; the bold and original spirit of Leibnitz, the crude erudition and hasty conjectures of Eccard, the useful annotations of Gruber, and the critical disquisitions of Scheid, the principal editor of this genealogical history.

In the construction of this domestic monument, the elector of Hanover, ten years after the return of Leibnitz, had dispatched a second missionary (1700) to search the archives of his Italian kinsmen. Their archives were in the most deplorable state: but the princes of Este were awakened by shame and vanity, and their subject Muratori was recalled from Milan, to reform

nd govern the ducal library of Modena. The name of Muratori ill be for ever connected with the literature of his country: bove sixty years of his peaceful life were consumed in the exer- ises of study and devotion; his numerous writings on the sub- cts of history, antiquities, religion, morals, and criticisms, are mpressed with sense and knowledge, with moderation and candour: e moved in the narrow circle of an Italian priest; but a desire of reedom, a ray of philosophic light sometimes breaks through his wn prejudices and those of his readers. In the cause of his prince e was permitted, and even encouraged, to explore the foundations, nd to circumscribe the limits of the temporal power of the bishops f Rome: and his victorious arguments in the dispute for Com- nachio accustomed the slave to an erect posture and a bolder tep. One of his antagonists, the learned Fontanini, had been provoked, in the heat of controversy, to cast some reflections on the family of Este, as if they had been no more than simple citi- zens of Padua, who, in the thirteenth century, were invested by the popes with the title and office of marquis of Ancona. Truth and honour required an answer to this invidious charge; and the firmest answer was a simple and genuine exposition of facts. The courts of Brunswick and Modena were joined in the same family interest; and their trusty librarians, Leibnitz and Muratori, corresponded with the confidence of allies, and the emulation of rivals. But the speed of the German was outstripped in the race by the persevе- rance of the Italian: if the conjectures of Muratori were less splen- did, his discoveries were more sure; and he could examine, with the leisure of a native, the monuments and records which his associate had formerly viewed with the haste of a traveller. After a diligent inquiry of three years, both at home and abroad, he gave to the world the first volume of the Antichità Estense, a model of genea- logical criticism; and in the second volume, which was delayed above twenty years, he continues the descent and series to his own times. The more strenuous labours of his life were devoted to the general and particular history of Italy. His Antiquities, both in the vulgar and the Latin tongue, exhibit a curious picture of the laws and manners of the middle age; and a correct text is justified by a copious appendix of authentic documents. His Annals are a faithful abstract of the twenty-eight folio volumes of original histo- rians; and whatsoever faults may be noticed in this great collection, our censure is disarmed by the remark, that it was undertaken and finished by a single man. Muratori will not aspire to the fame of historical genius: his modesty may be content with the solid, though humble, praise of an impartial critic and indefatigable com- piler.

With such guides, with the materials which they have provided, and with some experience of the way, I shall boldly descend into the darkness of the middle age; and while I assume the liberty of judg- ment, I shall not be unmindful of the duties of gratitude.

An old charter of the reign of Charlemagne and the beginning of the ninth century, has casually preserved the memory of Boniface, the

Bavarian; the count or governor of Lucca, the father of the marquises of Tuscany, and the first probable ancestor of the house of Este and Brunswick. His name and country, his title and province, I shall separately consider; and these considerations will explain the state of Italy in his time, and that of his immediate descendants.

1. In the origin of human speech, a method must have been wanted, and sought, and found, of discriminating the several individuals of the same tribe, who were mingled in the daily offices, even of savage life. In every language the invention of proper and personal names must be at least as ancient as the use of appellative words. The truth of this remark is attested by the ancient continent from India to Spain; from the lakes of Canada to the hills of Chili, the same distinctions were familiar to the inhabitants of the New World; and our navigators who have recently explored the islands of the South Sea, add their testimony to the general practice of mankind. As soon as a new-born infant has enjoyed some days, and begins to promise some years of life, he is distinguished as a social being from his present and future companions, the friends of the family are convened, to congratulate the parents and to welcome the stranger, and the festival has been usually connected with some religious ceremony; the sacrifices of the Greeks, Romans, and barbarians, the circumcision of the Jews, and the baptism of the Christians. The primitive choice of every word must have had a cause and a meaning: each name was derived from some accident, or allusion, or quality of the mind or body; and the titles of the savage chiefs announced their wisdom in council, or their valour in the field. Such in the book of nature and antiquity are the heroes of Homer; and the happy flexibility of the Greek tongue can express in harmonious sounds all possible combinations of ideas and sentiments. But in the lapse of ages and idioms, the true signification was lost or misapplied: the qualities of a man were blindly transferred to a child, and chance or custom were the only motives that could direct this arbitrary imposition. The Christians of the Roman empire were a mixture of Jews, of Greeks, and of Latin provincials: their profane names were sanctified by baptism; those of the Bible were respectable and familiar; and the casual affinity with an apostle or martyr might encourage the pious youth to imitate his virtues. But in the three centuries which preceded the reign of Charlemagne, the western world was overwhelmed by a deluge of German conquerors. After their conversion to Christianity, they long adhered, from pride or habit, to the idiom of their fathers; and their Teutonic appellations, with a softer accent and a Latin termination, were almost exclusively used in the baptism of princes and nobles. Till the tenth or twelfth century, the Old was abandoned to the Jews, and the New Testament to the people and clergy. Adam and David, Peter and Paul, John and James, George and Francis, were neglected as unknown, or despised as plebeian; and Boniface is the only name of ecclesiastical origin which the chiefs of barbaric race condescended to assume. This honourable exception

may be justly ascribed to the fame and merit of St. Boniface the First, archbishop of Mentz or Mayence, the missionary of Rome, the reformer of France, and the apostle of Germany, who lost his life in preaching the gospel to the Frisians. He was born in England, and in his own baptism he had been styled Winfrid: but with the episcopal character the Saxon received the more Christian appellation of Boniface, which had been illustrated by a martyr and a pope. Of the Hessians, Thuringians, and Bavarians, whom he reclaimed from idolatry, many were ambitious even of a nominal conformity with their patron; and from his age and country, the count of Lucca might be one of the fortunate infants who were baptized by the apostle of Bavaria.

2. The Christian priests who subdued the conquerors of the West, had inculcated the duty of damning their idolatrous ancestors, and persecuting their dissenting subjects. But the toleration which was denied to religious prejudice, was freely extended to the institutions of civil or barbaric life. The Romans of Italy, the great body of the clergy and people, were still directed by the codes of Theodosius and Justinian. The laws of the Lombards were promulgated for their own use; after the fall of their kingdom, they still preserved their national jurisprudence; and the victorious Franks enjoyed the benefit without imposing the obligation of the Salic and Ripuarian codes. The three great nations who successively reigned in Italy, were everywhere mingled and everywhere separate. A similar indulgence was granted to the smaller colonies of Goths, Alemanni, or *Bavarians;* and so perfect was the practice of civil toleration, that every freeman, according to his birth or choice, might embrace the law by which he himself and his family would be tried. In the acts which have escaped to our times, Count Boniface and his descendants profess to live according to the nation and law of the Bavarians: but this profession rather defines the origin of his blood, than the place of his nativity; and it is possible that some generations of his ancestors might have already felt the milder influence of climate and religion. The name of the Bavarians first rises into notice amidst the dying agonies of the Western Empire: but the tribe or troop of adventurers which assumed that name, soon swelled to a powerful kingdom, and covered the province of Noricum from the Danube to the Alps. The vicinity of Italy provoked their desires; the alliance of the Lombards encouraged their hopes: they joined the standard of the invader; and on the confines of Modena and Tuscany the memory of their ancient settlement is not totally extinct. If we compare, however, the smallness of the colony with the number of the nation, it may seem more probable that Count Boniface was born in Bavaria, perhaps of noble and idolatrous parents; and that his services were rewarded by Charlemagne with the government of an Italian province. The eye of the vigilant and sagacious emperor pervaded the vast extent of his dominions; and the merit of every subject, in whatsoever country or condition he had been cast, was assigned to the station most beneficial for himself and the state. While the kingdoms of

the West obeyed the same sceptre, a native Frank might command on the banks of the Tiber; the frontiers of Brittany were guarded by a loyal Lombard; and the Saxon proselyte would signalise his new zeal for Christianity against the Saracens of Spain. Charlemagne affected to consider all his subjects with the impartial love of a father: but he was not unwilling to transplant a powerful chief into a foreign soil, and he cherished a secret preference of the men and the nations whose sole dependence was on the royal favour. The Franks were jealous of the elevation of an equal; the Lombards might not easily forgive the triumphs of a conqueror; but the Alemanni and Bavarians, who had been long oppressed, were devoted, by loyalty and gratitude, to the service of their benefactor.

3. I am ignorant of the parents of Boniface the Bavarian; of his character and actions I am likewise ignorant. But his official title describes him as one of the principal ministers and nobles of the kingdom of Italy. The Latin appellations of dukes and counts were transferred with the latitude of foreign words to the judges and leaders of the barbarians: these different titles were applied to the same person or station; they varied according to the fashion of the age and country; and it was not till after the ninth century that the dukes, assuming a clear pre-eminence of dignity and power, stood foremost on the steps of the throne. In the vulgar and legal idiom, the temporal peers (I anticipate the expression of more recent times) were styled princes, and in their families the kings and emperors of the West might solicit a wife, or bestow a daughter, without degrading the majesty of their rank. It was at once their privilege and their duty to attend the national council; nor could any law acquire validity or effect without the consent and authority of these powerful nobles. In their respective districts of ample or narrow limits, each duke or count was invested with the plenitude of civil and military power, and this union of characters must be ascribed rather to the imperfection of the arts than to the talents of the men. They presided in open courts of justice, and determined all criminal and civil causes, with the advice of their plebeian assessors, their *scabini*, who were somewhat less illiterate than the judge himself. At the royal summons they reared their standard, assembled their freemen and vassals, and marched at their head on every occasion of danger and honour. Such taxes as could be levied on a rude and independent people were shared between the supreme and subordinate chiefs, and there exists an agreement by which a Lombard duke was permitted to reserve a moiety of the revenue for his public and private use. The prerogative of appointing and recalling these provincial magistrates was esteemed a sufficient pledge of their obedience; and the servants of Charlemagne might obey without reluctance the first of mankind. But the memory of a favour was lost in the grant of an office; and the grant of an office was insensibly consolidated into the right of a freehold possession. The counts and dukes were amenable to the circuits of the *missi*, or royal inquisitors: but they were more able to maintain than willing to suffer an act of injustice; and it was gradually admitted as a constitutional maxim,

that they could not be deprived of their dignity without a charge, a trial, and a conviction of felony. The founder of the western empire might sometimes reward the son by the gift or the reversion of his father's province; a dangerous reward, which was often extorted from the fears, rather than from the bounty, of succeeding princes. They could not despoil the legitimate heir of his lands, his followers, and his popular name, and it was deemed more prudent to secure the public peace by the indulgence of his private ambition.

4. The province entrusted to the vigilance of Count Boniface is one of the most fertile and fortunate spots of Italy. It is bounded by the rivers Magra and Arno, by the sea and the Apennine; and in the old days of independence, this tract of country had been the debatable land between the Ligurians and Etruscans, till it was finally annexed by Augustus to the region of Etruria. The harbour of Luni is capable of sheltering the navies of Europe; the circumjacent hills of Carrara have supplied an inexhaustible store of white marble for the noblest works of sculpture and architecture, and Lucca itself is situate almost on the banks of the Ausar or Serchio, a river which, flowing ten miles farther to the south, is finally lost under the walls of Pisa, in the waters of the Arno. In the best age of the commonwealth, the sixth century of Rome, an allotment of sixty thousand acres was divided among two thousand citizens, who were soon associated with the ancient natives; but the colony of Lucca finally preferred the title and privileges of a municipal town. After suffering some injury from the barbaric storm, Lucca appears to revive and flourish under the Lombards, as the seat of a royal mint, and the metropolis of the whole province of Tuscany. The republic, less extensive, as it should seem, than the command of Boniface, now contains one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, who are enriched by the exportation of oil and silk. But their riches are the fruits of industry, and their industry is guarded by liberty and peace. I am inclined to believe, that this small and happy community is more wealthy and populous than was formerly the Tuscany of Charlemagne; and even in its decay the state of Tuscany still possesses more inhabitants and more treasure, than could have been found in the disorderly and desolate kingdom of the Lombards.

From the interposition of Ildenrand, Count of Lucca, it may be suspected that at the time of his father's decease Boniface the Second had not acquired sufficient strength and maturity for the vacant office: but these friends, or rivals, who had exercised the government of Lucca, were soon superseded by the establishment of the lawful heir; and the youth approved himself worthy of his name and honours. The example and impunity of treason could never tempt his loyalty; and while the empire of Louis the Pious was relaxed by weakness, or agitated by discord, Boniface asserted the glory of the French and the Christian arms. He had been entrusted with the defence of the maritime coast and the isle of Corsica against the Mahometans of Africa, and his right to command the service of the neighbouring counts may entitle him to the appellation of duke or

marquis of Tuscany, which was assumed by his descendants. With a small fleet he sailed from Pisa, in search of the robbers of the sea; they had vanished on his approach; he cast anchor on the friendly shores of Corsica, and after providing himself with expert pilots, he steered his intrepid course for Africa, and boldly landed on the coast between Carthage and Utica. The Aglabites, who reigned in Africa as the nominal vicegerents of the caliphs, were astonished and provoked by the insolence of the Christians, whose valour had been hitherto confined to a defensive war. Their camp was immediately surrounded by a formidable host of Arabs and Moors: five times did they mount to the assault: they were repulsed five times with slaughter and shame. The field was covered with the bodies of their slain; in the hot pursuit some adventurous Franks became the victims of their own rashness; but the more prudent chief was satisfied with victory; he embarked the troops, the captives, and the spoil, and returning in triumph to the port of Luni, or the mouth of the Arno, left an example of successful enterprise which was long remembered by the Moslems of Afric, and seldom imitated by the Christians of Italy. The birth, character, and adventures of the Empress Judith will be introduced with more propriety in the story of the Guelphs, and I shall only observe, that after his abject fall and fortunate restoration, Louis the Pious might still tremble for the safety of a beloved wife. She was confined in a monastery of Tortona, in the power of a rebellious son; and if the ambition of Lothaire was disappointed, the blood of a step-mother might be a grateful offering to his revenge. Boniface, with some loyal subjects, perceived her danger, and flew to her relief. By their celerity and courage Judith was rescued from prison, and they guarded her passage over the Alps till she met the embraces of an impatient husband. This gallant act, which deserved the gratitude of the emperor, exposed the Count of Lucca to the displeasure of Lothaire, who was still master of the kingdom of Italy, and who denied the investiture of their fiefs to all the accomplices of the escape of Judith. Boniface retired to France, where his exile was alleviated by the most honourable employments. In the civil wars, after the death of Louis, he might secure his pardon without forfeiting his allegiance; and there is reason to believe, that he ended his days in the government of Tuscany. The sword of chivalry was consecrated to the service of religion and the fair; and the African victor, the deliverer of the empress, had fulfilled the duties of a perfect knight.

His son and successor, Adalbert the First, had a more unquestionable right to the appellation of duke and marquis of Tuscany. The title of marquis, or rather margrave, was introduced into Italy by the French emperors; the Teutonic etymology of the word implies the count or governor of a *march* of a frontier province; his station gave him at least a military command over several of his equals: and in the division of the monarchy the number and importance of these hostile limits was continually multiplied. Yet the life of Adalbert is much less pure and illustrious than that of his father: either an historian was wanted to his actions, or his actions afforded

materials for history; and it is only by the glimmering of old charters, that during thirty years, his existence is visible. The decay of genius and power in each imperial generation, had confirmed the independence of the hereditary governors; till the failure of the oldest branch, in the person of Louis the Second, concluded a century of domestic peace, and opened an endless series of revolutions. The election of the kings of Italy was decided by the voices and by the swords of the factious nobles; they chose the object, the measure, and the term of allegiance; and the name of the candidate whom they supported, was a sufficient apology for every act of violence and rapine. A pope of an active and ambitious spirit, John VIII., most bitterly complains of the two marquises, or tyrants, of Lambert of Spoleto, and of Adalbert of Tuscany, who were brothers in alliance, in arms, and in sacrilege. They solicited the aid of the miscreant Saracens, invaded the ecclesiastical state, entered the city, profaned the churches, extorted an oath of fidelity from the Romans, and dared to imprison the successor of St. Peter. After the departure of these public robbers, as they are styled, without much injustice, by the pontiff, he affected to display their guilt and his own danger: the sacred relics were transported from the Vatican to the Lateran palace; the altar was clothed in sackcloth, and the doors of the temple were inhospitably shut against the devotion of the pilgrims. By the apprehension of a second insult, John VIII. was driven from the apostolical seat; he fled by sea to the usual asylum of France, offered the two worlds to whosoever would avenge his quarrel, and in the synod of Troyes proclaimed the vices and pronounced the excommunication of the two marquises of Spoleto and Tuscany, the enemies of God and man. Some political events gave a new turn to his interest and language; *the most glorious* Adalbert and his wife (so lately a robber and an adulteress) are recommended in his epistles to the love and protection of the friends of the church. From such invective and such praise it might be inferred that calumny is a venial sin, or that every sin is obliterated by a reconciliation with the pope. A casuist less indulgent, I shall not so easily absolve the sacrilegious marquis of Tuscany; he lived in an age of the darkest superstition, and his assault on the Vatican is truly criminal, since it was condemned by the prejudices of his own conscience.

In the dignity of duke and marquis of Tuscany he was succeeded by his son, the second Adalbert, who has been only distinguished from the first by the nice microscope of chronological criticism. Such and so great was the pre-eminence of his wealth and power, that he alone, among the princes of Italy, was distinguished by the epithet of the *rich*; an epithet of ambiguous praise, since it expresses the liberality of fortune rather than of nature. He married Berta, the daughter of Lothaire, King of Austrasia or Lorraine, who was the great grandson of Charlemagne: a distinction rather honourable than singular, since many of the princes of the age were descended by the females from the imperial stem. His independence was built on the ruins of the empire of Charlemagne; the failure of lawful heirs enlarged the scene of contention; the sceptre was alternately

won and lost in a field of battle, and the Italians, from a maxim of policy, entertained the competition of two kings. The dukes of Friuli and Spoleto long disputed the crown; and while Berengarius reigned at Verona, his rivals Guido and Lambert were seated on the throne of Pavia. These princes, the father and son, were the uncle and cousin of Adalbert; but he supported or deserted their standard with licentious perfidy, and one of his attempts did not much redound to the honour or advantage of the Marquis of Tuscany. He marched to surprise Lambert, who hunted, without suspicion, in a forest near Placentia, but he forgot that discipline and sobriety are most essential to secret enterprise. The tents of the Tuscans, who deemed themselves secure of their royal game, resounded with drunken and lascivious songs; their intemperance subsided in sleep; and at the dead of night they were surprised by the vigilant Lambert, at the head of no more than one hundred horse. The marquis, who could neither fight nor fly, was dragged from his shelter among the mules and asses of the baggage, and his shame was embittered by the rude pleasantry of the conqueror. "Thy wife, Berta," said he, "had promised that thou shouldest be either a king or an ass. A king thou art not, but thy second title I shall not dispute; and wisely hast thou chosen a place of refuge among the animals of a similar species." The death of Lambert restored the captive to liberty and dominion: but the character of Adalbert was still the same, and the state of Italy long fluctuated with the vicissitudes of his interest or passions. Berengarius, who was oppressed by his service, sometimes accused and sometimes imitated the example of his ingratitude. A new pretender, Louis, King of Arles, was defeated and dismissed and recalled, and again established and again dethroned as he was friend or enemy of the Marquis of Tuscany. In a moment of seeming concord, the new sovereign visited Lucca, where he was entertained with the ostentation and expense which vanity will often extort from avarice and hatred. As Louis admired the numerous and well-dressed ranks of the Tuscan soldiers, the attendants of the palace, and the luxury of the banquet, he softly whispered, "This marquis is indeed a king, and it is only in a vain title that I am superior to my vassal." By the diligence of flattery or malice this whisper was re-echoed: the pride of Berta was offended, her fears were alarmed; she alienated her husband's mind; he conspired with the disaffected nobles; and a hasty, perhaps a harmless, saying deprived the unfortunate King of Arles of the crown of Italy and his eyes. Adalbert the Second died at Lucca, in a mature age, and his real or imaginary virtues are inscribed on his tomb. We are solicited to believe, that he was formidable to his enemies, liberal to his soldiers, just to his subjects, and charitable to the poor; that his memory was embalmed in the tears of a grateful people; and that the public happiness was buried in his grave. An epitaph is a feeble evidence of merit; yet an epitaph on the dead may prove somewhat more than a panegyric on the living.

Adalbert the Second left behind him three children, two sons, Guido and Lambert, the eldest of whom was acknowledged as duke

and marquis of Tuscany, and one daughter, Hermenegarda, who married and survived a prince of equal rank on the confines of Piedmont. The pride and power of Berta were not impaired by her husband's death; and to her passions I should impute an unequal contest with the emperor and king of Italy, who, by fraud or force, imprisoned the mother and her son in the fortress of Mantua. But her faithful clients refused to surrender the cities and castles committed to their trust: a treaty was negotiated; the captives were released; their possessions were restored: and I must applaud the moderation, perhaps the courage, of Guido, who sincerely submitted to forgive and to be forgiven. Of the death of the Emperor Berengarius, who was stabbed in his palace by a private villain, Guido was neither the author nor accomplice: but in the subsequent election his voice had a free and decisive weight; and the laudable motives of filial or fraternal tenderness might prompt him to gratify his mother, by supporting the claim of Hugh, or Hugo, Count of Provence, her son by a former husband. The marquis commanded the sea ports of Tuscany; his sister, an active and popular widow, could shut or open the passes of the Alps. A royal pretender, Rodulph of Burgundy, was chased beyond the mountains: by the unanimous choice of the nobles, Hugh was invited and proclaimed: he landed at Pisa; and the sons of Adalbert were proud to salute their brother as king of Italy. But this event, which seemed to consolidate the fortunes, was the immediate cause of the downfall of their house. The new monarch insensibly betrayed a faithless and ungrateful character: his vices were scandalous, his talents mean; and if his ambition was sometimes checked by fear, it was never restrained by humanity or justice. The death of Berta dissolved the union between the children of her first and her second nuptials. The mild and moderate Guido expired in the prime of life. The duchy of Tuscany was occupied by Lambert: but in a hasty and indecent marriage with Marozia, his brother's widow, the King of Italy trampled on the prejudices of mankind. Hugh was already conscious of the public hatred and contempt: he might justly dread the courage, the ambition, the popularity of the marquis; and his avarice was stimulated by the hopes of a rich forfeiture. Regardless of a mother's fame, he invented or encouraged the report, that the obstinate barrenness of the wife of Adalbert had tempted that impious woman to procure and substitute two male infants, whom she educated as her own: and the arbitrary sentence of the king, who disclaimed Lambert as a brother, must have denied his right to the succession of Tuscany. Had this cause been argued before a tribunal of law and reason, the advocate for the marquis would have pleaded the long and tranquil possession of his name and state, and have deprecated the injustice of a charge, which was not advanced till after the decease of both his parents. The orator would have painted in the most lively colours, the absurdity of the supposition, the difficulty of fascinating the eyes and silencing the tongues of a jealous court, and the strong improbability that the Duchess of Tuscany should have *twice* risked the danger and shame of a

discovery. He would have authenticated the circumstances of her pregnancy and delivery; and after establishing his defence on argument and fact, he might have tried to awaken the tender and indignant feelings of the audience. Instead of such a tedious process, the intrepid Lambert cast down his gauntlet, and challenged to single combat the false accuser of his own and his mother's fame. The challenge was accepted; a champion arose; the lists were opened; and such was the goodness of his cause, or the vigour of his arm, that the marquis obtained an easy victory in the judgment of God. Even this judgment was not respected by the tyrant. Instead of embracing his genuine brother, he loaded the conqueror with irons, confiscated his dominions, and deprived him of his eyes: while the nobles of Italy, who so often resisted the execution of the laws, most basely acquiesced in this act of cruelty and injustice. The unhappy prince survived his misfortune many years, but he was already dead to his enemies and the world. In a civilised society, the mind is more powerful than the body: and the influence of strength or dexterity is far less extensive than that of eloquence and wisdom. But among a people of barbarians, the blind warrior, who is no longer capable of managing a horse, or of wielding a lance, must be excluded from all the honours and offices of public life.

Such were the five descents in the Bavarian line of the counts of Lucca and marquises or dukes of Tuscany. The fourth generation of the posterity of Boniface coincides with the age of the Marquis Adalbert, who may be styled the third of that name, if we can safely rivet this intermediate link of the genealogical chain. After a long hesitation and various trials, the active curiosity of Leibnitz subsided in the opinion that Adalbert the Third, the unquestionable father of the house of Este and Brunswick, was the son of the Marquis Guido, and the grandson of Adalbert the Second: and that his right of succession to the duchy of Tuscany, which had been superseded by his tender years, was finally lost in the calamity of his uncle. In a mind conscious of its powers, and indulgent to its productions, this idea struck a deep and permanent root. As an historian, Leibnitz was acquainted with the stubborn character of facts: as a critic, he was accustomed to balance the weight of testimony: as a mathematician, he would not prostitute the name of demonstration: but he affirmed that his opinion was *probable* in the highest sense; and the philosopher could not patiently tolerate a sceptic. These historical inquiries he compared to the labour of an astronomer, who frames an hypothesis, such as can explain all the known phenomena of the heavens, and then exalts his hypothesis into truth, by exposing the errors of every other possible supposition. From the library of Hanover, the discovery was transmitted to that of Modena, with an earnest desire of literary or at least of political union; and the pedigree of Adalbert the Third was ratified by the consent of Leibnitz and Muratori. Yet in this dark and doubtful step of genealogy, impartial criticism may be allowed to pause, and even the silence of a contemporary writer may incline the scale against many loose and floating atoms of

modern conjecture. The first fifty years of the tenth century are illustrated by the labour and eloquence of Liutprand, Bishop of Cremona, who exposes, with a free and often satirical pen, the characters and vices of the times. He relates the death of Guido, and the succession of Lambert, without insinuating that the former left any children, or that the latter was appointed guardian of their minority. He deplores the fate of Lambert, without informing the reader of the escape of his nephew; by what resources of flight or defence, of prayer or negotiation, he escaped the cruelty of the tyrant, and lived to propagate the glories of his race. The Marquis Otbert, the undoubted son of Adalbert the Third, is honourably mentioned; and it might be reasonably expected, that some hint should have been given of his lineal descent from the Tuscan princes, whose names and actions had been already celebrated in the history of Liutprand. Nor can the order of time, that infallible touchstone of truth, be easily reconciled with the hypothesis of Leibnitz. Guido, Marquis of Tuscany, was the third husband of the insatiate Marozia: her second was killed in the year 925; and ten or twelve months must be granted for the shortest widowhood, the term of pregnancy, and the birth of her son Adalbert. No more than thirty-six years after his birth, *his* son, the Marquis Otbert, appears in the world as a statesman and a patriot. Such a precipitate succession, which crowds two generations into one, is repugnant to the whole experience of ages: a fact so strange and improbable could only be forced on our belief by the absolute power of positive and authentic evidence.

In this enquiry, I should disdain to be influenced by any partial regard for the interest or honour of the house of Brunswick: but I can resign without a sigh, the hypothesis of Leibnitz, which might seem to exhibit the *nominal* rather than the *natural* ancestors of the son of Guido. This doubtful expression is not founded on the absurd and malicious fable, that the two last marquises of Tuscany were stolen, in their infancy, from an obscure, and perhaps a plebeian origin: Berta was their genuine mother; and their pedigree would not be tainted with suspicion, if the right of the father could be ascertained with the same clearness and certainty. But in these barbarous times, the valour of the men appears to have been maintained with more high and jealous care than the chastity of the women; and such was the peculiar infelicity of the Marquis Guido, that his wife, his mother, and his two grandmothers, are all accused in their respective generations, of a slight, or scandalous deviation from the line of virtue. In the Pontifical Epistles, the wife of Adalbert I. is branded with the opprobrious name of adulteress: and without insisting on the pope's infallibility, it may be fairly urged, that as the character of a public robber was applied to the sacrilegious enemy of Rome, the vices of Rotilda must have afforded some ground or colour for private reproach. The mother of Berta, the famous Valdrada, long fluctuated between the state of a wife and the shame of a concubine. She might be innocent in the judgment of conscience and reason; but her pretended marriage

with Lothaire, King of Lorraine, was repeatedly annulled by the sentence of the Roman pontiff. By an obstinate resistance, her fame might have been preserved: a false and fruitless penitence could only aggravate her sin; and she became alike guilty in the eyes of the church and of the public, when she continued to dwell in the embraces of her lover, after a lawful queen had been restored to the honours of his throne and bed. The pleasures of Berta were subservient to her ambition; and Adalbert the Second appears to have been endowed with the patient virtues of a husband. By the liberal freedom with which she imparted to the nobles of Tuscany every gift in her power to bestow, the duchess secured their grateful attachment in the hour of danger; and at the age of threescore, she might be justly vain that her favours were precious, her lovers fond, her friends and clients still mindful of their past obligations. As the infidelity of Hermenegarda could sully only the blood of another family, it is almost needless to mention that the daughter of Berta most faithfully copied the example of her mother. But the satirical eloquence of Liutprand is unable to paint the vices of Marozia, wife of the Marquis Guido. "From her early youth," exclaims the bishop, "she had been inflamed by all the fires of Venus; and again and again did she exact from her lovers the payment of their debts." Her family was powerful at Rome: by the corruption of Marozia, of her mother, and of her sister, the church and state were polluted and oppressed: their favourites and their children were successively promoted to the throne of St. Peter; and in the spiritual Babylon, the city of the Seven Hills, a more inquisitive age would have detected the scarlet whore of the Revelations. The son of Marozia, the grandson of Berta, and the great grandson of Rotilda, might be perplexed in the discovery or the choice of his true progenitors.

The hypothesis, that Adalbert III. was the son of the Marquis Guido, will not endure the test of a critical enquiry: but I am disposed to embrace the general opinion of Leibnitz and Muratori, and to believe with them, that the families of Este and Brunswick are descended from a younger branch of the house of Tuscany. A charter commemorates the name of Boniface, son of Adalbert I., and brother of Adalbert II.; his existence is certain; his marriage probable; and, according to the custom of nations, the respectable name of a grandfather and uncle would be naturally repeated in the person of his son. In the last years of the ninth century, we may fix the birth of Adalbert III. who will stand, in the corresponding degree, as the first cousin to the Marquis Guido: the order of nature will be restored, and in the succeeding generation a sufficient space will be left for the growth and maturity of Otbert I. By this early separation from the original stem, we avoid the more scandalous vices of Berta and Marozia. The silence of Liutprand will no longer surprise or embarrass the critic: Boniface and his son Adalbert the Third were neither the sovereigns nor the heirs of Tuscany: their private fortunes were less splendid and more secure than those of the marquises, their elder kinsmen; and their names not conspi-

nuous, perhaps, by crimes or virtues, might escape the memory or the pen of the general historian. As the objections diminish, the presumptive proofs of a connexion between the houses of Tuscany and Este leave a deeper impression on the mind. The repetition of the name of Adalbert has already been noticed as a family feature. In the kingdom, the name of Adalbert was less rare, however, than the title of marquis, of such recent use and such local application, but which was uniformly used from the tenth to the fifteenth century, as their hereditary and proper style, by the princes of Este. The military governors, who commanded on the Alpine or Greek limits, do not suggest any traces of conformity; and our ignorance of the province which was ruled by Adalbert III., and his immediate descendants, will be tempted to believe, that the vague appellation of marquis, which was common to all, might be cherished by their vanity, as a perpetual attribute and memorial of the long-lost dominion of Tuscany. But the circumstance of the clearest and most substantial presumption arises from the rent-roll of their ancient estates, which were spread over the heart of Tuscany, the counties of Lucca and Luni, and even the Isle of Corsica, a remote dependence of the government of Boniface II. Tradition has preserved the name and limits of the Terra Obertenga, so often cited in old charters as the lands of the Marquis Otbert I.; and if he received them from his father, it will not be difficult to suppose that they were originally granted to Boniface III., as the portion or patrimony of a younger brother. The perfect and easy coalition of the marquises of Tuscany and Este is resisted only by a single obstacle; and the resistance is less insuperable than it may appear at the first glance: the former adhered to the law and nation of the Bavarians, whilst the nation and law of the Lombards was professed by the latter. But we must not forget, that in the barbaric jurisprudence of Europe, a national character might be either conveyed by descent or adopted by choice; and that each family, each individual, might select and renounce the name and institutions of these political sects. The Bavarians, a minute colony, were almost invisible in the mighty kingdom of the Lombards: their decreasing numbers could not secure a regular supply of judges and witnesses: an Italian prince would be desirous of obliterating the remembrance of his foreign origin, and the smaller rivulets were gradually lost in the master-stream. Such a change of law and nation is agreeable to reason and practice; but in this particular instance, it may not be presumed, it cannot be proved; and the objection must be allowed to counterbalance some grains of probability in the opposite scale.

SECTION II.

A judicious critic may approve the Tuscan descent of the families of Este and Brunswick; but a sincere historian will pronounce, that the Marquis Adalbert is their first unquestionable ancestor; that he flourished in Lombardy or Tuscany in the beginning of the tenth century; that his character and actions are buried in oblivion; and

that his name and title alone can be placed at the head of an illustrious pedigree.

This pedigree is animated by his son the Marquis Otbert I., and his life is connected with the revolutions of Italy. If the records of the times were more numerous, they might confirm the probability of his descent from the marquises of Tuscany, since the earliest date of his name and honours coincides with the fall of their oppressors, and the first year, or even month of a new reign. The tyrant Hugh had fled beyond the Alps, loaded with the curses and treasures of the Italians: his son Lothaire, a feeble youth, had passed away like a shadow, and after a vacancy of twenty-four days, the Marquis Berengarius, grandson to the emperor of the same name, was exalted to the throne. A grant of four castles was made to the Bishop of Modena; and in the original deed of gift the new monarch is pleased to declare, that the advice and request of his trusty and well-beloved the Marquis Otbert had moved him to this act of liberality or devotion. His power at court may be ascribed to the recent merits of the election; and the advocate on the behalf of others would not be mute or unsuccessful in his own cause. Of the favours which he received, or of the services which he performed, I am alike ignorant; but at the end of nine years, the counsellor and favourite of Berengarius was transformed into a fugitive and a rebel, who escaped to the Saxon court, inflamed the ambition of Otho, and soon returned with an army of Germans, to dethrone a sovereign, perhaps a benefactor, of his own choice. His conduct appears, at the first glance, to be tainted with ingratitude and treason; and his guilt may be aggravated by the reflection, that he imposed a foreign yoke on his country, and prepared the long calamities of tyranny and faction. At the distance of eight centuries, I shall not vindicate the pure and rigid patriotism of the father of the house of Brunswick. According to the experience of human nature, we may calculate a hundred, nay a thousand chances, against the public virtues of a statesman: the marquis viewed the king of Italy, first as an equal, and afterwards as an enemy; and in the loose governments of the feudal system, the duties of allegiance were proudly violated by the members of an armed and lawless aristocracy.

Yet our imperfect view of the history of the times will afford some apology, and may allow some praise for the flight and rebellion of the Marquis Otbert. 1. The patriot who, in the cause of political freedom, is false to gratitude and honour, offends against the natural feelings of mankind; but if those feelings are violated by a tyrant, they applaud the sword of the rebel, or even the dagger of the conspirator. Berengarius was a bad subject, and a worse prince: and the most opposite vices were reconciled in the dissolute and flagitious character of his wife Villa. From the revenge or justice of his predecessor, he had been saved by the blind humanity of Lothaire, the son of Hugh, who cherished the faithless enemy of his crown and life. His suspicious death was followed by the persecution of his widow Adelais, the sister of the King of Burgundy. At the age of eighteen a beautiful and innocent princess was stripped of her

land, her jewels, and her apparel, exposed to the brutal repetition of blows and insults, and cast into a subterraneous dungeon, where she endured, above four months, the last extremities of distress and hunger. A pleasing and pathetic tale might be formed of her miraculous escape with a damsel and a priest; of their concealment among the rushes of the Lake Benacus, where they were supported many days by the charity of a fisherman; and of her rescue by a generous knight, who conducted the princess to his impregnable fortress of Canossa, and defied the vengeance of the King of Italy. The romance would conclude with the arrival of a victorious lover, a royal deliverer: the nuptials of Otho and Adelais were celebrated at Pavia, and her singular adventures were a prelude to the future glories of the empress and the saint. The arms of Otho had been seconded by the revolt of the Italians; but in this revolt the name of Otbert is not mentioned; and we should rather excuse than admire the patient loyalty of the marquis. Before he renounced his obedience and gratitude, the unrepenting tyrant had accomplished the measure of his sins; the church and state, the rich and the poor, were the indiscriminate victims of the cruelty and avarice of Berengarius. 2. In his first victorious expedition, the prudence or magnanimity of Otho had declined the rigour of absolute conquest, and was content to be styled the protector of an injured nation. A prostrate enemy was spared and forgiven: after waiting three days before the palace gates, Berengarius was admitted to the royal presence, and the golden sceptre of the kingdom of Italy was again delivered to his hands. But he pronounced an oath of fidelity, a solemn engagement, that he would be ready, in council and in the field, to obey the commands of his sovereign, and that he would govern his people with more equity and mildness than he had hitherto displayed. By this unequal treaty, the right of Otho was established, to judge and punish the crimes of his feudatory: the Marquis Otbert is no longer a rebel, who solicits the aid of a foreign prince, and all the vassals of Italy might lawfully appeal from their immediate to their supreme lord. 3. The appeal was urged by the most respectable deputies of the church and state, and their voice was the voice of the kingdom of Italy. The Roman pontiff dispatched his apostolical legates to complain of the temporal and spiritual wrongs which St. Peter and St. Paul had long suffered from the tyranny of Berengarius. An archbishop of Milan stood before the King of Germany, to deliver the sentiments of the oppressed clergy. The *illustrious* Marquis Otbert (I copy the words of the historian) spoke in the name and in the cause of his peers; and the powers of these ambassadors were ratified by the secret letters and messengers of almost all the counts and bishops of Italy. 4. In the second, as in the first expedition, Otho yielded to the call of justice and freedom: but in the passes of the Trentine Alps, his march was stopped a day and a night by the seeming opposition of sixty thousand Italians. The suspicions of Berengarius had been appeased by their ready obedience to his summons; and in this martial assembly they were the masters of the throne and the representatives

of the people. A temperate negotiation was, however, proposed: the timely abdication of the father might have softened their hatred; and they had consented to acquiesce under the government of his son Adalbert. The obstinate despair of the old king provoked them to abjure his name and family: they sheathed their swords, and opened their gates; a hundred banners waved round the royal standard of Saxony: the deliverer was saluted King of Italy, and he received the *iron crown* in the cathedral of Milan. The pope confirmed the revolution; and after a vacancy of twenty-eight years, the title of Emperor of the Romans was revived in the person of Otho the Great. 5. The benefits or mischiefs which might arise from the union of Italy and Germany could be decided only by experience; nor could the foresight of the Marquis Otbert anticipate the experience of three hundred years. It was enough for a mortal statesman to obey the wishes, and consult the happiness, of the present generation, by placing in the hands of wisdom and power the sceptre of the Italian kingdom.

In one of the annual odes which still adorn or disgrace the birth-days of our British king, the laureate, with some degree of courtly, and even poetic art, has introduced the founder of the Brunswick race:

> "When Otbert left the Italian plain,
> And soft Ateste's green domain,
> Attendant on imperial sway,
> Where Fame and Otho led the way,
> The genius of the Julian Hills,
> (Whose piny summits nod with snow,
> Whose Naiads pour their thousand rills
> To swell th' exulting Po,)
> An eager look prophetic cast,
> And hail'd the hero as he pass'd."

By a lofty prediction of fame and empire, this benevolent genius exalts the courage of the hero, and displays the future greatness of his posterity, from the nuptials of Azo to the succession of British kings:

> "Proceed. Rejoice. Descend the vale,
> And bid the future monarchs hail!
> Hail, all hail, the hero cried,
> And Echo, on her airy tide,
> Pursued him, murmuring, down the mountain's side."

I shall not presume to enquire whether such distinct and distant views of futurity may not surpass the prescience of a mountain god: but I am compelled to vindicate my own accuracy, by observing some geographical and historical errors of the mortal bard. The possessions of Otbert were not situated in the Venetian plain, but among the mountains of Tuscany; and we shall soon discover, that the green domain of Este, or Ateste, was acquired by the marriage of his grandson. In his attendance, "where Fame and Otho led the way," he would have passed, not the Julian, but the Rhætian Alps; he must have followed the high road of Verona and Trent, the great and customary passage between Italy and Germany. The name of the Julian Alps is confined to a low range of hills, soon bounded by the north-eastern extremity of the Adriatic, and which opposed, in

the tenth century, a feeble barrier to the inroads of the wild Hungarians. The streams which issue from those hills are lost in the sea, or intercepted by the neighbouring rivers; and of their thousand rills, not a drop can be mingled with the waters of the Po. Even the motive and the date of the passage of Otbert are wantonly corrupted. The patriot, entrusted with the cause of Italy, is degraded into an adventurer, who seeks his fortune in the emperor's service; and he bids an everlasting farewell to the country which he was most impatient to revisit and deliver. The poet may deviate from the truth of history, but every deviation ought to be compensated by the superior beauties of fancy and fiction.

Among the followers of his triumphal car, the servants of his fortune, Otho could distinguish the patriot fugitives who had risked their lives and estates to assert his rights, and the freedom of Italy. The most illustrious of these, the Marquis Otbert, was rewarded with riches and honours; and there is some reason to believe that his vague title was applied to the province of Liguria, which, according to the Roman geography, includes the cities of Milan and Genoa. But the descendant of Adalbert I. might advance an equitable, though not a legal claim, to the duchy of Tuscany: and some suspicion will taint the pedigree of a favourite, who neglects to ask, or fails to obtain, the restitution of a patrimonial dignity. Our surprise will be increased and removed by the discovery of the same fact. Hugh, King of Italy, had granted the Tuscan duchy, first to his brother, and then to his bastard; it was inherited by the son of that bastard; and succeeding monarchs, the tyrant Berengarius and the German Otho, respected the possessions of these fallen and unpopular princes. So strange an indulgence must have been founded on some secret but powerful motives; and the same motive, could it now be revealed, might explain either the modest indifference, or the unavailing request, of Otbert himself. But the Marquis (shall I say?) of Liguria was invested with an office far more worthy of his abilities, and far more expressive of the royal confidence. The count of the sacred palace was the prime minister of the kingdom of Italy; and it was observed, in classic style, that the dukes, the marquises, and the counts submitted to the pre-eminence of his consular fasces. In an age, when every magistrate was a noble, and every noble was a soldier, the count palatine often assumed the command of armies; but in his proper station, he represented the judicial character of the emperor, and pronounced a definitive sentence, as the judge of all civil and criminal appeals. The city of Pavia and the castle of Lomello were his ordinary residence; but he visited the provinces in frequent circuits, and all local or subordinate jurisdiction was suspended in his presence. This important office was exercised above twelve years by the Marquis Otbert: the public acts, the few that have escaped, announce the proceedings of his tribunal at Lucca, Verona, &c.; and he continued to deserve and enjoy the favour of the emperor. If, in the decline of life, the lassitude of camps and courts had tempted him to seek a cool and independent solitude, I should praise the temper of

the philosopher; but the firmest minds are enslaved by the prejudices of the times, and the retreat of Otbert was inspired by the basest superstition. Under the monastic habit, in a Benedictine abbey which he had richly endowed, the marquis laboured to expiate the sins of his secular life. Pride and ambition are the vices of the world: humility is the first virtue of a monk; and the descendant of princes, the favourite of kings, the judge of nations, was conspicuous among his brethren in the daily labour of collecting and feeding the hogs of the monastery. His sanctity was applauded; but if he listened to that applause, the penitent was entangled in a more subtle snare of the demon of vanity.

After the resignation of the count palatine, his office was given to favour or merit; but his patrimonial estates were inherited by the Marquis Otbert, who can only be distinguished by the epithet of the Second, from the similar name and title of his father. The life of the second Otbert was tranquil or obscure: he was rich in lands, in vassals, and in four valiant sons, Azo, Hugh, Adalbert, and Guido: but their valour embittered his old age, and involved the family in treason and disgrace. The reigns of the three Othos, a period of forty years, had been a transient season of prosperity and peace. But on the failure of their direct line, the Germans maintained their right of conquest, the Italians revived the claim of independence, and both were ambitious and resolute to establish a king of their own nation and choice. The princes and lords of Italy were all of barbaric origin; but as it happens, in the progress of nobility, the strangers of the second were despised by those of the third or fourth generation: and the old settlers, who could boast some ages of usurpation, esteemed themselves the ancient natives, the true proprietors of the soil. In the hostile diets of Mentz and Pavia, two hostile kings were elected, Henry the Saxon, and Arduin the Lombard: and they disputed the iron crown in a civil, or rather a social war, of ten years. The German invaders were long checked, and sometimes defeated, in the passes of the Alps: but their strength and numbers finally prevailed. The fortunate Henry obtained the title of emperor, and afterwards of saint; Arduin was degraded and saved by the monastic habit: and his adherents were pardoned or punished, according to the measure of their guilt or power. Among these adherents, the first to erect the standard, and the last to bow the knee, were the Marquis Otbert II., his four sons, and his grandson, Azo II., the immediate founder of the lines of Brunswick and Este. The distance of their field of battle may prove the extent of their influence, and the obstinacy of their struggle; they made a vigorous stand in the neighbourhood of Pavia, they raised a dangerous insurrection at Rome, and they were vanquished and made prisoners in the plains of Apulia. A judicial act recites their crimes, and pronounces their condemnation. The six marquises were convicted, by the law of the Lombards, of conspiring against the king's life: and such conspiracy was punished, according to the same law, with confiscation and death. The collateral offences, murder, rapine, and sacrilege, are the inevitable consequences of civil war: but the

violation of some oath which had been extorted in the hour of distress, exposed them to the more ignominious reproach of treason and perjury. Yet their lives were spared by the clemency of the pious emperor: the portion of their lands which had been dedicated to pious uses, he could not restore; but he generously forgave the ample forfeiture which had devolved to the state: and when they resumed their seats in the assembly of the peers, they professed themselves the grateful and loyal servants of their benefactor.

But as the Saxon Henry left neither children nor kinsmen to inherit their obedience and gratitude, the sons of Otbert II. used or abused their freedom, and again opposed the election of Conrad the First, emperor of the Franconian line. In the hope of foreign aid they offered the iron crown, and promised the Roman empire, to Robert, King of France; and the Marquis Hugo, the second brother, was entrusted with this important embassy: but the son of Hugh Capet was of an inactive temper; his new kingdom was unsettled, and with his approbation, the Italian deputies transferred their offer to William of Aquitaine, a vassal not less powerful than his sovereign. The Duke of Aquitaine behaved on this momentous occasion with a just temperance of courage and discretion. He accepted the crown for his family, protesting that under his reign Italy should enjoy such days as she had never known. His foremost troops were dispatched beyond the Alps, and he visited Rome under the pretence of a pilgrimage. But on a nearer prospect of the scene, the Duke of Aquitaine was satisfied that he could neither encounter his antagonist, nor confide in his party. The temporal peers were inclined to his cause, but the Archbishop of Milan, and the most important prelates, had been promoted by the house of Saxony; they were steady to the German interest; and William rejected the sole effectual measure, that of filling their vacant seats with his own ecclesiastics. He prudently withdrew from the unequal and ruinous contest. In a farewell epistle, he acknowledges the truth and constancy of *one* Italian lord, and this singular expression involves the sons of Otbert in the national reproach of levity or falsehood. During his embassy in France, the Marquis Hugo had been pressed by the monks of Tours to restore some abbey lands which he had usurped in the neighbourhood of Milan. At the distance of six hundred years and six hundred miles, that superstitious rebel was subdued by the apprehension of the vengeance of St. Martin.

By such exploits the memory, or at least the names, of the four sons of Otbert II. has been preserved from oblivion. Azo I., the eldest brother, propagated the race; and by his marriage with the niece of Hugo, Marquis of Tuscany, that chief acquired a rich patrimony, and a commanding influence in the Venetian province. The character of Hugo, his power, and his long reign, has given him a respectable place among the princes of the times: but the title of *Great*, the title of Alexander, Pompey, and Charlemagne, becomes ridiculous when it is necessary to ask, and difficult to find, the reason of the appellation. From the upper to the lower sea, his com-

mand extended over the middle regions of Italy: with the right he grasped the duchy of Tuscany, with the left that of Spoleto; till on the voluntary or compulsive resignation of the latter, he contracted his domain within the limits of hereditary sway. In the exercise of arms Hugo was strong and fortunate, and in the siege and chastisement of Capua he appeared with dignity as the minister of imperial justice; but the same sword might be turned against his sovereign; and Otho III. is said to have betrayed a secret satisfaction when death delivered him from so formidable a vassal. Far different were the feelings of the clergy and people of Tuscany. The former bewailed an humble votary and a liberal benefactor; a convent at Florence, in which his tomb has been long shown, is one of the seven monasteries which he richly endowed with lands, slaves, and gold and silver plate, for the service of the altar. In the opinion of the age these virtues were more pleasing in the eye of the Deity, than the justice and humanity which he displayed in his temporal administration. The Marquis of Tuscany loved praise, and hated flattery: a nice touchstone which discriminates vanity from the love of fame. In the chase, on a march, he often rode away from his attendants; visited the cottages; conversed with the peasants and passengers, to whom his person was unknown, questioning them freely concerning the character and government of their prince; and enjoyed the sincere and simple effusions of their gratitude and veneration. The birth of Hugo may at once be styled base and illustrious; since he was the doubtful offspring of the bastard son of the king of Italy of the same name; but his life was deemed of such importance to mankind, that the knowledge of its approaching term was communicated from heaven to earth by a special revelation. After his decease, the duchy of Tuscany was delegated to a stranger; but a female might succeed to his private estates; and his sister had married Peter Candianus, the fourth doge or duke of Venice, of his name and family. In that early period of the republic the magistrates were arbitrary and feeble, and the elective dukes were alternately the tyrants and victims of a tumultuous democracy. By this connexion with the Tuscan marquis, the pride of Candianus was elated: he assumed the manners of a feudal lord, levied a body of Italians, and insulted a free city with the arms and licentiousness of his mercenary guard. A furious multitude encompassed his palace: the gates and the soldiers resisted their assault: they fired the adjacent houses, and in the attempt to escape, the duke and his infant son were transpierced with a thousand wounds. Such scenes were then frequent at Venice: they may reconcile our minds to the silent and rigid order of the modern aristocracy. The duties of the widow of Peter Candianus were to revenge a husband, and to educate a daughter of the same name as her own. The daughter, Valdrada, became the wife of the Marquis Albert-Azo the First; and it is apparent from the date of the birth of their eldest son, Albert-Azo II., that these nuptials were consummated in the lifetime, and approved by the consent, of a wealthy and childless uncle, who could only hope to live in the posterity of his niece.

The north-eastern region of Italy, which began to be vivified by the rising industry and splendour of Venice, extends from the shores of the Adriatic to the foot of the Alps. Had experience confirmed the prolific virtues of the climate; did the Venetian hens lay one or two eggs every day; did the ewes drop their lambs twice or thrice in a year; were the women delivered of two or three infants at a birth, the land must soon have been overstocked and exhausted. After translating the Greek fables into simple truth, we shall still acknowledge one of the most pleasant and plentiful regions of Italy, a soil productive of grass, corn, and vines, a generous breed of horses, and innumerable flocks of sheep, more precious by the fineness of their wool. Padua, the first of the fifty cities of Venetia, had been so often trampled by the passage of the barbarians, that few vestiges remained of the ancient splendour, which, in the tide of human affairs, she afterwards recovered and surpassed. Fifteen miles to the south of Padua, Albert-Azo the First fixed his permanent and principal seat, in the castle and town of Ateste, or *Este*, formerly a Roman colony of some note: and by a harmless anticipation we may apply to his descendants the title of Marquis of Este; which they did not, however, assume till the end of the twelfth century. From Este their new estates, the inheritance of Hugo the Great, extended to the Adige, the Po, and the Mincius. Their farms and cattle were scattered over the plain: many of the heights, Montagnana, Monselice, &c. were occupied by their forts and garrisons; and they possessed a valuable tract of marsh land, the island (as it may be styled) of Rovigo, which almost reaches to the gates of Ferrara. The first step in the emigrations of the family was from the neighbourhood of the Tuscan, to that of the Adriatic Sea.

The name and character of the Marquis Albert-Azo the Second, shine conspicuous through the gloom of the eleventh century. The most remarkable features in the portrait are, 1. His Ligurian marquisate, 2. His riches, 3. His long life, 4. His marriages, 5. His rank of nobility in the public opinion. The glory of his descendants is reflected on the founder; and Azo II. claims our attention as the stem of the two great branches of the pedigree; as the common father of the Italian and German princes of the kindred lines of Este and Brunswick.

1. The fair conjecture that the two Otberts, the father and son, commanded at Milan and Genoa with the title and office of marquis, acquires a new degree of probability for Azo I., and ascends to the level of historic truth in the person of Azo II. Before the middle of the eleventh century the ruins of Genoa had been restored; its active inhabitants excelled in the arts of navigation and trade: their arms had been felt on the African coast, and their credit was established in the ports of Egypt and Greece. Their riches increased with their industry, and their liberty with their riches. Yet they continued to obey, or at least revere, the majesty of the emperors. In an act, as it should seem of the year 1048, the Marquis Albert-Azo presides at Genoa in a court of justice, and his assessors, the magistrates of the city, are proud to style themselves the con-

suls and judges of the sacred palace. The royal dignity of Pavia was gradually eclipsed by the wealth and populousness of Milan, the first of the Italian cities that dared to erect the standard of independence. The government of Milan was divided between the two representatives of St. Ambrose and of Cæsar. The veneration of the flock for the shepherd was fortified by the temporal state and privileges of the archbishop, and his annual revenue of fourscore thousand pieces of gold supplied an ample fund for benevolence or luxury. The civil and military powers were exercised by the duke or marquis of Milan (for these titles were promiscuously used), and the voice of tradition is clear and positive that this hereditary office was vested in the ancestors of the house of Este. Some of the prerogatives which they assumed are expressive of the rigour of the feudal system: they were the heirs of all who died childless and intestate, and a fine was paid on the birth of each infant who defeated their claim: their officers levied a tax on the markets, and their minute inquisition exacted the first loaf of bread from each oven, and the first log of wood from every cart-load that entered the gates. Yet an old historian, more forcibly affected with the calamities of his own days, deplores the long felicity of their golden age, which had been equally praised by the blessings of the feeble and the curses of the strong. They drew their swords for the service of the prince and people, but their reign was distinguished by long intervals of prosperity and peace. The distant possessions and various avocations of the duke or marquis often diverted him from the exercise of this municipal trust: his powers were devolved on the viscounts and captains of Milan; these subordinate tyrants formed an alliance, or rather conspiracy, with the *valvassors*, or nobles of the first class; and the people was afflicted by the discord or the union of a lawless oligarchy. A private insult exasperated the patience of the plebeians: they rose in arms, and their numbers and fury prevailed in the bloody contest. The captains and nobles retired; but they retired with a spirit of revenge; collected their vassals and peasants of the adjacent country; encompassed the city with a circumvallation of six fortresses, and in a siege or blockade of three years reduced the inhabitants to the last extremes of famine and distress. By the interposition of the emperor and the archbishop the peace of Milan was restored: the factions were reconciled; they wisely refused a garrison of four thousand Germans; but they acquiesced in the civil government of the empire. The marquis again ascended his tribunal, and that marquis is Albert-Azo the Second. A judicial act of the year 1045 attests his title and jurisdiction; and as the representative of the emperor, he imposes a fine of a thousand pieces of gold. The progress of Italian liberty reduced his office to the empty name of Marquis of Liguria, and such he is styled by the historians of the age. In the next century, his grandson, Obizo I., is invested by the Emperor Frederic I. with the honours of marquis of Milan and Genoa, as his grandfather Azo held them of the empire; but this splendid grant commemorates the dignity, without reviving the power, of the house of Este.

2. Like one of his Tuscan ancestors, Azo the Second was distinguished among the princes of Italy by the epithet of the *Rich*. The particulars of his rent-roll cannot now be ascertained: an occasional, though authentic deed of investiture, enumerates eighty-three fiefs or manors which he held of the empire in Lombardy and Tuscany, from the marquisate of Este to the county of Luni: but to these possessions must be added the lands which he enjoyed as the vassal of the church, the ancient patrimony of Otbert (the Terra Obertenga) in the counties of Arezzo, Pisa, and Lucca, and the marriage portion of his first wife, which, according to the various readings of the manuscripts, may be computed either at twenty or two hundred thousand English acres. If such a mass of landed property were now accumulated on the head of an Italian nobleman, the annual revenue might satisfy the largest demands of private luxury or avarice, and the fortunate owner would be rich in the improvement of agriculture, the manufactures of industry, the refinement of taste, and the extent of commerce. But the barbarism of the eleventh century diminished the income, and aggravated the expense, of the Marquis of Este. In a long series of war and anarchy, man and the works of man had been swept away; and the introduction of each ferocious and idle stranger had been overbalanced by the loss of five or six perhaps of the peaceful industrious natives. The mischievous growth of vegetation, the frequent inundations of the rivers, were no longer checked by the vigilance of labour; the face of the country was again covered with forests and morasses; of the vast domains which acknowledged Azo for their lord, the far greater part was abandoned to the wild beasts of the field, and a much smaller portion was reduced to the state of constant and productive husbandry. An adequate rent may be obtained from the skill and substance of a free tenant, who fertilises a grateful soil, and enjoys the security and benefit of a long lease. But faint is the hope, and scanty is the produce, of those harvests, which are raised by the reluctant toil of peasants and slaves, condemned to a bare subsistence, and careless of the interests of a rapacious master. If his granaries are full, his purse is empty; and the want of cities or commerce, the difficulty of finding or reaching a market, obliges him to consume on the spot a part of his useless stock, which cannot be exchanged for merchandise or money. The member of a well regulated society is defended from private wrongs by the laws, and from public injury by the arms of the state; and the tax which he pays is a just equivalent for the protection which he receives. But the guard of his life, his honour, and his fortune, was abandoned to the private sword of a feudal chief; and if his own temper had been inclined to moderation and patience, the public contempt would have roused him to deeds of violence and revenge. The entertainment of his vassal and soldiers, their pay and rewards, their arms and horses, surpassed the measure of the most oppressive tribute, and the destruction which he inflicted on his neighbours was often retaliated on his own lands. The costly elegance of palaces and gardens was superseded by the laborious and expensive construction

of strong castles, on the summits of the most inaccessible rocks: and some of these, like the fortress of Canossa in the Apennine, were built and provided to sustain a three years' siege against a royal army. But his defence in this world was less burthensome to a wealthy lord than his salvation in the next: the demands of his chapel, his priests, his alms, his offerings, his pilgrimages, were incessantly renewed; the monastery chosen for his sepulchre was endowed with his fairest possessions, and the naked heir might often complain that his father's sins had been redeemed at too high a price. The Marquis Azo was not exempted from the contagion of the times: his devotion was amused and inflamed by the frequent miracles which were performed in his presence; and the monks of Vangadizza, who yielded to his request the arm of a dead saint, were ignorant of the value of that inestimable jewel. After satisfying the demands of war and superstition, he might appropriate the rest of his revenue to use and pleasure. But the Italians of the eleventh century were imperfectly skilled in the liberal and mechanic arts: the objects of foreign luxury were furnished at an exorbitant price by the merchants of Pisa and Venice; and the superfluous wealth which could not purchase the real comforts of life, was idly wasted on some rare occasions of vanity and pomp. Such were the nuptials of Boniface, Duke or Marquis of Tuscany, whose family was long afterwards united with that of Azo, by the marriage of their children. These nuptials were celebrated on the banks of the Mincius, which the fancy of Virgil has decorated with a more beautiful picture. The princes and people of Italy were invited to the feasts, which continued three months: the fertile meadows, which are intersected by the slow and winding course of the river, were covered with innumerable tents, and the bridegroom displayed and diversified the scenes of his proud and tasteless magnificence. All the utensils of service were of silver, and his horses were shod with plates of the same metal, loosely nailed and carelessly dropped, to indicate his contempt of riches. An image of plenty and profusion was expressed in the banquet: the most delicious wines were drawn in buckets from the well; and the spices of the East were ground in water-mills, like common flour. The dramatic and musical arts were in the rudest state; but the marquis had summoned the most popular singers, harpers, and buffoons, to exercise their talents on this splendid theatre. Their exhibitions were applauded, and they applauded the liberality of their patron. After this festival, I might remark a singular gift of this same Boniface to the Emperor Henry III., a chariot and oxen of solid silver, which were designed only as a vehicle for a hogshead of vinegar. If such an example should seem above the imitation of Azo himself, the Marquis of Este was at least superior in wealth and dignity to the vassals of his compeer. One of these vassals, the Viscount of Mantua, presented the German monarch with one hundred falcons, and one hundred bay horses, a grateful contribution to the pleasures of a royal sportsman. In that age, the proud distinction between the nobles and *princes* of Italy was guarded with

jealous ceremony: the Viscount of Mantua had never been seated at the table of his immediate lord: he yielded to the invitation of the emperor; and a stag's skin filled with pieces of gold, was graciously accepted by the Marquis of Tuscany as the fine of his presumption.

3. The temporal felicity of Azo was crowned by the long possession of honours and riches: he died in the year 1097, aged upwards of an hundred years; and the term of his mortal existence was almost commensurate with the lapse of the eleventh century. The character, as well as the situation of the Marquis of Este, rendered him an actor in the revolutions of that memorable period: but time has cast a veil over the virtues and vices of the man, and I must be content to mark some of the eras, the mile-stones of his life, which measure the extent and intervals of the vacant way. Albert-Azo the Second was no more than seventeen when he first drew the sword of rebellion or patriotism, when he was involved with his grand-father, his father, and his three uncles, in a common proscription. In the vigour of manhood, about his fiftieth year, the Ligurian marquis governed the cities of Milan and Genoa, as the minister of imperial authority. He was upwards of seventy when he passed the Alps to vindicate the inheritance of Maine for the children of his second marriage. He became the friend and servant of Gregory VII., and in one of his epistles, that ambitious pontiff recommends the Marquis Azo as the most faithful and best beloved of the Italian princes, as the proper channel through which a king of Hungary might convey his petitions to the apostolic throne. In the mighty contest between the crown and the mitre, the Marquis Azo and the Countess Matilda led the powers of Italy, and when the standard of St. Peter was displayed, neither the age of the one, nor the sex of the other, could detain them from the field. With these two affectionate clients the pope maintained his station in the fortress of Canossa, while the emperor, barefoot on the frozen ground, fasted and prayed three days at the foot of the rock: they were witnesses to the abject ceremony of the penance and pardon of Henry IV.; and in the triumph of the church, a patriot might foresee the deliverance of Italy from the German yoke. At the time of this event the Marquis of Este was above fourscore; but in the twenty following years he was still alive and active amidst the revolutions of peace and war. The last act which he subscribed is dated above a century after his birth; and in that act the venerable chief possesses the command of his faculties, his family, and his fortune. In this rare prerogative of longevity Albert-Azo II. stands alone; nor can I recollect in the *authentic* annals of mortality a single example of a king or prince, of a statesman or general, of a philosopher or poet, whose life has been extended beyond the period of an hundred years. Nor should this observation, which is justified by universal experience, be thought either strange or surprising. It has been found, that of twenty-four thousand new-born infants, seven only will survive to attain that distant term; and much smaller is the proportion of those who will be raised by fortune or genius, to govern or afflict or enlighten their age or country. The chance that the same individual

should draw the two great prizes in the lottery of life, will not easily be defined by the powers of calculation. Three approximations, which will not hastily be matched, have distinguished the present century, Aurungzebe, Cardinal Fleury, and Fontenelle. Had a fortnight more been given to the philosopher, he might have celebrated his secular festival; but the lives and labours of the Mogul king and the French minister were terminated before they had accomplished their ninetieth year. A strong constitution may be the gift of Nature: but the few who survive their contemporaries must have been superior to the passions and appetites which urge the speedy decay and dissolution of the mind and body. The Marquis of Este may be presumed, from his riches and longevity, to have understood the economy of health and fortune.

4. I remember a Persian tale of three old men, who were successively questioned by a traveller as he met them on the road. The youngest brother, under the load of a wife and a numerous family, was sinking into the grave before his time. The second, though much older, was far less infirm and decrepit: he had been left a widower and without children. But the last and eldest of the three brothers still preserved, at an incredible age, the vigour and vivacity of the autumnal season: he had always preferred a life of celibacy. The enjoyment of domestic freedom could not, however, contribute to the longevity of the Marquis Azo; he married three wives: he educated three sons; and it is doubtful whether chance or prudence delayed his first nuptials till he had at least accomplished the fortieth year of his age. These nuptials were contracted with Cuniza, or Cunegonda, a German maid, whose ancestors, for their nobility and riches, were distinguished among the Swabian and Bavarian chiefs; whose brother was invested by the Emperor Henry III. with the duchy of Carinthia, and the marquisate of Verona, on the confines of the Venetian possessions of the house of Este. The marriage of Azo and Cunegonda was productive of a son, who received at his baptism the name of GUELPH, to revive and perpetuate the memory of his uncle, his grandfather, and his first progenitors on the maternal side. I have already defined the ample domain which was given as a marriage-portion to the daughter of the Guelphs: but on the failure of heirs male, her fortunate son inherited the patrimonial estates of the family, obtained the dukedom of Bavaria, and became the founder of the eldest or German branch of the house of Este, from which the dukes of Brunswick, the electors of Hanover, and the kings of Great Britain are lineally descended. After the decease of Cunegonda, who must have departed this life in the flower of her age, the Marquis of Este solicited a second alliance beyond the Alps: but his delicacy no longer insisted on the choice of a virgin; the widower was contented with a widow; and he excused the ambiguous stain which might adhere to his bride by a divorce from her first husband. Her name was Garsenda, the daughter, and at length the heiress, of the counts of Maine. She became the mother of two sons, Hugo and Fulk, and the youngest of these is the acknowledged parent of the dukes of Ferrara and Modena. The same liberal fortune which had crowned the offspring

of the first, seemed to attend the children of the second nuptials of the Marquis Azo: but *their* fortune was hollow and fallacious, and after the loss of their Gallic inheritance, the sons of Garsenda reluctantly acquiesced in some fragments of their Italian patrimony. Matilda, the third wife of Azo, was another widow of noble birth, since she was his own cousin in the fourth degree; but this consanguinity provoked the stern and impartial justice of Gregory VII. His friend was summoned to appear before a synod at Rome: the inflexible priest pronounced a sentence of divorce, and whatsoever idea may be formed of the marquis's vigour, at the age of seventy-eight, he might submit, without much effort, to the canons of the church. Besides his three sons, Azo had a daughter named Adelais, who was educated in the family of the Countess Matilda. But the damsel is only mentioned to attest the miraculous virtue of Anselm, Bishop of Lucca: she was relieved in the night from a violent fit of the cholic, by the local application of a pillow, on which the saint had formerly reposed his head.

5. A wealthy marquis of the eleventh century must have commanded a proud hereditary rank in civil society. In the judgment of the pope, the emperor, and the public, Albert-Azo was distinguished among the princes, and the first princes, of the kingdom of Italy. His double alliance in Germany and France may prove how much he was known and esteemed among foreign nations; and he strengthened his political importance by a domestic union with the conquerors of Apulia and Sicily. I shall not repeat the story of the Norman adventurers, nor shall I again delineate the character and exploits of Robert Guiscard, which, to the readers of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, are sufficiently familiar. But as Duke Robert had four daughters, the choice of his other three sons-in-law may serve as a test, a touchstone, of the comparative weight and value of the house of Este. Michael, Emperor of the Greeks, was the first name in the Christian world; Raymond, Count of Barcelona, was the independent sovereign of a warlike people; and the meanest of the three, a French baron of military renown, was the cousin of the kings of France and Jerusalem, the brother-in-law of the king of Navarre and Arragon. Such were three of the sons, by alliance, of the Norman conqueror, who had previously rejected a proposal for the eldest son of the emperor Henry IV.; the marriage of a fourth daughter will be most accurately represented in the words of the Apulian poet: "While the hero resided within the walls of the Trojan city, he received the visit of a certain noble Lombard marquis, accompanied by many nobles of his country. Azo was his name. The object of his journey was to request that the duke's daughter might be granted as a wife to Hugo, his *illustrious* son. The duke convened an assembly of his chiefs, and with their consent and advice, the daughter of Robert was delivered to the son of Azo. The nuptial rites were solemnised in due form, and the festival was celebrated with gifts and banquets. After the consummation of the marriage, the duke solicited his counts and powerful vassals to bestow a free gift, which might grace the

joyful departure of the bride and bridegroom, and he enforced his demand, by reminding them that no subsidy whatsoever had been given to her sister, the Greek empress. The demand of a tribute was entertained with a murmur of surprise and discontent; but all opposition was fruitless, and they presented their sovereign with mules and horses, and various offerings. He bestowed them on the husband of his daughter, with an addition from his own treasures: a fleet was prepared, and both the father and son were transported with great honour to their native shores." This evidence of a contemporary poet, or rather historian, who had no temptation to flatter the princes of Este, would alone be suffieient to establish the nobility and splendour of their family, the family of Brunswick, beyond the distant term of seven hundred years. If the Marquis Azo were the first of his race whose name and memory had been preserved, we might acquiesce in our ignorance, with a just persuasion of the dignity and power of his unknown ancestors. Of these illustrious ancestors, the zeal and diligence of Leibnitz and Muratori have discovered four probable, and four certain degrees. After the examination of their proofs, a scrupulous critic may suspect that in deriving the marquises of Este from those of Tuscany, "the ascent of reason has been aided by the wings of imagination;" but he must confess, that since the beginning of the tenth century, the series of generations flows in a clear and unbroken stream.

SECTION III.

The eldest of the three sons of the Marquis Azo, the fortunate Guelph, was transplanted from his native soil, to become the root of the German (and, in the fulness of time, of the British) line of the family of Este. By his two younger brothers, Hugo and Fulk, the Italian succession was propagated: but the race of Hugo expired in the second degree; the posterity of Fulk still survives in the twentieth generation. The ancestors of Guelph, on the father's and the mother's side, and the series of his descendants in Bavaria and Saxony, form the antiquities of the house of Brunswick, and the proper subject of this historical discourse: but our curiosity will naturally embrace the collateral branch of the princes of Este, Ferrara, and Modena, who have not been unworthy of their first progenitors, and more powerful kinsmen. Without confining myself to the rigid servitude of annals, without resting on every step of a long pedigree, I shall concisely display the most interesting scenes of their various fortunes.

As the right of female succession began to prevail in the feudal system of France, Garsenda, the second wife of Azo, might claim the duchy or county of Maine, which had been successively possessed by her father, her brother, and her nephew. Her pretensions were legitimate; but the heiress of Maine had been married into a distant land: her arms were feeble, her vassals factious, her neighbours unjust. William Duke of Normandy, a famous name, was tempted by the prospect of a fertile and adjacent territory: he muttered

some pretence of a gift or alliance; but ambition was his only motive, and his only title was superior strength. Four years the Cenomani, the people of Maine, reluctantly bowed under his iron sceptre; but after the forces of Normandy had been transported beyond the sea, they were encouraged by the absence, rather than awed by the success and glory, of the conqueror of England. They solicited the Marquis of Liguria to assert the rights of his wife and son. Azo listened to their call: after the expulsion or massacre of the Normans, the cities and castles were delivered into his hands, the bishop escaped to the English court, and his new subjects admired the riches and liberality of their deliverer. But in a short time the reign of a stranger became odious and contemptible to the haughty Franks: they discovered that his treasures were exhausted; he perceived that their faith was wavering; and Azo fondly imagined that all discontents would be appeased, and that all parties would be reconciled by his own departure. In the vain hope that the Cenomani would be attached to the daughter and the heir of their ancient princes, he left Garsenda and her infant Hugo under the care of a powerful baron, the guardian of his son, and the husband, as it were, of his wife. But this suspicious or scandalous connexion provoked the indignation of the people; the young prince was dismissed to Italy; Garsenda disappears; and the county of Maine was torn by domestic feuds, till the presence of the conqueror united his rebels in the calm of servitude. Azo still retained a bitter remembrance of his loss and disgrace; and his enemy the bishop, on a pilgrimage to Rome, was arrested by the revenge, and released by the piety, of the Ligurian marquis. The death of King William, and the discord of his sons, revived the spirit of the Cenomani, and their deputies invited the sons of Azo to resume the peaceful possession of their lawful inheritance. Hugo again passed the Alps; but the first acclamations again degenerated into the murmurs of the people and the anathemas of the clergy. The new count was destitute of every resource that could reward the service, engage the esteem, or enforce the obedience, of his turbulent vassals. The honour of his alliance with the daughter of Robert Guiscard had been soon obliterated by the shame and scandal of a divorce; his countrymen exposed him, with pleasure, to the toils and dangers of a transalpine reign; and the warlike natives of Gaul despised the effeminate manners of an Italian lord. His fears were increased, and his flight was hastened, by the artful eloquence of a rival, who insinuated that his mild and moderate temper was ill-formed to struggle with the furious passions of the barbarians. The son of Garsenda trembled at the approach or the sound of an hundred thousand Normans, sold his patrimony for a sum of ten thousand pounds, and escaped to Italy, where he soon lost a battle and an army, in the service of the Countess Matilda. A writer of the times, who has preserved the memory of this ignominious event, contrasts the treason or cowardice of the man with the nobility of his race. I must retract the assertion, that all the princes of Este have been

worthy of their name and ancestry: Hugo is an exception; but in the space of seven hundred years Hugo is a single exception.

After the decease of his father Azo, the star of the house of Este appears "shorn of its beams;" their riches and power are visibly diminished; and the *marquises* of that name no longer stand foremost in the revolutions of Italy. In the annals of the twelfth century their actions are seldom recorded: and as this oblivion coincides with the increasing light of history, we must seek the probable causes in the division of their property, and the ascendant of the municipal republics. 1. After the acquisition of the duchy, or rather kingdom, of Bavaria, Guelph, the son of Azo, might have generously waved the right of primogeniture, and resigned to his younger brothers the Italian estates of the family, as an equivalent for the loss of their Gallic inheritance. But such generosity is seldom found in the selfish conduct of princes or brothers: and instead of offering, or accepting, an equal and equitable partition, he claimed as his own the entire property of their common parent. If Guelph were an hypocrite, he might colour his avarice by a pious attachment to the relics of his fathers: and a demand, so repugnant to the maxims of natural justice, seems, however, to have been supported by the matrimonial contract of his mother Cunegonda, which had left no provision for the children of a second marriage. In that lawless age, a civil process was decided by the sword. Hugo and Fulk had the advantage of actual possession and personal influence, and the latter of these princes was the heir, the sole heir, of the courage of their ancestors: they armed their vassals, occupied the passes of the Alps, and opposed the descent of the Duke of Bavaria, though he was assisted by the allied powers of the Duke of Carinthia and the Patriarch of Aquileia. The sons of Garsenda yielded, at length, to the weight of numbers; but their resistance procured more favourable conditions. They preserved a rich domain, from the banks of the Mincius to the Adriatic sea; they resigned the ample estates of Lombardy and Tuscany to their elder kinsmen, the German Guelphs, and their supreme dominion was acknowledged by the marquises of Este, till the yoke was lightened and removed by time and distance, and the rapid downfall of Henry the Lion. The law of the Lombards, which was still professed in the Italian branch, disclaimed all right of primogeniture, and the portion of Hugo and Fulk was again divided into equal lots among their eight sons. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, these collateral lines were indeed united in the person of Azo VI., the great-grandson of Fulk; but he was far from uniting the whole inheritance of his ancestors. Many feudal possessions had devolved on the failure of heirs male to the superior lord: many allodial estates had been conveyed, by marriage, into strange families. Much wealth had been consumed, much land had been alienated, to supply the expense of luxury and war; and of all that had been consecrated to pious uses, not an atom could revert to the temporal successor. 2. As I am not writing the history of Italy, I shall not here attempt to delineate the

rise and progress of the republics, which revived in that country the spirit of popular freedom and commercial industry. Their revolt against the Cæsars of Germany was embraced as a national cause: in the successful war against Frederic Barbarossa, their independence was maintained by the authority of the church and the arms of the nobles; and among the nobles, the marquises of Este were still conspicuous in their decay. Obizo, the youngest but the last survivor of the five sons of Fulk, appeared at the congress of Venice (A.D. 1177) with a retinue of an hundred and eighty followers: he had been engaged in the league of Lombardy; and such was his patriotic guilt, that when the emperor had yielded every thing in the peace of Constance, the pardon of the Marquis Obizo (A.D. 1183) was one of the last acts of his clemency. As we may not suspect these feudal lords of any tender regard for the liberties of mankind, it may be fairly supposed that they acted from the passion or the interest of the moment, without discerning that they themselves would be trampled under the feet of the plebeian conquerors. Their pride was insulted, and their poverty was exposed, by the private and public luxury of trade: their subjects of the open country were encouraged to rebel, or tempted to desert; and as soon as the prejudice of rank had been dissolved, the scale of power was rudely weighed down by the last and most numerous class of society. Even the inhabitants of Este, his peculiar patrimony, presumed to dispute the jurisdiction of the marquis: and at the distance of fifteen miles, they found an example and a support in the populous city of Padua, which was able to levy an army, and to support a loss of eleven thousand of her sons. The institution of the university must have contributed to the wealth, and perhaps the improvement, of Padua: from the provinces of Italy, from the kingdoms of France, Spain, and England, many thousand students were annually attracted by the reputation of the various professors; and more than five hundred houses were requisite for the accommodation of the strangers. The lessons of the schools might serve only to perpetuate the reign of prejudice, but the inhabitants were enriched and enlightened by a familiar intercourse with the nations of Europe. In this city, the haughty ancestors of Obizo I. had erected their tribunal, as the lieutenants of the emperor: but Obizo himself was honoured by the choice of a free people, who elected him their podesta, or supreme magistrate. In the time of his great-grandson Aldobrandino, a dispute had arisen between the city of Padua and the Marquis of Este. The Paduans raised an army, summoned their allies of Vicenza, invaded his territory, besieged the castle of Este, battered the walls, and even the palace, with their military engines, and imposed the terms of a hard and humiliating capitulation. The marquis was reduced to adopt the name and obligations of a simple burgher, to swear that he would faithfully obey the laws and ordinances of the commons, and to reside some months or weeks of every year within the walls of a democracy, in which the lowest magistrate was his superior, and the poorest fellow-citizen his equal. The shame of this temporary submission could only be alleviated by the example of his equals: the

Patriarch of Aquileia, with two suffragan bishops, had solicited the honour of being admitted among the citizens of Padua; and the count of the sacred palace, the immediate representative of imperial majesty, was detained as a captive and a subject within the walls of Pavia. The popular states of Lombardy triumphed in the fall of the aristocracy, and the Marquis of Montferrat was the only noble who had strength and courage to maintain his hereditary independence.

Liberty had raised the minds of the Italians; but faction, her ugly and inseparable sister, corrupted the peace and prosperity of the growing republics. They fought against the emperor, against their neighbours, against themselves: the necessity of order and discipline compelled them to name a foreign dictator; and the nobles most eminent in arms, in policy, in power, often became the captains, and sometimes the tyrants, of the independent cities. The marquises of Este, and the Eccelins of Romano, were the two leading families of the Trevisan or Veronese march: the memory of their ancestors, and the habits of command, inspired that lofty and martial demeanour which struck the plebeian with involuntary awe; and they were sure to gain the hearts of the multitude, when they softened their pride into artful and popular condescension. The first Eccelin was a gallant knight, and a dexterous politician: in Palestine and Lombardy he was the elected standard-bearer or general of the confederate armies; and in the great rebellion against Frederic I., he deserved the confidence of the cities without forfeiting the esteem of the emperor. The civil and military virtues of his son, Eccelin the Second, were adorned with the gifts of eloquence: he was the public and private adversary of the house of Este; and as soon as the Marquis Azo VI. had declared himself chief of the Guelphs, the Ghibelline faction acknowledged the Count of Romano for their leader. When the Emperor Otho IV. descended into Italy, his court was attended by the rival chiefs; and their interview describes the manners of the time. Eccelin complained that in a neutral city, in a moment of truce or friendship, his life had been treacherously attacked. "I was walking," said he, "with the Marquis of Este, on the place of St. Mark, in Venice. On a sudden I was assaulted by the swords and daggers of his followers: my friends were slain or made prisoners in my sight; and it was with extreme difficulty that I could disengage my right arm from the strong grasp of my perfidious companion." The marquis explained or denied the fact: but in these hostile altercations, Azo twice declined a challenge of single combat. He could not draw his sword against Eccelin, without violating the majesty of the imperial presence; and among his vassals he had many more noble than Salinguerra. His reasons might be good; his courage was unquestionable; but—Azo twice declined a challenge of single combat. The next day, as the two leaders were riding on either side of the emperor, he commanded them to salute each other. "Sir Eccelin, salute the marquis; Sir Marquis, salute Eccelin;" and the command was given in the French tongue, which even in that

age appears to have been the fashionable dialect. They obeyed: but the superior dignity of the marquis was maintained, by his receiving and returning the compliment without veiling his bonnet to the humble salute of Eccelin. They soon joined in familiar converse; and before they had rode two miles, the suspicious emperor, who had been alarmed by their discord, began to be apprehensive of their union. His apprehensions were groundless; and their deadly feuds, in council, in the field, in the cities, continued to rage, with alternate success, till they both slept in the tranquillity of the grave. Their possessions and their quarrels were inherited by their sons, Azo VII. and Eccelin the Third: but in a contest of forty years, the Marquis of Este was long oppressed by the genius and fortune of his rival. The excommunication of Frederic II. exasperated and justified the hostilities of the two factions. From a sermon, a bull, or a crusade, the chief of the Guelphs, the friend of the pope, might derive some occasional aid: but the leader of the Ghibellines was more strongly supported by the power, and often by the presence, of a warlike prince, who filled the Trevisan march with his armies of Germans and Saracens. By the authority of the emperor, his own arms, and the assistance of foreign troops, Eccelin became the captain and tyrant of the cities of Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Trevigi, Feltri, Belluno, Trent, and Brescia: after the loss of his patron, he maintained ten years his independent reign, and proudly boasted, that since Charlemagne, no prince had possessed such absolute sway over the Lombard states. The utmost efforts of his malice and revenge were directed against the Marquis of Este. "Strike the head of the serpent, and you are master of the body," was his frequent exhortation; from a hill near Padua, he pointed to the towers of Este, and showed the emperor the hostile territories which were spread over the plain. Destitute of strength and succour, Azo was compelled to solicit pardon, to swear fidelity, and to purchase a precarious respite by the captivity, perhaps the death, of Rinaldo, his only son, who was delivered, as an hostage, into the hands of Frederic the Second. The town and castle of Este were at length besieged by the forces of Eccelin: his artillery consisted of fourteen great battering engines, which cast stones of twelve hundred pounds weight; and his pioneers, who were drawn from the silver mines of Carinthia, opened a subterraneous passage for the entrance of five hundred soldiers. The garrison capitulated; and instead of a total ruin, the fortifications were repaired by Eccelin, who affected to reverence the dignity of the place. He had been praised as a hero; he was gradually, and at length generally, abhorred as a tyrant. The seeming virtues of his youth were stained by the jealous and unrelenting cruelty of his old age: and whatsoever deductions may be allowed on a list of fifty thousand victims, his name will be for ever recorded with the savage monsters of Sicily and Rome. The hatred of mankind began to prevail over their fears; and after a long persecution and a firm resistance, Azo found the moment of victory and revenge. His odious rival had been invited by one of the factions of Milan: the conspiracy was discovered, the enterprise failed:

but on his return to Brescia, in the passage of the Adda, at the well-known bridge of Cassano, he was intercepted by the troops of Mantua, Cremona, and Ferrara, under the banner of the Marquis of Este. After a short combat, the valiant Eccelin (he deserves that praise) was wounded in the foot, and taken prisoner: the few remaining days of his life were embittered by the insults of the multitude, and the more insulting pity of the conqueror. Azo VII. was hailed as the saviour of Lombardy: but he derived more glory than advantage from the tyrant's fall. The cause of the Ghibellines revived under new leaders: the cities of the Trevisan march were usurped by the new families of Scala and Carrara; and instead of asserting their ancient right to the government of Milan, the rising ambition of the Visconti was promoted by the arms and alliance of the marquises of Este.

It was in the state of Ferrara that they first established a princely dominion, on the basis, and finally on the ruins, of a popular government. The flat country, which is intersected by the branches of the Po, had formerly been a wild morass, impervious to the Roman highways. About the middle of the seventh century, twelve solitary villages coalesced into a fortified town, on the banks of the river: the safe and convenient situation attracted a crowd of settlers; their labours were rewarded by the conversion of the fens into rich and productive land; and the rising colony was distinguished by the seat of a bishop, and the privileges of a city. After the death of the Countess Matilda, Ferrara tasted the blessings and the mischiefs of liberty: the patricians and plebeians, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, disputed in arms the command of the republic: thirty-two towers of defence were erected within the walls; and in forty years the factions were ten times alternately expelled. Among the thirty-four noble families of Ferrara, the pre-eminence of wealth and power was claimed by the rival houses of the Adelardi and Taurelli. About the year 1180, the former were reduced to an infant daughter; the proposal of a conciliatory marriage was rejected by their adherents: the heiress was delivered into the hands of Obizo I.; and his grandson Azo VI. was elected as the future husband of the maid, and the future chief of the name and party of the Adelardi. Marchesella died at the age of eight years, before nature would allow her to produce a child, or the law would permit her to subscribe a will: but the whole inheritance of her fathers was yielded to the Marquis of Este, and his gratitude, or ambition, distributed the fiefs among his friends and followers. By this step he acquired a commanding influence at Ferrara: Azo VI. was declared perpetual lord and governor of the republic (A.D. 1208); and this act, which is still extant, betrays the madness of party by the grant of absolute and unconditional power. From this power, his son was degraded to the humiliating permission of an annual visit: a popular and prosperous state was again established by the Ghibellines, and it was not till after thirty-two years of revolutions that the sovereignty of the house of Este was fixed by the valour and conduct of the seventh Azo (A.D. 1240). At the head of the con-

federate forces of the pope, of Venice, and of Bologna, he marched against Ferrara: but a humane conqueror might lament that the revolution was effected by the calamities of a siege, and condemned by the retreat of fifteen hundred citizens. These evils were indeed compensated by the wisdom and justice of twenty-four years (A.D. 1264): his funeral was honoured by the tears of the opposite faction; and at the age of seventeen, his grandson, Obizo II., succeeded to the office, or rather the inheritance of his father. The reputation of Obizo II. engaged the turbulent republics of Modena and Reggio to accept him for their prince; and at the time of his decease, three populous cities, with their ample territories, were subject to the sway of the marquises of Este. Modena and Reggio were indeed lost by the imprudence of his son, the levity of the people, and the arts of the Ghibellines; and the separation lasted thirty years in the one, and a hundred in the other, before the rebellious children were reconciled to their parent. But the submission of Ferrara was pure and permanent, and the lapse of time insensibly erased the forms and maxims of the old republic. After the death of Azo VIII. (A.D. 1308), whose last will preferred a bastard to a brother, Ferrara was oppressed by the avarice of the Venetians, the ambition of the pope, and the Catalan mercenaries of the King of Naples: but the spirit of patriotism and loyalty still lived in the hearts of the citizens, and they soon rose to the deliverance and defence of their country under the banner of the white eagle. This constant affection is at once the praise of the subject and sovereign. This praise is the more precious, as it must almost be confined to the subjects of the marquises of Este. They were ranked among the princes of Italy, at a time when the families which afterwards emerged to greatness were confounded with the meanest of the people. They were the first who after the twelfth century acquired by popular election the dominion of a free city; and they still subsist with splendour and dignity, while the tyrants more conspicuous in their day have left only a name, and for the most part an odious name, to the annals of their country.

The states of Ferrara, Modena, and Reggio, were fairly won and recovered by the labour and fortune of the marquises of Este. But the liberality of the popes and emperors was an easy and profitable virtue: they granted the right to those who had the actual possession, bestowed the title where the substance was lost, and confirmed their pretensions by resigning to others what they were unable to obtain or to hold for their own use. The court of Rome was informed of the merit and reputation of Azo VI.; and he accepted from the two sovereigns of Christendom, from Pope Innocent III. and the Emperor Otho IV., a double investiture of the marquisate of Ancona, which extended over twelve dioceses and counties between the Adriatic and the Apennine. But this splendid gift was no more than the right without the power of subduing a warlike people, in strong opposition to the church and the empire. This enterprise, which might seem above the strength of Azo, was vigorously prosecuted by his eldest son, the Marquis Aldobrandino, who raised the supplies of the war by pawning his younger brother to the usurers

of Florence. The war was suspended by his untimely death: the conquest was never achieved; the pledge was never redeemed, and in the third generation the vain title of Marquis of Ancona was silently dismissed. The fens of Ferrara might have been included within the limits of the exarchate, the successors of St. Peter might allege the donations of Constantine, of Pepin, of Charlemagne, and of the Countess Matilda: but in the first century after their election the marquises of Este acknowledged no superior, save God and the people. It was in a moment of distress and exile, that they accepted from Clement V. the title of vicars of the church: that they submitted to hold the feudatory possession of Ferrara by an annual payment of ten thousand gold florins. They regained their sovereignty without the aid, and against the efforts, of the court of Rome: the treaty was, however, ratified, and if the tribute suffered some occasional abatement, they could never break the chain of feudal dependence, which was at length fatal to the house of Este. After the recovery of Modena and Reggio, they obtained on more easy terms the title of vicars of the empire: and the natives of Italy, like those of India, continued to reverence the seal and subscription of their impotent king. Before the end of the fourteenth century, the German emperors, who had been accustomed to the traffic of avarice and vanity, were tempted to revive in Italy the long-forgotten title of duke (A.D. 1395): and at the price of a hundred thousand gold florins the Visconti of Milan were exalted above the heads of their equals. Twenty-two years afterwards (A.D. 1417), the exclusive dignity of the dukes of Milan was somewhat impaired by the similar honours of the dukes of Savoy. The third candidate was Borso, Marquis of Este, the twelfth in lineal descent from the old Marquis Albert-Azo the Second: his reign was wise and fortunate, and the proverb which he left behind him, "This is not the time of Duke Borso," is far more glorious than all the trappings of mortal pride. In the year 1452, by the Emperor Frederick the Third he was created Duke of Modena and Reggio. Eighteen years afterwards the ambitious imitation of Pope Paul the Second conferred on Borso the superior title of Duke of Ferrara; and the crowns, the mantles, and the sceptres used in these pompous investitures, were second only to the majesty of kings. In the sixteenth century, a duke was imposed on the republic of Florence by the arms and authority of Charles V.; and the genius of the great Cosmo soon gave him a rank in the political system of Europe. A dispute for precedency arose between the dukes of Ferrara and Florence; and if the Este could boast the nobility of their race, and the priority of their creation, the Medici might plead the wealth, the extent, and perhaps the independence, of the state over which they reigned. The courts of Rome and Vienna long balanced their respective claims without risking a final sentence; and the dispute could be appeased only by the invention of the new title and prerogatives of Grand Duke of Tuscany (A.D. 1569). In this frivolous contest the powers of France and Spain were interested, and had it been decided by arms, such a war would have added a chapter to the annals of human vanity.

While the honours of the Este were multiplied by popes and emperors, a republic insulted and almost oppressed the Dukes of Ferrara. Had Venice been prudent, Venice would have been content with the riches of commerce and the command of the sea. But this maritime empire served only to stimulate the ambition of an Italian conquest: discipline and wealth obtained an easy victory over weakness and discord; and in the fifteenth century the provinces of Terra Firma were added to the dominion of St. Mark. Nicholas the Third, Marquis of Este, and Lord of Ferrara, made a feeble effort to assist the Carrara princes, and to save the important barrier of Padua. The Venetians instantly filled the Po with armed vessels; his territories were ravaged; his capital was starved, till he left his allies to their fate, implored the mercy of the senate, and resigned himself to such conditions as resentment and avarice could impose. After a servitude of fourscore years, his son Hercules I. was accused of a generous, or criminal revolt: the superior forces of Venice encompassed Ferrara by sea and land, and if a league of the Italian powers protected him from total ruin, the duke was bound by the new treaty in a closer and more weighty chain. 1. A superior title, and more ample sway, might compensate for the loss of property and command in the neighbourhood of Padua. But Este was still dear and sacred to the princes of that name: the transient recovery of the castle, the town, and the fief, had delighted their hereditary pride, and it was not without regret that they beheld that ancient possession, the source of their title, for ever melted into the Venetian state. The Polesine, or island of Rovigo, which had once been mortgaged for sixty thousand ducats to the Venetians, was irrevocably ceded by Hercules I.; and not a vestige remained of the patrimonial estates to the north of the Po, which had been acquired five hundred years before, by the marriage of Albert-Azo I. 2. The goods and persons of the Venetians who descended the Po, were exempt from all tolls and duties whatsoever: every stranger was shielded under that respectable name; and even the peasants of the borders began to claim the immunities of St. Mark. The same grievance which impaired the revenue, attacked the sovereignty of the Duke of Ferrara, since he was forbidden to raise any forts or barriers, which might obstruct a free passage through his territories either by land or water. 3. With the avarice of a trading power, Venice aspired to a monopoly of salt in the Adriatic gulf. The duke was rigorously deprived of the use and profits of his salt works of Commachio; and his subjects were compelled to purchase in a foreign market one of the necessaries of life, which nature had so profusely scattered on their own shores. 4. A citizen of Venice resided at Ferrara with the title of Vicedominus; he was the proper judge of his countrymen; but the arrogance of his behaviour insulted the prince, his daily usurpations interrupted the course of justice, and his last act was the imprisonment of a native and a priest. Peace was oppressive; but war might have been fatal to the house of Este. The three last sovereigns of Padua, a *father and his two sons*, had been strangled in the prisons of

Venice; the remains of the Carrara and Scala families were proscribed; and the deliberate cruelty of the senate was justified by the examples of ancient Rome.

Twenty-five years after the last treaty of Hercules I., his son and successor, Alphonso I., embraced the fairest hope of liberty and revenge. In the league of Cambray, the four great potentates of Europe united their arms against a single republic; the pope, Julius II.; the Emperor Maximilian of Austria; Louis XII., King of France and Duke of Milan; and Ferdinand, King of Arragon and Naples. Each of the allies had suffered some injuries, had lost some territories, and they all considered the prosperity of Venice with the same sentiments of indignation and envy, which are excited in the breast of a noble by the luxury and insolence of a wealthy merchant. While Maximilian delayed, while Ferdinand dissembled, while the Pope pronounced his excommunications, the King of France, at the head of his invincible cavalry, had passed the Alps, and on the banks of the Adda, the mercenary bands of St. Mark were trampled under their horses' feet. The firmness of Rome after a great defeat was not imitated by the senators of Venice: they despaired of the republic, evacuated in a day the conquests of an age, and abandoned to the confederates the division of the spoil. Under the wing of these confederates, Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, had acceded to the league of Cambray, and accepted the office, or rather the title, of Standard-bearer or General of the Church. The first act of hostility was to vindicate his independence: the county of Rovigo yielded to his attack; and he received from the emperor the investiture of Este. In this public shipwreck Venice was saved by the zeal of her nobles, and the fidelity of her subjects: the nobles sacrificed their lives, or at least their fortunes, in their own cause; the subjects, without speculating on the theory of government, had long enjoyed, and now regretted, the wisdom and justice of a parental aristocracy. The metropolis was impregnable and rich; the transmarine provinces were untouched; the navy was entire; new armies were purchased; the allies began to feel suspicion, and to affect pity; and the deliverance of Padua announced the rising fortunes of the republic. While the Venetians strove to resist or disarm their more formidable enemies, the rebel Alphonso (such was the style of the senate) was marked as the object of vengeance, to which his station exposed him on every side. Against the advice of their wisest counsellors, their admiral, Angelo Trevisano, with eighteen galleys and a train of brigantines, entered the mouth of the Po, spread desolation on either bank, and prepared with forts and bridges the passage of the army and the siege of Ferrara. But the army was called away by a seasonable diversion; and the fleet was destroyed by the valour and conduct of the duke himself, and his brother, the Cardinal Hippolito. Under the shelter of the dykes they had planted their long batteries, which supported an incessant fire: and the affrighted Venetians were suddenly oppressed by the armed vessels which issued from the city. The admiral ignominiously fled with the great standard of St. Mark; two galleys

escaped, three were burnt or sunk, and the remaining thirteen followed the triumph of the conqueror, who immediately assaulted and demolished all the works of the siege. His victory might be ascribed to his superior artillery, and that superiority was the effect of his own skill and industry. Three hundred cannons were cast in his foundry, and deposited in his arsenal: he liberally entertained the best engineers; and the well-adapted fortifications of stone, of earth, and of water, had rendered Ferrara one of the strongest places in Italy. The French, who served with their ally, celebrate the politeness, the knowledge, the magnificence of the duke; and Alphonso expended above three hundred thousand ducats to reward the service, and to secure the friendship, of the Gallic chiefs.

But their friendship soon became dangerous to the house of Este, when the same confederates who had joined with France for the destruction of Venice, conspired with Venice for the expulsion of the French. The new league was formed and sanctified by Julius II., who secretly aspired to deliver Italy from the barbarians: and the fidelity of the Duke of Ferrara to his first engagements exasperated the fiercest and most ambitious of the successors of St. Peter. Alphonso was degraded from the rank of a vassal and a Christian: his rich forfeiture was devoured by the avarice, perhaps, of a papal nephew, and his sentence of condemnation was extended to both worlds. Against him the temporal and spiritual arms of Rome were equally directed: his city of Modena was occupied: in the depth of a severe winter the presence of Julius animated the troops, and the aged father of the Christians pressed the siege of Mirandola with the vigour of a youthful soldier. Ferrara, however, was saved by its own strength and the Gallic succours: the army of Louis XII. invaded the ecclesiastical state under the command of his nephew, the valiant Gaston of Foix: in the battle of Ravenna (A. D. 1512) the fury of the French cavalry was encountered by the firmness of the Spanish infantry, and the success of the day might be attributed in some degree to the Duke of Ferrara, who led the vanguard, and directed the infantry. But after the loss of Gaston, the strange retreat of the victorious army, and the rapid evacuation of Italy, the solitary and humble client of France remained without defence under the hand of a merciless oppressor. While he waited as a suppliant in the Vatican, his city of Reggio was surprised and stolen; he was insulted by the proposal of yielding Ferrara for a poor and precarious exchange; and even the validity of his safe conduct was questioned by a perfidious court. The liberty, and perhaps the life of Alphonso were rescued by the grateful friendship of the Colonna: they forced the Lateran Gate, lodged him in the castle of Marino, and watched over his escape in the various disguises of a huntsman, a servant, and a friar. A single event could suspend his ruin; and by that event was his ruin suspended. Julius II. expired (A.D. 1513): his passions were buried in his tomb: but his policy, with a milder aspect, still reigned in the councils of his successors. Leo X. was too generous to be just; and the ambition of his family was concealed by the sacred veil of the honour and interest of the church. After the victory

of Marignan (A.D. 1515), Francis I. might have discharged his obligations by an act of equity and power: but instead of commanding, he negociated with the court of Rome. The restitution of Modena and Reggio to his long-suffering ally, was often promised, and as often eluded: the failure of a secret conspiracy provoked the Roman pontiff to thunder a new sentence of excommunication and forfeiture; and one of the medals of Alphonso attests his miraculous deliverance from the *lion's* paw. Adrian VI. had a conscience, a faculty long dormant in the vicars of Christ: but his scruples were removed by the Italian casuists; and he found it more easy to absolve the sins than to restore the states of the house of Este. Clement VII., an illegitimate son, adopted the politics of the Medici; and had his arts been successful, Machiavel, who was still alive, might have been proud of his disciple. After a tedious and treacherous delay, the sword of Alphonso vindicated his own rights: and his prudence seized the fortunate moments of the conclave and the captivity of Clement VII. The gates of Modena and Reggio were joyfully opened to their native prince: and on a payment to the pope of a hundred thousand ducats, his possession was confirmed by the sentence of the Emperor Charles V., whose interest prompted him to establish the peace of Italy. During these revolutions, the Duke of Ferrara concluded a truce, and finally a treaty, with the Venetians: his patrimonial estates of Este and Rovigo were for ever lost: but he no longer felt or feared the tyranny of a republic, which had been trained to moderation in the school of adversity.

Among the noble marriages of the Este, two princes, Azo VIII. and Hercules I., had been allied to the crown of Naples, in the rival houses of Anjou and Arragon. But these lofty connexions had not been productive of any solid benefit, and the Venetians signified their displeasure that the Duke of Ferrara had preferred the daughter of a king, instead of choosing a senator for his father and patron. In the next generation, the house of Este was sullied by a sanguinary and incestuous race, by the nuptials of Alphonso I. with Lucretia, a bastard of Alexander VI., the Tiberius of Christian Rome. This modern Lucretia might have assumed with more propriety the name of Messalina; since the woman who can be guilty, who can even be accused, of a criminal commerce with a father and two brothers, must be abandoned to all the licentiousness of venal love. Her vices were highly coloured by a contempt for decency: at a banquet in the apostolical palace, by the side of the pope, she beheld without a blush the naked dances and lascivious postures of fifty prostitutes: she distributed the prizes to the champions of Venus, according to the number of victories which they achieved in her presence. Hercules I. was unwilling to accept such a consort for his eldest son, but he was apprehensive of the bulls and daggers of the Borgia family: he was tempted by the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand ducats, the city and district of Cento, and the reduction of his annual tribute to a slight quit-rent of a hundred florins. The marriage articles were signed: and as the bed of Lucretia was not then vacant, her third husband, a royal bastard of Naples, was first stabbed, and

afterwards strangled in the Vatican. Perhaps the youth of Lucretia had been seduced by example; perhaps she had been satiated with pleasure; perhaps she was awed by the authority of her new parent and husband: but the Duchess of Ferrara lived seventeen years without reproach, and Alphonso I. believed himself to be the father of three sons. The eldest, his successor, Hercules II., expiated this maternal stain by a nobler choice; and his fidelity was rewarded by mingling the blood of Este with that of France. By his second marriage with Anne, Duchess of Brittany, Louis XII. left only two daughters: Claude, the eldest, became the wife of his successor, Francis I., and Renée her younger sister, who had once been promised to Charles V., was bestowed on Hercules II., hereditary prince, and after his father's decease, Duke of Ferrara. Her portion of two hundred and fifty thousand crowns was paid in a territorial equivalent, the dukedoms of Chartres and Montargis: but Renée was perhaps the true heiress of Brittany, since the agreement which secured the perpetual independence of the duchy, might be applied with as much reason to a second daughter as to a second son. The French princess, whose mind was more beautiful than her person, continued above thirty years to adorn the court of Ferrara: her liberal understanding was improved by the learning of the age; nor was it her fault if in the learning of the age she discovered and studied the vain science of astrology. During a long exile she cherished a tender remembrance of her native country: every Frenchman, according to his degree, who visited Ferrara, either praised her magnificence, or blessed her charity: and the relics of a Neapolitan expedition, ten thousand naked and hungry fugitives, were relieved by the profuse alms of the duchess. When her treasurer represented the enormous expense, "They are my countrymen," Renée generously replied, "and had God given me a beard, they would be now my subjects." But these virtues were the splendid sins of a heretic. From her cradle and in her marriage, the daughter of Louis XII., the daughter-in-law of Alphonso I., had learned to hate the tyranny of the pope: her firm and curious understanding was not afraid of religious inquiries; and she listened to the new teachers, who professed to revive the old truths of the gospel. Clement, Marot, and John Calvin were hospitably entertained at Ferrara (1535); in the conversion of the duchess, the eloquence of the preacher was seconded by the wit of the poet; and the apostle of Geneva was proud to spread his conquests on the verge of the realm of Antichrist. But this spark, which might have kindled a flame in Italy, was quickly extinguished by the diligence of the inquisitors, and Hercules II. was apprehensive of the temporal, as well as the spiritual punishment of the guilt of heresy. Calvin and Marot fled beyond the mountains: Renée heard with sullen constancy the sermons of the popish doctors; but after suffering the dismission of her French servants, and the hardships of a prison, she submitted with a sigh to wear the mask of dissimulation. A more open profession of Calvinism after her husband's death, determined and hastened her departure from Ferrara: and the last fifteen years of Renée of France

were spent in her native country. In the bloody scenes of persecution and war, the duchess maintained her dignity and protected her brethren. Her castle of Montargis, near Paris, was a sure asylum for the Huguenots; and when it was threatened with a siege, she boldly replied, "The Catholics may assault my residence, they will find me standing in the breach, and prepared to try whether they will fire on the daughter of a king of France." She was the daughter of a king: but the wife of her son Alphonso II. was the daughter and sister of two emperors, of Ferdinand I. and Maximilian II., of the house of Austria.

The five dukes of Ferrara, Borso, Hercules I., Alphonso I., Hercules II., and Alphonso II., seem to have been magnified in the eyes of Europe, far beyond the measure of their wealth and power. Their merit was superior to their fortune; they supported with firmness the calamities of war; they improved and enjoyed the prosperity of peace. Near a century before the end of their reign, Alexander VI. in his bull of investiture, applauds the useful labours of Hercules I. which had increased the numbers and happiness of his people, which had adorned the city of Ferrara with strong fortifications and stately edifices, and which had reclaimed a large extent of unprofitable waste. The vague and spreading branches of the Po were confined in their proper channels by moles and dykes; the intermediate lands were converted to pasture and tillage; the fertile district became the granary of Venice; and the corn exports of a single year were exchanged for the value of two hundred thousand ducats. The triangular island or *delta* of Mesola, at the mouth of the Po, had been recovered from the waters by Alphonso II., who surrounded it with a wall nine miles in circumference: a palace, with its dependencies of stables and gardens, arose in this new creation, and it was reserved by the founder for his favourite amusements of hunting and fishing. Ferrara became one of the most flourishing of the Italian cities: the walls and buildings have survived the loss of the inhabitants, which are now reduced from fourscore thousand to a tenth part: the works of superstition were enriched by each generation: the arsenal, in a long peace, was succeeded by theatres and palaces, and if the hand of the princely architect be most conspicuous, many vacant houses are the monuments of private opulence and taste. Modena and Reggio, more favourably treated by nature, were not abandoned by the house of Este: the course of the Po opened much inland, and some foreign trade; and a colony of Flemish exiles attempted to revive the declining arts of the loom. I am not instructed to define the revenue of the dukes of Ferrara: but it is the praise of Alphonso I., that he left a treasure, without increasing his taxes; it is the reproach of Alphonso II., that, with an increase of taxes, he left behind him a considerable debt. The court of these princes was at all times polite and splendid: on extraordinary occasions, a birth, a marriage, a journey, a festival, the passage of an illustrious stranger, they strove to surpass their equals, and to equal their superiors; and the vanity of the people was gratified at their own expense. Seven hundred horses were ranged in Borso's stables;

and in the sport of hawking, the duke was attended to the field by a hundred falconers. In his Roman expedition, to receive the ducal investiture, his train of five hundred gentlemen, his chamberlains and pages, one hundred menial servants, and one hundred and fifty mules, were clothed, according to their degree, in brocade, velvet, or fine cloth: the bells of the mules were of silver, and the dresses, liveries, and trappings, covered with gold and silver embroidery. The martial train of Alphonso II., in his campaign in Hungary, consisted of three hundred gentlemen, each of whom was followed by an esquire and two arquebusiers on horseback; and the arms and apparel of this gallant troop were such as might provoke the envy of the Germans and the avarice of the Turks. Did I possess a book, printed under the title of the Chivalries of Ferrara, I should not pretend to describe the nuptials of the same duke with the emperor's sister: the balls, the feasts, and tournaments of many busy days: and the final representation of the Temple of Love, which was erected in the palace garden, with a stupendous scenery of porticoes and palaces, of woods and mountains. That the last show should continue six hours, without appearing tedious to the spectators, is perhaps the most incredible circumstance. In each generation of the house of Este, a younger brother, with the rank of cardinal, held some of the richest bishoprics and abbeys in Italy and France. These noble and wealthy ecclesiastics were the patrons of every art: the Villa Estense at Tivoli, near Rome, is the work of Cardinal Hippolitus, brother to Hercules II.: the palace gardens and waterworks exhibit, in their present decay, the spirit of a prince and the taste of the age.

A philosopher, according to his temper, may laugh or weep at this ostentatious and oppressive splendour; nor will he be disarmed by the patronage and perfection of the finer arts, which flourished in Italy in the sixteenth century. But he will approve the modest encouragement of learning and genius, an expense which can never drain the treasures of a prince. An university had been founded at Padua by the house of Este, and the scholastic rust was polished away by the revival of the literature of Greece and Rome. The studies of Ferrara were directed by skilful and eloquent professors, either natives or foreigners: the ducal library was filled with a valuable collection of manuscript and printed books; and as soon as twelve new comedies of Plautus had been found in Germany, the Marquis Lionel of Este was impatient to obtain a fair and faithful copy of that ancient poet. Nor were these elegant pleasures confined to the learned world. Under the reign of Hercules I., a wooden theatre at the moderate cost of a thousand crowns, was constructed in the largest court of the palace; the scenery represented some houses, a sea-port and a ship, and the Menechmi of Plautus, which had been translated into Italian by the duke himself, was acted before a numerous and polite audience. In the same language, and with the same success, the Amphytrion of Plautus, and the Eunuch of Terence, were successively exhibited: and these classic models, which formed the taste of the spectators, excited the

emulation of the poets of the age. For the use of the court and theatre of Ferrara, Ariosto composed his comedies, which were often played with applause, which are still read with pleasure; and such was the enthusiasm of the new arts, that one of the sons of Alphonso I. did not disdain to speak a prologue on the stage. In the legitimate forms of dramatic composition the Italians have not excelled: but it was in the court of Ferrara that they invented and refined the *pastoral comedy*, a romantic Arcadia, which violates the truth of manners, and simplicity of nature, but which commands our indulgence by the elaborate luxury of eloquence and wit. The Aminta of Tasso was written for the amusement, and acted in the presence, of Alphonso II.; and his sister Leonora might apply to herself the language of a passion, which disordered the reason without clouding the genius, of her poetical lover. Of the numerous imitations, the Pastor Fido of Guarini, which alone can vie with the fame and merit of the original, is the work of the duke's secretary of state: it was exhibited in a private house at Ferrara: but the retreat of the author from the service of his native prince, has bestowed on Turin the honour of the first public representation. The father of the Tuscan muses, the sublime, but unequal Dante, had pronounced that Ferrara was never honoured with the name of a poet: he would have been astonished to behold the chorus of bards, of melodious swans (their own allusion) who now peopled the banks of the Po. In the court of Duke Borso and his successor, Boyardo, Count of Scandiano, was respected as a noble, a soldier, and a scholar; his vigorous fancy first celebrated the loves and exploits of the paladin Orlando; and his fame has at once been preserved and eclipsed by the brighter glories of the continuation of his work. Ferrara may boast, that on classic ground, Ariosto and Tasso lived and sung; that the lines of the Orlando Furioso, and the Gierusalemme Liberate, were inscribed in everlasting characters under the eye of the first and second Alphonso. In a period of near three thousand years, five great epic poets have arisen in the world; and it is a singular prerogative, that two of the five should be claimed as their own, by a short age, and a petty state.

But the glory of Ferrara, and perhaps the *legitimate* race of the Este, expired with Alphonso II. As he left neither children nor brothers, his first cousin, Don Cæsar, the son of a younger son of Alphonso I., was the next in the lineal order of descent. His claim to the succession was ratified by the will of the late duke, who had obtained from the emperor, though not from the pope, the privilege of choosing an heir in his own family, and the senate of Ferrara, which still preserved a semblance of election, presented him, with apparent loyalty, the sword of justice, and the sceptre of dominion. The people submitted to a prince, who seemed to unite the various titles of birth, donation, and of the public choice; the accession of Don Cæsar was announced to the courts of Italy and Europe; and his reign might have been peaceful and prosperous, had not the ambition of Clement VIII. revived the design of restoring Ferrara to the ecclesiastical state. In the confidence of right, or at least of

ower, the Roman pontiff sternly rejected the ambassador and obedience of a pretended duke, who had not expected the approbation of the Holy See. A monitory, or summons, to appear in fifteen days, was affixed on the church doors; and the apostolical chamber demanded the possession of the fief, till the vassal should have cleared his birth and title in the court of his supreme lord. It was in vain that the Duke of Ferrara solicited a delay, that he provoked an inquiry, that he negotiated a compromise, that he submitted his cause to the arbitration of a neutral judge. "The honour and interest of the church," said the inexorable pontiff, "must not be deserted. In the vindication of St. Peter's patrimony, I will sell the last chalice of the altar; I am ready to march in person against the sacrilegious rebel: and I would die in the ditch of Ferrara, with the holy sacrament in my hands." This generous resolution was applauded by the cardinals, and they protested, that if Clement VIII. should be taken from the world, they would impose, by a common oath, the same obligation on the future pope. Some forms of judicial proceeding were hastily dispatched; and before two months had elapsed from the death of Alphonso II., a tremendous bull of forfeiture, excommunication, and interdict, was thundered against the pretended duke and his impious adherents. At the same time, the military preparations were urged with incessant vigour, and an army of sixteen thousand horse and foot, which fame had soon magnified to twenty-five thousand, was assembled near Faenza, under the command of Cardinal Aldobrandidi, the pope's nephew and legate. The state of Europe was most favourable to the ambition of Rome, and the prospects of Don Cæsar were on all sides black and comfortless. The Emperor Rodolph II. might be a well-wisher to the house of Este, but his remote and insufficient forces were occupied by the Turks in Hungary. If the rival monarchs of France and Spain should deign to interfere in this pigmy war, the enmity of the one would not ensure the support of the other. Henry IV. had been persuaded by a selfish agent to prove the sincerity of his conversion, in the sacrifice of an old and faithful ally; Philip II., the demon of the South, was now anxious to leave his son and his dominions in peace; but the revolution was consummated before he could signify his intentions: and the Spanish ministers in Italy were suspected of a secret conspiracy against the imperial fiefs of Reggio and Modena. The Italian princes balanced between fear and envy; Venice was least desirous of the neighbourhood, and least apprehensive of the resentment, of the pope: but her words were ambiguous and her actions were slow. Don Cæsar had been left without troops or treasures; the fortifications of Ferrara were neglected in a long peace: the people was aggrieved by taxes; the clergy was seduced by the prejudice of conscience, or the hopes of preferment; the emissaries of Rome were busy and persuasive; and the ancient loyalty to the house of Este was corrupted by the promise of a golden age.

But the instant cause of his ruin was in the character of the duke himself. Had Don Cæsar been endowed with the spirit and

constancy of his ancestors, he might have been saved by the resolution to fall. Had he listened to the advice of a veteran, a bold sally on the half-formed camp of Faenza might have dissipated the pope's soldiers, who would cease to be formidable when they ceased to be feared. The siege of Ferrara was an arduous enterprise: courage would have given time; time would have given him friends; the Venetians would have armed for his interest and their own; many brave adventurers of France and Italy would have drawn their swords in his quarrel; and the novelty of danger, the lassitude of war, the weight of expense, the chances of mortality, would have inclined his enemies to a safe and honourable peace. Far different were the feelings of the successor of Alphonso; he had been educated remote from the council and the field, in the bosom of luxury and devotion: his mild and timid disposition was astonished by the thunder of spiritual arms; nor could he expect from others the support which he denied to himself. When he entered the cathedral the priests interrupted their rites, and fled from the altars; his venal ministers exaggerated the danger, and concealed the resources; he was alarmed each hour by the intelligence of secret treason; and a Jesuit persuaded him that Modena and Reggio, that his life and even his soul, could only be saved by an immediate capitulation. The terms were dictated in the camp by the imperious legate: that Don Cæsar should deliver his eldest son as an hostage, resign the ducal sceptre in the presence of the magistrate, divide his artillery with the pope, and surrender the *possession* of the duchy of Ferrara, with all its dependencies; and that in return for his submission he should be absolved from all ecclesiastical censures, and permitted to enjoy the diamond palace, with the personal effects and allodial estates of the house of Este. After the conclusion of the treaty, the conqueror was eager to reign, and the exile was anxious to depart. On the 28th of January, 1598, Don Cæsar evacuated a city, in which his ancestors had reigned near four hundred years. A splendid but mournful procession of his family and household passed slowly through the streets: the Duke of Modena (his remaining title) was seated in an open coach; his eyes were cast down on a letter which he seemed to read, as if desirous of escaping the view of those objects which he must see no more. The minds of the people were already changed; their curiosity was melted into pity: they had neglected the defence, they deplored the loss of their native prince; and the first evening of his departure five thousand persons were deprived of their daily bread, which they received from the charity or munificence of the ducal court. These melancholy reflections were suspended by the triumph of the legate, and the speedy visit of Clement VIII., who was impatient to behold his new conquest. But as soon as the festival of the revolution had subsided, Ferrara was left to the solitude and poverty of a provincial town, under the government of priests: a citadel was erected, to fix the inconstancy of the inhabitants; and within seventeen years after the death of Alphonso II., a fourth of his capital was already in ruins. Nor were the losses of Don Cæsar confined to the ex-

fice of Ferrara: the territory, salt-works, and fishery of Commachio, an imperial fief, were seized by the hand of power: his allodial property was diminished and disputed by the chicanery of law. Even the duchy of Chartres, and the mortgages of the house of Este in France, were withheld from the heir and creditor, under the pretence that he was a foreigner. It was a just observation of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, that his brother-in-law Don Cæsar might have resisted his enemies, if the million and a half of gold, which his predecessors trusted to the Most Christian King, had been safely deposited in the treasury of Ferrara.

In this singular transaction, ambition and avarice were the motives of Rome. Her forms of judicial proceeding were precipitate and violent: without evidence or trial, she judged in her own cause, she pronounced in her own favour, and she forcibly seized, for her own use, the valuable object in dispute. But as it is possible, and barely possible, that truth and justice may be supported by the means most adverse to their nature, I shall freely examine the descent of Don Cæsar, and his right of succession, without any interest to corrupt, or any prejudice to mislead, the equity of my decree. After the decease of Lucretia Borgia, his second wife, Alphonso I., who was still in the manly vigour of life, embraced a decent mode of satisfying his passions, without injuring his family. Instead of seeking a third alliance in the courts of Europe, he purchased a maiden of Ferrara, of obscure parentage and exquisite beauty. Laura was entertained for several years in the state of a concubine: but this illegal union might in some degree be excused by the dignity of her lover, and her own imitation of conjugal virtue. She became the mother of two sons, Don Alphonso and Don Alphonsino, a title and a name which had been lately introduced into Italy by the prevailing influence of the Spaniards. Their birth is acknowledged to have been illegitimate. In the testament of their father, which is dated fourteen months before his death, they simply are styled the children of a free man by a free woman; nor did he add, in his last illness of several weeks, any clause or codicil to declare a change of their condition. That, according to the laws of the church and state, these bastards were legitimated by a subsequent marriage, is supposed by their advocates: but the supposition cannot be justified by the regular proof of a contract, a certificate, or a witness. In default of such evidence, Muratori produces a large body of presumptions and circumstances: with an artful suggestion that much more would have been found by a more early scrutiny: but it was the interest as well as the duty of Laura to establish her own marriage, and the legitimacy of her sons; and if neglect be not ascribed to conscious guilt, it must not, however, militate, as an argument in her behalf. Her faithful champion, the librarian of Modena, has collected many testimonies of poets, orators, historians, and genealogists, some of whom could not mistake the truth, and others could not have any temptation for falsehood: and from their consent he infers the belief and tradition of the times, that the concubine of Alphonso I. was finally promoted to the rank

of his wife. The same favourable conclusion may be drawn from the honours which she was permitted to enjoy near forty years, under the reigns of his successors; the appellation, dress, and attendance of his relict or widow; the guardianship of her children; the princely style of most excellent and illustrious; and above all the family name of Este, which she subscribed on all public and private occasions. The title of Duchess of Ferrara was alone wanting; and when pride and envy were no more, that title was bestowed in the solemn pomp of her funeral, which was attended by the Duke Alphonso II., his brother, the cardinal, the court, the clergy, and the *arts* or corporations of the city. The five sons of Alphonso I., with the sole distinction of primogeniture, were educated as equals and companions. Don Alphonso, the first-born of Laura, was treated as a prince, both at home and abroad: he was invested with the marquisate of Montecchio, and the French order of St. Michael; and his wife, the mother of Don Cæsar, was the daughter of the reigning Duke of Urbino. The same honours were transmitted to Don Cæsar himself: he obtained an alliance still more splendid, the sister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and, both in his life-time and at his death, Alphonso II. acknowledged him as his cousin and successor. Could we divest our minds of a secret suspicion, arising from the indulgence which, in so many courts and countries, has been lavished on the bastards of princes, such presumptions might amount to the moral, if not the legal, proof of a legitimate descent. But the interest, though not the honour, of the dukes of Modena reposes on a firmer basis, which would not be shaken by the quality of their female ancestor. The popes are pleased to forget that they first granted the duchy of Ferrara to Borso, a natural son of the Marquis Nicholas III., and that the bull of Alexander VI. extends the right of succession to all the descendants whatsoever of Hercules I. They were compelled to renounce the possession of Ferrara, but they have never ceased to assert the justice of their claim. The arguments which the court of Rome has disdained, may one day be heard in the louder tone of the Austrian cannon, and a severe account may be required of the arrears and damages of two hundred years.

The abdication of Don Cæsar is related by Muratori, a loyal servant, under the name of the Tragedy of Ferrara: and in the melancholy tale I have myself been affected by the sympathy, which we so generously indulge, to the real or imaginary distresses of the great. Yet, on a cooler survey, I am inclined to doubt whether the last duke of Ferrara was the most unfortunate of men. His life and liberty were safe: he was neither beheaded on the public scaffold, nor dragged at the chariot wheels of the conqueror, nor cast into a deep and perpetual dungeon. By the soldiers and statesmen of the age he was indeed despised, for the feeble defence and hasty desertion of his ancient seat. But as contempt is seldom deserved where it is felt, it is seldom felt where it is deserved: Don Cæsar was unconscious of the public reproach, and the orators of his reign reserved their panegyric for the milder virtues of discretion

and patience. He had lost the most precious jewel of his family: but an easy journey of two days conveyed his court from the palace of Ferrara to that of Modena, where he lived, in prosperity and peace, above thirty years: by the Tuscan princess he became the father of six sons and three daughters; and the reigning duke is the fourth in descent, and the sixth in succession, from the eldest of his sons. In this last period of decline, the house of Este has still preserved the external advantages of rank, riches, and power: and these advantages were illustrated by the antiquity of their name and title. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, an emperor and six kings were respected as the chiefs of the Christian republic: but the dukes of Modena maintained an honourable place in the second class of the princes of Europe. Their pride was seldom mortified by the presence of a superior: as long as the isles of Sicily and Sardinia were attached to the Spanish monarchy, Italy was not dignified with a regal title; a profane layman was not degraded by kneeling to the pope, or yielding the precedency to his cardinals; nor was the native pre-eminence of hereditary rank disputed by the ministerial honours of a doge or a viceroy. After the loss of Ferrara, the successors of Alphonso II. continued to reign over the united duchies of Modena and Reggio; and their territory, about thirty leagues in length, about ten in breadth, was afterwards enlarged by the lordship of Corregio, and the duchy of Mirandola. Their revenue is vaguely computed at one hundred thousand pounds sterling, a sum inadequate to the extraordinary demands of war, but which might support, with decent economy, the expenses of a court and government. Perhaps the latter were sometimes sacrificed to the former. When Addison traversed the principalities of Modena and Parma, he was scandalised by the magnificence of those petty courts: he was amazed to see such a profusion of wealth laid out in coaches, trappings, tables, cabinets, and the like precious toys, in which there are few princes in Europe who can equal them, while, at the same time, they have not the generosity to make bridges over the rivers of their countries, for the convenience of their subjects, as well as strangers. Yet the annals of Modena describe many public works of use as well as ornament: the plenty of gold and silver is expressed in a single coinage of Francis I., of near half a million sterling: but I am ignorant whether the two hundred and thirty thousand ducats, and the two hundred thousand Spanish doubloons, which were paid to the emperor for the investitures of Corregio and Mirandola, should be placed to the account of treasure or of debt. In the narrow sphere of their dominions, the Este princes were absolute; nor do I find any example of resistance to their reason or passion. The vanity of the human heart is flattered by the degree, rather than by the extent, of authority: and if the sovereign was conscious of his duties, the man might tremble at accepting the trust of one hundred and fifty thousand of his equals. His equals by nature, they were many of them his superiors in merit: the natives of Modena were distinguished in the arts and sciences; and like the pastoral comedy, the mock-heroic poetry of the Italians

was invented by Tassoni, a subject of the house of Este. The state of such a prince would perhaps be the most desirable in human life, if it were accompanied with that domestic security which a wealthy nobleman enjoys under the protection of a great empire. The long peace of Italy, in the seventeenth century, was interrupted only by some short and bloodless hostilities: but in the three great wars between the Austrian and Bourbon powers, the Duke of Modena has been thrice reduced to the alternative of slavery or exile. His neutrality was violated, his dominions were occupied by foreign troops, his subjects were oppressed by military contributions, and the mischievous expense of fortifications only served to expose his cities to the calamities of a siege.

I have long delayed, and I should willingly suppress, three disgraceful anecdotes, three criminal actions, which sully the honour of the name of Este: of these, the first and the third are piously dissembled by the librarian of Modena. 1. In his descent to the infernal regions, in the ninth circle of hell, the poet Dante beheld the condemnation of sanguinary and rapacious men: they were deeply immersed in a river of blood, and their escape was prevented by the arrows of the centaurs. Among the tyrants, he distinguished the ancient forms of Alexander and Dionysius: of his own countrymen, he recognised the black Eccelin, and the fair Obizo of Este, the latter of whom was dispatched by an unnatural son to this place of torment. This Obizo can be no other than the second marquis of that name, who died only seven years before the real or imaginary date of the *Divine Comedy* (A. D. 1300): his life does not afford the character of a tyrant: but he was one of the pillars of the Guelph faction; and were he not associated with a Ghibelline chief, we might impute his sentence to the prejudices, rather than the justice, of the Tuscan bard. But the parricide of his son, a crime of a much deeper dye, is attested by the commentary of Benvenuto of Imola, who observes from an old chronicle, that Azo VIII. was apprehensive of the same treatment which he had inflicted on his father. It must be added, that his commentary on Dante, which was composed only fourscore years after the event, is dedicated to Nicholas II., Marquis of Este, and great-grandson of Obizo II., who tacitly subscribes to the guilt of his ancestors. 2. Under the reign of Nicholas III. (A.D. 1425), Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy. By the testimony of a maid, and his own observation, the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina, and Hugo his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle, by the sentence of a father and husband, who published his shame, and survived their execution. He was unfortunate, if they were guilty: if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate: nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve the last act of the justice of a parent. 3. Guicciardini, the gravest of the Italian historians, records a bloody scene, which, in his own time (A.D. 1505), had sullied the court of Ferrara: the deed might revive the memory of the Theban brothers; "and the motive was still more frivolous, if love," says he, "be a more frivolous

motive than ambition." The Cardinal Hippolito was enamoured of a fair maiden of his own family: but her heart was engaged by his natural brother; and she imprudently confessed to a rival, that the beauteous eyes of Don Julio were his most powerful attraction. The deliberate cruelty of the cardinal measured the provocation and the revenge: under a pretence of hunting, he drew the unhappy youth to a distance from the city, and there compelling him to dismount, his eyes, those hated eyes, were extinguished by the command, and in the presence of an amorous priest, who viewed with delight the agonies of a brother. It may, however, be suspected that the work was slightly performed by the less savage executioners, since the skill of his physicians restored Don Julio to an imperfect sight. A denial of justice provoked him to the most desperate counsels: and the revenge of Don Julio conspired with the ambition of Don Ferdinand against the life of their sovereign and eldest brother, Alphonso I. Their designs were prevented, their persons seized, their accomplices were executed; but their sentence of death was moderated to a perpetual prison, and in their fault the Duke of Ferrara acknowledged his own. These dark shades in the house of Este must not be excused by the example of the Italian tyrants; whose courts and families were perpetually defiled with lust and blood, with incest and parricide; who mingled the cruelty of savages with the refinements of a learned and polite age. But it may be fairly observed, that single acts of virtue and of vice can seldom be weighed against each other: that it is far more easy to fall below, than to rise above, the common level of morality: that three or four guilty days have been found in a period of two hundred years: and, that in the general tenour of their lives, the marquises of Este were just, temperate, and humane; the friends of each other, and the fathers of their people.

In a more superstitious age, I should boldly oppose to the sins of twenty generations the monastic virtues of Alphonso III., the son and successor of Don Cæsar. Yet even these virtues were produced by the blind impulse of repentance and fear. The nature of Alphonso was impetuous and haughty, and a deep indignant regret for the loss of Ferrara was the first sentiment of his childhood. As soon as he had released himself from the authority of a governor whom he hated, and a father whom he despised, the hereditary prince became the slave of his passions and the terror of Modena: his appetite for blood was indulged in the chase, and the city; and he soon considered the life of a man and of a stag as of equal value. One of the most considerable private families in Italy (such is the dark language of Muratori) was proved by some secret motive to form a design of assassinating Alphonso. Their dagger was turned aside from his breast; their chief was sacrificed to his justice; he threatened to extirpate the whole race; nor could the intercession of princes, or of the pope himself, avert the rage of persecution and revenge. The only voice that could soothe the passions of the savage was that of an amiable and virtuous wife, the sole object of his love; the voice of Donna Isabella, the daughter of the Duke of Savoy, and the grand-daughter of Philip

II., King of Spain. Her dying words sunk deep into his memory (A.D. 1626, August 22): his fierce spirit melted into tears, and after the last embrace, Alphonso retired into his chamber, to bewail his irreparable loss, and to meditate on the vanity of human life. But instead of resolving to expiate his sins, and to seek his salvation in the public felicity, he was persuaded that the habit and profession of a Capuchin were the only armour that could shield him from hell-fire. The two years from the death of his wife to the decease of his father, were dedicated to prayer and penance, and no sooner had Alphonso attained the rank of a sovereign, than he aspired to descend below the condition of a man. With the approbation and blessing of the pope, who might possibly smile at this voluntary sacrifice, the Duke of Modena, after a reign of six months, resigned the sceptre to Francis, his eldest son, a youth of nineteen years of age, and secretly departed to a Franciscan convent among the mountains of Trent. By a special privilege, his noviciate and profession were consummated in the same day: the austere and humble friar atoned for the pride and luxury of the prince, and it was the wish of *brother* John Baptist of Modena to forget the world and to be for ever forgotten. But obedience was now his first duty, and the noble captive, for the honour of the order and of religion, was exhibited to the emperor, the archdukes, and the people of the Austrian provinces, by whom he was contemplated with curiosity and devotion. Three years he wandered between Venice and Vienna as an itinerant preacher: he had the pleasure, in one of his journeys, to be half drowned in a river, and half starved on a rock, and he vainly hoped to convert the heretics of the North, or to receive from their hands the crown of martyrdom. During the last twelve years (A.D. 1632—1644) he was stationed in the convent of Modena, the humble slave of the subjects of his son: the city and country were edified by his missions and sermons; and as often as he appeared in the pulpit, the contrast of his dignity and dress most eloquently preached the contempt of this world. The conversion of the Jews, the reformation of manners, the maintenance of the poor, afforded a daily exercise to the zeal of the abdicated duke: but that zeal was always chargeable, often troublesome, and sometimes ridiculous: his death was a relief to the court and people; nor have the princes of Este been ambitious of adorning their family with the name and honours of a saint. The Capuchin might behold, perhaps with pity, and perhaps with envy, the temporal prosperity of his son. In peace and war, in Italy and Spain, in the Austrian and French alliance, the Duke of Modena supported the dignity of his character (A.D. 1629—1658): and Francis I., in a larger field, would have ranked among the generals and statesmen of an active age.

The name of Rinaldo, a name immortalised by Tasso in epic song, had been applied to the youngest son of Duke Francis I.: he might faintly remember the last days of his father, and the short government of his brother Alphonso IV.: but he was no more than seven years of age when his infant nephew Francis II. succeeded to the ducal title. In his early youth Rinaldo was proposed a candidate

for the crown of Poland, a wild, and had it not failed, a ruinous attempt: the example of so many of his kinsmen suggested a more rational pursuit; and in the thirty-second year of his age, he was promoted to the dignity of cardinal at the request of James II., King of Great Britain, who had married his niece. The long reign and short life of her brother Francis II. was an helpless state of minority and disease: he died without children, and had the right of female succession prevailed, the unfortunate race of the Stuarts might have found a safe and honourable refuge in the inheritance of Modena. But as the order of investiture preferred the more distant males, Cardinal Rinaldo ascended without a question on the vacant throne of his nephew. The resignation of his hat was accepted by the pope; but he might marry, without a dispensation, a princess of Brunswick, his cousin in the nineteenth degree; and his alliance was soon dignified by the nuptials of her sister with Joseph, King of the Romans, the son and successor of the Emperor Leopold. The life of Rinaldo I., Duke of Modena, was extended beyond the term of eighty-three years: in the various fortunes of his long reign he supported a double exile with fortitude and patience; and in the intervals of peace the country was restored by a wise and paternal government. His son Francis III. was of a more active spirit. He signalised his valour in the wars of Hungary; followed the standard of the house of Bourbon; commanded, or seemed to command, in several battles and sieges, and extorted the confession, that, had his advice been followed, the events of the war would have been more successful. His wife was a princess of Orleans, the daughter of the regent: she was noble, beautiful, and rich; but in the true estimate of honour, the meanest virgin among his subjects would have been a more worthy consort. Their son Hercules III., the reigning duke, acquired a valuable and convenient territory with the heiress of Massa Carrara. Their only daughter, by the command of his inexorable father, was delivered to the Archduke Ferdinand, the emperor's brother; the marriage has been fruitful in children of both sexes, and the duchies of Modena, Reggio, and Mirandola, will soon be the patrimony of a younger branch of the new family of Austria. In the decline of life, Hercules III. is the sole remaining male of the house of Este, and the long current of their blood must speedily be lost in a foreign stream.

AN ADDRESS, ETC.

THAT history is a liberal and useful study, and that the history of our country is best deserving our attention, are propositions too clear for argument, and too simple for illustration. Nature has implanted in our breasts a lively impulse to extend the narrow span of our existence, by the knowledge of the events that have happened on the soil which we inhabit, of the characters and actions of those men from whom our descent, as individuals or as a people, is probably derived. The same laudable emulation will prompt us to review, and to enrich our common treasure of national glory: and those who are best entitled to the esteem of posterity, are the most inclined to celebrate the merits of their ancestors. The origin and changes of our religion and government, of our arts and manners, afford an entertaining, and often an instructive subject of speculation; and the scene is repeated and varied by the entrance of the victorious strangers, the Roman and the Saxon, the Dane and the Norman, who have successively reigned in our stormy isle. We contemplate the gradual progress of society, from the lowest ebb of primitive barbarism, to the full tide of modern civilisation. We contrast the naked Briton who might have mistaken the sphere of Archimedes for a rational creature,* and the contemporary of Newton, in whose school Archimedes himself would have been an humble disciple; and we compare the boats of osier and hides that floated along our coasts, with the formidable navies which visit and command the remotest shores of the ocean. Without indulging the fond prejudices of patriotic vanity, we may assume a conspicuous place among the inhabitants of the earth. The English will be ranked among the few nations who have cultivated with equal success the arts of war, of learning, and of commerce; and Britain, perhaps, is the only powerful and wealthy state which has ever possessed the inestimable secret of uniting the benefits of order with the blessings of freedom. It is a maxim of our law, and the constant practice of our courts of justice, never to accept any evidence, unless it is the very best which, under the circumstances of the case, can possibly be obtained. If this wise principle be transferred from jurisprudence to criticism, the inquisitive reader of English history will soon ascend to the first witnesses of every period from whose testimonies the moderns, however sagacious and eloquent, must derive their whole confidence and credit. In the prosecution of his inquiries, he will lament that the transactions of the middle ages have been imperfectly recorded, and that these records have been more imperfectly preserved: that the successive conquerors of Britain have despised or destroyed the monuments of their predecessors;

* I allude to a passage in Cicero (de Naturâ Deorum, lib. ii. cap. 34). Quòd si in Britanniam, sphæram aliquis tulerit hanc, quam nuper familiaris noster effecit Posidonius, cujus singulæ conversiones idem efficiunt in sole, et in lunâ, et in quinque stellis erraticis, quod efficitur in cœlo singulis diebus et noctibus: quis in illa barbarie dubitet, quin ea sphæra sit perfecta ratione?

and that by their violence or neglect, so much of our national antiquities has irretrievably perished. For the losses of history are indeed irretrievable: when the productions of fancy or science have been swept away, new poets may invent, and new philosophers may reason; but if the inscription of a single fact be once obliterated, it can never be restored by the united efforts of genius and industry. The consideration of our past losses should incite the present age to cherish and perpetuate the valuable relics which have escaped; instead of condemning the monkish historians (as they are contemptuously styled) silently to moulder in the dust of our libraries, our candour, and even our justice, should learn to estimate their value, and to excuse their imperfections. Their minds were infected with the passions and errors of their times, but those times would have been involved in darkness, had not the art of writing, and the memory of events, been perserved in the peace and solitude of the cloister. Their Latin style is far removed from the eloquence and purity of Sallust and Livy; but the use of a permanent and general idiom has opened the study, and connected the series of our ancient chronicles, from the age of Bede to that of Walsingham. In the eyes of a philosophic observer, these monkish historians are even endowed with a singular, though accidental merit; the unconscious simplicity with which they represent the manners and opinions of their contemporaries: a natural picture, which the most exquisite art is unable to imitate.

Books, before the invention of printing, were separately and slowly copied by the pen; and the transcripts of our old historians must have been rare; since the number would be proportioned to the number of readers capable of understanding a Latin work, and curious of the history and antiquities of England. The gross mass of the laity, from the baron to the mechanic, were more addicted to the exercises of the body than to those of the mind: the middle ranks of society were illiterate and poor, and the nobles and gentlemen, as often as they breathed from war, maintained their strength and activity in the chase or the tournament. Few among them could read; still fewer could write; none were acquainted with the Latin tongue; and if they sometimes listened to a tale of past times, their puerile love of the marvellous would prefer the romance of Sir Launcelot or Sir Tristram, to the authentic narratives most honourable to their country and their ancestors. Till the period of the reformation, the ignorance and sensuality of the clergy were continually increasing: the ambitious prelate aspired to pomp and power; the jolly monk was satisfied with idleness and pleasure; and the few students of the ecclesiastical order, perplexed rather than enlightened their understandings with occult science and scholastic divinity. In the monastery in which a chronicle had been composed, the original was deposited and perhaps a copy; and some neighbouring churches might be induced, by a local or professional interest, to seek the communication of these historical memorials. Such manuscripts were not liable to suffer from the injury of use; but the casualty of fire, or the slow progress of damp and worms, would often endanger

their limited and precarious existence. The sanctuaries of religion were sometimes profaned by aristocratic oppression, popular tumult, or military license; and although the cellar was more exposed than the library, the envy of ignorance will riot in the spoil of those treasures which it cannot enjoy.

After the discovery of printing, which has bestowed immortality on the works of man, it might be presumed that the new art would be applied without delay, to save and to multiply the remains of our national chronicles. It might be expected that the English, now waking from a long slumber, should blush at finding themselves strangers in their native country; and that our princes, after the example of Charlemagne and Maximilian I., would esteem it their duty and glory to illustrate the history of the people over whom they reigned. But these rational hopes have not been justified by the event. It was in the year 1474 that our first press was established in Westminister Abbey, by William Caxton: but in the choice of his authors, that liberal and industrious artist was reduced to comply with the vicious taste of his readers; to gratify the nobles with treatises on heraldry, hawking, and the game of chess, and to amuse the popular credulity with romances of fabulous knights, and legends of more fabulous saints. The father of printing expresses a laudable desire to elucidate the history of his country; but instead of publishing the Latin chronicle of Radulphus Higden, he could only venture on the English version by John de Trevisa; and his complaint of the difficulty of finding materials for his own continuation of that work, sufficiently attests that even the writers, which we now possess, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, had not yet emerged from the darkness of the cloister. His successors, with less skill and ability, were content to tread in the footsteps of Caxton; almost a century elapsed without producing one original edition of any old English historian; and the only exception which I recollect is the publication of Gildas (London, 1526) by Polydore Virgil, an ingenious foreigner. The presses of Italy, Germany, and even France, might plead in their defence, that the minds of their scholars, and the hands of their workmen, were abundantly exercised in unlocking the treasures of Greek and Roman antiquity; but the world is not indebted to England for one *first* edition of a classic author. This delay of a century is the more to be lamented, as it is too probable that many authentic and valuable monuments of our history were lost in the dissolution of religious houses by Henry the Eighth. The protestant and the patriot must applaud our deliverance; but the critic may deplore the rude havoc that was made in the libraries of churches and monasteries, by the zeal, the avarice, and the neglect, of unworthy reformers.

Far different from such reformers was the learned and pious Matthew Parker, the first protestant archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. His apostolical virtues were not incompatible with the love of learning, and while he exercised the arduous office, not of governing, but of founding the Church of England, he strenuously applied himself to revive the study of the Saxon

tongue, and of English antiquities. By the care of this respectable prelate, four of our ancient historians were successively published: the Flores of Matthew of Westminster (1570); the Historia Major of Matthew Paris (1571); the Vita Elfridi Regis, by Asserius; and the Historia Brevis, and Upodigma Neustriæ, by Thomas Walsingham. After Parker's death, this national duty was for some years abandoned to the diligence of foreigners. The Ecclesiastical History of Bede had been printed and reprinted on the continent, as the common property of the Latin church; and it was again inserted in a collection of British writers (Heidelberg 1587), selected with such critical skill, that the romance of Jeffrey of Monmouth, and a Latin abridgment of Froissard, are placed on the same level of historical evidence. An edition of Florence of Worcester, by Howard, (1592,) may be slightly noticed; but we should gratefully commemorate the labours of Sir Henry Saville, a man distinguished among the scholars of the age by his profound knowledge of the Greek language and mathematical sciences. A just indignation against the base and plebeian authors of our English chronicles, had almost provoked him to undertake the task of a general and legitimate history: but his modest industry, declining the character of an architect, was content to prepare materials for a future edifice. Some of the most valuable writers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were rescued by his hands from dirt, and dust, and rottenness (é situ squalore et pulvere), and his collection, under the common title of Scriptores post Bedam, was twice printed; first in London (1596), and afterwards at Frankfort (1601). During the whole of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, the same studies were prosecuted with vigour and success; a miscellaneous volume of the Anglica Normanica, &c. (Frankfort 1603), and the Historia Nova of Eadmer (London 1623), were produced by Camden and Selden, to whom literature is indebted for more important services. The names of Wheeler and Gibson, of Watts and Warton, of Dugdale and Wilkins, should not be defrauded of their due praise: but our attention is fixed by the elaborate collection of Twysden and Gale: and their titles of Decem and Quindecim Scriptores announce that their readers possess a series of twenty-five of our old English historians. The last who has dug deep into the mine was Thomas Hearne, a clerk of Oxford, poor in fortune, and indeed poor in understanding. His minute and obscure diligence, his voracious and undistinguishing appetite, and the coarse vulgarity of his taste and style, have exposed him to the ridicule of idle wits. Yet it cannot be denied that Thomas Hearne has gathered many gleanings of the harvest; and if his own prefaces are filled with crude and extraneous matter, his editions will be always recommended by their accuracy and use.

I am not called upon to enquire into the merits of foreign nations in the study of their respective histories, except as far as they may suggest a useful lesson, or a laudable emulation to ourselves. The patient Germans have addicted themselves to every species of literary *labour; and the division* of their vast empire into many independent

states would multiply the public events of each country, and the pens, however rude, by which they have been saved from oblivion. Besides innumerable editions of particular historians, I have seen (if my memory does not fail me) a list of more than twenty of the voluminous collections of the Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum; some of these are of a vague and miscellaneous nature; others are relative to a certain period of time; and others again are circumscribed by the local limits of a principality or a province. Among the last I shall only distinguish the Scriptores Rerum Brunswicensium, compiled at Hanover in the beginning of this century by the celebrated Leibnitz. We should sympathise with a kind of domestic interest in the fortunes of a people to whom we are united by our obedience to a common sovereign; and we must explore with respect and gratitude the origin of an illustrious family, which has been the guardian, near fourscore years, of our liberty and happiness. The antiquarian, who blushes at his alliance with Thomas Hearne, will feel his profession ennobled by the name of Leibnitz. That extraordinary genius embraced and improved the whole circle of human science; and after wrestling with Newton and Clarke in the sublime regions of geometry and metaphysics, he could descend upon earth to examine the uncouth characters and barbarous Latin of a chronicle or charter. In this, as in almost every other active pursuit, Spain has been outstripped in the industry of her neighbours. The best collection of her national historians was published in Germany: the recent attempts of her royal academy have been languid and irregular, and if some memorials of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are lately printed at Madrid, her five oldest chronicles after the invasion of the Moors still sleep in the obscurity of provincial editions. (Pampelona, 1615, 1634; Barcelona, 1663.) Italy has been productive in every age of revolutions and writers: and a complete series of these original writers, from the year 500 to the year 1500, are most accurately digested in the Scriptores Rerum Italicarum of Muratori. This stupendous work which fills twenty-eight folios, and overflows into the six volumes of the Antiquitates Italiæ Medii Ævi, was achieved in [illegible] years by one man; and candour must excuse some defects in the plan and execution, which the discernment, and perhaps the envy of criticism has too rigorously exposed. The antiquities of France have been elucidated by a learned and ingenious people: the original historians which Duchesne had undertaken to publish, were left imperfect by his death, yet had reached the end of the thirteenth century; and his additional volume (the sixth) comes home to ourselves, since it celebrates the exploits of the Norman Conquerors and Kings of England. About [illegible] years ago the design of publishing Les Historiens des Gaules et de la France, was resumed on a larger scale, and in a more splendid form; and although the name of Dom Bouquet stands foremost, the merit must be shared among the veteran Benedictines of the Abbey of St. Germain des Prés at Paris. This noble collection may be proposed as a model for such national works: the original texts are corrected from the best manuscripts; and the curious

reader is enlightened without being oppressed, by the perspicuous brevity of the prefaces and notes. But a multitude of obstacles and delays seem to have impeded the progress of the undertaking; and the Historians of France had only attained to the twelfth century, and the thirteenth volume, when a general deluge overwhelmed the country, and its ancient inhabitants. I might here conclude this enumeration of foreign studies, if the Scriptores Rerum Danicarum of Langebeck and his successors, which have lately appeared at Copenhagen, did not remind me of the taste and munificence of a court and country, whose scanty revenues might have apologised for their neglect.

It is long, very long indeed, since the success of our neighbours, and the knowledge of our resources, have disposed me to wish, that our Latin memorials of the middle age, the Scriptores Rerum Anglicarum, might be published in England, in a manner worthy of the subject and of the country. At a time when the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire has intimately connected me with the first historians of France, I acknowledged (in a note) the value of the Benedictine collection, and expressed my hope that such a national work would provoke our own emulation. My hope has failed, the provocation was not felt, the emulation was not kindled; and I have now seen, without an attempt or a design, near thirteen years, which might have sufficed for the execution. During the greatest part of that time I have been absent from England: yet I have sometimes found opportunities of introducing this favourite topic in conversation with our literary men, and our eminent booksellers. As long as I expatiated on the merits of an undertaking, so beneficial to history, and so honourable to the nation, I was heard with attention; a general wish seemed to prevail for its success; but no sooner did we seriously consult about the best means of promoting that success, and of reducing a pleasing theory into a real action, than we were stopped, at the first step, by an insuperable difficulty—the choice of an editor. Among the authors already known to the public, none, after a fair review, could be found, at once possessed of ability and inclination. Unknown, or at least untried abilities could not inspire much reasonable confidence: some were too poor, others too rich, some too busy, others too idle: and we knew not where to seek our English Muratori; in the tumult of the metropolis, or in the shade of the university. The age of Herculean diligence, which could devour and digest whole libraries, is passed away; and I sat down in hopeless despondency, till I should be able to find a person endowed with proper qualifications, and ready to employ several years of his life in assiduous labour, without any splendid prospect of emolument or fame.

The man is at length found, and I now renew the proposal in a higher tone of confidence. The name of this editor is Mr. John Pinkerton; but as that name may provoke some resentments, and revive some prejudices, it is incumbent on me, for his reputation, to explain my sentiments without reserve; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that he will not be displeased with the freedom and sin-

cerity of a friend. The impulse of a vigorous mind urged him, at an early age, to write and to print, before his taste and judgment had attained to their maturity. His ignorance of the world, the love of paradox, and the warmth of his temper, betrayed him into some improprieties, and those juvenile sallies which candour will excuse, he himself is the first to condemn, and will perhaps be the last to forget. Repentance has long since propitiated the mild divinity of Virgil, against whom the rash youth, under a fictitious name, had darted the javelin of criticism. He smiles at his reformation of our English tongue, and is ready to confess, that in all popular institutions, the laws of custom must be obeyed by reason herself. The Goths still continue to be his chosen people, but he retains no antipathy to a Celtic savage; and without renouncing his opinions and arguments, he sincerely laments that those literary arguments have ever been embittered, and perhaps enfeebled, by an indiscreet mixture of anger and contempt. By some explosions of this kind, the volatile and fiery particles of his nature have been discharged, and there remains a pure and solid substance, endowed with many active and useful energies. His recent publications, a Treatise on Medals, and the edition of the early Scotch poets, discover a mind replete with a variety of knowledge, and inclined to every liberal pursuit; but his decided propensity, such a propensity as made Bentley a critic, and Rennell a geographer, attracts him to the study of the history and antiquities of Great Britain, and he is well qualified for this study, by a spirit of criticism, acute, discerning, and suspicious. His edition of the original Lives of the Scottish Saints, has scattered some rays of light over the darkest age of a dark country: since there are so many circumstances in which the most daring legendary will not attempt to remove the well-known landmarks of truth. His Dissertation on the Origin of the Goths, with the Antiquities of Scotland, are, in my judgment, elaborate and satisfactory works; and were this a convenient place, I would gladly enumerate the important questions in which he has rectified my old opinions concerning the migrations of the Scythic or German nation from the neighbourhood of the Caspian and the Euxine to Scandinavia, the eastern coasts of Britain, and the shores of the Atlantic ocean. He has since undertaken to illustrate a more interesting period of the history of Scotland; his materials are chiefly drawn from papers in the British Museum, and a skilful judge has assured me, after a perusal of the manuscript, that it contains more new and authentic information than could be fairly expected from a writer of the eighteenth century. A Scotchman by birth, Mr. Pinkerton is equally disposed, and even anxious, to illustrate the history of England: he had long, without my knowledge, entertained a project similar to my own; his twelve letters, under a fictitious signature, in the Gentleman's Magazine (1788), display the zeal of a patriot, and the learning of an antiquarian. As soon as he was informed by Mr. Nicol the bookseller, of my wishes and my choice, he advanced to meet me with the generous ardour of a volunteer, conscious of his strength, desirous of exercise, and careless of reward;

we have discussed, in several conversations, every material point that relates to the general plan and arrangement of the work; and I can only complain of his excessive docility to the opinions of a man much less skilled in the subject than himself. Should it be objected that such a work will surpass the powers of a single man, and that industry is best promoted by the division of labour, I must answer, that Mr. Pinkerton seems one of the children of those heroes, whose race is almost extinct; that hard assiduous study is the sole amusement of his independent leisure; that his warm inclination will be quickened by the sense of a duty resting solely on himself; and that he is now in the vigour of age and health; and that the most voluminous of our historical collections was the most speedily finished by the diligence of Muratori alone. I must add, that I know not where to seek an associate; that the operations of a society are often perplexed by the division of sentiments and characters, and often retarded by the degrees of talent and application; and that the editor will be always ready to receive the advice of judicious counsellors, and to employ the hands of subordinate workmen.

Two questions will immediately arise, concerning the title of our historical collections, and the period of time in which it may be circumscribed. The first of these questions, whether it should be styled the Scriptores Rerum Britannicarum, or the Scriptores Rerum Anglicarum, will be productive of more than a verbal difference: the former imposes the duty of publishing all original documents that relate to the history and antiquities of the British islands; the latter is satisfied with the spacious, though less ample field of England. The ambition of a conqueror might prompt him to grasp the whole British world, and to think, with Cæsar, that nothing was done while any thing remained undone.

Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum.

But prudence soon discerns the inconvenience of increasing a labour already sufficiently arduous, and of multiplying the volumes of a work, which must unavoidably swell to a very respectable size. The extraneous appendages of Scotland, Ireland, and even Wales, would impede our progress, violate the unity of design, and introduce into a Latin text a strange mixture of savage and unknown idiom. For the sake of the Saxon Chronicle, the editor of the Scriptores Rerum Anglicarum will probably improve his knowledge of our mother tongue; nor will he be at a loss in the recent and occasional use of some French and English memorials. But if he attempts to hunt the old Britons among the islands of Scotland, in the bogs of Ireland, and over the mountains of Wales, he must devote himself to the study of the Celtic dialects, without being assured that his time and toil will be compensated by any adequate reward. It seems to be almost confessed, that the Highland Scots do not possess any writing of a remote date; and the claims of the Welsh are faint and uncertain. The Irish alone boast of whole libraries, which they sometimes hide in the fastnesses of their country, and sometimes transport to their colleges abroad: but the vain and

credulous obstinacy with which, amidst the light of science, they cherish the Milesian fables of their infancy, may teach us to suspect the existence, the age, and the value of these manuscripts, till they shall be fairly exposed to the eye of profane criticism. This exclusion, however, of the countries which have since been united to the crown of England must be understood with some latitude: the Chronicle of Melross is common to the borderers of both kingdoms: the Expugnatio Hiberniæ of Giraldus Cambrensis contains the interesting story of *our* settlement in the western isle; and it may be judged proper to insert the Latin Chronicle of Caradoc, (which is yet unpublished,) and the code of native laws which were abolished by the conqueror of Wales. Even the English transactions in peace and war with our independent neighbours, especially those of Scotland, will be best illustrated by a fair comparison of the hostile narratives. The second question, of the period of time which this collection should embrace, admits of an easier decision; nor can we act more prudently, than by adopting the plan of Muratori and the French Benedictines, who confine themselves within the limits of ten centuries, from the year 500 to the year 1500 of the Christian æra. The former of these dates coincides with the most ancient of our national writers; the latter approaches within nine years of the accession of Henry VIII., which Mr. Hume considers as the true and perfect æra of modern history. From that time we are enriched, and even oppressed, with such treasures of contemporary and authentic documents in our own language, that the historian of the present or a future age will be only perplexed by the choice of facts, and the difficulties of arrangement. Exoriatur aliquis—a man of genius, at once eloquent and philosophic, who should accomplish, in the maturity of age, the immortal work which he had conceived in the ardour of youth.

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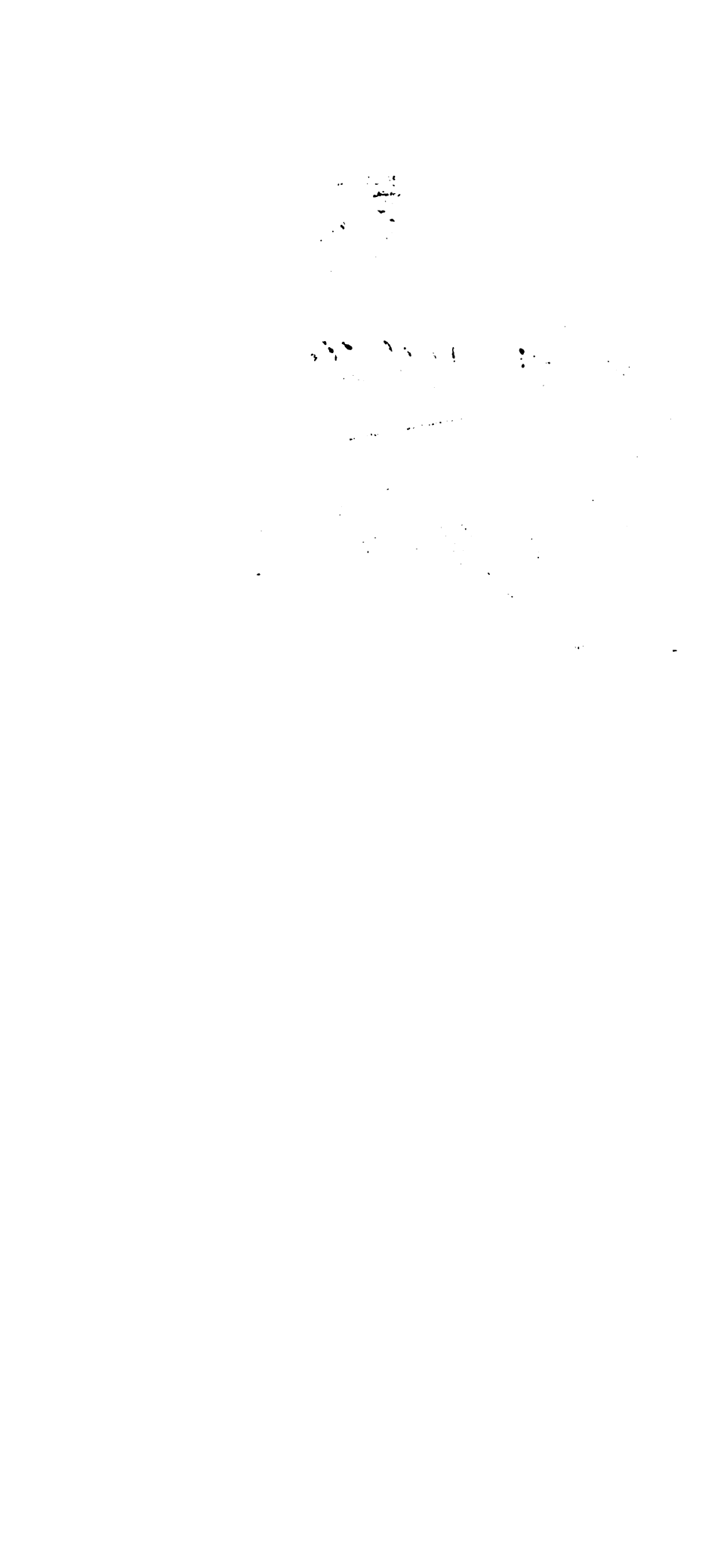

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